

IN THE FIELD

DÉCIMA

La belleza, rara cosa,
en ti se mira tranquila,
rosa que en rosa destila
el misterio de la rosa.
Si entre todos, misteriosa,
tu voz apenas percibe
que de ti el silencio vive
como la luz en la lumbre,
ardes, y en todo vislumbre
la belleza te concibe

LA ESPERA

Una calle
De filadelfia
Para perderme.

Una calle
Para esperar
La noche o el día.

Una calle
luminosa
como una corte
de reyes.

Una calle
Hecha para el amor
O para la gloria.
Una calle
Con un farol pequeñito
encendido en un sueño.

(UNKNOWN SOLDIER)

Di su nombre.
Qué camino recorre.
A qué brazos huye.
Qué canción prefiere.
Di su nombre.
Di a quién ama.
Qué ecos resuenan en sus pasos.
Llámalo una, dos, tres, mil veces.

Di que lo amas. Repítelo.
Que el amor sea
Como la silueta
De un hombre invisible.

Text and translations by Carlos Pintado

BEAUTY

Beauty, that rare thing
Is calmly looking at you,
A rose that uncovers the mystery of the rose
In another rose.
Beauty, that voice
Almost unheard of
living off silence
Like Light live off fire
While conceives you like a spark.

THE WAITING

A Street
In Philadelphia
To wander off.
A Street
To wait
For the day or night.

A street,
Luminous
As a King's court.

A street
Designed for love
And glory.

A street
With a little lamp
Lit in a dream.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Say his name.
What road he chooses.
To what arms he flees.
What songs does he prefer.
Say what's his name.
Say who does he cry for.
What echoes follow his footsteps.
Call him once, twice, three times.

Tell him you love him. Tell him again.
Let love be like walking in the street
Like the silhouette
Of an invisible man.

LAS MANOS DE BETSY ROSS

Las manos de Betsy Ross
Sobre la tela,
¿que van a enseñarnos?
¿Cocer una bandera?
¿amar a un país?
¿No es acaso lo mismo?
Las manos de Betsy Ross
Detenidas para siempre
en ese gesto de historia y mito
que la eternidad
ya confunde para siempre

LA CAMPANA

Una campana
inmensa
como un dios,
En el camino.
El metal
Y el silencio,
Amándose.
Un eco lejano.
Una canción hermosa.
Una campana
Dando el gong del sueño:
Una campana
-pienso-
Que marque la maravilla de un coro
De ángeles bailando.

THE HANDS OF BETSY ROSS

The hands of Betsy Ross
Touching the fabric,
What are they telling us?
To weave a flag,
To love a country,
Isn't the same thing?
The hands of Betsy Ross
Trapped in that web of myth and mystery
That eternity confuses forever

THE BELL

A bell
As huge as
A god
In the middle of the road.
Both silence
And metal
Loving each other.
A distant echo,
A lovely song.
A bell
giving its gong in a dream.
A bell
-I think-
That entices the wonder of a chorus
Of angels dancing.

A SONG AT ELFRETH'S ALLEY

I am sure this is the beginning.
The luminous wheat in the fields
The vibrant rocks
Even the day
Are instruments of glory.
I dance barefoot,
That's an exercise
Of freedom.
I pass by the red windows.
I smile at the doors.
I dance the happiest song for you.

The streetlight
And I share a common language.
I am sure this is the beginning.
The luminous wheat in the fields
The vibrant rocks
Even the day
Are instruments of glory.