

LATIN BALLET **OF VIRGINIA** **POEMAS**

A dance theatre production inspired by the life poetry of Edgar Allan Poe, Alfonsina Storni, Pablo Neruda and Federico García Lorca.

Celebrating the love for life, passion, and dance.



Producer & Artistic Director: Ana Ines King

Choreographers and Collaborators: International artists Antonio Hidalgo Paz and Domingo Ortega of Spain and Ana Ines King of Colombia.

Special collaboration of Chris Semtner, Director of Edgar Allan Poe Museum (Richmond, Virginia), Chris Semtner.

The Latin Ballet of Virginia is honored to be partnering with The Edgar Allen Poe Museum, which currently houses the world's finest Poe collection¹, to aid in their mission of continuing Poe's legacy both locally, in Richmond, VA, which Poe considered to be his hometown², as well as the sustained endorsement of his works and life abroad.

POEMAS is choreographed in dance theatre, contemporary dance, contemporary and traditional Flamenco, Latin American dance and Spanish classical dance forms to give each poet an accurate character illustration in the most traditional and cultural interpretation.

Edgar Allan Poe's work had a profound impact on American and international literature. His stories mark him as one of the originators of both horror and detective fiction. Today, Poe is remembered as one of the first American writers to become a major figure in world literature.

Federico García Lorca is one of the most prominent Spanish cultural figures of the twentieth century. His lyrical work incorporates elements of Spanish folklore, Andalusian flamenco and gypsy culture while exploring themes of romantic love and tragedy

Alfonsina Storni is considered one of the most prominent Latin American women poets of the twentieth century. Inspired by her own personal experiences, Storni courageously wrote about the struggles of women in modern urban society, advocating equality and bemoaning the inadequacies of romantic relationships in a male-dominated culture.

Pablo Neruda led a life charged with poetic and political activity, whose most notable collection of poetry was written at the young age of 19. The book, *Veinte Poemas de amor y una canción desesperada* ("Twenty Poems of Love and a Song of Despair) made a celebrity of Neruda, who gave up his studies to devote himself to his craft.

POEMAS supports Everybody READS!, an educational component of the Latin Ballet of Virginia's Be Proud of Yourself program, which promotes a love of reading, writing and literature through performances, lectures and workshops.

¹ Source: <http://www.poemuseum.org/about.php>

² Source: <http://www.poemuseum.org/students-writers-conference.php>

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)



American's first great lyric poet, the inventor of the modern detective story, a pioneer of science fiction, and the master of the macabre. Over the course of just forty years, Poe became the first internationally influential American writer, and he lived more of his life in Richmond, Virginia than any other city.

Poe was born in Boston. His father and mother, both professional actors, died before he was three years old, and John and Frances Allan raised him as a foster child in Richmond, Virginia.

Throughout his life, Poe struggled with poverty, depression, alcoholism, and lack of critical or public attention. Nonetheless, he established himself as a poet, short story writer, and editor. The illness and death of his young wife, Virginia Clemm, precipitated a decline in his physical and mental health, and he died in Baltimore at the age of forty.

Poe's work had a profound impact on American and international literature. His stories mark him as one of the originators of both horror and detective fiction. Many anthologies credit him as the inventor of the modern short story. He was also one of the first critics to focus primarily on the effect of style and structure in a literary work. British Poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson called Poe "the most original American genius," while French author Victor Hugo praised Poe as "the prince of American Literature." Today, Poe is remembered as one of the first American writers to become a major figure in world literature.

