Classic Poetry Series

Delmira Agustini

- poems -

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Delmira Agustini (October 24, 1886 - July 6, 1914)

Delmira Agustini born in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1886. At a young age she began to compose and publish poems in literary journals such as "La Alborada," where she wrote a society column under the modernista pen name "Joujou." Soon she attracted the attention of Latin America's preeminent intellectuals who, however, remarked her beauty and youth over her poetry. This mechanism of textualization, that is, the conversion of the female writer into a literary object, haunted Agustini throughout her career and continued even after her tragic death.

Early Career

In 1907, Delmira Agustini published her first book of poems, El libro blanco (Frágil), which was very well received by the writers and critics of the time. Three years later, Agustini published Cantos de la mañana, which concluded with a selection of reviews on her first book. In these reviews critics continued to refer to Agustini using metaphors related to virginity and inspiration, an image that Agustini herself assumed and cultivated in accordance with the modernista rhetoric and the restricted roles imposed on the women of the age.

The myth of Delmira Agustini's duplicity was born in this atmosphere. On one hand, "la Nena" (the Baby), as she was called in the private sphere, responded to the restrictive societal constructs of the era that denied sexuality to their upper-class women. On the other hand, the writer began to formulate verses that intensified a powerful, sexual imagery. It was at this point that the authors' and critics' delicate epithets changed drastically. After publishing her second and third books, critics started addressing her in terms similar to those later used by Emir Rodríguez Monegal: "pithiness in heat," "sexually obsessed", and "fevered Leda." Needless to say, this approach was never used when critics addressed male writers. Another distorting direction that literary criticism took in response to Agustini was to erase or mask the sexual content of her writings

Marriage and Murder

In 1913, Delmira Agustini married Enrique Job Reyes, a man detached from the literary arena. The event was attended by some of the best renowned intellectuals of the time such as Carlos Vaz Ferreira, Juan Zorrilla de San Martín, and Manuel Ugarte. With Ugarte, Agustini had maintained an intense epistolary romance. After only a few weeks of marriage, Delmira asked for divorce. Earlier that year, Agustini had published her third poetic work, Los

cálices vacíos, where she announces a new book to be publish under the title "Los astros del abismo." She never accomplished what she considered her most mature work because in July of 1914, Enrique Job Reyes killed her in one of their clandestine encounters. Ten years later Delmira Agustini's Complete Works were printed, which included a selection of her unpublished material under the name of "El rosario de Eros."

Legacy

Modern research on Agustini has given special attention to Agustini's biography, frequently exploring the idiosyncrasy of the author's family, which certainly facilitated her publishing. Critics have often speculated on the dominant and protective personality of Agustini's mother while the poet's puritan father transcribed her erotic verses (Machado de Benvenuto, Silva). Alejandro Cáceres (VVAA) suggests that Delmira's parents had a clear project to devote themselves to their prodigious child. Silvia Molloy comments on the deliberate infantilism that Agustini used as a protective mask. Molloy also compares Agustini's revision of the myth of Leda and the swan with the voyeuristic and

misogynist version of Rubén Darío and the modernistas. Other feminist approaches include the study by Gwen Kirkpatrick, who points out the experimental and subversive character of Delmira style. Tina Escaja analyzes Agustini's poems basing her approach on the author's subversion of patriarchal myths and the inscription of female imagery.

In 1993, the most complete and rigorous compilation to date of Agustini's poetry appeared, edited and introduced by Magdalena García Pinto. This volume confirms the eminence of the poet and contributes to her recent inclusion into the literary canon in which Delmira Agustini stands out as one of the most extraordinary voices of Latin American modern literature.

Eserleri:

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Al Claro De Luna (In The Light Of The Moon)

Spanish

La luna es pálida y triste, la luna es exangüe y yerta.
La media luna figúraseme un suave perfil de muerta…
Yo que prefiero a la insigne palidez encarecida
De todas las perlas árabes, la rosa recién abierta,

En un rincón del terruño con el color de la vida,
Adoro esa luna pálida, adoro esa faz de muerta!
Y en el altar de las noches, como una flor encendida
Y ebria de extraños perfumes, mi alma la inciensa rendida.

