

Classic Poetry Series

Federico García Lorca
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Federico García Lorca(5 June 1898 – 19 August 1936)

Federico del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús García Lorca was a Spanish poet, dramatist and theatre director. García Lorca achieved international recognition as an emblematic member of the Generation of '27. He may have been shot by anti-communist forces during the Spanish Civil War In 2008, a Spanish judge opened an investigation into Lorca's death. The Garcia Lorca family eventually dropped objections to the excavation of a potential gravesite near Alfacar. However, no human remains were found.

Life and career

Early years

García Lorca was born on 5 June 1898, in Fuente Vaqueros, a small town a few miles west of Granada, southern father, Federico García Rodríguez, was a landowner with a farm in the fertile vega surrounding Granada and a comfortable villa in the heart of the city. García Rodríguez saw his fortunes rise with a boom in the sugar industry. García Lorca's mother, Vicenta Lorca Romero, was a teacher and gifted pianist. In 1909, when the boy was 11, his family moved to the city of Granada. For the rest of his life, he maintained the importance of living close to the natural world, praising his upbringing in the country. In 1915, after graduating from secondary school, García Lorca attended Sacred Heart University. During this time his studies included law, literature and composition. Throughout his adolescence he felt a deeper affinity for theatre and music than literature, training fully as a classical pianist, his first artistic inspirations arising from the scores of Debussy, Chopin and Beethoven. Later, with his friendship with composer Manuel de Falla Spanish folklore became his muse. García Lorca did not begin a career in writing until his piano teacher died in 1916 and his first prose works such as "Nocturne", "Ballade" and "Sonata" drew on musical forms. His milieu of young artists gathered in El Rinconcillo at the cafe Alameda in Granada. During 1916 and 1917, García Lorca traveled throughout Castile, León, and Galicia, in northern Spain, with a professor of his university, who also encouraged him to write his first book, *Impresiones y Paisajes* (Impressions and Landscapes – published 1918). Don Fernando de los Rios persuaded García Lorca's parents to allow the boy to enrol at the progressive, Oxbridge-inspired Residencia de estudiantes in Madrid in 1919.

As a young writer

At the Residencia de estudiantes in Madrid García Lorca befriended Manuel de

Falla, Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí and many other creative artists who were, or would become, influential across Spain. He was taken under the wing of the poet Juan Ramon Jimenez, becoming close to playwright Eduardo Marquina and Gregorio Martínez Sierra, the Director of Madrid's Teatro Eslava. In 1919–20, at Sierra's invitation, he wrote and staged his first play, *El maleficio de la mariposa* (The Butterfly's Evil Spell). It was a verse play dramatising the impossible love between a cockroach and a butterfly, with a supporting cast of other insects; it was laughed off stage by an unappreciative public after only four performances and influenced García Lorca's attitude to the theatre-going public for the rest of his career. He would later claim that *Mariana Pineda*, written in 1927, was, in fact, his first play. During the time at the Residencia de estudiantes he pursued degrees in law and philosophy, though he had more interest in writing than study.

García Lorca's first book of poems was published in 1921, collecting work written from 1918 and selected with the help of his brother Francisco. They concern the themes of religious faith, isolation and nature that had filled his prose reflections. Early in 1922 at Granada García Lorca joined the composer Manuel de Falla in order to promote the Concurso de Cante Jondo, a festival dedicated to enhance flamenco performance. The year before Lorca had begun to write his *Poema del cante jondo* ("Poem of the deep song", not published until 1931), so he naturally composed an essay on the art of flamenco, and began to speak publicly in support of the Concurso. At the music festival in June he met the celebrated Manuel Torre, a flamenco cantaor. The next year in Granada he also collaborated with Falla and others on the musical production of a play for children, adapted by Lorca from an Andalusian story. Inspired by the same structural form of sequence as "Deep song", his collection *Suites* (1923) was never finished and not published until 1983.

Over the next few years García Lorca became increasingly involved in Spain's avant-garde. He published poetry collections including *Canciones* (Songs) and *Romancero Gitano* (Gypsy Ballads, 1928), which became his best known book of poetry. It was a highly stylised imitation of the ballads and poems that were still being told throughout the Spanish countryside. Philologists such as Ramón Menéndez Pidal worked with him to collect versions from the south, many in existence since the Middle Ages. García Lorca describes the work as a "carved altar piece" of Andalusia with "gypsies, horses, archangels, planets, its Jewish and Roman breezes, rivers, crimes, the everyday touch of the smuggler and the celestial note of the naked children of Córdoba. A book that hardly expresses visible Andalusia at all, but where the hidden Andalusia trembles". In 1928, the book brought him fame across Spain and the Hispanic world, and he only gained notability as a playwright much later. For the rest of his life, the writer would

search for the elements of Andalusian culture, trying to find its essence without resorting to the "picturesque" or the clichéd use of "local colour".

His second play, *Mariana Pineda*, with stage settings by Salvador Dalí, opened to great acclaim in Barcelona in 1927. In 1926, García Lorca wrote the play *The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife*, which would not be shown until the early 1930s. It was a farce about fantasy, based on the relationship between a flirtatious, petulant wife and a hen-pecked shoemaker.

From 1925 to 1928 he was passionately involved with Dalí. The friendship with Lorca had a strong element of mutual passion, but Dalí (decades later) rejected the erotic advances of the poet. With the success of "Gypsy Ballads", came an estrangement from Dalí and the breakdown of a love affair with sculptor Emilio Soriano Aladrén. These brought on an increasing depression, a situation exacerbated by his anguish over his homosexuality. He felt he was trapped between the persona of the successful author, which he was forced to maintain in public, and the tortured, authentic self, which he could only acknowledge in private. He also had the sense that he was being pigeon-holed as a "gypsy poet". He wrote: "The gypsies are a theme. And nothing more. I could just as well be a poet of sewing needles or hydraulic landscapes. Besides, this gypsyism gives me the appearance of an uncultured, ignorant and primitive poet that you know very well I'm not. I don't want to be typecast". Growing estrangement between García Lorca and his closest friends reached its climax when surrealists Dalí and Luis Buñuel collaborated on their 1929 film *Un Chien Andalou* (*An Andalusian Dog*). García Lorca interpreted it, perhaps erroneously, as a vicious attack upon himself. At this time Dalí also met his future wife Gala. Aware of these problems (though not perhaps of their causes), García Lorca's family arranged for him to take a lengthy visit to the United States in 1929–30.

*Green wind. Green branches.
The ship out on the sea
and the horse on the mountain.
With the shadow at the waist
she dreams on her balcony,
green flesh, green hair,
with eyes of cold silver.*

"Romance Sonámbulo" ("Ballad of the Sleepwalker")

In June 1929, García Lorca travelled to America with Fernando de los Ríos on the SS *Olympic*, a sister liner to the *Titanic*. He stayed mostly in New York City, where Ríos started a lecture tour and García Lorca enrolled at Columbia University School of

General Studies, funded by his parents. He studied English but, as before, was more absorbed by writing than study. He also spent time in Vermont and later in Havana, Cuba. His collection *Poeta en Nueva York* (A poet in New York, published posthumously in 1942) explores alienation and isolation through some graphically experimental poetic techniques and was influenced by the Wall Street crash which he personally witnessed. This condemnation of urban capitalist society and materialistic modernity was a sharp departure from his earlier work and label as a folklorist. His play of this time, *El Público* (The Public), was not published until the late 1970s and has never been published in its entirety, the manuscript lost. However, the Hispanic Society of America in New York City retains several of his personal letters.

The Republic

García Lorca's return to Spain in 1930 coincided with the fall of the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera and the re-establishment of the Spanish Republic. In 1931, García Lorca was appointed as director of a university student theatre company, *Teatro Universitario la Barraca* (The Shack). This was funded by the Second Republic's Ministry of Education, and it was charged with touring Spain's remotest rural areas in order to introduce audiences to radically modern interpretations of classic Spanish theatre free of charge. With a portable stage, and little equipment, they sought to bring theatre to people who had never seen any, with García Lorca directing as well as acting. He commented: "Outside of Madrid, the theatre, which is in its very essence a part of the life of the people, is almost dead, and the people suffer accordingly, as they would if they had lost their two eyes, or ears, or a sense of taste. We [La Barraca] are going to give it back to them". His experiences of travelling through impoverished rural Spain and New York, (particularly amongst the disenfranchised African American population), transformed him into a passionate advocate of the theatre of social action. He wrote "The theatre is a school of weeping and of laughter, a free forum, where men can question norms that are outmoded or mistaken and explain with living example the eternal norms of the human heart".

While touring with *La Barraca*, García Lorca wrote his now best-known plays, the Rural Trilogy of *Bodas de Sangre* (Blood Wedding), *Yerma* and *La Casa de Bernarda Alba* (The House of Bernarda Alba), which all rebelled against the norms of bourgeois Spanish society. He called for a rediscovery of the roots of European theatre and the questioning of comfortable conventions such as the popular drawing room comedies of the time. His work challenged the accepted role of women in society and explored taboo issues of homoeroticism and class. García Lorca wrote little poetry in this last period of his life, declaring in 1936, "theatre is poetry that rises from the book and becomes human enough to talk

and shout, weep and despair.”

Travelling to Buenos Aires in 1933 to give lectures and direct the Argentine premiere of *Blood Wedding*, García Lorca spoke of his distilled theories on artistic creation and performance in the famous lecture *Play and Theory of the Duende*. This attempted to define a schema of artistic inspiration, arguing that great art depends upon a vivid awareness of death, connection with a nation's soil, and an acknowledgment of the limitations of reason.

As well as returning to the classical roots of theatre, García Lorca also turned to traditional forms in poetry. His last poetic work *Sonnets to his dark love* (1936) was inspired by a passion for Rafael Rodríguez Rapun, secretary of La Barraca. The love sonnets are inspired by the 16th century poet San Juan de la Cruz. La Barraca's subsidy was cut in half by the new government in 1934, and its last performance was given in April 1936.

Lorca kept Huerta de San Vicente as his summer house in Granada from 1926 to 1936. Here he wrote, totally or in part, some of his major works, among them *When Five Years Pass* (*Así que pasen cinco años*) (1931), *Blood Wedding* (*Bodas de sangre*) (1932), *Yerma* (1934) and *Diván del Tamarit* (1931–1936). The poet lived in the Huerta de San Vicente in the days just before his arrest and assassination in August 1936.

Although García Lorca's artwork doesn't often receive attention he was also a keen artist.

Death

García Lorca left Madrid for his family home in Granada only three days before the Spanish Civil War broke out (July 1936). The Spanish political and social climate had greatly intensified after the murder of prominent monarchist and anti-Popular Front spokesman José Calvo Sotelo by Republican Assault Guards (*Guardia de Asalto*).^[26] García Lorca knew that he would be suspect to the rising right wing for his outspoken liberal 18 August, his brother-in-law, Manuel Fernández-Montesinos, the leftist mayor of Granada, was shot. Lorca was arrested that same afternoon.

