

Classic Poetry Series

Antonio Machado
- poems -

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Antonio Machado(26 July 1875 – 22 February 1939)

Antonio Cipriano José María y Francisco de Santa Ana Machado y Ruiz, known as Antonio Machado was a Spanish poet and one of the leading figures of the Spanish literary movement known as the Generation of '98.

Life

Machado was born in Seville one year after his brother Manuel. The family moved to Madrid in 1883 and both brothers enrolled in the Institución Libre de Enseñanza. During these years, and with the encouragement of his teachers, Antonio discovered his passion for literature. While completing his Bachillerato in Madrid, economic difficulties forced him to take several jobs including working as an actor. In 1899 he travelled with his brother to Paris to work as translators for a French publisher. During these months in Paris he came into contact with the great French Symbolist poets Jean Moréas, Paul Fort and Paul Verlaine, and also with other contemporary literary figures, including Ruben Dario and Oscar Wilde. These encounters cemented Machado's decision to dedicate himself to poetry.

In 1901 he had his first poems published in the literary journal 'Electra'. His first book of poetry was published in 1903 with the title Soledades. Over the next few years he gradually amended the collection, removing some and adding many more, and in 1907 the definitive collection was published with the title Soledades. Galerías. Otros Poemas. In the same year Machado was offered the job of Professor of French at the school in Soria. Here he met Leonor Izquierdo, daughter of the owners of the boarding house Machado was staying in. They were married in 1909: he was 34; Leonor was 16. Early in 1911 the couple went to live in Paris where Machado read more French literature and studied philosophy. In the summer, however, Leonor was diagnosed with advanced tuberculosis and they returned to Spain. On 1 August 1912 Leonor died, just a few weeks after the publication of Campos de Castilla. Machado was devastated and left Soria, the city that had inspired the poetry of Campos, never to return. He went to live in Baeza, Andalucia, where he stayed until 1919. Here he wrote a series of poems dealing with the death of Leonor which were added to a new (and now definitive) edition of Campos de Castilla published in 1916 along with the first edition of Nuevas canciones. While his earlier poems are in an ornate, Modernist style, with the publication of "Campos de Castilla" he showed an evolution toward greater simplicity, a characteristic that was to distinguish his

poetry from then on.

Between 1919 and 1931 Machado was Professor of French at the Instituto de Segovia, in Segovia. He moved here to be nearer to Madrid, where Manuel lived. The brothers would meet at weekends to work together on a number of plays, the performances of which earned them great popularity. It was here also that Antonio had a secret affair with Pilar Valderrama, a married woman with three children, to whom he would refer in his work by the name Guimar. In 1932 he was given the post of professor at the "Instituto Calderón de la Barca" in Madrid.

When Francisco Franco launched his coup d'état in July 1936, launching the Spanish Civil War, Machado was in Madrid. The coup was to separate him forever from his brother Manuel who was trapped in the Nationalist (Francoist) zone, and from Valderrama who was in Portugal. Machado was evacuated with his elderly mother and uncle to Valencia, and then to Barcelona in 1938. Finally, as Franco closed in on the last Republican strongholds, they were obliged to move across the French border to Collioure. It was here, on 22 February 1939, that Antonio Machado died, just three days before his mother. In his pocket was found his last poem, "Estos días azules y este sol de infancia". Machado is buried in Collioure where he died; Leonor is buried in Soria. Poet Geoffrey Hill has hailed him as Montale's 'grand equal'. His phrase "the two Spains" — one that dies and one that yawns — referring to the left-right political divisions that led to the Civil War, has passed into Spanish and other languages.