Yo sé de labios marchitos en la blasfemia y el vino,
Que besan tras de la orgia sus huellas en el camino;
Locos que mueren besando su imagen en lagos yertos…
Porque ella es luz de inocencia, porque a esa luz misteriosa
Alumbran las cosas blancas, se ponen blancas las cosas,
Y hasta las almas más negras toman clarores inciertos!

English

The moon is pallid and sad, the moon is bloodless and cold.
I imagine the half-moon as a profile of the dead…
And beyond the reknowned and praised pallor
Of Arab pearls, I prefer the rose in recent bud.

In a corner of this land with the colors of earth,
I adore this pale moon, I adore this death mask!
And at the altar of the night, like a flower inflamed,
Inebriated by strange perfumes, my soul resigns.

I know of lips withered with blasphemy and wine;
After an orgy they kiss her trace in the lane.
Insane ones who die kissing her image in lakes…
Because she is light of innocence, because white things
Illuminate her mysterious light, things taking on white,
And even the blackest souls become uncertainly bright.

Delmira Agustini

Debout Sur Mon Orgueil Je Veux Montrer Au Soir

Spanish

Debout sur mon orgueil je veux montrer au soir
L'envers de mon manteau endeuillé de tes charmes,
Son mouchoir infini, son mouchoir noir et noir,
Trait à trait, doucement, boira toutes mes larmes.

Il donne des lys blancs à mes roses de flamme
Et des bandeaux de calme à mon front délirant...
Que le soir sera bon.. Il aura pour moi l'âme
Claire et le corps profond d'un magnifique amant.

English

Forsaking my pride, I want to show the night
The inside of my cloak, plunged in mourning for your charms.
Its infinite handkerchiefs, its handkerchiefs black and black,
Piece by piece, tenderly, will drink all my tears.

The night lays lilies upon my burning roses
And cool cloths upon my feverish brow...
How good the evening will be! It will have, for me,
The luminous soul, the profound body, of a magnificent lover.

Delmira Agustini

El Nudo (The Knot)

Spanish

Su idilio fue una larga sonrisa a cuatro labios...
En el regazo cálido de rubia primavera
Amáronse talmente que entre sus dedos sabios
Palpitó la divina forma de la Quimera.

En los palacios fúlgidos de las tardes en calma
Hablábanse un lenguaje sentido como un lloro,
Y se besaban hondo hasta morderse el alma!...
Las horas deshojáronse como flores de oro,

Y el Destino interpuso sus dos manos heladas...
Ah! los cuerpos cedieron, mas las almas trenzadas
Son el más intrincado nudo que nunca fue...
En lucha con sus locos enredos sobrehumanos
Las Furias de la vida se rompieron las manos
Y fatigó sus dedos supremos Ananké...

English

Their idyll was a smile of four lips...
In the warm lap of blond spring
They loved such that between their wise fingers
the divine form of Chimera trembled.

In the glimmering palaces of quiet afternoons
They spoke in a language heartfelt as weeping,
And they kissed each other deeply, biting the soul!
The hours fluttered away like petals of gold,

Then Fate interposed its two icy hands...
Ah! the bodies yielded, but tangled souls
Are the most intricate knot that never unfolds...
In strife with its mad superhuman entanglements,
Life’s Furies rent their coupled hands
And wearied your powerful fingers, Ananké*...

Delmira Agustini

El Poeta Leva el Ancla

Spanish

El ancla de oro canta...la vela azul asciende
Como el ala de un sueño abierta al nuevo día.
Partamos, musa mía!
Ante lo prora alegre un bello mar se extiende.