The Raven

By Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
’Tis the wind and nothing more!”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ‘Never—nevermore’.”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil! By that Heaven that bends above
us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore— Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor; And my soul from out that
shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Annabel Lee

By Edgar Allan Poe
(From *The Works of the Late Edgar Allan Poe*, vol. II, 1850)

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:

But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!--that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

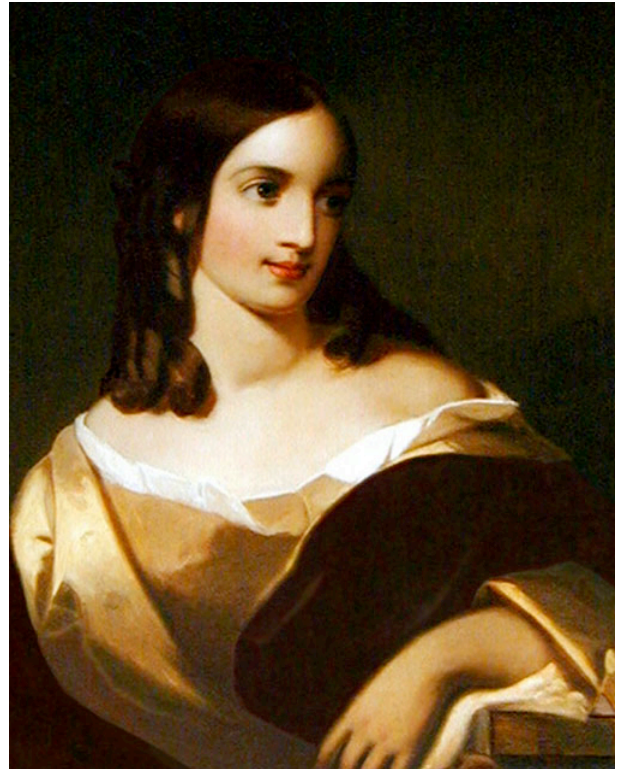
But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling--my darling--my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

To One in Paradise

By Edgar Allan Poe

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.



Virginia Eliza Poe 1822-1847

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
“On! on!”—but o’er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o’er!
No more—no more—no more—

(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.



Eliza Poe, Mother of Edgar Allan Poe

Resources:

Suggested link to a short documentary about Poe’s life:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J6IiusT-Seo>

Suggested website:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tyTZnT2rLnc>

Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)



Federico García Lorca is one of the most prominent Spanish cultural figures of the twentieth century. He was a consummate artist; a poet, playwright, painter, essayist, and musician whose impact upon literature and the arts in twentieth-century Spain is unrivaled. Born near Granada, in Fuente Vaqueros, Spain, to a prosperous farm owner and a pianist, Lorca studied law at the University of Granada before relocating to Madrid in 1919 to focus on his work as a writer. In Madrid he joined a group of avant-garde artists that included Salvador Dalí and Luis Buñuel. Together they would leave their mark upon the surrealist movement in Spain.

Lorca published numerous volumes of poetry during his career, beginning with *Impresiones y paisajes* (“Impressions and Landscapes,” 1918). His lyrical work often incorporates elements of Spanish folklore, Andalusian flamenco and gypsy culture, as well as the tradition of *cante jondo*, or “deep song,” while exploring themes of romantic love and tragedy.

With the publication of his poetry collection *Romancero gitano* (“Gypsy Ballads,” 1928), Lorca received significant critical and popular attention. The following year, he traveled to New York City, where he found a connection between Andalusian deep song and the African American spirituals that he heard in Harlem. When he returned to Spain, he co-founded La Barraca, a traveling theater company that performed both Spanish classics and Lorca’s original plays, including the well-known *Bodas de sangre* (“Blood Wedding,” 1933), in small town squares. Despite the threat of a growing fascist movement in his country, Lorca refused to hide his leftist political views or his homosexuality, while continuing his ascent as a writer.

In August 1936, at the onset of the Spanish Civil War, Lorca was arrested at his country home in Granada by anti-Republican rebels, supporters of a fascist form of government. He was executed a few days later, and his body has never been recovered. Following the Civil War, his literary works were prohibited by the Franco dictatorship.