Works

Machado's evolution has strong links to larger European trends in the same period. He turned away from the hermetic esthetic principles of post-symbolism and cultivated the dynamic openness of social realism. Like such French æsthetes as Verlaine, Machado began with a fin de siècle contemplation of his sensory world, portraying it through memory and the impressions of his private consciousness. And like his socially-conscious colleagues of the Generation of 1898, he emerged from his solitude to contemplate Spain's historical landscape with a sympathetic yet unindulgent eye. His poetic work begins with the publication of *Soledades* in 1903. In this short volume many personal links which will characterize his later work are noticeable. In *Soledades*, *Galerías*. *Otros poemas*, published in 1907, his voice becomes his own and influences 20th Century poets [Octavio Paz](http://www.poemhunter.com/octavio-paz/), [Derek Walcott](http://www.poemhunter.com/derek-walcott/), and Giannina Braschi. The most typical feature of his personality is the antipathetic, softly sorrowful tone that can be felt even when he describes real things or common themes of the time, for example abandoned gardens, old

parks or fountains: places which he approaches via memory or dreams.

After Machado's experience with the introspective poetry of his first period, he withdrew from the spectacle of his conflictive personality and undertook to witness the general battle of the "two Spains", each one struggling to gain the ascendancy. In 1912 he published "Campos de Castilla", a collection of poems lyricising the beauty of the Castilian countryside. Just as the poet's own personality revealed mutually destructive elements in the earlier Galerías and Soledades, so too did the Cain-Abel Bible story, interpreted in "La Tierra de Alvargonzález", later attest to the factions in Spain that shredded one another and the national fabric in an effort to restore unity. At the same time, other poems projected Castilian archetypes that evoked emotions like pathos ("La mujer manchega", "The Manchegan Woman"), revulsion ("Un criminal"), and stark rapture ("Campos de Soria").

In 1917 various poems were added to "Campos", including a group of poems written in Baeza about the death of his young wife, a series of short reflective poems, often resembling popular songs or sayings, called "Proverbios y Cantares", and a series of "Elogios", dedicated to people such as Rubén Darío or Federico García Lorca who had been influential in his life.

Machado's later poems are a virtual anthropology of Spain's common people, describing their collective psychology, social mores, and historical destiny. He achieves this panorama through basic myths and recurrent, eternal patterns of group behavior. He developed these archetypes in Campos de Castilla ("Castilian Plains") in such key poems as "La tierra de Alvargonzález", and "Por tierras de España", which are based on Biblical inheritance stories. The metaphors of this second period use geographical and topographical allusions that frame powerful judgments about socio-economic and moral conditions on the Peninsula.

His next book, "Nuevas canciones" (New Songs), published in 1924, marks the last period of his work. The complete works of his poetry, Poesías Completas was published in 1938 and contains Poesías de Guerra (Poems of War), with El crimen fue en Granada (The crime was in Granada), the elegy to Federico García Lorca.

Anoche Cuando Dormía

Anoche cuando dormía
soñé, ¡bendita ilusión!,
que una fontana fluía
dentro de mi corazón.
Di, ¿por qué acequia escondida,
agua, vienes hasta mí,
manantial de nueva vida
de donde nunca bebí?
Anoche cuando dormía
soñé, ¡bendita ilusión!,
que una colmena tenía
dentro de mi corazón;
y las doradas abejas
iban fabricando en él,
con las amarguras viejas
blanca cera y dulce miel.
Anoche cuando dormía
soñé, ¡bendita ilusión!,
que un ardiente sol lucía
dentro de mi corazón.
Era ardiente porque daba
calores de rojo hogar,
y era sol porque alumbraba
y porque hacía llorar.
Anoche cuando dormía
soñé, ¡bendita ilusión!,
que era Dios lo que tenía
dentro de mi corazón.

Antonio Machado

Cantares

Todo pasa y todo queda,
pero lo nuestro es pasar,
pasar haciendo caminos,
caminos sobre el mar.

Nunca perseguí la gloria,
ni dejar en la memoria
de los hombres mi canción;
yo amo los mundos sutiles,
ingrávidos y gentiles,
como pompas de jabón.

Me gusta verlos pintarse
de sol y grana, volar
bajo el cielo azul, temblar
súbitamente y quebrarse...