En el oriente claro como un cristal, esplende
El fanal sonrosado de Aurora. Fantasía
Estrena un raro traje lleno de pedrería
para vagar brillante por las olas.

Ya tiende
La vela azul a Eolo su oriflama de raso...
El momento supremo!...Yo me estremezco; acaso
Sueño lo que me aguarda en los mundos no vistos!...

Acaso un fresco ramo de laureles fragantes,
El toison reluciente, el cetro de diamantes,
El naufragio o la eterna corona de los Cristos?...

English

The golden anchor beckons, the blue sail rises
Like the wing of a dream unfolding to a new day.
Let us depart, my muse!
Beyond an anxious prow, the sea stretches itself out.

In the crystal clear East, Aurora's
Blushed beacon shines. Fantasy
Is donning a rare garment of gems
To wander brilliantly over the waves.

The blue sail
Unfolds its private oriflamme to Aeolus...
The supreme moment!...I tremble: do I know–
Oh God!–what awaits me in unseen worlds?

Perhaps a freshly picked bouquet of fragrant laurels,
The golden fleece, a diamond scepter,
A shipwreck, or the eternal crown of the Anointed Ones?...

Delmira Agustini

El Poeta Y La Ilusion (The Poet and the Illusion)

Spanish

La princesita hipsipilo, la vibrátil filigrana,
—Princesita ojos turquesas esculpida en porcelana—
Llamó una noche a mi puerta con sus manitas de lis.
Vibró el cristal de su voz como una flauta galana.

—Yo sé que tu vida es gris.
Yo tengo el alma de rosa, frescuras de flor temprana,
Vengo de un bello país
A ser tu musa y tu hermana!—

Un abrazo de alabastro...luego en el clavel sonoro
De su boca, miel suavísima; nube de perfume y oro
La pomposa cabellera me inundó como un diluvio.
O miel, frescuras, perfumes!...Súbito el sueño, la sombra
Que embriaga..Y, cuando despierto, el sol que alumbra en mi alfombra
Un falso rubí muy rojo y un falso rizo muy rubio!

English

The amazonian little princess, a vibratile filagree,
—Turquoise eyes sculpted of porcelain, little princess—
Called one night at my door with her small hands of iris.
And the trilling crystal of her voice was like an elegant flute:

—I know your life is gray.
I have the soul of a rose, the dew of budding flowers,
I come from a beautiful country
To be your sister and muse!—.

An arm of alabaster...then, in the sonorous carnation
Of her mouth, softest honey; in a cloud of gold and perfume
She surrounded me, brash horsewoman, like a deluge.
Oh honey, freshness, perfumer!...The sudden dream, the shadow
Which intoxicates...and when I wake, the sun that falls on my carpet
In a false ruby very red, and a false ringlet very blond.

Delmira Agustini

Explosión (Explosion)

Spanish

Si la vida es amor, bendita sea!
Quiero más vida para amar! Hoy siento
Que no valen mil años de la idea
Lo que un minuto azul del sentimiento.

Mi corazon moria triste y lento…
Hoy abre en luz como una flor febea;
La vida brota como un mar violento
Donde la mano del amor golpea!

Hoy partio hacia la noche, triste, fría
Rotas las alas mi melancolía;
Como una vieja mancha de dolor
En la sombra lejana se deslíe…
Mi vida toda canta, besa, ríe!
Mi vida toda es una boca en flor!

English

If life were love, how blessed it would be!
I want more life so to love! Now I feel
A thousand years of ideas are not worth
One blue minute of sentiment.

My heart was dying slowly, sadly…
Now it opens like a Phoebean flower:
Life rushes forth like a turbulent sea
Whipped by the hand of love.

My sorrow flies into the night, sad, cold
With its broken wings;
Like an old scar that continues to ache–
In the distant shade it dissolves…
All my life sings, kisses, laughs!
All my life is a flowering mouth!