Adapted from: <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/federico-garcia-lorca>



Photo of Ignacio Sánchez Mejías , to whom Federico García Lorca dedicated his poems of “Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías”

Excerpt from “Lament from Ignacio Sanchez Mejías”

Alma Ausente

de Federico García Lorca

No te conoce el toro ni la higuera,
ni caballos ni hormigas de tu casa.
No te conoce el niño ni la tarde
porque te has muerto para siempre.

No te conoce el lomo de la piedra,
ni el raso negro donde te destrozas.
No te conoce tu recuerdo mudo
porque te has muerto para siempre.

El otoño vendrá con caracolas,
uva de niebla y monjes agrupados,
pero nadie querrá mirar tus ojos
porque te has muerto para siempre.

Porque te has muerto para siempre,
como todos los muertos de la Tierra,
como todos los muertos que se olvidan
en un montón de perros apagados.

No te conoce nadie. No. Pero yo te canto.
Yo canto para luego tu perfil y tu gracia.
La madurez insigne de tu conocimiento.
Tu apetencia de muerte y el gusto de tu boca.
La tristeza que tuvo tu valiente alegría.
Tardará mucho tiempo en nacer, si es que nace,
un andaluz tan claro, tan rico de aventura.
Yo canto su elegancia con palabras que gimen
y recuerdo una brisa triste por los olivos.

Absent Soul

The bull does not know you, nor the fig tree,
nor the horses, nor the ants in your own house.
The child and the afternoon do not know you
because you have died forever.

The shoulder of the stone does not know you
nor the black silk, where you are shuttered.
Your silent memory does not know you
because you have died forever

The autumn will come with small white snails,
misty grapes and clustered hills,
but no one will look into your eyes
because you have died forever.

Because you have died for ever,
like all the dead of the earth,
like all the dead who are forgotten
in a heap of lifeless dogs.

Nobody knows you. No. But I sing of you.
For posterity I sing of your profile and grace.
Of the signal maturity of your understanding.
Of your appetite for death and the taste of its mouth.
Of the sadness of your once valiant gaiety.

It will be a long time, if ever, before there is born
an Andalusian so true, so rich in adventure.
I sing of his elegance with words that groan,
and I remember a sad breeze through the olive trees.

English Translation: <http://www.boppin.com/lorca/lament.html>

Alfonsina Storni (1892-1938)



Alfonsina Storni was born of Italian-Swiss parents on May 29, 1892, in Sala Capriasca, in the Italian region of Switzerland. The family relocated to San Juan, Argentina, in 1896. Storni is considered one of the most prominent Latin American women writers of the twentieth century. Inspired by her own personal experiences, Storni courageously wrote about the struggles of women in modern urban society, advocating equality and bemoaning the inadequacies of romantic relationships in a male-dominated culture. Her subject matter focuses on themes of love and death, while the formal development of her work during the course of her career changed from more traditional to experimental forms of poetry.

Storni achieved prominence as a writer in the 1920s, winning two of Argentina's most distinguished literary awards joining an elite circle of Latin American writers in Buenos Aires, and garnering a reputation as one of the foremost female poets in Latin America. She also began to

publish feminist essays arguing for women's rights, such as the right to vote. In the early 1920s, she taught drama at a children's theater, for which she wrote and produced plays to be performed by and for children. A nervous breakdown in 1928 was followed by the diagnosis of breast cancer in 1935. She suffered from depression, as well as cancer, during the final years of her life, and committed suicide, at the age of forty-six, by drowning herself in the Mar del Plata, Argentina, on October 25, 1938.

A revival of critical interest in her work arose during the 1970s, celebrating her feminist perspective and her place as an important figure in Latin American literature.

Biographical information drawn from <http://www.enotes.com/topics/alfonsina-storni>

Dolor

De Alfonsina Storni

Quisiera esta tarde divina de octubre
pasear por la orilla lejana del mar;
que la arena de oro, y las aguas verdes,
y los cielos puros me vieran pasar.

Ser alta, soberbia, perfecta, quisiera,
como una romana, para concordar
con las grandes olas, y las rocas muertas
y las anchas playas que ciñen el mar.

