

# POESÍA EN ESPAÑOL

Un extracto de **XX** por Pablo Neruda

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.  
Escribir, por ejemplo: "La noche está estrellada,  
y tiritan, azules, los astros, a los lejos."  
El viento de la noche gira en el cielo y canta.  
Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.  
Yo la quise, y a veces ella también me quiso.  
En las noches como ésta la tuve entre mis brazos.  
La besé tantas veces bajo el cielo infinito.  
Ella me quiso, a veces yo también la quería.

.....continuado...

An excerpt from **XX** by Pablo Neruda  
(Translated by Charles W. Johnson)

Tonight I can write the most sorrowful lines.  
I can write, for example: "The night is star-filled  
and the blue stars are shivering in the distance."  
The night wind turns in the sky and sings.  
Tonight I can write the most sorrowful lines.  
I loved her then, and sometimes she loved me back.  
Through nights like tonight I held her in my arms.  
I kissed her and kissed her under endless skies.  
She loved me then, and sometimes I loved her back.

.....continued...

Pablo Neruda was born in 1904 in a city 350km south of Santiago, Chile. In 1921, he moved to Santiago to study French but soon began devoting himself to writing poetry full time. Neruda's works are highly acclaimed and have been translated into many languages. Neruda also served in diplomatic posts on Chile's behalf to Buenos Aires, Barcelona, and Madrid. Neruda won a Nobel Prize for his literary works in 1971. In 1973, amidst the turmoil of Chilean political upheaval, Pablo Neruda passed away. Chilean politicians denied permission for a public funeral but thousands of Chileans disobeyed curfew and flooded the streets in his memory and in protest against the Chilean military dictatorship of General Pinochet.

## CONCIERTO EN EL JARDIN

Octavio Paz

Llovió.  
La hora es un ojo inmenso.  
En ella andamos como reflejos.  
El río de la música  
entra en mi sangre.  
Si digo: cuerpo, contesta: viento.  
Si digo: tierra, contesta: ¿dónde?

Se abre, flor doble, el mundo:  
tristeza de haber venido,  
alegría de estar aquí

Ando perdido en mi propio centro.

## CONCERT IN THE GARDEN

Octavio Paz

It rained.  
The hour is an immense eye.  
Inside it, we come and go like reflections.  
The river of music  
enters my blood.  
If I say body, it answers wind.  
If I say earth, it answers where?

The world, a double blossom, opens:  
sadness of having come,  
joy of being here.

I wander, lost in my own center.

Octavio Paz, a Nobel laureate, is one of Latin America's foremost poets. Born in Mexico City in 1914, he was the son of a journalist and writer, the grandson of a lawyer that fought in the Mexican Revolution. He grew up steeped in language and history. He began publishing poetry when he was seventeen. Throughout his life he was a prolific writer whose poems touched people of all walks of life in many countries. He taught at Cambridge University, the University of Texas, and Harvard. His death in 1998 made front page news in papers around the world, including the Chicago Tribune and the Seattle Times.