Delmira Agustini

I Live, I Die, I Burn, I Drown

I live, I die, I burn, I drown
I endure at once chill and cold
Life is at once too soft and too hard
I have sore troubles mingled with joys

Suddenly I laugh and at the same time cry
And in pleasure many a grief endure
My happiness wanes and yet it lasts unchanged
All at once I dry up and grow green

Thus I suffer love's inconstancies
And when I think the pain is most intense
Without thinking, it is gone again.

Then when I feel my joys certain
And my hour of greatest delight arrived
I find my pain beginning all over once again.

Delmira Agustini

Inextinguibles (Immutable)

Spanish

¡Oh, tú que duermes tan hondo que no despiertas!
Milagrosas de vivas, milagrosas de muertas,
Y por muertas y vivas eternamente abiertas,

Alguna noche en duelo yo encuentro tus pupilas

Bajo un trapo de sombra o una blonda de luna.
Bebo en ellas la Calma como en una laguna.
Por hondas, por calladas, por buenas, por tranquilas

Un lecho o una tumba parece cada una.

English

O you who sleep so deep you cannot wake!
Every night in mourning I come upon your pupils,
Miraculous in life, miraculous in death,

And in life and death eternally open.

Beneath a remnant of shade or silk lace of moon,
I drink their calm as I would a lagoon.
For depth, for silence, for goodness, for peacefulness.

Each one seeming a bed or a tomb.

Delmira Agustini

Intima (Intimate)

Spanish

Yo te diré los sueños de mi vida
En lo más hondo de la noche azul...
Mi alma desnuda temblará en tus manos,
Sobre tus hombros pesará mi cruz.

Las cumbres de la vida son tan solas,
Tan solas y tan frías! Y encerré
Mis ansias en mí misma, y toda entera
Como una torre de marfil me alcé.

Hoy abriré a tu alma el gran misterio;
Tu alma es capaz de penetrar en mí.
En el silencio hay vértigos de abismo:
Yo vacilaba, me sostengo en ti.

Muero de ensueños; beberé en tus fuentes
Puras y frescas la verdad, yo sé
Que está en el fondo magno de tu pecho
El manantial que vencerá mi sed.

Y sé que en nuestras vidas se produjo
El milagro inefable del reflejo...
En el silencio de la noche mi alma
Llega a la tuya como a un gran espejo.

Imagina el amor que habré soñado
En la tumba glacial de mi silencio!
Más grande que la vida, más que el sueño,
Bajo el azur sin fin se sintió preso.

Imagina mi amor, amor que quiere
Vida imposible, vida sobrehumana,
Tú que sabes si pesan, si consumen
Alma y sueños de Olimpo en carne humana.

Y cuando frente al alma que sentia
Poco el azur para bañar sus alas,
Como un gran horizonte aurisolado
O una playa de luz se abrió tu alma:

Imagina! Estrecha vivo, radiante
El Imposible! La ilusión vivida!
Bendije a Dios, al sol, la flor, el aire,
La vida toda porque tú eras vida!

Si con angustia yo compré esta dicha,
Bendito el llanto que manchó mis ojos!
¡Todas las llagas del pasado ríen
Al sol naciente por sus labios rojos!

¡Ah! tú sabrás mi amor, mas vamos lejos
A través de la noche florecida;
Acá lo humano asusta, acá se oye,
Se ve, se siente sin cesar la vida.

Vamos más lejos en la noche, vamos
Donde ni un eco repercuta en mí,
Como una flor nocturna allá en la sombra
Y abriré dulcemente para ti.

English

I will tell you the dreams of my life
On this deepest of blue nights.
In your hands my soul will tremble,
On your shoulders my cross will rest.

The summits of life are lonely,
So lonely and so cold! I locked
My yearnings inside, and all reside
In the ivory tower I raised.

Today I will reveal a great mystery;
Your soul has the power to penetrate me.
In silence are vertigos of the abyss:
I hesitate, I am sustained in you.