It is thought that García Lorca was shot and killed by Nationalist militia on 19 August 1936. The author Ian Gibson in his book *The Assassination of García Lorca* alleges that he was shot with three others (Joaquín Arcollas Cabezas, Francisco Galadí Mergal and Dioscoro Galindo González) at a place known as the Fuente Grande, or Great Fountain in Spanish, which is on the road between

Viznar and Alfacar.

Motives for Assassination

Significant controversy remains about the motives and details of Lorca's murder. Personal, non-political motives have also been suggested. García Lorca's biographer, Stainton, states that his killers made remarks about his sexual orientation, suggesting that it played a role in his death. Ian Gibson suggests that García Lorca's assassination was part of a campaign of mass killings intended to eliminate supporters of the Marxist Popular Front. However, Gibson proposes that rivalry between the anti-communist Spanish Confederation of the Autonomous Right (CEDA) and the Falange was a major factor in Lorca's death. Former CEDA Parliamentary Deputy Ramon Ruiz Alonso arrested García Lorca at the Rosales' home, and was the one responsible for the original denunciation that led to the arrest warrant being issued.

It has been argued that García Lorca was apolitical and had many friends in both Republican and Nationalist camps. Gibson disputes this in his 1978 book about the poet's death. He cites, for example, Mundo Obrero's published manifesto, which Lorca later signed, and alleges that Lorca was an active supporter of the Popular Front.[33] Lorca read this manifesto out at a banquet in honour of fellow poet Rafael Alberti on 9 February 1936.

Many anti-communists were sympathetic to Lorca or assisted him. In the days before his arrest he found shelter in the house of the artist and leading Falange member Luis Rosales. Indeed, evidence suggests that Rosales was very nearly shot as well for helping García Lorca by the Civil Governor Basque Communist poet Gabriel Celaya wrote in his memoirs that he once found García Lorca in the company of Falangist José Maria Aizpurua. Celaya further wrote that Lorca dined every Friday with Falangist founder and leader José Antonio Primo de Rivera. On 11 March 1937 an article appeared in the Falangist press denouncing the murder and lionizing García Lorca; the article opened: "The finest poet of Imperial Spain has been assassinated." Jean-Louis Schonberg also put forward the 'homosexual jealousy' dossier on the murder, compiled at Franco's request and referred to by Gibson and others, has yet to surface. The first published account of an attempt to locate Lorca's grave can be found in British traveller and Hispanist Gerald Brenan's book 'The Face of Spain'. Despite early attempts such as Brenan's in 1949, the site remained undiscovered throughout the Francoist era.

Excavation at Alfácar

In late October 2009, a team of archaeologists and historians from the University

of Granada began excavations outside Alfá site was identified three decades ago by a man who claimed to have helped dig Lorca's was thought to be buried with at least three other men beside a winding mountain road that connects the villages of Viznar and Alfácar.

There is a growing desire in Spain to come to terms with the civil war, which for decades was not openly discussed. The judge in the case, Baltasar Garzón, formally requested local government and churches to open their files on the thousands of people who disappeared during the Civil War and under the dictatorship of General Franco until 1975.

The excavations began at the request of another victim's family. Following a long-standing objection, the Lorca family also gave their permission. In October 2009 Francisco Espinola, a spokesman for the Justice Ministry of the Andalusian regional government, said that after years of pressure García Lorca's body would "be exhumed in a matter of weeks". Lorca's relatives, who had initially opposed an exhumation, said they might provide a DNA sample in order to identify his remains.

In late November 2009, after two weeks of excavating the site, organic material believed to be human bones was recovered. The remains were taken to the University of Granada for examination. But in mid December 2009, doubts were raised as to whether the poet's remains would be found. The dig produced "not one bone, item of clothing or bullet shell", said Begoña Álvarez, justice minister of Andalucía. She added, "the soil was only 40cm (16in) deep, making it too shallow for a grave."

Censorship

Francisco Franco's Falangist regime placed a general ban on García Lorca's work, which was not rescinded until 1953. That year, a (censored) Obras Completas (Complete works) was released. Following this, Bodas de Sangre (Blood Wedding), Yerma and La casa de Bernarda Alba (The House of Bernarda Alba) were successfully played on the main Spanish stages. Obras Completas did not include his late heavily homoerotic Sonnets of Dark Love, written in November 1935 and shared only with close friends. They were lost until 1983/4 when they were finally published in draft form (no final manuscripts have ever been found.) It was only after Franco's death that García Lorca's life and death could be openly discussed in Spain. This was due not only to political censorship, but also to the reluctance of the García Lorca family to allow publication of unfinished poems and plays prior to the publication of a critical edition of his works.

South African Roman Catholic poet [Roy Campbell](http://www.poemhunter.com/roy-campbell/), who enthusiastically supported the Nationalists both during and after the Civil War, later produced acclaimed translations of Lorca's work. In his poem, *The Martyrdom of F. Garcia Lorca*, Campbell wrote,

*Not only did he lose his life
By shots assassinated:
But with a hammer and a knife
Was after that -- translated.*

Memorials

In Granada, the city of his birth, the Parque Federico Garcia Lorca is dedicated to his memory and includes the Huerta de San Vicente, the Lorca family summer home, opened to the public in 1995 as a museum. The grounds, including nearly two hectares of land, the two adjoining houses, artworks and the original furnishings have been preserved. There is a new statue of Lorca on the Avenida de la Constitución in the city centre, and a new cultural centre bearing his name is currently under construction and will play a major role in preserving and disseminating his works.

The Parque Federico Garcia Lorca, in Alfacar, is situated close to Fuente Grande and was the location of the unsuccessful 2009 excavations that failed to locate Lorca's resting place. Close to the olive tree indicated by some as marking the location of the grave, there is a stone memorial to Federico Garcia Lorca and all victims of the Civil War, 1936-39. Flowers are laid at the memorial every year on the anniversary of his death, and a commemorative event including music and readings of the poet's works is held every year in the park to mark the anniversary. On the 17th August 2011, to remember the 75th anniversary of Lorca's assassination and to celebrate his life and legacy, this event included dance, song, poetry and dramatic readings and attracted hundreds of spectators.

At the Barranco de Viznar, between Viznar and Alfacar, there is a memorial stone bearing the words "Lorca eran todos, 18-8-2002". The Barranco de Viznar is the site of mass graves and was proposed as another possible location of the poet's remains.

García Lorca is honoured by a statue prominently located in Madrid's Plaza de Santa Ana. Political philosopher David Crocker reports that "the statue, at least, is still an emblem of the contested past: "each day, the Left puts a red kerchief on the neck of the statue, and someone from the Right comes later to take it off."

The Lorca Foundation, directed by Lorca's niece Laura García Lorca, sponsors the celebration and dissemination of the writer's work and is currently building the Lorca Centre in Madrid. The Lorca family gave all Lorca's documentation to the foundation which holds it on their behalf.

Poetry Based on Lorca

Greek poet Nikos Kavvadias's poem Federico García Lorca, in Kavvadias' Marabu collection, is dedicated to the memory of García Lorca and juxtaposes his death with war crimes in the village of Distomo, Greece, and in Kessariani in Athens, where the Nazis executed over two hundred people in each city.

Allen Ginsberg's poem "A Supermarket in California" makes mention to Lorca mysteriously acting out with a watermelon.

Spanish poet Luis Cernuda, who is also part of the Generation of '27, wrote the elegy A un poeta muerto (F.G.L.).

Hungarian poet Miklos Radnoti also wrote a poem about García Lorca in 1937 entitled Federico García Lorca.

The New York based Spanish language poet Giannina Braschi published El imperio de los sueños, a poetic homage to Poet in New York (1st edition: Anthropos editorial del hombre, 1988; 2nd edition: Editorial de la Universidad de Puerto Rico).

Bob Kaufman and Gary Mex Glazner have both written tribute poems entitled Lorca.

Harold Norse has a poem, We Bumped Off Your Friend the Poet, inspired by a review of Ian Gibson's Death of Lorca. The poem first appeared in Hotel Nirvana, and more recently in In the Hub of the Fiery Force, Collected Poems of Harold Norse 1934–2003

The Spanish poet Antonio Machado wrote the poem El Crimen Fue en Granada, in reference to García Lorca's death.

The Turkish poet Turgut Uyar wrote the poem Three Poems For Federico García

Lorca including a line in Spanish:obra completas

The Irish poet Michael Hartnett published an English translation of García Lorca's poetry. García Lorca is also a recurring character in much of Hartnett's poetry, most notably in the poem A Farewell to English..

Deep image, a poetic form coined by [Jerome Rothenberg](http://www.poemhunter.com/jerome-rothenberg/) and Robert Kelly, is inspired by García Lorca's Deep Song.

Vietnamese poet Thanh Thao wrote The guitar of Lorca and was set to music by Thanh Tung.

A Canadian poet named John Mackenzie published several poems inspired by García Lorca in his collection Letters I Didn't Write, including one titled Lorca's Lament.

In 1945, Greek poet Odysseas Elytis (Nobel Prize for Literature, 1979) translated and published part of García Lorca's Romancero Gitano.

[Pablo Neruda](http://www.poemhunter.com/pablo-neruda/) wrote Ode to Federico García Lorca (1935) and Eulogy For Federico García Lorca.

Robert Creeley wrote a poem called "After Lorca" (1952)

Jack Spicer wrote a book of poems called "After Lorca" (1957).

The Russian poet Yevgeni Yevtushenko wrote the poem "When they murdered Lorca" in which he portrays Lorca as being akin to Don Quixote—an immortal symbol of one's devotion to his ideals and perpetual struggle for them.

British poet John Siddique wrote "Desire for Sight (After Lorca)" included in Poems from a Northern Soul

Musical works based on Lorca

Spanish flamenco singer Camarón de la Isla's album "La leyenda del tiempo" contains lyrics written by or based on works by Lorca and much of the album is about his legacy.

Mexican composer Silvestre Revueltas composed Homenaje a Federico García Lorca (a 3 movement work for chamber orchestra) shortly after García Lorca's

death, performing the work in Spain during 1937.[59]

The Italian avant garde composer Luigi Nono wrote a composition in 1953 entitled *Epitaffio per Federico García Lorca*.

The American composer George Crumb utilizes much of García Lorca's poetry in works such as his *Ancient Voices of Children*, his four books of *Madrigals*, and parts of his *Makrokosmos*.

Composer Osvaldo Golijov and playwright David Henry Hwang wrote the one-act opera *Ainadamar* ("Fountain of Tears") about the death of García Lorca, recalled years later by his friend the actress Margarita Xirgu, who could not save him. It opened in 2003, with a revised version in 2005. A recording of the work released in 2006 on the Deutsche Grammophon label (Catalog #642902) won the 2007 Grammy awards for Best Classical Contemporary Composition and Best Opera Recording.

Finnish modernist composer Einojuhani Rautavaara has composed *Suite de Lorca* ("Lorca-sarja") for a mixed choir to the lyrics of García Lorca's poems *Canción de jinete*, *El grito*, *La luna asoma* and *Malagueña* (1972).

The Pogues dramatically retell the story of his murder in the song 'Lorca's Novena' on their *Hell's Ditch* album.

