Long Paddock

PABLO DE ROKHA
Trans. Stuart Cooke

From *Circle*

Yesterday the world was playing like a cat in your skirt;
today the little feathered boots lick you gently;
you have a heart full of cicadas;
you resemble dead, unstrung vihuelas
and great melancholy.
It's possible that the entire ocean fits in your eyes
and all of the sun in your Aquarian attitude;
like a yellow dog the autumns follow you,
and, full of the gods of rivers and stars,
you are the eternity in a drop of fright.
Your illusion seems like an ancient city,
like troughs full of a sombre aroma,
like eternal stones, like wounded children;
an August parrot drowns in your pupils,
and, like a dark suit, you descend into delirium.
Perhaps, like a sword, you have the great sweetness
of the elderly and tender sonnets of the twilight;
your childish dignity burns like the fruits;
your songs are like a great dark tankard
that empties itself onto the idea of world.
Just like the seeds, you tore yourself into children,
and, just like a dream that multiplies,
the painful flesh filled you with sons;
little woman of winter, storm cloud of sighs,
the sadness of sex eats your voice.

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I associate your figure with the female Hebrews,
and I see you, eaten by cities and oils,
writing the sorrow of the brown lands,
with the blue movements of the great, hideous dance,
with the pink knife of the unapproachable rhythm.
Girl of the melancholy stories,
girl of the novels, girl of the tunes,
your static gestures of the provinces
in the autumn water of the lost face,
and in the serious hairs leaking with drama.
You're above my life of stone and burning iron,
like eternity above the dead,
I remember that you came and you have always existed,
woman, *my* woman, conjunction of women,
the entire human species complains in your bones.
You are full of the whole country, like a rolling wind,
and your hair smells of an oceanic tune;
orange of the earthly and jovial villages,
you have the solitude full of solitudes,
and your heart has the shape of a tear.