

Handbook of Foams

Also by Francisco Aragón (translator)

POETRY

After Rubén
His Tongue a Swath of Sky (chapbook)
Glow of Our Sweat
Puerta del Sol
Tertulia (chapbook)
In Praise of Cities (chapbook)
Light, Yogurt, Strawberry Milk (chapbook)

TRANSLATIONS

From the Other Side of Night
Sonnets to Madness and Other Misfortunes
Of Dark Love
Body in Flames
Lorca: Selected Verse (co-translator)
Federico García Lorca: *Collected Poems* (co-translator)

Gerardo Diego

Handbook of Foams

Manual de espumas

translated from Spanish by
Francisco Aragón

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Contextualizing *Handbook of Foams*

(July 1925)

Dear Poet

I received your nice letter shortly after you posted it. You have nothing to thank me for. We have you to thank since we were able to award a beautiful book. It's a shame you didn't enter Handbook of Foams... Marvelous your Handbook of Foams. In my judgement, the highest achievement of the new lyric.

See you soon.

Yours

Antonio Machado ¹

Gerardo Diego (1896–1987) was born in the north of Spain in Santander, the capital of Cantabria—a region which, along with Galicia, the Basque Country and Asturias make up what's often called *la España verde* for its lush landscapes. Although Diego spent most of his professional life in Madrid, his works often engage the seascapes of the north, including his critically acclaimed volume, *Handbook of Foams*—a thirty-poem suite, or “concerto” as one scholar has called it.²

Diego, in addition to being a poet, was an accomplished pianist and music critic. Music and the sea are motifs that insinuate themselves throughout *Handbook*—all under the banner of what literary critics came to call *creacionismo*, whose most well-known adherent was the Chilean poet Vicente Huidobro (1893–1948). Octavio Paz (1914–1998) once said of him: “He is everywhere and nowhere. He is the invisible oxygen of our poetry.”³

1916 is a dual threshold of sorts for poetry in the Spanish language. On the one hand, Rubén Darío (1867–1916), the master of *modernismo*, abandons Europe to return to his native Nicaragua and dies, marking the decline of this symbolist aesthetic. On the other, a young Vicente Huidobro departs from Santiago, Chile for Paris, France to absorb the artistic innovations percolating there, intent on becoming one of its most flamboyant ambassadors.

But first he stops in Madrid, where he meets Rafael Cansinos-Asséns (1882–1964), who introduces him to Ramón Gómez de la Serna (1888–1963): they are, these two, the overseers of what's new in Spanish letters—

friendly rivals who hold court at their respective *tertulias* at Café Colonial and Café Pombo. But Huidobro decides to keep to himself certain notions. Had he felt more secure, he might have shared the gist of a talk he gave in Chile two years prior, in which he stated:

We've accepted, without giving it much thought, that there can't be other realities except those that surround us, and we haven't stopped to think that we too can create realities in a world of our own, a world that is waiting for its own flora and fauna.⁴

Huidobro's tentative ideas around what he terms *creacionismo* are solidified by the time he reappears in Madrid in 1918 after his two-year stint in Paris—a stint during which he meets and mingles with the likes of Apollinaire, Pierre Reverdy, Pablo Picasso, and Juan Gris.⁵

He sets up a literary salon at his home on Plaza Oriente opposite the Royal Palace. The frequent gatherings take place from August to November. Huidobro's residence in Madrid becomes *the* place to be if you want to learn and sample what's new in the arts. In his book on Apollinaire, Spanish avant-garde poet and critic Guillermo de Torre recalls:

Where did I hear of him, or read him for the first time?... I don't think I would be mistaken if I said it was at Vicente Huidobro's house.⁶

During these months in Madrid, Huidobro manages the feat of publishing four collections of poetry, including *Arctic Poems*, which Antonio Machado reviews in a piece titled "Images in the lyric (on the margins of Vicente Huidobro's book)." Gerardo Diego doesn't meet the Chilean poet during this period but he does read Machado's review with great interest.⁷ Of Huidobro's stay, the aforementioned Cansinos-Asséns wrote:

...his arrival in Madrid was the only literary happening of the year, because with him the latest literary tendencies from abroad came our way; and he assumed the representation of one of them, not the least interesting, *creacionismo*....⁸