Reginald Smith Brindle composed the guitar piece *Four Poems of Garcia Lorca* (1975) and *El Polifemo de Oro* (for guitar, 1982) based on two Lorca poems *Adivinanza de la Guitarra* and *Las Seis Cuerdas* [60]

Composer Dmitri Shostakovich wrote the first two movements of his 14th Symphony based around García Lorca poems.

The French composer Maurice Ohana set to music García Lorca's poem *Lament for the death of a Bullfighter* (*Llanto por Ignacio Sánchez Mejías*) recorded by the conductor Ataúlfo Argenta in the 1950s

Spanish rock band Marea made a rock version of the poem *Romance de la Guardia Civil española*, named "Ciudad de los Gitanos".

In 1968, Joan Baez sang translated renditions of García Lorca's poems, "Gacela Of The Dark Death" and "Casida of the Lament" on her spoken-word poetry album, *Baptism*.

In 1986, Leonard Cohen's English translation of the poem "Pequeño vals vienés" by García Lorca reached #1 in the Spanish single charts (as "Take This Waltz", music by Cohen). Cohen has described García Lorca as being his idol in his youth, and named his daughter Lorca Cohen for that reason.[61]

Missa Lorca by Italian composer Corrado Margutti (2008) is a choral setting of the Latin Mass text and the poetry of Lorca. U.S. premiere, 2010.

In 1967, composer Mikis Theodorakis set to music seven poems of the Romancero Gitano – translated into Greek by Odysseas Elitis in 1945. This work was premiered in Rome in 1970 under the same title. In 1981, under commission of the Komische Oper in Berlin, the composition was orchestrated as a symphonic work entitled Lorca. In the mid 1990s, Theodorakis rearranged the work as an instrumental piece for guitar and symphony orchestra.

In 1989, American composer Stephen Edward Dick created new music for Lorca's ballad Romance Sonambulo, based on the original text, and with permission from Lorca's Estate. The piece is set for solo guitar, baritone and flamenco dance, and was performed in 1990 at the New Performance Gallery in San Francisco. The second performance took place in Canoga Park, Los Angeles in 2004.

American composer Geoffrey Gordon composed Lorca Musica per cello solo (2000), utilizing themes from his 1995 three act ballet, The House of Bernarda Alba (1995), for American cellist Elizabeth Morrow. The work was recorded on Morrow's Soliloquy CD on the Centaur label and was featured at the 2000 World Cello Congress. Three suites from the ballet, for chamber orchestra, have also been extracted from the ballet score by the composer.

The Spanish guitarist José María Gallardo del Rey composed his 'Lorca Suite' in 2003 as a tribute to the great poet. Taking Lorca's folksong compilations 'Canciones Españolas Antiguas' as his starting point, Gallardo del Rey adds the colour and passion of his native Andalucía, incorporating new harmonisations and freely composed link passages that fuse classical and flamenco techniques.

Catalán composer Joan Amargós wrote Homenatge a Lorca for alto saxophone in piano. Its three movements are based on three Lorca poems: Los cuatro muleros, Zorongo, and Anda jaleo.

Composer Brent Parker wrote Lorca's Last Walk for piano solo. This was on the Grade 7 syllabus of the Royal Irish Academy of Music's piano exams, 2003-2008.

Greek musician Thanasis Papakonstantinou composed '????? ????' with part of

Lorca's "Poeta en Nueva York", translated to Greek by Maria Efstathiadi.

Theatre, film and television based on Lorca

Federico García Lorca: A Murder in Granada (1976) directed by Humberto Lopez y Guerra and produced by the Swedish Television. In October 1980 the New York Times described the transmission of the film by Spanish Television in June that same year as attracting "one of the largest audiences in the history of Spanish Television".

Playwright Nilo Cruz wrote the surrealistic drama Lorca in a Green Dress about the life, death, and imagined afterlife of García Lorca. The play was first performed in 2003 at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. The Cruz play Beauty of the Father (2010) also features Lorca's ghost as a key character.

British playwright Peter Straughan wrote a play (later adapted as a radio play) based on García Lorca's life, The Ghost of Federico Garcia Lorca Which Can Also Be Used as a Table.

TVE broadcast a six hour mini-series based on key episodes on García Lorca's life in 1987. British actor Nickolas Grace played the poet, although he was dubbed by a Spanish actor.

There is a 1997 film called The Disappearance of Garcia Lorca, also known as Death in Granada, based on a biography by Ian Gibson. The film earned an Imagen Award for best film.

Miguel Hermoso's La Luz Prodigiosa (The End of a Mystery) is a Spanish film based on Fernando Macías' novel with the same name, which examines what might have happened if García Lorca had survived his execution at the outset of the Spanish Civil War.

British Screenwriter Philippa Goslett was inspired by García Lorca's close friendship with Salvador Dalí. The resulting biopic Little Ashes (2009) depicts the relationship in the 1920s and 1930s between García Lorca, Dalí, and Luis Buñuel.

Bodas De Sangre (Blood Wedding) is the first part of a ballet / flamenco film trilogy directed by Carlos Saura and starring Antonio Gades and Cristina Hoyos (1981)

Adam

A tree of blood soaks the morning
where the newborn woman groans.
Her voice leaves glass in the wound
and on the panes, a diagram of bone.

The coming light establishes and wins
white limits of a fable that forgets
the tumult of veins in flight
toward the dim cool of the apple.

Adam dreams in the fever of the clay
of a child who comes galloping
through the double pulse of his cheek.

But a dark other Adam is dreaming
a neuter moon of seedless stone
where the child of light will burn.

Federico García Lorca

Adivinanza De La Guitarra

En la redonda
encrucijada,
seis doncellas
bailan.

Tres de carne
y tres de plata.

Los sueñtilde;os de ayer las buscan
pero las tiene abrazadas
un Polifemo de oro.

¡La guitarra!

Federico García Lorca

Arbolé, Arbolé

Tree, tree
dry and green.

The girl with the pretty face
is out picking olives.
The wind, playboy of towers,
grabs her around the waist.
Four riders passed by
on Andalusian ponies,
with blue and green jackets
and big, dark capes.
'Come to Cordoba, muchacha.'
The girl won't listen to them.
Three young bullfighters passed,
slender in the waist,
with jackets the color of oranges
and swords of ancient silver.
'Come to Sevilla, muchacha.'
The girl won't listen to them.
When the afternoon had turned
dark brown, with scattered light,
a young man passed by, wearing
roses and myrtle of the moon.
'Come to Granada, inuchacha.'
And the girl won't listen to him.
The girl with the pretty face
keeps on picking olives
with the grey arm of the wind
wrapped around her waist.
Tree, tree
dry and green.

Translated by William Logan

Original Spanish

Arbolé, arbolé,
seco y verdí.

La niña del bello rostro
está cogiendo aceituna.
El viento, galán de torres,
la prende por la cintura.
Pasaron cuatro jinetes
sobre jacas andaluzas,
con trajes de azul y verde,
con largas capas oscuras.
'Vente a Córdoba, muchacha.'
La niña no los escucha.
Pasaron tres torerillos
delgaditos de cintura,
con trajes color naranja
y espadas de plata antigua.
'Vente a Córdoba, muchacha.'
La niña no los escucha.
Cuando la tarde se puso
morada, con lux difusa,
pasó un joven que llevaba
rosas y mirtos de luna.
'Vente a Granada, muchacha.'
Y la niña no lo escucha.
La niña del bello rostro
sigue cogiendo aceituna,
con el brazo gris del viento
ceñido por la cintura.
Arbolé, arbolé.
Seco y verdé.

Federico García Lorca

Balada Amarilla Iv

Sobre el cielo
de las margaritas ando.

Yo imagino esta tarde
que soy santo.
Me pusieron la luna
en las manos.
Yo la puse otra vez
en los espacios
y el Señor me premi´
con la rosa y el halo.

Sobre el cielo
de las margaritas ando.

Y ahora voy
por este campo
a librar a las niñ&as
de galanes malos
y dar monedas de oro
a todos los muchachos.

Sobre el cielo
de las margaritas ando.

Federico Garcí&a Lorca

Ballad Of The Moon

translated by Will Kirkland

The moon came into the forge
in her bustle of flowering nard.
The little boy stares at her, stares.
The boy is staring hard.
In the shaken air
the moon moves her arms,
and shows lubricious and pure,
her breasts of hard tin.
"Moon, moon, moon, run!
If the gypsies come,
they will use your heart
to make white necklaces and rings."
"Let me dance, my little one.
When the gypsies come,
they'll find you on the anvil
with your lively eyes closed tight.
"Moon, moon, moon, run!
I can feel their horses come."
"Let me be, my little one,
don't step on me, all starched and white!"

Closer comes the the horseman,
drumming on the plain.
The boy is in the forge;
his eyes are closed.
Through the olive grove
come the gypsies, dream and bronze,
their heads held high,
their hooded eyes.

Oh, how the night owl calls,
calling, calling from its tree!
The moon is climbing through the sky
with the child by the hand.

They are crying in the forge,
all the gypsies, shouting, crying.

The air is veiwing all, views all.
The air is at the viewing.

Federico García Lorca

Before The Dawn

But like love
the archers
are blind

Upon the green night,
the piercing saetas
leave traces of warm
lily.

The keel of the moon
breaks through purple clouds
and their quivers
fill with dew.

Ay, but like love
the archers
are blind!

Federico García Lorca

Cantos Nuevos

Dice la tarde: '¡Tengo sed de sombra!'
Dice la luna: '¡Yo, sed de luceros!'
La fuente cristalina pide labios
y suspira el viento.

Yo tengo sed de aromas y de risas,
sed de cantares nuevos
sin lunas y sin lirios,
y sin amores muertos.

Un cantar de mañana que estremezca
a los remansos quietos
del porvenir. Y llene de esperanza
sus ondas y sus cienos.

Un cantar luminoso y reposado
pleno de pensamiento,
virginal de tristeza y de angustias
y virginal de ensueños.

Cantar sin carne lírica que llene
de risas el silencio
(una bandada de palomas ciegas
lanzadas al misterio).

Cantar que vaya al alma de las cosas
y al alma de los vientos
y que descansa al fin en la alegría
del corazón eterno.

Federico García Lorca

City That Does Not Sleep

In the sky there is nobody asleep. Nobody, nobody.

Nobody is asleep.

The creatures of the moon sniff and prowl about their cabins.

The living iguanas will come and bite the men who do not dream,
and the man who rushes out with his spirit broken will meet on the
street corner

the unbelievable alligator quiet beneath the tender protest of the
stars.

Nobody is asleep on earth. Nobody, nobody.

Nobody is asleep.

In a graveyard far off there is a corpse

who has moaned for three years

because of a dry countryside on his knee;

and that boy they buried this morning cried so much

it was necessary to call out the dogs to keep him quiet.

Life is not a dream. Careful! Careful! Careful!

We fall down the stairs in order to eat the moist earth

or we climb to the knife edge of the snow with the voices of the dead
dahlias.

