

I

there is a truth we cannot bear

oh, all the drowning men have seen it  
their foaming eyes have almost touched it  
in all their hearts it was a ruby  
it was a moon as red as sunset's dying zest

if you have walked, a shadow of your shadow,  
a ghost quadruped, primitive—not feral, but still close—  
if you have listened to the beggar's begging  
when sitting in your bed at night, alone—  
if you have heard a whisper cry  
a piece of bread, for love of god...!  
and turned to see the darkness in your room—

if you have loved I mean, a love outcasted, caged,  
then yes, you know the truth we cannot bear  
you know there is a sea of drowning men  
and in your heart there is a ruby  
a violent moon you can't give up  
however much its weight may search the kiss  
of sandless abysses of time

## II

How much I wish to find you, pecisely you who were the one who took me. Do you recall the secret which was my offering to you? Remember you how young the dreams I dreamt, how pure the shyness of my eyes: Remember now how well it stood the truth there dripping from my lips. Now I have learnt: Love drowns, it always drowns—the flow of life is irresistible—nothing is true but for a day.

Once you said to me: *I will never leave you*. We were children of the light, the moon was shining clear—Your face was that of early youth. But you have failed to love me—and who's to blame? You knew the secrets of my soul: You failed to love them. You knew the ugliness of me: You failed to love it. You knew I could be foul and ruin: You failed to love that.

To love is to uphold the entirety of a being, as if it was a final offering, the one and only sacrifice which could bargain the forgiveness of our god. You loved my poetry and my music; you loved my brain and hands; you loved my singing and my laughter; you loved the color of my voice. You could not love my silly ways; you could not love the sadness of my heart; you could not love the way eternity distracted me; you never saw how deep a well my sorrows are. You'll never know how deep my sorrow is.

And why, O why? Why make me hope that we should live a life together, when you were quick to turn your heart away? I wish I'd never known you. I wish to die a quiet death. I wish so many things, but not oblivion—no. I shall remember. I must remember you so as to live this searching life which gives the memory of you.

mi alma nunca está desnuda  
mi alma es como un sátiro nocturno  
que odia la luz y siente que la luna es superflua  
es una dura piedra milenaria  
que en su interior esconde un agua negra  
un árbol para quien la savia oscura  
es el total secreto de su vida  
pocos la ven, yo mismo no la he visto,  
pero la intuyo en turbias confesiones  
que no sé pronunciar pero confieso

He olvidado mi lengua, mi voz y mi lenguaje.  
Mi nombre silenciado no es dicho: es intuitivo.  
Sólo habla entre nosotros el místico oleaje  
de un signo primitivo, de un idioma extinguido.  
(Esta adicción enferma no es odio: es lo que traje  
del mundo analfabeto y sin habla de tu olvido.)  
¿Recuerdas aquel sueño? "Un pájaro salvaje  
le obsequia a la serpiente su corazón vencido,  
y desde entonces vive afónico y desnudo".  
(El pájaro del sueño ya está yaciendo frío,  
presa de la serpiente, del hongo y el gusano.)  
Y sin embargo adoro este universo mudo:  
por lo menos es algo nuestro, tuyo y mío,  
y es mi mordaza el turbio fantasma de tu mano.

He olvidado mi lengua, mi voz y mi lenguaje.  
Mi nombre silenciado no es dicho: es intuitivo.  
Sólo habla entre nosotros el místico oleaje  
de un signo primitivo, de un idioma extinguido.

Esta adicción enferma no es odio: es lo que traje  
del mundo analfabeto y sin habla de tu olvido.  
(Allí soy como el sueño de un pájaro salvaje  
que obsequia a la serpiente su corazón vencido.)

Sigamos en silencio, tu allá, yo aquí, distante.  
(El pájaro del sueño ya está yaciendo frío,  
presa de la serpiente, del hongo y el gusano.)

Yo soy feliz en este silencio de diamante:  
por lo menos es algo nuestro, tuyo y mío,  
y es mi mordaza el turbio fantasma de tu mano.

No digas nada: olvida tu lengua y tu lenguaje.  
Si algo puede ser dicho, puede ser intuitivo. (?)  
Sentamos el idioma del místico oleaje  
que fluye entre nosotros cual lenguaje extinguido.  
  
Sólo esqueletos quedan de todo aquel plumaje  
que revistió el encuentro de mi alma con tu olvido.  
Y aquellas plumas negras, y aquel nocturno traje  
que disfrazó mi vida, odiaban el sonido.  
  
Sigamos en silencio, tú allá, yo aquí, distante.  
Mis penas inauditas se han ido con el viento  
y las recuerdo apenas como un rostro lejano.  
  
Sólo recuerdo ahora un silencio de diamante  
que honro sellando a piedra el pulso de mi aliento.  
Y es mi mordaza el turbio fantasma de tu mano.

here lies the moon trapped in the fist of men  
here yearns the sun for freedom from the night  
here in the flesh once known to you the sinister is shackled  
here in these eyes that orbit 'round your grave these tears

these are the things I keep  
the things I captive took a morning of rapacious rage  
the harvest of the earth that chambers you

these are the things with which I am awaiting  
these are the evil tokens of my anticipation  
with these I wait the day of our reunion  
in timeless spaceless unicorn obscurity