I die of dreams; I will drink truth,
Pure and cool, from your springs.
I know in the well of your breast
Is a fountain that vanquishes my thirst.

And I know that in our lives, this
Is the inexpressible miracle of reflection…
In the silence, my soul arrives at yours
As to a magnificent mirror.

Imagine the love I dreamed
In the glacial tomb of silence!
Larger than life, larger than dream,
A love imprisoned beneath an azure without end.

Imagine my love, love which desires
Impossible life, superhuman life,
You who know how it burdens and consumes,
Dreams of Olympus bound by human flesh.

And when met with a soul which found
A bit of azure to bathe its wings,
Like a great, golden sun, or a shore
Made of light, your soul opened:

Imagine! To embrace the Impossible!
Radiant! The lived illusion!
Blessed be God, the sun, the flower, the air,
And all of life, because you are life!

If I bought this happiness with my anguish,
Bless the weeping that stains my eyes!
All the ulcers of the past laugh
At the sun rising from red lips!

Ah you will know, My Love,
We will travel far across the flowery night;
There what is human frightens, there you can hear it,
See it, feel it, life without end.

We go further into night, we go
Where in me not an echo reverberates,
Like a nocturnal flower in the shade,
I will open sweetly for you.

Delmira Agustini

Mi Musa Triste

Spanish

Vagos preludios. En la noche espléndida
Su voz de perlas una fuente calla,
Cuelgan las brisas sus celestes pifanos
En el follaje. Las cabezas pardas
De los búhos acechan.
Las flores se abren más, como asombradas.
Los cisnes de marfil tienden los cuellos
En las lagunas pálidas.
Selene mira del azul. Las frondas
Tiemblan... y todo! hasta el silencio, calla...

Es que ella pasa con su boca triste
Y el gran misterio de sus ojos de ámbar,
A través de la noche, hacia el olvido,
Como una estrella fugitiva y blanca.
Como una destronada reina exótica
De bellos gestos y palabras raras.

Horizontes violados sus ojeras
Dentro sus ojos–dos estrellas de ámbar–
Se abren cansados y húmedos y tristes
Como llagas de luz que quejaran.

Es un dolor que vive y que no espera,
Es una aurora gris que se levanta
Del gran lecho de sombras de la noche,
Cansada ya, sin esplendor, sin ansias
Y sus canciones son como hadas tristes
Alhajadas de lágrimas...

English

Murmuring preludes. On this resplendent night
Her pearled voice quiets a fountain.
The breezes hang their celestial fifes
In the foliage. The gray heads
Of the owls keep watch.
Flowers open themselves, as if surprised.
Ivory swans extend their necks
In the pallid lakes.
Selene watches from the blue. Fronds
Tremble...and everything! Even the silence, quiets.

She wanders with her sad mouth
And the grand mystery of amber eyes,
Across the night, toward forgetfulness
Like a star, fugitive and white.
Like a dethroned exotic queen
With comely gestures and rare utterings.

Her undereyes are violated horizons
And her irises–two stars of amber–
Open wet and weary and sad
Like ulcers of light that weep.

She is a grief which thrives and does not hope,
She is a gray aurora rising
From the shadowy bed of night,
Exhausted, without splendor, without anxiousness.
And her songs are like dolorous fairies
Jeweled in teardrops...

The strings of lyres
Are the souls' fibers.–

The blood of bitter vineyards, noble vineyards,
In goblets of regal beauty, rises
To her marble hands, to lips carved
Like the blazon of a great lineage.

Strange Princes of Fantasy! They
Have seen her languid head, once erect,
And heard her laugh, for her eyes
Tremble with the flower of aristocracies!

And her soul clean as fire, like a star,
Burns in those pupils of amber.
But with a mere glance, scarcely an intimacy,
Perhaps the echo of a profane voice,
This white and pristine soul shrinks
Like a luminous flower, folding herself up!