1919 marks Gerardo Diego's decisive trip Madrid, not to meet Vicente Huidobro yet but rather to immerse himself in Huidobro's wake: *ultraísmo*, Spain's branch of the European avant-garde. Diego will recall in 1948:

A few months later, and as a result of his visit, *ultraísmo* was born, and the fuss that was being made in Spain was unleashed. Controversies, lectures, magazines, books, articles, manifestos...²

Ultraísmo, more than offering a specific literary model, creates the ambiance Gerardo Diego intuitively needs, at least for a time, to point him in new directions. Through friends, he gets to meet (like Huidobro before him) Rafael Cansinos-Asséns, which of course leads to further contacts. At Cansinos-Asséns' *tertulia*, for example, he encounters a young Argentinean named Jorge Luis Borges, with whom he will share the Cervantes Prize, Spanish letters' highest honor, in 1979. And he also meets a poet from Granada named Federico García Lorca. One self-proclaimed *ultraísta*, Eugenio Montes¹⁰ —who will eventually review *Handbook of Foams* in the prestigious journal *Revista de Occidente*—loans Diego a copy of *Arctic Poems*, from which he copies out three he especially likes, including one titled 'Moon.' When Gerardo Diego heads back to Santander he takes a short detour to Bilbao to see the poet, Juan Larrea. In addition to the three hand-copied poems, Diego is carrying the magazines *Grecia* and *Cervantes*, harboring the hunch that these will impress his Basque friend. At a symposium on Huidobro that will take place in Chicago in 1978, Larrea will recall what 'Moon' meant to him, saying, "its reading plunged me into an atmosphere of ultraworld..." He will sum up the materials Diego brought to Bilbao by saying, "The novelty impressed me in such a way that from that day on I began to feel like another person."¹¹

Dámaso Alonso, the most scholarly poet of Diego's generation (commonly known as the "generation of '27"), and who went on to preside over the Royal Spanish Academy many years later, would write that although *ultraísmo*, as a movement, did not produce great poets, modern Spanish poetry could not be fully understood without taking *ultraísmo* into account. The only *books* that survived, in Alonso's view, were two: *Image* and *Handbook of Foams*, both by Gerardo Diego. These collections were the result, though only in part, of Diego's contact with *ultraísmo* and its challenge to "go beyond." Diego says:

I invented my own *ultraísmo* in Santander. I began to write poems in a somewhat systematic way in 1918 and I alternated very naïve poems... with others that were more adventurous, which I'd write for pleasure and without restrictions, not trying to penetrate the secret of the classics, but rather, on the contrary, trying to discover poetry's new worlds. (Bernal 14)

More than the literary politics and posturing playing out in Madrid, Diego's primary field of exploration is Vicente Huidobro's poetry and his correspondence with Juan Larrea.

Towards the end of 1919 Gerardo Diego delivers two lectures in Santander. "The New Poetry" is about the *isms* flaring around Europe, and "Poetic and Artistic Renovation" presents Spain's *ultraísmo*. Both make more than a few waves, spurring debate in favor and against the new trends taking shape. But Diego doesn't consider himself a militant in the classical sense. One specialist sees his association with the *ultraístas* as only one part of his "poetic biography:"

In truth, Diego, despite his *ultraíst* posture, or in addition to it, irreversibly consolidates throughout 1921 a process that was initiated in 1919 and which, in theory and practice, was kept afloat by Larrea; which consisted in a personal apprehension and assimilation of Huidobro's *creacionismo*, whose books he devoured and commented with his close Basque friend (Bernal 41)

Diego finally decides to write to Huidobro in 1920, sending him a copy of one of his essays and an extensive poem dedicated to him titled 'Gesta,' which will form part of *Image*, his first avant-garde book. But here's the thing: even before Gerardo Diego mails these materials to Vicente Huidobro, the Chilean has already heard of him. It's a time when everyone is writing to Huidobro and in the letters he receives from Madrid a "*creacionista*" (not *ultraísta*) named Gerardo Diego is sometimes mentioned. Huidobro's curiosity is piqued and he asks a Spanish friend to send him a few of Diego's poems.¹²

In April of the following year, 1921, Madrid's newsstands are displaying the first issue of *Creación*, an art magazine edited by Huidobro from Paris. In it there is a poem by Diego titled 'Cold,' a poem Huidobro will cite in his extensive prose piece, 'Creacionismo,' which will be published in his book, *Manifestes*, in 1925.

