

MOON

Gabriel Garcia Lorca

Round swan on the river,
Cathedral's eye.
And among the leaves
A false dawn -
I am all these things.
They cannot escape.
Who hides? Who weeps
In the shrubs of the valley?
The moon leaves a knife
Hanging in the sky -
An ambush of lead
That lies in wait
For the agony of blood.
Let me in! I'm freezing
On walls and windows.
Open your houses,
Open your hearts,
Let me in! Warm me.
I'm cold. My ashes
Of sleepy metal climb
To the crests of fire
On roofs, on mountains.
Snow carries me
On shoulders of jasper.
And water drowns me
Cold and hard,
In every pool.
Tonight there be no shadow,
No secret corner
To keep them safe.
I want to slide
Into a bosom
Where I can be warm
Over the mountains
Of my breast
Let me in. Let me in.

I don't want shadows.
I want my beams
To pierce every cranny.

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Among dark trees,
A rumour of glitters
Tonight there'll be blood
To warm my cheeks.
Who hides? Come out.
They won't escape.
I'll make the horse flash
With a fever of diamonds.