Con el paso lento, y los ojos fríos
y la boca muda, dejarme llevar;
ver cómo se rompen las olas azules
contra los granitos y no parpadear;
ver cómo las aves rapaces se comen
los peces pequeños y no despertar;
pensar que pudieran las frágiles barcas
hundirse en las aguas y no suspirar;
ver que se adelanta, la garganta al aire,
el hombre más bello; no desear amar...

Perder la mirada, distraídamente,
perderla, y que nunca la vuelva a encontrar:
y, figura erguida, entre cielo y playa,
sentirme el olvido perenne del mar



PAIN

This divine afternoon in October
I want to walk the sea border
The golden sand and the green waters
and the blue skies see me pass by

Tall, proud and perfect as a Roman
With slow steps and cold eyes get inside
The wide ocean and the dead rocks
and without any word let myself depart

Looking at the blue waves
breaking into the rocks and without a blink
Looking at the sea birds eating little fish and not to wake up
Think that the small fragile boats
Get inside the sea and I will not breathe
Feel no more air and I will not breathe
The most beautiful man does not want to love

To lose my view and never find it again
And as a strong figure between sky and ocean
Feel how I am lost in the perennial sea



Monument to Alfonsina Storni, in Mar de Plata, Argentina

Resources:

<http://www.poemas-del-alma.com/alma-desnuda.htm#ixzz3YSPYyrbX>

<http://www.filmica.com/jacintaescudos/archivos/006964.html>

<https://theinkbrain.wordpress.com/tag/alfonsina-storni/>

<http://www.enotes.com/topics/alfonsina-storni>

<http://www.lavanguardia.com/hemeroteca/20131025/54392234607/alfonsina-storni- poesia-poetas-posmodernismo-mujeres-suicidios-argentina.html>

Pablo Neruda (1904-1973)

Born Ricardo Eliecer Neftalí Reyes Basoalto in the town of Parral in southern Chile, Pablo Neruda led a life charged with poetic and political activity.

At the age of 19, he sold his possessions to finance the publication of his first book, *Crepusculario* (“Twilight”). He published under the pseudonym “Pablo Neruda” to avoid conflict with his family, who disapproved of his occupation. The following year, he found a publisher for *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada* (“Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair”). The book made a celebrity of Neruda, who gave up his studies to devote himself to his craft.

In 1927, Neruda began a long career as a diplomat, in the Latin American tradition of honoring poets with diplomatic assignments. After serving as honorary consul in Burma, Neruda was named Chilean consul in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1933. While there, he befriended the visiting Spanish poet Federico García Lorca, also included in our program.

Neruda was consul in Madrid when the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936. The war lasted until 1939, and he chronicled those horrendous years, which included the execution of García Lorca, in *Espana en el corazón* (“Spain in My Heart”), published from the warfront. Neruda’s outspoken sympathy for the anti-fascist Republicans led to his recall. He then moved to Paris and helped to settle Spanish Republican refugees in Chile.

After serving for four years as consul in Mexico, Neruda was elected to the Chilean Senate and joined the Communist Party. When the Chilean government shifted to the right in 1948, it declared communism illegal and expelled Neruda from the Senate. He went into hiding, during which time he wrote and published *Canto general* (“General Song,” 1950).

In 1952, the government withdrew the order to arrest leftist writers and political figures, and Neruda returned to Chile and married Matilde Urrutia, his third wife.. For the next 21 years, he continued a career that integrated private and public concerns and became known as the “people’s poet.” Neruda was honored with numerous prestigious awards, including the International Peace Prize in 1950 and the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1971.

Diagnosed with cancer while serving as ambassador to France, Neruda resigned from his position. On September 23, 1973, just twelve days after the defeat of Chile’s democratic regime, the man widely regarded as the greatest Latin American poet died in Santiago, Chile.



Poema XX

(de *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada*)

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.