Nunca perseguí la gloria.

Caminante, son tus huellas
el camino y nada más;
caminante, no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar.

Al andar se hace camino
y al volver la vista atrás
se ve la senda que nunca
se ha de volver a pisar.

Caminante no hay camino
sino estelas en la mar...

Hace algún tiempo en ese lugar
donde hoy los bosques se visten de espinos
se oyó la voz de un poeta gritar
'Caminante no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar...'

Golpe a golpe, verso a verso...

Murió el poeta lejos del hogar.
Le cubre el polvo de un país vecino.
Al alejarse le vieron llorar.
'Caminante no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar...'

Golpe a golpe, verso a verso...

Cuando el jilguero no puede cantar.
Cuando el poeta es un peregrino,
cuando de nada nos sirve rezar.
'Caminante no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar...'

Golpe a golpe, verso a verso.

Antonio Machado

El Crimen Fue En Granada

I

Se le vio, caminando entre fusiles,
por una calle larga,
salir al campo frío,
aún con estrellas, de la madrugada.
Mataron a Federico
cuando la luz asomaba.
El pelotón de verdugos
no osó mirarle la cara.
Todos cerraron los ojos;
rezaron: ¡Dios te salva!
Muerto cayó Federico.
-sangre en la frente y plomo en las entrañas-.
...Que fue en Granada el crimen
sabed -¡pobre Granada!-, en su Granada...

II

EL POETA Y LA MUERTE

Se le vio caminar solo con Ella,
sin miedo a su guadaña.
Ya el sol en torre y torre; los martillos
en yunque - yunque y yunque de las fraguas.
Hablaban Federico,
requebrando a la muerte. Ella escuchaba.
'Porque ayer en mi verso, compañera,
sonaba el golpe de tus secas palmas,
y diste el hielo a mi cantar, y el filo
a mi tragedia de tu hoz de plata,
te cantaré la carne que no tienes,
los ojos que te faltan,
tus cabellos que el viento sacudía,
los rojos labios donde te besaban...
Hoy como ayer, gitana, muerte mía,
qué bien contigo a solas,

por estos aires de Granada, ¡mi Granada!

III

Se le vio caminar..

Labrad, amigos,

de piedra y sueño, en el Alhambra,

un túmulo al poeta,

sobre una fuente donde llora el agua,

y eternamente diga:

el crimen fue en Granada, ¡en su Granada!

Antonio Machado

El Viajero

Está en la sala familiar, sombría,
y entre nosotros, el querido hermano
que en el sueño infantil de un claro día
vimos partir hacia un país lejano.

Hoy tiene ya las sienes plateadas,
un gris mechón sobre la angosta frente;
y la fría inquietud de sus miradas
revela un alma casi toda ausente.

Deshójanse las copas otoñales
del parque mustio y viejo.
La tarde, tras los húmedos cristales,
se pinta, y en el fondo del espejo.

El rostro del hermano se ilumina
suavemente. ¿Floridos desengaños
dorados por la tarde que declina?
¿Ansias de vida nueva en nuevos años?

¿Lamentará la juventud perdida?
Lejos quedó —la pobre loba— muerta.
¿La blanca juventud nunca vivida
teme, que ha de cantar ante su puerta?

¿Sonríe al sol de oro
de la tierra de un sueño no encontrada;
y ve su nave hender el mar sonoro,
de viento y luz la blanca vela hinchada?

Él ha visto las hojas otoñales,
amarillas, rodar, las olorosas
ramas del eucalipto, los rosales
que enseñan otra vez sus blancas rosas...

Y este dolor que añora o desconfía
el temblor de una lágrima reprime,
y un resto de viril hipocresía
en el semblante pálido se imprime.

Serio retrato en la pared clarea
todavía. Nosotros divagamos.
En la tristeza del hogar golpea
el tic-tac del reloj. Todos callamos.

Son buenas gentes que viven,
laboran, pasan y sueñan,
y un día como tantos,
descansan bajo la tierra.