To set the record straight, then: *creacionismo* was *not* a one-man school, as two of Vicente Huidobro's translators into English, both American, have written. In fact, in a 1923 interview for the Paris journal *L'esprit nouveau*, Huidobro himself mentions "the creationist poets Juan Larrea and Gerardo Diego, two great poets." One Hispanist has referred to Huidobro, Diego and Larrea as "the creationist triad."¹³

In the Autumn of 1921, Huidobro writes to Diego, expressing his wish to give a talk in Madrid on *creacionismo*. Diego confers with a friend

on the board of the Atheneum and a date is set for December. Both Diego and Larrea are finally going to meet who they consider their mentor. Larrea is living in Madrid working at the National Historic Archive while Diego, teaching high school French in Soria, will travel to the capital by train. They attend Huidobro's lecture and notice that the *ultraístas* give the Chilean a cool reception. This is due, in part, to the dispute over who was the "founder" of *creacionismo*: Pierre Reverdy or Vicente Huidobro? Reverdy's camp is spearheaded by the *ultraístas'* most militant activist, Guillermo de Torre,¹⁴ who will publish his important study, *European Avant-Garde Literatures* in 1925, the year that *Handbook of Foams* finds its way into print.

Diego remains in Madrid for only a day, so it is Larrea who gets to talk at length with Huidobro. The author of *Handbook of Foams* will have his chance when he's invited to Paris. In late Summer/early Autumn of the following year Gerardo Diego spends sixteen days in the French capital. There are two letters addressed to Larrea—one dated September 5, 1922 from Paris and the other October 7, 1922 from Gijón—that scholars have scrutinized to better understand the context from which *Handbook of Foams* emerged.¹⁵

Although relatively brief, the letter from Paris touches upon key elements of *Handbook's* origins: Vicente Huidobro's work, Juan Gris' cubism, and music. Other information is incidental: Diego departed for Paris from San Sebastian on August 31; Huidobro was waiting for him at the train station; the weather was bad, dissuading them from any sight-seeing. A more interesting observation is that Huidobro seems to know everybody. They have a couple of meals with Juan Gris and visit his studio, and he mentions that they are set to have lunch with Erik Satie and Maurice Raynal, an art critic associated with the cubists.

The letter from Gijón is considerably more substantial. In reference to the attitude in Paris, at least Huidobro's, towards musicians, Diego writes:

They look down on musicians as primitives—we've discussed this quite a bit, Huidobro can't conceive that I like music—only Erik Satie, Auric, and a few others are partially saved...

On Juan Gris he writes:

We found him working in his studio. He showed me his things and from that day on we had lunch together often and we had long talks. He's an admirable [...] conscientious artist who judges

universal art and his own work with a clarity that is mathematical... Listening to him speak of aesthetics, I have learned to catch a glimpse of what painting is, and in this sense I do understand his work, that is: it produces in me an impression of sober and delicate beauty, of mature and reposed construction...

Gerardo Diego will go on to dedicate the longest poem in *Handbook of Foams*, 'River Song,' to Juan Gris. 1996 marks the centenary of Diego's birth and the long-standing journal, *Revista de Occidente*, publishes a special number titled 'Gerardo Diego and the invention of new poetry', which includes an article titled 'Gerardo Diego's cubist fascination.'¹⁶ The article discusses the correlation between Gris' paintings and Diego's verse, above all in *Handbook*. On Huidobro's poetics Diego writes:

This plastic technique in Huidobro's poetry has shed much light on his work, though I wouldn't know how to specify with precision the "*why*" but could only tell you about it in general terms. The principal of the *rapport* is the hub of it... It's the same thing we saw in him in Madrid, but it's clearer to me now after seeing cubism. Nothing can go without its "*why*" and the artist should know at all times the values of the measures and elements he employs...¹⁷

Diego has said it on more than one occasion: Huidobro's creationist work has cubist painting as its model, while his own avant-garde verse, in addition to cubism, adds music as a guiding star. This particular excerpt lends weight to the notion that Diego's innovative work is not surrealist: it clearly rejects the idea of "automatic writing." Diego continues:

I saw at the Opera *Boris Godunov*, Mussorgsky's famous opera. Music that is purely musical has never moved me with such intensity, like certain passages that were virtually paradisaical. I almost wept with joy, not with melancholy or enthusiasm, which is how I usually get drunk with music.

