

LORCA

1938-9 ?

(Federico Garcia Lorca, Spanish poet shot by Franco's men).

When veins congeal
And gesture is confounded
When pucker frowns no more
And voice's door
Is shut forever

On such a night
My bed will shrink
To single size
Sheets go cold
The heart hammer
With life-loud clamor
While someone covers up the eyes.

Ears are given
To hear the silence driven in
Nailed down.
And we descend now down from heaven
Into earth's mold, down.

While you--
~~Yen~~
You hold the light
Unbroken.

When you lived
Day shone from your face:
Now the sun rays search
And find no answering torch.

If you were living now
This cliffside tree
And its embracing bough
Would speak to me.