Antonio Machado

Fields Of Soria

Hills of silver plate,
grey heights, dark red rocks
through which the Duero bends
its crossbow arc
round Soria, shadowed oaks,
stone dry-lands, naked mountains,
white roads and river poplars,
twilights of Soria, warlike and mystical,
today I feel, for you,
in my hearts depths, sadness,
sadness of love! Fields of Soria,
where it seems the stones have dreams,
you go with me! Hills of silver plate,
grey heights, dark red rocks.

Antonio Machado

Guadarrama

Guadarrama, is it you, old friend,
mountains white and gray
that I used to see painted against the blue
those afternoons of the old days in Madrid?
Up your deep ravines
and past your bristling peaks
a thousand Guadarramas and a thousand suns
come riding with me, riding to your heart.

Antonio Machado

Has My Heart Gone To Sleep?

Has my heart gone to sleep?
Have the beehives of my dreams
stopped working, the waterwheel
of the mind run dry,
scoops turning empty,
only shadow inside?

No, my heart is not asleep.
It is awake, wide awake.
Not asleep, not dreaming—
its eyes are opened wide
watching distant signals, listening
on the rim of vast silence.

Antonio Machado

He Andado Muchos Caminos

He andado muchos caminos
he abierto muchas veredas;
he navegado en cien mares
y atracado en cien riberas.

En todas partes he visto
caravanas de tristeza,
soberbios y melancólicos
borrachos de sombra negra.

Y pedantones al paño
que miran, callan y piensan
que saben, porque no beben
el vino de las tabernas.

Mala gente que camina
y va apestando la tierra...

Y en todas partes e visto
gentes que danzan o juegan,
cuando pueden, y laboran
sus cuatro palmos de tierra.

Nunca, si llegan a un sitio
preguntan a donde llegan.
Cuando caminan, cabalgan
a lomos de mula vieja.

Y no conocen la prisa
ni aun en los días de fiesta.
Donde hay vino, beben vino,
donde no hay vino, agua fresca.

Antonio Machado

I Did Not Dream...

I did not dream of ever gaining
the great-great fame and of embedding
my song into the hearts of fans;
I like all that is wholly airy,
all that is weightless, all that's fairy
like soap bubbles' friendly clans.
I like when they, so gay and selfish,
drink sun and carmine, get a flight
to skies and then, as in a fright,
shudder and break and promptly vanish.

Antonio Machado

Inventario Galante

Tus ojos me recuerdan
las noches de verano,
negras noches sin luna,
orilla al mar salado,
y el chispear de estrellas
del cielo negro y bajo.
Tus ojos me recuerdan
las noches de verano.
Y tu morena carne,
los trigos requemados,
y el suspirar de fuego
de los maduros campos.
Tu hermana es clara y débil
como los juncos lánguidos,
como los sauces tristes,
como los linos glaucos.
Tu hermana es un lucero
en el azul lejano...
Y es alba y aura fría
sobre llos pobres álamos
que en las orillas tiemblan
del río humilde y manso.
Tu hermana es un lucero
en el azul lejano.
De tu morena gracia
de tu soñar gitano,
de tu mirar de sombra
quiero llenar mi vaso.
Me embriagaré una noche
de cielo negro y bajo,
para cantar contigo,
orilla al mar salado,
una canción que deje
cenizas en los labios...
De tu mirar de sombra
quiero llenar mi vaso.
Para tu linda hermana
arrancaré los ramos
de florecillas nuevas

a los almendros blancos
en un tranquilo y triste
alborear de marzo.
Los regaré con agua
de los arroyos claros,
los ataré con verdes
junquillos del remanso...
Para tu linda hermana
yo haré un ramito blanco.

Antonio Machado

La Saeta

Dijo una voz popular:
Quién me presta una escalera
para subir al madero
para quitarle los clavos
a Jesús el Nazareno?