In one of his notes,¹⁸ Diego specialist José Luis Bernal writes: "This letter offers, as well, a very interesting piece of data about Diego's musical preferences in contrast with pictorial cubism's rigid tastes, which is key for a correct reading of *Handbook of Foams*, the true fruit of that experience."

Diego will point out many years later the importance of his musical background in this book's elaboration.¹⁹ Before citing a final fragment from this letter, I would like to call attention to something written by the late José Hierro, arguably the Spanish poet most influenced by Gerardo Diego:

Creacionismo would be a way out for a classical disposition, bashful with its feelings, incapable therefore, of expressing itself with the blind, romantic, immodesty of surrealism. But Gerardo Diego's great contribution, what distinguishes him from the others, is that despite appearances, his *creacionismo* is not an experience that is more or less amusing and ingenious, but rather a form — irrationalist—of confession.²⁰

Gerardo Diego, in commenting on his *Handbook*, says: "It's possible that these poems, to the reader, seem cold, but I remember very well the blood they cost me."²¹ With all this in mind, the final excerpt from Diego's letter of October 7, 1922 seems to suggest the poet's mood, or point of departure, in at least a handful of the poems in this collection:

This summer's great sentimental failure marked me more than I thought; thankfully this trip has been a purification. But now, in the obligatory solitude of this indifferent, hard-working, cheery, superficial city, pessimistic and misanthropic thoughts, when not of a lower nature, assault me. I'm convinced I'm an ill-bred child and that without any luck, my life will be empty and miserable. It's been 20 days with no sign of friendship or love. If this doesn't change soon, I think I'll emigrate. Meanwhile, and filled with resignation, I read novels and go to the movies: two absurdities.

Diego has just turned 26. With the exception of 'Spring'—which opens *Manual de espumas*—he is about to write, under a melancholic spell perhaps, the twenty-nine poems that will complete the collection that concerns us. That summer Diego is living in a beach bungalow in the coastal city of Gijón in Asturias, from which he is able to glimpse the Cantabrian sea.

Towards the end of the letter he says: "I haven't written anything new." Juan Larrea, his dear friend and fellow *creationista*, would have been the first to know if he had.

Nearly two months later, in a letter to another close friend, José María de Cossío, author of the classic encyclopedia on bullfighting, Gerardo Diego reveals: “I’ve just put the finishing touches on a new creature that aspires to be a book of poems, born *Handbook of Foams*.”²²

*

Notes

[1] This letter was reproduced in a special homage issue of *Punta Europa* #112–113, Madrid, in ‘Tres Cartas a Gerardo Diego’. Antonio Machado is referring to the National Poetry Prize, which Gerardo Diego won that year with a manuscript of traditional verse titled *Poemas Humanos*. He did not enter *Handbook of Foams* because it did not have the minimum number of required pages.

[2] The scholar in question is José Luis Bernal, whose edited volume, *Gerardo Diego y la Vanguardia Hispánica* (Universidad de Extremadura, 1993) was a key source for this piece.

[3] Cited in ‘Poetry is a Heavenly Crime,’ David M. Guss’ Introduction to *The Selected Poetry of Vicente Huidobro* (New Directions, New York, 1981).

[4] Huidobro’s ‘Manifiesto non serviam,’ cited in ‘Teoría del Creacionismo’ by Antonio de Undurraga, which prologues *Poesía y Prosa* (Aguilar, 1957).

[5] For Huidobro’s exploits in Paris, David M. Guss is a place to start. From there, René de Costa’s book, *Huidobro: The Careers of a Poet* (Oxford University Press, 1984), is a thorough study and account.

[6] He also affirms that it was at Huidobro’s house that *ultraísmo*, Spain’s avant-garde movement of the period, was “incubated.” *Apollinaire y las teorías del cubismo* (EDHASA, Barcelona, 1967).

[7] René de Costa’s paper, ‘Posibilidades Creacionistas,’ is a primary source for much of this. It can be found in the aforementioned *Gerardo Diego y la Vanguardia Hispánica*, 1993.

[8] ‘Un Gran Poeta Chileno: Vicente Huidobro y el Creacionismo’ (1919) by Rafael Cansinos-Asséns, included in *Vicente Huidobro y el Creacionismo* edited by René de Costa (Taurus Ediciones, Madrid, 1975).