Delmira Agustini

Nocturno (Nocturne)

Spanish

Fuera, la noche en veste de tragedia solloza
Como una enorme viuda pegada a mis cristales.

  Mi cuarto:...
Por un bello milagro de la luz y del fuego
Mi cuarto es una gruta de oro y gemas raras:
Tiene un musgo tan suave, tan hondo de tapices,
Y es tan vívida y cálida, tan dulce que me creo
Dentro de un corazón...

   Mi lecho que está en blanco es blanco y vaporoso
Como flor de inocencia,
Como espuma de vicio!
  Esta noche hace insomnio;
Hay noches negras, negras, que llevan en la frente
Una rosa de sol...
En estas noches negras y claras no se duerme.

  Y yo te amo, Invierno!
Yo te imagino viejo,
Yo te imagino sabio,
Con un divino cuerpo de marmól palpitante
Que arrastra como un manto regio el peso del Tiempo...
Invierno, yo te amo y soy la primavera...
Yo sonroso, tú nievas:
Tú porque todo sabes,
Yo porque todo sueño...

    ...Amémonos por eso!...
    Sobre mi lecho en blanco,
Tan blanco y vaporoso como flor de inocencia,
Como espuma de vicio,
Invierno, Invierno, Invierno,
Caigamos en un ramo de rosas y de lirios!

English

    Outside the night, dressed in tragedy, sighs
Like an enormous widow fastened to my windowpane.

    My room...
By a wondrous miracle of light and fire
My room is a grotto of gold and precious gems:
With a moss so smooth, so deep its tapestries,
And it is vivid and hot, so sweet I believe

I am inside a heart...

My bed there in white, is white and vaporous
Like a flower of innocence.
Like the froth of vice!
This night brings insomnia;
There are black nights, black, which bring forth
One rose of sun...
On these black and clear nights I do not sleep.

And I love you, Winter!
I imagine you are old,
I imagine you are wise,
With a divine body of beating marble
Which drags the weight of Time like a regal cloak...

Winter, I love you and I am the spring...
I blush, you snow:
Because you know it all,
Because I dream it all...

We love each other like this!...
On my bed all in white,
So white and vaporous like the flower of innocence,
Like the froth of vice,
Winter, Winter, Winter,
We fall in a cluster of roses and lilies!

Delmira Agustini

Plegaria

Spanish

–Eros: acaso no sentiste nunca
Piedad de las estatuas?
Se dirían crisálidas de piedra
De yo no sé qué formidable raza
En una eterna espera inenarrable.
Los cráteres dormidos de sus bocas
Dan la ceniza negra del Silencio,
Mana de las columnas de sus hombros
La mortaja copiosa de la Calma
Y fluye de sus órbitas la noche;
Victimas del Futuro o del Misterio,
En capullos terribles y magníficos
Esperan a la Vida o a la Muerte.
Eros: acaso no sentiste nunca
Piedad de las estatuas?–
Piedad para las vidas
Que no doran a fuego tus bonanzas
Ni riegan o desgajan tus tormentas;
Piedad para los cuerpos revestidos
Del armiño solemne de la Calma,
Y las frentes en luz que sobrellevan
Grandes lirios marmóreos de pureza,
Pesados y glaciales como témpanos;
Piedad para las manos enguantadas
De hielo, que no arrancan
Los frutos deleitosos de la Carne
Ni las flores fantásticas del alma;
Piedad para los ojos que aletean
Espirituales párpados:
Escamas de misterio,
Negros telones de visiones rosas...
Nunca ven nada por mirar tan lejos!
Piedad para las pulcras cabelleras
–Misticas aureolas–
Peinadas como lagos
Que nunca airea el abanico negro,
Negro y enorme de la tempestad;
Piedad para los ínclitos espiritus
Tallados en diamante,
Altos, claros, extáticos
Pararrayos de cúpulas morales;
Piedad para los labios como engarces
Celestes donde fulge
Invisible la perla de la Hostia;
–Labios que nunca fueron,
Que no apresaron nunca
Un vampiro de fuego
Con más sed y más hambre que un abismo.–
Piedad para los sexos sacrosantos
Que acoraza de una

Hoja de viña astral la Castidad;
Piedad para las plantas imantadas
De eternidad que arrastran
Por el eterno azur
Las sandalias quemantes de sus llagas;
Piedad, piedad, piedad
Para todas las vidas que defiende
De tus maravillosas intemperies
El mirador enhiesto del Orgullo;

Apuntales tus soles o tus rayos!

