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A for Amaranta's tender heart

She, who love frightened to touch on
She, who bitters clings on
In the small village of Macondo
on the steps that lead to second floor,
there lives Amaranta the beautiful.
She sings and dance and fell in love
with a piano.
She treat tramp like a kin and
Earth and dirt, like her skin.
She became all the good of sisters
but when loves and hates were cut so
clear,
she could not love, no more.
The door crackles
the floor broke.
No gusts and no light, though
the window of her soul.
Oh, Amaranta's soul
solid, the black finger.
The way death to reach her across
invincible sea immersed with measureless
love