[9] The first exhibition devoted entirely to *ultraísmo* was held in Valencia, Spain, between June and September of 1996 under the organization of Juan Manuel Bonet, a specialist in the movement who prepared the text and notes for the handsome catalogue, which included a complete English translation. *El Ultraísmo y las artes plásticas*, Centro Julio González 27 Junio – 8 Septiembre.

[10] Montes would later abandon the *ultraist* aesthetic, and adopt fascist politics.

[11] *La Biografía Ultraísta de Gerardo Diego* by José Luis Bernal (Universidad de Extremadura, Cáceres, 1987). This 60-page study is another primary source for much of this. This citation is taken from the article ‘Vicente Huidobro en

Vanguardia' in *Revista Ibero-americana*, v. XLV #106–107, 1979. Further citations from this study are indicated in the text in parenthesis, i.e. (Bernal 41).

[12] See note 7 above.

[13] Robert Guerney, in 'El Creacionismo de Juan Larrea,' is the Hispanist in question, in *Gerardo Diego y la Vanguardia Hispánica*, 1993. David Bary, in his book *Nuevos Estudios sobre Huidobro y Larrea* (Pre-textos, Valencia, 1984) cites the interview in issue #18 of *L'Esprit Nouveau*, in which Huidobro names Larrea and Diego as *creacionistas*.

[14] Many years later, Guillermo de Torre writes that his position on Huidobro had to do with his youthful activism and his way of countering Huidobro's ego, which even his friends admitted was considerable. In fact, in 1962, he writes an article—'La Polémica del Creacionismo: Huidobro y Reverdy,' included in *Vicente Huidobro y el Creacionismo* (Taurus) — in which he persuasively argues that neither Huidobro nor Reverdy had a monopoly on their avant-garde poetic; painters and writers of the period were saying more or less the same thing: that the artist had to create a new reality and not describe or imitate the reality before them....

[15] "Desteñidas Esquelas. Charlas Líricas. Algunas cartas de Gerardo Diego a Juan Larrea" commented by José Luis Bernal and Juan Manuel Díaz de Guereñu, *Insula* #586, 1995.

[16] *Revista de Occidente* #178 Marzo, 1996, a special issue titled "Gerardo Diego y la invención de la poesía nueva" The article's author is Teresa Hernández.

[17] Just before citing a brief fragment of Huidobro's lecture in Madrid in 1921, René de Costa writes: "In this way, Huidobro constructs a text which forces the reader to associate ideas and establish the lexical contacts which make the metaphors detonate, creating a new and sparkling language in the process, a new way of poeticizing." The fragment: "The poet makes things in nature change their lifestyle, retrieving with his net everything that moves in the chaos of the unnameable, hanging electric wires between words, remote spaces suddenly lighting up..." *Vicente Huidobro: Poesía y poética* (1911–1948), Antología comentada por René de Costa (Alianza, Madrid, 1996).

[18] See note 15.

[19] In 'De la musique avant toute chose: la evolución del pentagrama en la poesía de Gerardo Diego,' Gabriele Morelli writes: "The process in which the phonic effects require a substantial structural value in the message, to the point of representing the very reality of the poetic discourse, is carried out completely in the creationist experience of *Handbook of Foams*."

[20] 'Entrañable Gerardo' by José Hierro in a special homage issue of *Punta Europa* # 112–13, Madrid, 1966.

[21] Ricardo Gullón cites this statement of Diego's in 'La Veta Aventurera de Gerardo Diego' in *Insula* #90, 1953.

[22] Gerardo Diego / José María de Cossío. *Epistolario. Nuevas Claves de la Generación del 27* Edición de Rafael Gómez de (Ediciones de la Universidad de Alcalá de Henares, 1996).

SOBRE LA TUMBA INESPERADA DE
JOSÉ DE CIRIA ESCALANTE,
AMIGO INDELEBLE, ESTOS VERSOS
QUE ÉL AMABA, HOY CON VOLUNTAD DE FLORES

PLACED UPON THE UNEXPECTED TOMB OF
JOSÉ DE CIRIA ESCALANTE.
INDELIBLE FRIEND, THESE POEMS
WHICH HE LOVED, ASPIRE TO BE FLOWERS

Primavera

A Melchor Fernández Almagro

Ayer Mañana
Los días niños cantan en mi ventana

Las casas son todas de papel
y van y vienen las golondrinas
doblando y desdoblando esquinas

