

New year lament for Federico Garcia Lorca

Frederico standing alone, separate,
Among the catalogue of spanish hate
Who could bare such stupidity!
Now he merges with the daylight
The snorting bulls, the inalienable blood,
We listen for the parenthesis, the caesura
Where Time is fastened to a rock
Mercilessly we probe it with our spear
Until it begs for mercy, giving up its secret-
Telling us -yes- it was for us it came,
And finally Orpheus has triumphed
The gods have turned and Lorca dressed to kill
Speaks through the New Year air
Delivers the blessing so much longed for.