Escribir, por ejemplo: “La noche está estrellada,
y tiritan, azules, los astros, a lo 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.
Cómo no haber amado sus grandes ojos fijos.

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.
Pensar que no la tengo. Sentir que la he perdido.

Oír la noche inmensa, más inmensa sin ella.
Y el verso cae al alma como al pasto el rocío.

Qué importa que mi amor no pudiera guardarla.
La noche está estrellada y ella no está conmigo.

Eso es todo. A lo lejos alguien canta. A lo lejos.
Mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Como para acercarla mi mirada la busca.
Mi corazón la busca, y ella no está conmigo.

La misma noche que hace blanquear los mismos árboles.
Nosotros, los de entonces, ya no somos los mismos.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero cuánto la quise.
Mi voz buscaba el viento para tocar su oído.

De otro. Será de otro. Como antes de mis besos.
Su voz, su cuerpo claro. Sus ojos infinitos.

Ya no la quiero, es cierto, pero tal vez la quiero.
Es tan corto el amor, y es tan largo el olvido.

Porque en noches como ésta la tuve entre mis brazos,
Mi alma no se contenta con haberla perdido.

Aunque éste sea el último dolor que ella me causa,
y éstos sean los últimos versos que yo le escribo.

<http://www.poemas-del-alma.com/20-poemas-de-amor.htm>Link

Poem XX

Tonight I Can Write

Tonight I Can Write (The Saddest Lines) Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, "The night is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver in the distance."

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my
arms.
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.
How could one not have loved her great still eyes.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more immense without her.
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not keep her.
The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the distance.
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring her closer.
My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.

The same night whitening the same trees.
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my kisses.
Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.



I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain that she makes me suffer
and these the last verses that I write for her.

© Translation: 1969, W.S. Merwin

From: *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*. New York: Penguin Books, , 1969

Poema XV

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás como ausente,
y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te toca.
Parece que los ojos se te hubieran volado
y parece que un beso te cerrara la boca.

Como todas las cosas están llenas de mi alma
emerges de las cosas, llena del alma mía.
Mariposa de sueño, te pareces a mi alma,
y te pareces a la palabra melancolía.

Me gustas cuando callas y estás como distante.
Y estás como quejándote, mariposa en arrullo.
Y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te alcanza:
déjame que me calle con el silencio tuyo.

Déjame que te hable también con tu silencio
claro como una lámpara, simple como un anillo.
Eres como la noche, callada y constelada.
Tu silencio es de estrella, tan lejano y sencillo.

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás como ausente.
Distante y dolorosa como si hubieras muerto.
Una palabra entonces, una sonrisa bastan.
Y estoy alegre, alegre de que no sea cierto.

<http://www.poemas-del-alma.com/20-poemas-de-amor.htm>Link

Poem XV

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were absent,
and you hear me from far away and my voice does not touch you.
It seems as though your eyes had flown away
and it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth.

As all things are filled with my soul
you emerge from the things, filled with my soul.
You are like my soul, a butterfly of dream,
and you are like the word Melancholy.

I like for you to be still, and you seem far away.
It sounds as though you were lamenting, a butterfly cooing like a dove.
And you hear me from far away, and my voice does not reach you:
Let me come to be still in your silence.

And let me talk to you with your silence
that is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring.
You are like the night, with its stillness and constellations.
Your silence is that of a star, as remote and candid.

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were absent,
distant and full of sorrow as though you had died.
One word then, one smile is enough.
And I am happy, happy that it's not true.

© Translation: W.S. Merwin, 1969, from *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair* Publisher. New York:Penguin Books1969.