Violadores de rosas
Gozadores perpetuos del marfil de las cosas
Ya tenéis aquí el nido
que en la más bella grúa se os ha construido

Y desde él cantaréis todos
en las manos del viento

Mi vida es un limón
 pero no es amarilla mi canción
 Limones y planetas
 en las ramas del sol
 Cuántas veces cobijasteis
 la sombra verde de mi amor
 la sombra verde de mi amor

La primavera nace
y en su cuerpo de luz la lluvia pace

El arco iris brota de la cárcel

Y sobre los tejados
mi mano blanca es un hotel
para palomas de mi cielo infiel

Spring

for Melchor Fernández Almagro

Yesterday Tomorrow
The child-like days sing at my window

The houses are made of paper
and the swallows come and go
turning and re-turning corners

Ravishers of roses
Forever enjoying things ivory
Here you have now the nest
built for you on the most beautiful crane

And from it you will all sing
in the hands of the wind

My life is a lemon
though my song isn't yellow
Lemons and planets
on the sun's branches
Oh the times you've sheltered
my love's green shade
my love's green shade

Spring arrives
and rain grazes on her body of light

A rainbow arcs from the jail

And on the roofs
my pale hand's a hotel
for the pigeons of my unfaithful sky

Mirador

A Ramón Gómez de la Serna

De balcón a balcón
los violines de ciego
tienden sus arcos de pasión

Es algo irremediable
cortar con las tijeras estas calles

Las cartas nacidas de mi regazo
aprenden a volar algo mejor
y a un peregrino arrepentido
se le ha visto bajar en ascensor

En el bazar
las banderas renuevan el aire
y el caballo de copas lleva el paso
mejor que un militar

Y tú manso tranvía
gusano de mis lágrimas
que hilas mi llanto en tus entrañas

Condúceme a tu establo
y sácame del pozo en que te hablo

Yo te prometo que esta primavera
tu vara florezca en todos los tejados
tejados olvidados
en los que ya no pastan los ganados
y a los que nunca sube el surtidor

Dejemos al Señor
que arranque las estrellas
y durmámonos
sin consultar con ellas

Lookout

for Ramón Gómez de la Serna

From balcony to balcony
the violins of the blind lay
their bows of passion down

Shearing these streets with scissors
is something you can't avoid

The letters written in my lap
learn to fly a little better
and someone's seen a sorry pilgrim
in a descending lift

At the bazaar
flapping flags renew the air
and the Jack of Hearts marches
better than a soldier

And you gentle streetcar
worm of my tears
that spins my grief in your very core

Drive me to your stable and pull me
from the well from which I speak

I promise your trolley will bloom
on every roof this spring
forgotten roofs
where cattle no longer graze
where the jet's spray doesn't reach

Leave it to the Lord
to pluck constellations
and let's fall asleep
without consulting the stars

Emigrante

El viento vuelve siempre
aunque cada vez traiga un color diferente

Y los niños del lugar
danzan alrededor de las nuevas cometas

Canta cometa canta
con las alas abiertas
y lánzate a volar
pero nunca te olvides de tus trenzas

Las cometas pasaron
pero sus sombras quedan colgadas de las puertas
y el rastro que dejaron
fertiliza las huertas

Por los surcos del mar
ni una sola semilla deja de brotar
Chafadas por los vientos y los barcos
las espumas reflorece todos los años

Pero yo amo más bien
los montes que conducen sobre sus lomos ágiles
las estrellas expulsadas del harem

Pastor marino
que sin riendas ni bridas
guía las olas a su destino
No me dejes sentado en el camino

El viento vuelve siempre
Las cometas también
Gotas de sangre de sus trenzas llueven
Y yo monto en el tren

Emigrant

The wind always returns
though each time brings a different color

And local children dance
around new kites

Sing kite sing
with your wings spread wide
and hurl yourself in flight
though never forget your braids

The kites came and went
yet their shadows still hang on doors
and the trails they left behind
still fertilize the fields

In the furrows of the sea
not a single seed fails to sprout
Flattened by the winds and boats
the foams reflower each year

But I prefer the hills
that carry on their agile backs
the stars expelled from their harem

Shepherd of the sea
who without rein or bridle
guides the waves to their fate
Don't leave me sitting beside the road

The wind always returns
The kites too
Drops of blood fall from their braids
And I board the train