

*Punished*

*laughing at the freshness of water*  
—Hugo

With lilac blossoms dripping in dew  
I hit her on the shoulders.

And her fair flesh  
was bejeweled with shining droplets.

Ah, dampened and innocent she flew  
over the impearled sand.

(Her skin looked pale and wasted  
amid the scarlet roses  
like an apple dawn turned silver with frost.)

Fleeing, she ran  
through the bright red roses.

Her sprays of fantastic laughter,  
soaked clean through me.

With my rod of lilac blossoms and water,  
I ran and hit her...

*In Francina's garden*

*Translated from the Spanish by Michael Carey*  
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