But forgetfulness does not exist, dreams do not exist;

flesh exists. Kisses tie our mouths

in a thicket of new veins,

and whoever his pain pains will feel that pain forever

and whoever is afraid of death will carry it on his shoulders.

One day

the horses will live in the saloons

and the enraged ants

will throw themselves on the yellow skies that take refuge in the
eyes of cows.

Another day

we will watch the preserved butterflies rise from the dead

and still walking through a country of gray sponges and silent boats

we will watch our ring flash and roses spring from our tongue.

Careful! Be careful! Be careful!

The men who still have marks of the claw and the thunderstorm,

and that boy who cries because he has never heard of the invention
of the bridge,
or that dead man who possesses now only his head and a shoe,
we must carry them to the wall where the iguanas and the snakes
are waiting,
where the bear's teeth are waiting,
where the mummified hand of the boy is waiting,
and the hair of the camel stands on end with a violent blue shudder.

Nobody is sleeping in the sky. Nobody, nobody.

Nobody is sleeping.

If someone does close his eyes,

a whip, boys, a whip!

Let there be a landscape of open eyes

and bitter wounds on fire.

No one is sleeping in this world. No one, no one.

I have said it before.

No one is sleeping.

But if someone grows too much moss on his temples during the
night,

open the stage trapdoors so he can see in the moonlight

the lying goblets, and the poison, and the skull of the theaters.

Federico García Lorca

Dawn

Dawn in New York has
four columns of mire
and a hurricane of black pigeons
splashing in the putrid waters.

Dawn in New York groans
on enormous fire escapes
searching between the angles
for spikenards of drafted anguish.

Dawn arrives and no one receives it in his mouth
because morning and hope are impossible there:
sometimes the furious swarming coins
penetrate like drills and devour abandoned children.

Those who go out early know in their bones
there will be no paradise or loves that bloom and die:
they know they will be mired in numbers and laws,
in mindless games, in fruitless labors.

The light is buried under chains and noises
in the impudent challenge of rootless science.
And crowds stagger sleeplessly through the boroughs
as if they had just escaped a shipwreck of blood.

Federico García Lorca

Debussy [with English Translation]

Mi sombra va silenciosa
por el agua de la acecia.

Por mi sombra están las ranas
privadas de las estrellas.

La sombra manda a mi cuerpo
reflejos de cosas quietas.

Mi sombra va como inmenso
cínife color violeta.

Cien grillos quieren dorar
la luz de la cañavera.

