

Total Love

No.

The glassy light the fire shatters,
whose face disappears like a diamond at last worn out,
like a body beside itself with happiness,
consumed like a brightness that never will be cold.

The light that fills its own body like an eagerness nothing appeases,
like the soldier heart attacking its own ranks,
that asks to be no longer itself nor its reflection, but the easygoing river,
what passes by without blue memory,
a road of oceans that blend
and are what loves and is loved, and what enjoys and suffers.

That growing happiness that consists in extending one's arms,
in touching the world's limits like remote ripples
whose tide will never go out,
playing with the golden sands like fingers
grazing in flesh or silk, what trembles with excitement.

To feel the pleasure of the distant lights that crackle
in naked arms,
like a far-off sound of young teeth
chewing the jubilant meadow-grass of day,
born showing off its rosy steadiness
where waters moisten the whole vivid sky.

To live out there in the skirts of the mountains
where the sea gets confused with the cliff,
where the green slopes are as much the water
as they are the vast cheek where suns are reflected,
where the world finds an echo inside its own music,
a mirror not even the tiniest bird can escape,
where the joy of the perfect creation reflects as it passes.

Love like something rolling,
like the calm universe,
like the enlightened mind,
the conjugated heart, the blood that circulates,
the brilliant flash that crackles in the night
and passes through the dark tongue that now understands.

(From *La destrucción o el amor*, 1933)