

THE MOON – BLOOD WEDDING – FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

“Round awn in the river
and a cathedral’s eye,
false dawn on the leaves,
they’ll not escape; these things am I!
Who is hiding? And who sobs
In the thornbrakes of the valley?
The moon sets a knife
abandoned in the air
which being a leaden threat
yearns to be blood’s pain.

Let me in! I come freezing
down to walls and windows!
Open roofs, open breasts
where I may warm myself!
I’m cold! My ashes
of somnolent metals
seek the fire’s crest
on mountains and streets.

But the snow carries me
upon its mottled back
and pools soak me
in their water, hard and cold.

But this night there will be”

(cont)