Una luz nace en mi pecho,
reflejado, de la acequia.

~~~~~

My shadow glides in silence  
over the watercourse.

On account of my shadow  
the frogs are deprived of stars.

The shadow sends my body  
reflections of quiet things.

My shadow moves like a huge  
violet-colored mosquito.

A hundred crickets are trying  
to gild the glow of the reeds.

A glow arises in my breast,  
the one mirrored in the water.

Federico García Lorca

# Declaring

Find them a conscience declared in  
an absolute casual  
sun, find them a feat  
declared by the happy  
things  
Absolute windows, absolute little lives  
Always tell a wall, letter throne  
stone desk-life, as it may  
That which through  
a cautious power dwells, accidental and passing

Federico García Lorca

# Ditty Of First Desire

In the green morning  
I wanted to be a heart.  
A heart.

And in the ripe evening  
I wanted to be a nightingale.  
A nightingale.

(Soul,  
turn orange-colored.  
Soul,  
turn the color of love.)

In the vivid morning  
I wanted to be myself.  
A heart.

And at the evening's end  
I wanted to be my voice.  
A nightingale.

Soul,  
turn orange-colored.  
Soul,  
turn the color of love.

Federico García Lorca

# El Balcón

Si muero  
Dejad el balcón abierto

El niño come naranjas  
(Desde mi balcón lo veo)

El segador siega el trigo  
(Desde mi balcón lo siento)

Si muero  
Dejad el balcón abierto

Federico García Lorca

# Gacela Of The Dark Death

I want to sleep the dream of the apples,  
to withdraw from the tumult of cemeteries.  
I want to sleep the dream of that child  
who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas.

I don't want to hear again that the dead do not lose their blood,  
that the putrid mouth goes on asking for water.  
I don't want to learn of the tortures of the grass,  
nor of the moon with a serpent's mouth  
that labors before dawn.

I want to sleep awhile,  
awhile, a minute, a century;  
but all must know that I have not died;  
that there is a stable of gold in my lips;  
that I am the small friend of the West wing;  
that I am the intense shadows of my tears.

Cover me at dawn with a veil,  
because dawn will throw fistfuls of ants at me,  
and wet with hard water my shoes  
so that the pincers of the scorpion slide.

For I want to sleep the dream of the apples,  
to learn a lament that will cleanse me to earth;  
for I want to live with that dark child  
who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas.

Federico García Lorca

# Gacela Of The Dead Child

Each afternoon in Granada,  
each afternoon, a child dies.  
Each afternoon the water sits down  
and chats with its companions.

The dead wear mossy wings.  
The cloudy wind and the clear wind  
are two pheasants in flight through the towers,  
and the day is a wounded boy.

Not a flicker of lark was left in the air  
when I met you in the caverns of wine.  
Not the crumb of a cloud was left in the ground  
when you were drowned in the river.

A giant of water fell down over the hills,  
and the valley was tumbling with lilies and dogs.  
In my hands' violet shadow, your body,  
dead on the bank, was an angel of coldness.

Federico García Lorca



# Gacela Of Unforseen Love

No one understood the perfume  
of the dark magnolia of your womb.  
Nobody knew that you tormented  
a hummingbird of love between your teeth.

A thousand Persian little horses fell asleep  
in the plaza with moon of your forehead,  
while through four nights I embraced  
your waist, enemy of the snow.

Between plaster and jasmins, your glance  
was a pale branch of seeds.  
I sought in my heart to give you  
the ivory letters that say "siempre",

"siempre", "siempre" : garden of my agony,  
your body elusive always,  
that blood of your veins in my mouth,  
your mouth already lightless for my death.

Federico García Lorca

# La Casada Infiel

Y que yo me la llevé; al ríacuteco  
creyendo que era mozuela,  
pero tenía marido.  
Fue la noche de Santiago  
y casi por compromiso.  
Se apagaron los faroles  
y se encendieron los grillos.  
En las últimas esquinas  
toqué; sus pechos dormidos,  
y se me abrieron de pronto  
como ramos de jacintos..  
El almidón de su enagua  
me sonaba en el oído,  
como una pieza de seda  
rasgada por diez cuchillos.  
Sin luz de plata en sus copas  
los árboles han crecido,  
y un horizonte de perros  
ladra muy lejos del río.

Pasadas la zarzamoras,  
los juncos y los espinos,  
bajo su mata de pelo  
hice un hoyo sobre el limo.  
Yo me quité; la corbata.  
Ella se quitó; el vestido.  
Yo el cinturón de revólver.  
Ella sus cuatro corpiños.  
Ni nardos ni caracolas  
tienen el cutis tan fino,  
ni los critales con luna  
relumbran con ese brillo.  
Sus muslos se me escapaban  
como peces sorprendidos,  
la mitad llenos de lumbre,  
la mitad llenos de frío.  
Aquella noche corrí;  
el mejor de los caminos,  
montado en potra de nácar

sin bridas y sin estribos.  
No quiero decir, por hombre,  
las cosas que ella me dijo.  
La luz del entendimiento  
me hace ser muy comedido.  
Sucia de besos y arena  
yo me la llevé; al río.  
Con el aire se batían  
las espadas de los lirios.

Me porté; como quien soy.  
Como un gitano legítimo.  
La regalé; un costurero  
grande de raso pajizo,  
y no quise enamorarme  
porque teniendo marido  
me dijo que era mozuela  
cuando la llevaba al río.

Federico García Lorca

# Lament For Ignacio Sánchez Mejías

## 1. Cogida and death

At five in the afternoon.  
It was exactly five in the afternoon.  
A boy brought the white sheet  
at five in the afternoon.  
A frail of lime ready prepared  
at five in the afternoon.  
The rest was death, and death alone.

The wind carried away the cottonwool  
at five in the afternoon.  
And the oxide scattered crystal and nickel  
at five in the afternoon.  
Now the dove and the leopard wrestle  
at five in the afternoon.  
And a thigh with a desolated horn  
at five in the afternoon.  
The bass-string struck up  
at five in the afternoon.  
Arsenic bells and smoke  
at five in the afternoon.  
Groups of silence in the corners  
at five in the afternoon.  
And the bull alone with a high heart!  
At five in the afternoon.  
When the sweat of snow was coming  
at five in the afternoon,  
when the bull ring was covered with iodine  
at five in the afternoon.  
Death laid eggs in the wound  
at five in the afternoon.  
At five in the afternoon.  
At five o'clock in the afternoon.

A coffin on wheels is his bed  
at five in the afternoon.  
Bones and flutes resound in his ears  
at five in the afternoon.

Now the bull was bellowing through his forehead  
at five in the afternoon.  
The room was iridescent with agony  
at five in the afternoon.  
In the distance the gangrene now comes  
at five in the afternoon.  
Horn of the lily through green groins  
at five in the afternoon.  
The wounds were burning like suns  
at five in the afternoon.  
At five in the afternoon.  
Ah, that fatal five in the afternoon!  
It was five by all the clocks!  
It was five in the shade of the afternoon!

## 2. The Spilled Blood

I will not see it!

Tell the moon to come,  
for I do not want to see the blood  
of Ignacio on the sand.

I will not see it!

The moon wide open.  
Horse of still clouds,  
and the grey bull ring of dreams  
with willows in the barreras.

I will not see it!

Let my memory kindle!  
Warm the jasmines  
of such minute whiteness!

I will not see it!

The cow of the ancient world  
passed her sad tongue  
over a snout of blood  
spilled on the sand,

and the bulls of Guisando,  
partly death and partly stone,  
bellowed like two centuries  
sated with threading the earth.

No.

I will not see it!

Ignacio goes up the tiers  
with all his death on his shoulders.

He sought for the dawn

but the dawn was no more.

He seeks for his confident profile

and the dream bewilders him

He sought for his beautiful body

and encountered his opened blood

Do not ask me to see it!

I do not want to hear it spurt

each time with less strength:

that spurt that illuminates

the tiers of seats, and spills

over the cordury and the leather

of a thirsty multitude.

Who shouts that I should come near!

Do not ask me to see it!

His eyes did not close

when he saw the horns near,

but the terrible mothers

lifted their heads.

And across the ranches,

an air of secret voices rose,

shouting to celestial bulls,

herdsmen of pale mist.

There was no prince in Sevilla

who could compare to him,

nor sword like his sword

nor heart so true.

Like a river of lions

was his marvellous strength,

and like a marble toroso

his firm drawn moderation.

The air of Andalusian Rome

gilded his head  
where his smile was a spikenard  
of wit and intelligence.  
What a great torero in the ring!  
What a good peasant in the sierra!  
How gentle with the sheaves!  
How hard with the spurs!  
How tender with the dew!  
How dazzling the fiesta!  
How tremendous with the final  
banderillas of darkness!

But now he sleeps without end.  
Now the moss and the grass  
open with sure fingers  
the flower of his skull.  
And now his blood comes out singing;  
singing along marshes and meadows,  
sliden on frozen horns,  
faltering soulles in the mist  
stoumbling over a thousand hoofs  
like a long, dark, sad tongue,  
to form a pool of agony  
close to the starry Guadalquivir.  
Oh, white wall of Spain!  
Oh, black bull of sorrow!  
Oh, hard blood of Ignacio!  
Oh, nightingale of his veins!  
No.

I will not see it!  
No chalice can contain it,  
no swallows can drink it,  
no frost of light can cool it,  
nor song nor deluge og white lilies,  
no glass can cover mit with silver.  
No.

I will not see it!

### 3. The Laid Out Body

Stone is a forehead where dreames grieve  
without curving waters and frozen cypresses.

Stone is a shoulder on which to bear Time  
with trees formed of tears and ribbons and planets.

I have seen grey showers move towards the waves  
raising their tender riddle arms,  
to avoid being caught by lying stone  
which loosens their limbs without soaking their blood.

For stone gathers seed and clouds,  
skeleton larks and wolves of penumbra:  
but yields not sounds nor crystals nor fire,  
only bull rings and bull rings and more bull rings without walls.

Now, Ignacio the well born lies on the stone.  
All is finished. What is happening! Contemplate his face:  
death has covered him with pale sulphur  
and has placed on him the head of dark minotaur.

All is finished. The rain penetrates his mouth.  
The air, as if mad, leaves his sunken chest,  
and Love, soaked through with tears of snow,  
warms itself on the peak of the herd.

What is they saying? A stenching silence settles down.  
We are here with a body laid out which fades away,  
with a pure shape which had nightingales  
and we see it being filled with depthless holes.

Who creases the shroud? What he says is not true!  
Nobody sings here, nobody weeps in the corner,  
nobody pricks the spurs, nor terrifies the serpent.  
Here I want nothing else but the round eyes  
to see his body without a chance of rest.

Here I want to see those men of hard voice.  
Those that break horses and dominate rivers;  
those men of sonorous skeleton who sing  
with a mouth full of sun and flint.

Here I want to see them. Before the stone.  
Before this body with broken reins.  
I want to know from them the way out



for this captain stripped down by death.

I want them to show me a lament like a river  
which will have sweet mists and deep shores,  
to take the body of Ignacio where it loses itself  
without hearing the double planting of the bulls.

Loses itself in the round bull ring of the moon  
which feigns in its youth a sad quiet bull,  
loses itself in the night without song of fishes  
and in the white thicket of frozen smoke.

I don't want to cover his face with handkerchiefs  
that he may get used to the death he carries.  
Go, Ignacio, feel not the hot bellowing  
Sleep, fly, rest: even the sea dies!

#### 4. Absent Soul

The bull does not know you, nor the fig tree,  
nor the horses, nor the ants in your own house.  
The child and the afternoon do not know you  
because you have died forever.

The shoulder of the stone does not know you  
nor the black silk, where you are shuttered.  
Your silent memory does not know you  
because you have died forever

The autumn will come with small white snails,  
misty grapes and clustered hills,  
but no one will look into your eyes  
because you have died forever.

Because you have died for ever,  
like all the dead of the earth,  
like all the dead who are forgotten  
in a heap of lifeless dogs.

Nobody knows you. No. But I sing of you.  
For posterity I sing of your profile and grace.  
Of the signal maturity of your understanding.

Of your appetite for death and the taste of its mouth.  
Of the sadness of your once valiant gaiety.

It will be a long time, if ever, before there is born  
an Andalusian so true, so rich in adventure.  
I sing of his elegance with words that groan,  
and I remember a sad breeze through the olive trees.

Federico García Lorca

# Landscape Of A Vomiting Multitude

The fat lady came out first,  
tearing out roots and moistening drumskins.  
The fat lady  
who turns dying octopuses inside out.  
The fat lady, the moon's antagonist,  
was running through the streets and deserted buildings  
and leaving tiny skulls of pigeons in the corners  
and stirring up the furies of the last centuries' feasts  
