

Human Voice

The scar of daylight aches,
the shadow of my own teeth aches on the ground,
everything aches,
even the sad shoe the river carried away.

The rooster's feathers ache,
from so many colors
he doesn't know what posture to assume
facing the cruel redness of the sunset.

The yellow soul aches, a heavy hazelnut,
the one that lowered its glance while we were in the water
and our tears could not be felt except by touch.

The deceitful wasp
that sometimes imitates a heart
or a pulse beneath my left nipple
aches, yellow as untouched sulfur
or the hands of the corpse we once desired.

The room aches like my ribcage,
where white doves like blood
pass through the skin without pausing at my lips
and sink with closed wings into my bowels.

Day aches, and night,
the moaning wind aches,
anger the dry sword aches,
and what is kissed after nightfall.

Sadness. Frankness aches, knowledge,
iron, my waist,
my boundaries and those open arms, horizon
like a crown against my temples.

The aching aches. I love you.
It aches, it aches. I love you.
The earth aches, or my fingernail,
the mirror where these letters are reflected.

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