Eros: acaso no sentiste nunca
Piedad de las estatuas?...

English

–Eros: have you never felt
Piety for the statues?
These chrysalides of stone,
Some formidable race
In an eternal, unutterable hope.
The sleeping craters of their mouths
Utter the black ash of silence;
A copious shroud of Calm
Falls from the columns of their arms,
And night flows from their eyesockets;
Victims of Destiny or Mystery,
In magnificent and terrible cocoons,
They wait for Life or Death.
Eros: have you never perhaps felt
Piety for the statues?
Piety for the lives
That will not strew nor rend your battles
Nor gild your fiery truces;
Piety for the bodies clothed
In the solemn ermine of Calm,
The luminous foreheads that endure
Their marble wreaths, grand and pure,
Weighty and glacial as icebergs;
Piety for the gloved hands of ice
That cannot uproot
The delicious fruits of the Flesh,
The fantastic flowers of the soul;
Piety for the eyes that flutter
Their spiritual eyelids:
Mysterious fish scales,
Dark curtains on rose visions...
For looking so far, they never see!
Piety for the tidy heads of hair
–Mystical haloes–
Gently combed like lakes

Which the storm’s black fan,
Black and enormous, never thrashes;
Piety for the spirits, illustrious,
Carved of diamonds,
High, clear, ecstatic
Lightning rods on pious domes;
Piety for the lips like celestial settings
Where the invisible pearls of the Host gleam;
–Lips that never existed,
Never seized anything,
A fiery vampire
With more thirst and hunger than an abyss.
Piety for the sacrosanct sexes
That armor themselves with sheaths
From the astral vineyards of Chastity;
Piety for the magnetized footsoles
Who eternally drag
Sandals burning with sores
Through the eternal azure;
Piety, piety, pity
For all the lives defended
By the lighthouse of Pride
From your marvelous raw weathers:

Aim your suns and rays at them!

Eros: have you never perhaps felt
Pity for the statues?

Delmira Agustini

Tu Boca (Your Mouth)

Spanish

Yo hacía una divina labor, sobre la roca
Creciente del Orgullo. De la vida lejana,
Algún pétalo vívido me voló en la mañana,
Algún beso en la noche. Tenaz como una loca,
Sequía mi divina labor sobre la roca.

Cuando tu voz que funde como sacra campana
En la nota celeste la vibración humana,
Tendió su lazo do oro al borde de tu boca;

—Maravilloso nido del vértigo, tu boca!
Dos pétalos de rosa abrochando un abismo…—

Labor, labor de gloria, dolorosa y liviana;
¡Tela donde mi espíritu su fue tramando él mismo!
Tú quedas en la testa soberbia de la roca,

Y yo caigo, sin fin, en el sangriento abismo!

English

I was at my divine labor, upon the rock
Swelling with Pride. From a distance,
At dawn, some bright petal came to me,
Some kiss in the night. Upon the rock,
Tenacious a madwoman, I clung to my work.

When your voice, like a sacred bell,
A celestial note with a human tremor,
Stretched its golden lasso from the edge of your mouth;

—Marvelous nest of vertigo, your mouth!
Two rose petals fastened to an abyss…—

Labor, labor of glory, painful and frivolous;
Fabric where my spirit went weaving herself!
You come to the arrogant head of the rock,

And I fall, without end, into the bloody abyss!

Delmira Agustini