and summoning the demon of bread through the sky's clean-swept hills  
and filtering a longing for light into subterranean tunnels.  
The graveyards, yes the graveyards  
and the sorrow of the kitchens buried in sand,  
the dead, pheasants and apples of another era,  
pushing it into our throat.

There were murmuring from the jungle of vomit  
with the empty women, with hot wax children,  
with fermented trees and tireless waiters  
who serve platters of salt beneath harps of saliva.  
There's no other way, my son, vomit! There's no other way.  
It's not the vomit of hussars on the breasts of their whores,  
nor the vomit of cats that inadvertently swallowed frogs,  
but the dead who scratch with clay hands  
on flint gates where clouds and desserts decay.

The fat lady came first  
with the crowds from the ships, taverns, and parks.  
Vomit was delicately shaking its drums  
among a few little girls of blood  
who were begging the moon for protection.  
Who could imagine my sadness?  
The look on my face was mine, but now isn't me,  
the naked look on my face, trembling for alcohol  
and launching incredible ships  
through the anemones of the piers.  
I protect myself with this look  
that flows from waves where no dawn would go,  
I, poet without arms, lost  
in the vomiting multitude,

with no effusive horse to shear  
the thick moss from my temples.

The fat lady went first  
and the crowds kept looking for pharmacies  
where the bitter tropics could be found.  
Only when a flag went up and the first dogs arrived  
did the entire city rush to the railings of the boardwalk.

Federico García Lorca

# Las Seis Cuerdas

La guitarra,  
hace llorar a los sueñtilde;os.  
El sollozo de las almas  
perdidas,  
se escapa por su boca  
redonda.  
Y como la tar&aacute;ntula  
teje una gran estrella  
para cazar suspiros,  
que flotan en su negro  
aljibe de madera.

Federico García Lorca

# Little Viennese Waltz

In Vienna there are ten little girls,  
a shoulder for death to cry on,  
and a forest of dried pigeons.  
There is a fragment of tomorrow  
in the museum of winter frost.  
There is a thousand-windowed dance hall.

Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Take this close-mouthed waltz.

Little waltz, little waltz, little waltz,  
of itself of death, and of brandy  
that dips its tail in the sea.

I love you, I love you, I love you,  
with the armchair and the book of death,  
down the melancholy hallway,  
in the iris's darkened garret,

Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Take this broken-waisted waltz.

In Vienna there are four mirrors  
in which your mouth and the echoes play.  
There is a death for piano  
that paints little boys blue.  
There are beggars on the roof.  
There are fresh garlands of tears.

Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Take this waltz that dies in my arms.

Because I love you, I love you, my love,  
in the attic where the children play,  
dreaming ancient lights of Hungary  
through the noise, the balmy afternoon,  
seeing sheep and irises of snow  
through the dark silence of your forehead

Ay, ay, ay, ay!

Take this " I will always love you" waltz

In Vienna I will dance with you

in a costume with

a river's head.

See how the hyacinths line my banks!

I will leave my mouth between your legs,

my soul in a photographs and lilies,

and in the dark wake of your footsteps,

my love, my love, I will have to leave

violin and grave, the waltzing ribbons

Federico García Lorca

# Muerte De Anto&Ntilde;ito El Camborio

Voces de muerte sonaron  
cerca del Guadalquivir.  
Voces antiguas que cercan  
voz de clavel varonil.  
Les clav&oacute;; sobre las botas  
mordiscos de jabal&iacute;;.  
En la lucha daba saltos  
jabonados de delf&iacute;;n.  
Ba&ntilde;o con sangre enemiga  
su corbata carmes&iacute;;,  
pero eran cuatro pu&ntilde;ales  
y tuvo que sucumbir.  
Cuando las estrellas clavan  
rejones al agua gris,  
cuando los erales sue&ntilde;an  
ver&oacute;;nicas de alhel&iacute;;,  
voces de muerte sonaron  
cerca del Guadalquivir.

Antonio Torres Heredia,  
Camborio de dura crin,  
moreno de verde luna,  
voz de clavel varonil:  
¿qui&eacute;;n te ha quitado la vida  
cerca del Guadalquivir?  
Mis cuatro primos Heredias  
hijos de Benamej&iacute;;.  
Lo que en otros no envidiaban,  
ya lo envidiaban en m&iacute;;.  
Zapatos color corinto,  
medallones de marfil,  
y este cutis amasado  
con aceituna y jazm&iacute;;n.  
¡Ay Anto&ntilde;ito el Camborio,  
digno de una Emperatriz!  
Acu&eacute;;rate de la Virgen  
porque te vas a morir.  
¡Ay Federico Garc&iacute;;a,  
llama a la Guardia Civil!



Ya mi talle se ha quebrado  
como cañal de maiz.

Tres golpes de sangre tuvo  
y se murió de perfil.  
Viva moneda que nunca  
se vuelve a repetir.  
Un ángel marchoso pone  
su cabeza en un cojín.  
Otros de rubor cansado,  
encendieron un candil.  
Y cuando los cuatro primos  
llegan a Benamejí,  
voces de muerte cesaron  
cerca del Guadalquivir.

Federico García Lorca

# Muri&Oacute; Al Amanecer

Noche de cuatro lunas  
y un solo &acute;rbol,  
con una sola sombra  
y un solo p&acute;jaro.

Busco en mi carne las  
huellas de tus labios.  
El manantial besa al viento  
sin tocarlo.

Llevo el No que me diste,  
en la palma de la mano,  
como un lim&oacute;n de cera  
casi blanco.

Noche de cuatro lunas  
y un solo &acute;rbol,  
En la punta de una aguja,  
est&acute; mi amor igrando!

Federico Garca Lorca

# Nocturnos De La Ventana

1

Alta va la luna.  
Bajo corre el viento.

(Mis largas miradas,  
exploran el cielo.)

Luna sobre el agua,  
Luna bajo el viento.

(Mis cortas miradas,  
exploran el suelo.)

Las voces de dos niñitas  
venían. Sin el esfuerzo,  
de la luna del agua,  
me fui a la del cielo.

2

Un brazo de la noche  
entra por mi ventana.

Un gran brazo moreno  
con pulseras de agua.

Sobre un cristal azul  
jugaba al río mi alma.

Los instantes heridos  
por el reloj... pasaban.

3

Asomo la cabeza  
por mi ventana, y veo

no quiere cortarla  
la cuchilla del viento.

En esta guillotina  
invisible, yo he puesto  
las cabezas sin ojos  
de todos mis deseos.

Y un olor de limón  
llenando; el instante inmenso,  
mientras se convierte  
en flor de gasa el viento.

4

Al estanque se le ha muerto  
hoy una niña de agua.  
Está fuera del estanque,  
sobre el suelo amortajada.

De la cabeza a sus muslos  
un pez la cruza, llamándola.  
El viento le dice "niña"  
mas no puede despertarla.

El estanque tiene suelta  
su cabellera de algas  
y al aire sus grises tetas  
estremecidas de ranas.

Dios te salve. Rezaremos  
a Nuestra Señora de Agua  
por la niña del estanque  
muerta bajo las manzanas.

Yo luego pondré a su lado  
dos pequeñas calabazas  
para que se tenga a flote,  
¡ay! sobre la mar salada.



# Ode To Salvador Dali

A rose in the high garden you desire.  
A wheel in the pure syntax of steel.  
The mountain stripped bare of Impressionist fog,  
The grays watching over the last balustrades.

The modern painters in their white ateliers  
clip the square root's sterilized flower.  
In the waters of the Seine a marble iceberg  
chills the windows and scatters the ivy.

Man treads firmly on the cobbled streets.  
Crystals hide from the magic of reflections.  
The Government has closed the perfume stores.  
The machine perpetuates its binary beat.

An absence of forests and screens and brows  
roams across the roofs of the old houses.  
The air polishes its prism on the sea  
and the horizon rises like a great aqueduct.

Soldiers who know no wine and no penumbra  
behead the sirens on the seas of lead.  
Night, black statue of prudence, holds  
the moon's round mirror in her hand.

A desire for forms and limits overwhelms us.  
Here comes the man who sees with a yellow ruler.  
Venus is a white still life  
and the butterfly collectors run away.

\*

Cadaqués, at the fulcrum of water and hill,  
lifts flights of stairs and hides seashells.  
Wooden flutes pacify the air.  
An ancient woodland god gives the children fruit.

Her fishermen sleep dreamless on the sand.

On the high sea a rose is their compass.  
The horizon, virgin of wounded handkerchiefs,  
links the great crystals of fish and moon.

A hard diadem of white brigantines  
encircles bitter foreheads and hair of sand.  
The sirens convince, but they don't beguile,  
and they come if we show a glass of fresh water.

\*

Oh Salvador Dali, of the olive-colored voice!  
I do not praise your halting adolescent brush  
or your pigments that flirt with the pigment of your times,  
but I laud your longing for eternity with limits.

Sanitary soul, you live upon new marble.  
You run from the dark jungle of improbable forms.  
Your fancy reaches only as far as your hands,  
and you enjoy the sonnet of the sea in your window.

The world is dull penumbra and disorder  
in the foreground where man is found.  
But now the stars, concealing landscapes,  
reveal the perfect schema of their courses.

The current of time pools and gains order  
in the numbered forms of century after century.  
And conquered Death takes refuge trembling  
in the tight circle of the present instant.

When you take up your palette, a bullet hole in its wing,  
you call on the light that brings the olive tree to life.  
The broad light of Minerva, builder of scaffolds,  
where there is no room for dream or its hazy flower.

You call on the old light that stays on the brow,  
not descending to the mouth or the heart of man.  
A light feared by the loving vines of Bacchus  
and the chaotic force of curving water.

You do well when you post warning flags  
along the dark limit that shines in the night.  
As a painter, you refuse to have your forms softened  
by the shifting cotton of an unexpected cloud.

The fish in the fishbowl and the bird in the cage.  
You refuse to invent them in the sea or the air.  
You stylize or copy once you have seen  
their small, agile bodies with your honest eyes.

You love a matter definite and exact,  
where the toadstool cannot pitch its camp.  
You love the architecture that builds on the absent  
and admit the flag simply as a joke.

The steel compass tells its short, elastic verse.  
Unknown clouds rise to deny the sphere exists.  
The straight line tells of its upward struggle  
and the learned crystals sing their geometries.

\*

But also the rose of the garden where you live.  
Always the rose, always, our north and south!  
Calm and ingathered like an eyeless statue,  
not knowing the buried struggle it provokes.

Pure rose, clean of artifice and rough sketches,  
opening for us the slender wings of the smile.  
(Pinned butterfly that ponders its flight.)  
Rose of balance, with no self-inflicted pains.  
Always the rose!

\*

Oh Salvador Dali, of the olive-colored voice!  
I speak of what your person and your paintings tell me.  
I do not praise your halting adolescent brush,  
but I sing the steady aim of your arrows.



I sing your fair struggle of Catalan lights,  
your love of what might be made clear.  
I sing your astronomical and tender heart,  
a never-wounded deck of French cards.

I sing your restless longing for the statue,  
your fear of the feelings that await you in the street.  
I sing the small sea siren who sings to you,  
riding her bicycle of corals and conches.

But above all I sing a common thought  
that joins us in the dark and golden hours.  
The light that blinds our eyes is not art.  
Rather it is love, friendship, crossed swords.

Not the picture you patiently trace,  
but the breast of Theresa, she of sleepless skin,  
the tight-wound curls of Mathilde the ungrateful,  
our friendship, painted bright as a game board.

May fingerprints of blood on gold  
streak the heart of eternal Catalunya.  
May stars like falconless fists shine on you,  
while your painting and your life break into flower.

Don't watch the water clock with its membraned wings  
or the hard scythe of the allegory.  
Always in the air, dress and undress your brush  
before the sea peopled with sailors and ships.

Federico García Lorca

# Ode To Walt Whitman

By the East River and the Bronx  
boys were singing, exposing their waists  
with the wheel, with oil, leather, and the hammer.  
Ninety thousand miners taking silver from the rocks  
and children drawing stairs and perspectives.

But none of them could sleep,  
none of them wanted to be the river,  
none of them loved the huge leaves  
or the shoreline's blue tongue.

By the East River and the Queensboro  
boys were battling with industry  
and the Jews sold to the river faun  
the rose of circumcision,  
and over bridges and rooftops, the mouth of the sky emptied  
herds of bison driven by the wind.

But none of them paused,  
none of them wanted to be a cloud,  
none of them looked for ferns  
or the yellow wheel of a tambourine.

As soon as the moon rises  
the pulleys will spin to alter the sky;  
a border of needles will besiege memory  
and the coffins will bear away those who don't work.

New York, mire,  
New York, mire and death.  
What angel is hidden in your cheek?  
Whose perfect voice will sing the truths of wheat?  
Who, the terrible dream of your stained anemones?

Not for a moment, Walt Whitman, lovely old man,  
have I failed to see your beard full of butterflies,  
nor your corduroy shoulders frayed by the moon,  
nor your thighs pure as Apollo's,  
nor your voice like a column of ash,

old man, beautiful as the mist,  
you moaned like a bird  
with its sex pierced by a needle.  