Oh, la saeta, el cantar
al Cristo de los gitanos
siempre con sangre en las manos
siempre por desenclavar.
Cantar del pueblo andaluz
que todas las primaveras
anda pidiendo escaleras
para subir a la cruz.

Cantar de la tierra mía
que echa flores
al Jesús de la agonía
y es la fe de mis mayores
!Oh, no eres tú mi cantar
no puedo cantar, ni quiero
a este Jesús del madero
sino al que anduvo en la mar!.

Antonio Machado

Last Night As I Was Sleeping

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamt—marvelous error!—
that a spring was breaking
out in my heart.
I said: Along which secret aqueduct,
Oh water, are you coming to me,
water of a new life
that I have never drunk?

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamt—marvelous error!—
that I had a beehive
here inside my heart.
And the golden bees
were making white combs
and sweet honey
from my old failures.

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamt—marvelous error!—
that a fiery sun was giving
light inside my heart.
It was fiery because I felt
warmth as from a hearth,
and sun because it gave light
and brought tears to my eyes.

Last night as I slept,
I dreamt—marvelous error!—
that it was God I had
here inside my heart.

Antonio Machado

Passageways

Who set, between those rocks like cinder,
to show the honey of dream,
that golden broom,
those blue rosemaries?

Who painted the purple mountains
and the saffron, sunset sky?

The hermitage, the beehives,
the cleft of the river
the endless rolling water deep in rocks,
the pale-green of new fields,
all of it, even the white and pink
under the almond trees!

Antonio Machado

Songs Of The High Country

Soria, in blue mountains,
on the fields of violet,
how often I've dreamed of you
on the plain of flowers,
where the Guadalquivir runs
past golden orange-trees
to the sea.

Antonio Machado

The Wind, One Brilliant Day

The wind, one brilliant day, called
to my soul with an odor of jasmine.

'In return for the odor of my jasmine,
I'd like all the odor of your roses.'

'I have no roses; all the flowers
in my garden are dead.'

'Well then, I'll take the withered petals
and the yellow leaves and the waters of the fountain.'

the wind left. And I wept. And I said to myself:
'What have you done with the garden that was entrusted to you?'

Antonio Machado

To Joaquin Marañón, A Palacio

Palacio, good friend,
is spring there
showing itself on branches of black poplars
by the roads and river? On the steeps
of the high Duero, spring is late,
but so soft and lovely when it comes!
Are there a few new leaves
on the old elms?
The acacias must still be bare,
and the mountain peaks snow-filled.
Oh the massed pinks and whites
of Moncayo, massed up there,
beauty, in the sky of Aragon!
Are there brambles flowering,
among the grey stones,
and white daisies,
in the thin grass?

On the belltowers
the storks will be landing now.
The wheat must be green
and the brown mules working sown furrows,
the people seeding late crops,
in April rain. There'll be bees,
drunk on rosemary and thyme.
Are the plum trees in flower? Violets still?
There must be hunters about, stealthy,
their decoys under long capes.
Palacio, good friend,
are there nightingales by the river?
When the first lilies,
and the first roses, open,
on a blue evening, climb to Espino,
high Espino, where she is in the earth.

Antonio Machado

Yo Voy Soñando Caminos

Yo voy soñando caminos
de la tarde. ¡Las colinas
doradas, los verdes pinos,
las polvorientas encinas!...
¿Adónde el camino irá?
Yo voy cantando, viajero
a lo largo del sendero...
-La tarde cayendo está-.
'En el corazón tenía
la espina de una pasión;
logré arrancármela un día;
ya no siento el corazón.'

Y todo el campo un momento
se queda, mudo y sombrío,
meditando. Suenan el viento
en los álamos del río.
La tarde más se oscurece;
y el camino que serpea
y débilmente blanquea,
se enturbia y desaparece.

Mi cantar vuelve a plañir;
'Aguda espina dorada,
quién te pudiera sentir
en el corazón clavada.'

Antonio Machado