POEMAS supports the following Virginia Standards of Learning:

English* K.1, 1.1, 1.2, 3.5, 4.5, 5.5, 6.4, 6.5, 7.2, 7.5, 8.4, 8.5, 9.3, 9.4, 10.3, 10.4, 11.3, 11.4, 12.3, 12.4 *
Through extension activities such as analysis, research and writing on the subject of POEMAS, as well as the music, dance, history and traditions referenced in the show, there is an opportunity for every grade to cover significant English SOLs

Family Life - K.6, 1.4, 1.5, 1.11, 2.1, 3.3, 4.6, 5.9, 7.14, 9.2, 9.13, 12.1, 12.2

Fine Arts - Dance- DM.12, DM.13, DM.14, DM.15, DM.18, DI.12, DI.13, DI.20, DI.21, DI.22, DI.23, DII.11, DII.19, DII.20, Music - MUS K.12, MUS 1.12, MUS 2.11, MUS 3.15, MUS 4.15, MUS 5.9, MUS 5.11, MUS 5.13, MS.5, MS.6, MS.7, MS.8, MS.9, HS.1, HS.5, HS.7, HS.8, HS.9, IB.21, IB.22, IB.23, IB.24, IB 25, II.16, II.21, II.22, II.23, II.24, II.25, IAD.16, IAD.22, IAD.25, IAR.19, IAR.26

Visual Arts - AI.14, AI.26, AI.31, AI.33, AII.6, AII.15, AII.16, AII.17, AII.26, AII.31, AIIL.7, AIIL. 13, AIIL.13, AIIL.14, AIV.12, AIV.16, AIV.17, AIV.30. Theatre Arts - M1, M3, M5, M6, M7, TI7, TI8, TI11, TI12, TI15, TI18, TI19, TI11, TI15, TI18, TIV4, TIV8.

Foreign Language - Spanish – SI.3, SI.4, SI.7, SI.8, SI.9, SI.10, SI.12, SII.3, SII.4, SII.7, SII.8, SII.9, SIIL.3, SIIL.6, SIIL.8, SIIL.10, SIV.3, SIV.6, SIV.8, SIV.10 History and Social Science - 1.6, 2.12, 3.11 ?, 3.12, USII.9, WHII.16, VUS.15

Additional Resources for Spanish Classes:
Versos prominentes en la historia de la poesía hispanoamericana
(Prominent verses in the history of Spanish American Poetry)

ES VERDAD, by Federico García Lorca

¡Ay, qué trabajo me cuesta quererte como te quiero!
Por tu amor me duele el aire, el corazón y el sombrero.
¿Quién me compraría a mí este cintillo que tengo
y esta tristeza de hilo blanco para hacer pañuelos?
¡Ay, qué trabajo me cuesta quererte como te quiero!

IT IS TRUE

For love of you, the air, it hurts,
and my heart,
and my hat, they hurt me.
Who would buy it from me,
this ribbon I am holding,
and this sadness of cotton,
white, for making handkerchiefs with?
Ay, the pain it costs me
to love you as I love you!

From LA VIDA ES SUEÑO, by Pedro Calderón de la Barca

Qué es la vida? Un frenesí. ¿Qué es la vida?
Una ilusión, una sombra, una ficción,
y el mayor bien es pequeño;

que toda la vida es sueño,
y los sueños, sueños son.

What is life? a tale that is told;
What is life? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

POEMA XX, by Pablo Neruda

Puedo escribir los versos mas tristes esta noche.
Pensar que no la tengo. Sentir que la he perdido

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
To think that I don't have her. To feel that I lost her.

POEMA XV, by Pablo Neruda

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás como ausente,
y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te toca.

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were absent,
and you hear me from far away and my voice does not touch you.

SONATINA, by Rubén Darío

La princesa está triste... ¿Qué tendrá la princesa?

Los suspiros se escapan de su boca de fresa,
que ha perdido la risa, que ha perdido el color.

La princesa está pálida en su silla de oro,
está mudo el teclado de su clave sonoro,
y en un vaso, olvidada, se desmaya una flor.

The princess mourns — Why is the Princess sighing?

Why from her lips are song and laughter dying?

Why does she droop upon her chair of gold?

Hushed is the music of her royal bower;

Beside her in a vase; a single flower

Swoons and forgets its petals to unfold.