Enemy of the satyr,  
enemy of the vine,  
and lover of bodies beneath rough cloth...

Not for a moment, virile beauty,  
who among mountains of coal, billboards, and railroads,  
dreamed of becoming a river and sleeping like a river  
with that comrade who would place in your breast  
the small ache of an ignorant leopard.

Not for a moment, Adam of blood, Macho,  
man alone at sea, Walt Whitman, lovely old man,  
because on penthouse roofs,  
gathered at bars,  
emerging in bunches from the sewers,  
trembling between the legs of chauffeurs,  
or spinning on dance floors wet with absinthe,  
the faggots, Walt Whitman, point you out.

He's one, too! That's right! And they land  
on your luminous chaste beard,  
blonds from the north, blacks from the sands,  
crowds of howls and gestures,  
like cats or like snakes,  
the faggots, Walt Whitman, the faggots,  
clouded with tears, flesh for the whip,  
the boot, or the teeth of the lion tamers.

He's one, too! That's right! Stained fingers  
point to the shore of your dream  
when a friend eats your apple  
with a slight taste of gasoline  
and the sun sings in the navels  
of boys who play under bridges.

But you didn't look for scratched eyes,  
nor the darkest swamp where someone submerges children,  
nor frozen saliva,  
nor the curves slit open like a toad's belly

that the faggots wear in cars and on terraces  
while the moon lashes them on the street corners of terror.

You looked for a naked body like a river.  
Bull and dream who would join wheel with seaweed,  
father of your agony, camellia of your death,  
who would groan in the blaze of your hidden equator.

Because it's all right if a man doesn't look for his delight  
in tomorrow morning's jungle of blood.  
The sky has shores where life is avoided  
and there are bodies that shouldn't repeat themselves in the dawn.

Agony, agony, dream, ferment, and dream.  
This is the world, my friend, agony, agony.  
Bodies decompose beneath the city clocks,  
war passes by in tears, followed by a million gray rats,  
the rich give their mistresses  
small illuminated dying things,  
and life is neither noble, nor good, nor sacred.

Man is able, if he wishes, to guide his desire  
through a vein of coral or a heavenly naked body.  
Tomorrow, loves will become stones, and Time  
a breeze that drowns in the branches.

That's why I don't raise my voice, old Walt Whitman,  
against the little boy who writes  
the name of a girl on his pillow,  
nor against the boy who dresses as a bride  
in the darkness of the wardrobe,  
nor against the solitary men in casinos  
who drink prostitution's water with revulsion,  
nor against the men with that green look in their eyes  
who love other men and burn their lips in silence.

But yes against you, urban faggots,  
tumescant flesh and unclean thoughts.  
Mothers of mud. Harpies. Sleepless enemies  
of the love that bestows crowns of joy.

Always against you, who give boys

drops of foul death with bitter poison.

Always against you,  
Fairies of North America,  
Pájaros of Havana,  
Jotos of Mexico,  
Sarasas of Cádiz,  
Apios of Seville,  
Cancos of Madrid,  
Floras of Alicante,  
Adelaidas of Portugal.

Faggots of the world, murderers of doves!  
Slaves of women. Their bedroom bitches.  
Opening in public squares like feverish fans  
or ambushed in rigid hemlock landscapes.

No quarter given! Death  
spills from your eyes  
and gathers gray flowers at the mire's edge.  
No quarter given! Attention!  
Let the confused, the pure,  
the classical, the celebrated, the supplicants  
close the doors of the bacchanal to you.

And you, lovely Walt Whitman, stay asleep on the Hudson's banks  
with your beard toward the pole, openhanded.  
Soft clay or snow, your tongue calls for  
comrades to keep watch over your unbodied gazelle.

Sleep on, nothing remains.  
Dancing walls stir the prairies  
and America drowns itself in machinery and lament.  
I want the powerful air from the deepest night  
to blow away flowers and inscriptions from the arch where you sleep,  
and a black child to inform the gold-craving whites  
that the kingdom of grain has arrived.

Federico García Lorca

# Paisaje

El campo  
de olivos  
se abre y se cierra  
como un abanico.  
Sobre el olivar  
hay un cielo hundido  
y una lluvia oscura  
de luceros fríos.  
Tiembla junco y penumbra  
a la orilla del río.  
Se riza el aire gris.  
Los olivos,  
están cargados  
de gritos.  
Una bandada  
de pájaros cautivos,  
que mueven sus largas  
colas en lo sombrío.

Federico García Lorca

# Peaceful Waters: Variation

peaceful waters of the air  
under echo's branches

peaceful waters of a pool  
under a bough laden with stars

peaceful waters of your mouth  
under a forest of kisses

Federico García Lorca

# Piccolo Valzer Viennese

A Vienna ci sono dieci ragazze,  
una spalla dove piange la morte  
e un bosco di colombe disseccate.  
C'e' un frammento del mattino  
nel museo della brina.  
C'è; un salone con mille vetrate.

Ahi! Ahi! Ahi! Ahi!  
Prendi questo valzer con la bocca chiusa.

Questo valzer, questo valzer, questo valzer,  
di s'grave;, di morte e di cognac  
che si bagna la coda nel mare.

Io ti amo, io ti amo, io ti amo  
con la poltrona e con il libro morto,  
nel malinconico corridoio,  
nell'oscura soffitta del giglio,  
nel nostro letto della luna,  
nella danza che sogna la tartaruga.

Ahi! Ahi! Ahi! Ahi!  
Prendi questo valzer dalla spezzata cintura.  
A Vienna ci sono quattro specchi,  
vi giocano la tua bocca e gli echi.  
C'è; una morte per pianoforte  
che tinge d'azzurro i giovanotti.  
Ci sono mendichi sui terrazzi. E  
fresche ghirlande di pianto.

Ahi! Ahi! Ahi! Ahi!  
Prendi questo valzer che spira fra le mie braccia.  
Perch'è; io ti amo, ti amo, amore mio,  
nella soffitta dove giocano i bambini,  
sognando vecchie luci d'Ungheria  
nel mormorio di una sera mite,  
vedendo agnelli e gigli di neve  
nell'oscuro silenzio delle tue tempie.



Ahi! Ahi! Ahi! Ahi!  
Prendi questo valzer del "Ti amo per sempre".  
A Vienna baller&ograve; con te  
con un costume che abbia la testa di fiume.  
Guarda queste mie rive di giacinti!  
Lascer&ograve; la mia bocca tra le tue gambe,  
la mia anima in foto e fiordalisi,  
e nelle onde oscure del tuo passo io voglio,  
amore mio, amore mio, lasciare,  
violino e sepolcro, i nastri del valzer.

English Translation

Little Viennese Waltz

In Vienna there are ten little girls  
a shoulder for death to cry on  
and a forest of dried pigeons.  
There is a fragment of tomorrow  
in the museum of winter frost.  
There is a thousand-windowed dance hall.

Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Take this close-mouthed waltz.

Little waltz, little waltz, little waltz,  
of itself, of death, and of brandy  
that dips its tail in the sea.

I love you, I love you, I love you,  
with the armchair and the book of death  
down the melancholy hallway,  
in the iris's dark garret,  
in our bed that was once the moon's bed,  
and in that dance the turtle dreamed of.

Ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Take this broken-waisted waltz  
In Vienna there are four mirrors  
in which your mouth and the echoes play.

There is a death for piano  
that paints the little boys blue.  
There are beggars on the roof.  
There are fresh garlands of tears.

Aye, ay, ay, ay!  
Take this waltz that dies in my arms.  
Because I love you, I love you, my love,  
in the attic where children play,  
dreaming ancient lights of Hungary  
through the noise, the balmy afternoon,  
seeing sheep and irises of snow  
through the dark silence of your forehead.

Ay, ay, ay ay!  
Take this "I will always love you" waltz.  
In Vienna I will dance with you  
in a costume with a river's head.  
See how the hyacinths line my banks!  
I will leave my mouth between your legs,  
my soul in photographs and lilies,  
and in the dark wake of your footsteps,  
my love, my love, I will have to leave  
violin and grave, the waltzing ribbons.

Federico García Lorca

# Preciosa Y El Aire

Su luna de pergamino  
Preciosa tocando viene  
por un anfibio sendero  
de cristales y laureles.  
El silencio sin estrellas,  
huyendo del sonsonete,  
cae donde el mar bate y canta  
su noche llena de peces.  
En los picos de la sierra  
los carabineros duermen  
guardando las blancas torres  
donde viven los ingleses.  
Y los gitanos del agua  
levantan por distraerse,  
glorietas de caracolas  
y ramas de pino verde.

Su luna de pergamino  
Preciosa tocando viene.  
Al verla se ha levantado  
el viento que nunca duerme.  
San Cristobal desnudo,  
lleno de lenguas celestes,  
mira a la niña tocando  
una dulce gaita ausente.

Niña, deja que levante  
tu vestido para verte.  
Abre en mi dedos antiguos  
la rosa azul de tu vientre.

Preciosa tira el pandero  
y corre sin detenerse.  
El viento-hombre la persigue  
con una espada caliente.

Frunce su rumor el mar.  
Los olivos palidecen.  
Cantan las flautas de umbría

y el liso gong de la nieve.

¡Preciosa, corre, Preciosa,  
que te coge el viento verde!  
Preciosa, corre, Preciosa!  
¡M&iacute;ralo por donde viene!  
S&acute;tiro de estrellas bajas  
con sus lenguas relucientes.

Preciosa, llena de miedo,  
entra en la casa que tiene,  
m&acute;s arriba de los pinos,  
el c&acute;nsul de los ingleses.

Asustados por los gritos  
tres carabineros viene,  
sus negras capas ce&ntilde;idas  
y los gorros en las sienas.

El ingl&eacute;s da a la gitana  
un vaso de tibia leche,  
y una copa de ginebra  
que Preciosa no se bebe.

Y mientras cuenta, llorando  
su aventura a aquella gente,  
en las tejas de pizarra  
el viento, furioso, muerde.

Federico Garc&iacute;a Lorca

# Romance Sonámbulo

Green, how I want you green.  
Green wind. Green branches.  
The ship out on the sea  
and the horse on the mountain.  
With the shade around her waist  
she dreams on her balcony,  
green flesh, her hair green,  
with eyes of cold silver.  
Green, how I want you green.  
Under the gypsy moon,  
all things are watching her  
and she cannot see them.

Green, how I want you green.  
Big hoarfrost stars  
come with the fish of shadow  
that opens the road of dawn.  
The fig tree rubs its wind  
with the sandpaper of its branches,  
and the forest, cunning cat,  
bristles its brittle fibers.  
But who will come? And from where?  
She is still on her balcony  
green flesh, her hair green,  
dreaming in the bitter sea.

--My friend, I want to trade  
my horse for her house,  
my saddle for her mirror,  
my knife for her blanket.  
My friend, I come bleeding  
from the gates of Cabra.  
--If it were possible, my boy,  
I'd help you fix that trade.  
But now I am not I,  
nor is my house now my house.  
--My friend, I want to die  
decently in my bed.  
Of iron, if that's possible,

with blankets of fine chambray.  
Don't you see the wound I have  
from my chest up to my throat?  
--Your white shirt has grown  
thirsty dark brown roses.  
Your blood oozes and flees a  
round the corners of your sash.  
But now I am not I,  
nor is my house now my house.  
--Let me climb up, at least,  
up to the high balconies;  
Let me climb up! Let me,  
up to the green balconies.  
Railings of the moon  
through which the water rumbles.

Now the two friends climb up,  
up to the high balconies.  
Leaving a trail of blood.  
Leaving a trail of teardrops.  
Tin bell vines  
were trembling on the roofs.  
A thousand crystal tambourines  
struck at the dawn light.

Green, how I want you green,  
green wind, green branches.  
The two friends climbed up.  
The stiff wind left  
in their mouths, a strange taste  
of bile, of mint, and of basil  
My friend, where is she--tell me--  
where is your bitter girl?  
How many times she waited for you!  
How many times would she wait for you,  
cool face, black hair,  
on this green balcony!  
Over the mouth of the cistern  
the gypsy girl was swinging,  
green flesh, her hair green,  
with eyes of cold silver.  
An icicle of moon

holds her up above the water.  
The night became intimate  
like a little plaza.  
Drunken 'Guardias Civiles'  
were pounding on the door.  
Green, how I want you green.  
Green wind. Green branches.  
The ship out on the sea.  
And the horse on the mountain.

Translated by William Logan

Original Spanish

Verde que te quiero verde.  
Verde viento. Verdes ramas.  
El barco sobre la mar  
y el caballo en la montaña.  
Con la sombra en la cintura  
ella sueña en sus baranda,  
verde carne, pelo verde,  
con ojos de fría plata.  
Verde que te quiero verde.  
Bajo la luna gitana,  
las cosas la están mirando  
y ella no puede mirarlas.

Verde que te quiero verde.  
Grandes estrellas de escarcha,  
vienen con el pez de sombra  
que abre el camino del alba.  
La higuera frota su viento  
con la lija de sus ramas,  
y el monte, gato garduño,  
eriza sus pitas agrias.  
¿Pero quién vendrá? ¿Y por dónde...?  
Ella sigue en su baranda,  
verde carne, pelo verde,  
soñando en la mar amarga.

Compadre, quiero cambiar  
mi caballo por su casa,  
mi montura por su espejo,  
mi cuchillo por su manta.  
Compadre, vengo sangrando,  
desde los puertos de Cabra.  
Si yo pudiera, mocito,  
este trato se cerraba.  
Pero yo ya no soy yo,  
Ni mi casa es ya mi casa.  
Compadre, quiero morir  
decentemente en mi cama.  
De acero, si puede ser,  
con las sábanas de holanda.  
¿No ves la herida que tengo  
desde el pecho a la garganta?  
Trescientas rosas morenas  
lleva tu pechera blanca.  
Tu sangre rezuma y huele  
alrededor de tu faja.  
Pero yo ya no soy yo.  
Ni mi casa es ya mi casa.  
Dejadme subir al menos  
hasta las altas barandas,  
idejadme subir!, dejadme  
hasta las verdes barandas.  
Barandales de la luna  
por donde retumba el agua.

Ya suben los dos compadres  
hacia las altas barandas.  
Dejando un rastro de sangre.  
Dejando un rastro de lágrimas.  
Temblaban en los tejados  
farolillos de hojalata.  
Mil panderos de cristal,  
herían la madrugada.

Verde que te quiero verde,  
verde viento, verdes ramas.  
Los dos compadres subieron.  
El largo viento, dejaba



en la boca un raro gusto  
de hiel, de menta y de albahaca.  
¡Compadre! ¿Dónde está, dime?  
¿Dónde está tu niña amarga?  
¡Cuántas veces te esperó!  
¡Cuántas veces te esperara,  
cara fresca, negro pelo,  
en esta verde baranda!

Sobre el rostro del aljibe  
se mecía la gitana.  
Verde carne, pelo verde,  
con ojos de fría plata.  
Un carábano de luna  
la sostiene sobre el agua.  
La noche se puso íntima  
como una pequeña plaza.  
Guardias civiles borrachos  
en la puerta golpeaban.

Federico García Lorca

# Saturday Paseo: Adelina

Oranges

do not grow in the sea

neither is there love in Sevilla.

You in Dark and the I the sun that's hot,

loan me your parasol.

I'll wear my jealous reflection,

juice of lemon and lime-

and your words,

your sinful little words-

will swim around awhile.

Oranges

do not grow in the sea,

Ay, love!

And there is no love in Sevilla!

Federico García Lorca

# Serenata

The night soaks itself  
along the shore of the river  
and in Lolita's breasts  
the branches die of love.

The branches die of love.

Naked the night sings  
above the bridges of March.  
Lolita bathes her body  
with salt water and roses.

The branches die of love.

The night of anise and silver  
shines over the rooftops.  
Silver of streams and mirrors  
Anise of your white thighs.

The branches die of love.

Federico García Lorca

# Sonnet

I know that my profile will be serene  
in the north of an unreflecting sky.  
Mercury of vigil, chaste mirror  
to break the pulse of my style.

For if ivy and the cool of linen  
are the norm of the body I leave behind,  
my profile in the sand will be the old  
unblushing silence of a crocodile.

And though my tongue of frozen doves  
will never taste of flame,  
only of empty broom,

I'll be a free sign of oppressed norms  
on the neck of the stiff branch  
and in an ache of dahlias without end.

-----  
Largo espectro de plata conmovida  
el viento de la noche suspirando,  
abrió con mano gris mi vieja herida  
y se alejó: yo estaba deseando.

Llaga de amor que me dará la vida  
perpetua sangre y pura luz brotando.  
Grieta en que Filomela enmudecida  
tendrá bosque, dolor y nido blando.

¡Ay qué dulce rumor en mi cabeza!  
Me tenderé junto a la flor sencilla  
donde flota sin alma tu belleza.

Y el agua errante se pondrá amarilla,  
mientras corre mi sangre en la maleza  
mojada y olorosa de la orilla.



# Sonnet Of The Sweet Complaint

Never let me lose the marvel  
of your statue-like eyes, or the accent  
the solitary rose of your breath  
places on my cheek at night.

I am afraid of being, on this shore,  
a branchless trunk, and what I most regret  
is having no flower, pulp, or clay  
for the worm of my despair.

If you are my hidden treasure,  
if you are my cross, my dampened pain,  
if I am a dog, and you alone my master,

never let me lose what I have gained,  
and adorn the branches of your river  
with leaves of my estranged Autumn.

Federico García Lorca

# The Faithless Wife

So I took her to the river  
believing she was a maiden,  
but she already had a husband.  
It was on St. James night  
and almost as if I was obliged to.  
The lanterns went out  
and the crickets lighted up.  
In the farthest street corners  
I touched her sleeping breasts  
and they opened to me suddenly  
like spikes of hyacinth.  
The starch of her petticoat  
sounded in my ears  
like a piece of silk  
rent by ten knives.  
Without silver light on their foliage  
the trees had grown larger  
and a horizon of dogs  
barked very far from the river.

Past the blackberries,  
the reeds and the hawthorne  
underneath her cluster of hair  
I made a hollow in the earth  
I took off my tie,  
she too off her dress.  
I, my belt with the revolver,  
She, her four bodices.  
Nor nard nor mother-o'-pearl  
have skin so fine,  
nor does glass with silver  
shine with such brilliance.  
Her thighs slipped away from me  
like startled fish,  
half full of fire,  
half full of cold.  
That night I ran  
on the best of roads  
mounted on a nacre mare

without bridle stirrups.

As a man, I won't repeat  
the things she said to me.  
The light of understanding  
has made me more discreet.  
Smear'd with sand and kisses  
I took her away from the river.  
The swords of the lilies  
battled with the air.

I behaved like what I am,  
like a proper gypsy.  
I gave her a large sewing basket,  
of straw-colored satin,  
but I did not fall in love  
for although she had a husband  
she told me she was a maiden  
when I took her to the river.

Federico García Lorca



# The Guitar-La Guitarra

The weeping of the guitar  
begins.

The goblets of dawn  
are smashed.

The weeping of the guitar  
begins.

Useless  
to silence it.

Impossible  
to silence it.

It weeps monotonously  
as water weeps  
as the wind weeps  
over snowfields.

Impossible  
to silence it.

It weeps for distant  
things.

Hot southern sands  
yearning for white camellias.

Weeps arrow without target  
evening without morning  
and the first dead bird  
on the branch.

Oh, guitar!  
Heart mortally wounded  
by five swords.

-----

Empieza el llanto  
de la guitarra.  
Se rompen las copas  
de la madrugada.  
Empieza el llanto  
de la guitarra.  
Es inútil  
callarla.  
Es imposible

callarla.

Llora monótona  
como llora el agua,  
como llora el viento  
sobre la nevada.

Es imposible  
callarla.

Llora por cosas  
lejanas.

Arena del Sur caliente  
que pide camelias blancas.

Llora flecha sin blanco,  
la tarde sin mañana,  
y el primer pájaro muerto  
sobre la rama.

¡Oh guitarra!

Corazón malherido  
por cinco espadas.

Federico García Lorca

# The Gypsy And The Wind

Playing her parchment moon  
Precosia comes  
along a watery path of laurels and crystal lights.  
The starless silence, fleeing  
from her rhythmic tambourine,  
falls where the sea whips and sings,  
his night filled with silvery swarms.  
High atop the mountain peaks  
the sentinels are weeping;  
they guard the tall white towers  
of the English consulate.  
And gypsies of the water  
for their pleasure erect  
little castles of conch shells  
and arbors of greening pine.

Playing her parchment moon  
Precosia comes.  
The wind sees her and rises,  
the wind that never slumbers.  
Naked Saint Christopher swells,  
watching the girl as he plays  
with tongues of celestial bells  
on an invisible bagpipe.

Gypsy, let me lift your skirt  
and have a look at you.  
Open in my ancient fingers  
the blue rose of your womb.

Precosia throws the tambourine  
and runs away in terror.  
But the virile wind pursues her  
with his breathing and burning sword.

The sea darkens and roars,  
while the olive trees turn pale.  
The flutes of darkness sound,  
and a muted gong of the snow.

Precosia, run, Precosia!  
Or the green wind will catch you!  
Precosia, run, Precosia!  
And look how fast he comes!  
A satyr of low-born stars  
with their long and glistening tongues.

Precosia, filled with fear,  
now makes her way to that house  
beyond the tall green pines  
where the English consul lives.

Alarmed by the anguished cries,  
three riflemen come running,  
their black capes tightly drawn,  
and berets down over their brow.

The Englishman gives the gypsy  
a glass of tepid milk  
and a shot of Holland gin  
which Precosia does not drink.

And while she tells them, weeping,  
of her strange adventure,  
the wind furiously gnashes  
against the slate roof tiles.

Federico García Lorca

# The Little Mute Boy

The little boy was looking for his voice.  
(The King of the crickets had it.)  
In a drop of water  
the little boy was looking for his voice.

I do not want it for speaking with;  
I will make a ring of it  
so that he may wear my silence  
on his little finger.

In a drop of water  
the little boy was looking for his voice.

(The captive voice, far away.  
Put on a cricket's clothes.)

Federico García Lorca

# The Old Lizard

In the parched path  
I have seen the good lizard  
(one dropp of crocodile)  
meditating.

With his green frock-coat  
of an abbot of the devil,  
his correct bearing  
and his stiff collar,  
he has the sad air  
of an old professor.  
Those faded eyes  
of a broken artist,  
how they watch the afternoon  
in dismay!

Is this, my friend,  
your twilight constitutional?  
Please use your cane,  
you are very old, Mr. Lizard,  
and the children of the village  
may startle you.  
What are you seeking in the path,  
my near-sighted philosopher,  
if the wavering phantasm  
of the parched afternoon  
has broken the horizon?

Are you seeking the blue alms  
of the moribund heaven?  
A penny of a star?  
Or perhaps  
you've been reading a volume  
of Lamartine, and you relish  
the plateresque trills  
of the birds?

(You watch the setting sun,  
and your eyes shine,  
oh, dragon of the frogs,

with a human radiance.  
Ideas, gondolas without oars,  
cross the shadowy  
waters of your  
burnt-out eyes.)

Have you come looking  
for that lovely lady lizard,  
green as the wheatfields  
of May,  
as the long locks  
of sleeping pools,  
who scorned you, and then  
left you in your field?  
Oh, sweet idyll, broken  
among the sweet sedges!  
But, live! What the devil!  
I like you.  
The motto 'I oppose  
the serpent' triumphs  
in that grand double chin  
of a Christian archbishop.

Now the sun has dissolved  
in the cup of the mountains,  
and the flocks  
cloud the roadway.  
It is the hour to depart:  
leave the dry path  
and your meditations.  
You will have time  
to look at the stars  
when the worms are eating you  
at their leisure.

Go home to your house  
by the village, of the crickets!  
Good night, my friend  
Mr. Lizard!

Now the field is empty,

the mountains dim,  
the roadway deserted.  
Only, now and again,  
a cuckoo sings in the darkness  
of the poplar trees.

Federico García Lorca



# The Song Of The Barren Orange Tree

Woodcutter.

Cut my shadow from me.  
Free me from the torment  
of being without fruit.

Why was I born among mirrors?  
Day goes round and round me.  
The night copies me  
in all its stars.

I want to live without my reflection.  
And then let me dream  
that ants and thistledown  
are my leaves and my parrots.

Federico García Lorca

# Train Ride

After rain, through afterglow, the unfolding fan  
of railway landscape sidled on the pivot  
of a larger arc into the green of evening;  
I remembered that noon I saw a gradual bud  
still white; though dead in its warm bloom;  
always the enemy is the foe at home.  
And I wondered what surgery could recover  
our lost, long stride of indolence and leisure  
which is labor in reverse; what physic recall the smile  
not of lips, but of eyes as of the sea bemused.  
We, when we disperse from common sleep to several  
tasks, we gather to despair; we, who assembled  
once for hopes from common toil to dreams  
or sickish and hurting or triumphal rapture;  
always our enemy is our foe at home.  
We, deafened with far scattered city rattles  
to the hubbub of forest birds (never having  
'had time' to grieve or to hear through vivid sleep  
the sea knock on its cracked and hollow stones)  
so that the stars, almost, and birds comply,  
and the garden-wet; the trees retire; We are  
a scared patrol, fearing the guns behind;  
always the enemy is the foe at home.  
What wonder that we fear our own eyes' look  
and fidget to be at home alone, and pitifully  
put of age by some change in brushing the hair  
and stumble to our ends like smothered runners at their tape;  
We follow our shreds of fame into an ambush.  
Then (as while the stars herd to the great trough  
the blind, in the always-only-outward of their dismantled  
archways, awake at the smell of warmed stone  
or the sound of reeds, lifting from the dim  
into the segment of green dawn) always  
our enemy is our foe at home, more  
certainly than through spoken words or from grief-  
twisted writing on paper, unblotted by tears  
the thought came:  
There is no physic  
for the world's ill, nor surgery; it must

(hot smell of tar on wet salt air)  
burn in fever forever, an incense pierced  
with arrows, whose name is Love and another name  
Rebellion (the twinge, the gulf, split seconds,  
the very raindrops, render, and instancy  
of Love).

All Poetry to this not-to-be-looked-upon sun  
of Passion is the moon's cupped light; all  
Politics to this moon, a moon's reflected  
cupped light, like the moon of Rome, after  
the deep well of Grecian light sank low;  
always the enemy is the foe at home.  
But these three are friends whose arms twine  
without words; as, in still air,  
the great grove leans to wind, past and to come.

Federico García Lorca

# Weeping

Weeping,  
I go down the street  
Grotesque, without solution  
With the sadness of Cyrano  
And Quixote.

Redeeming  
Infinite impossibilities  
With the rhythm of the clock.

Federico García Lorca