

DE UN CACIONERO APÓCRIFO

CLXVII

ABEL MARTÍN

Mis ojos en el espejo  
son ojos ciegos que miran  
los ojos con que los veo.

Gracias, Petenera mía;  
por tus ojos me he perdido;  
era lo que yo quería.

Y en la cosa nunca vista  
de tus ojos me he buscado:  
en el ver con que me miras.

La mujer  
es el anverso del ser.

Sin el amor, las ideas  
son como mujeres feas,  
o copias dificultosas  
de cuerpos de las diosas.

Sin mujer  
no hay engendrar ni saber.

...Aunque a veces sabe Onán  
mucho que ignora Don Juan.

FROM AN APOCRYPHAL SONGBOOK

CLXVII

ABEL MARTIN

My eyes in the mirror  
are the blind eyes that look at  
the eyes with which I see them.

Thanks, my lady;  
I lost my self through your eyes;  
it was what I wanted.

And in the unseen aspect  
of your eyes I have sought myself:  
in the gaze with which you see me.

Woman  
is the obverse of the self.

Without love, ideas  
are like ugly women,  
or problematic copies  
of goddess' bodies.

Without women  
there is neither birth nor wisdom.

...However sometimes Onan knows  
things that Don Juan overlooks.

(These poems, and those which follow, are included in the prose writing of Machado's philosophy, written under the heteronym Abel Martin, and in some cases the meaning is only clear if one has read the text which surrounds it. Many of them are discussed in my book, *The Religious and Philosophical Thought of Antonio Machado*, Chapters I and V, also posted on this web site.)

<http://www.armandfbaker.com/book.html>

### *PRIMAVERAL*

Nubes, sol, prado verde y caserío  
en la loma, revueltos. Primavera  
puso en el aire de este campo frío  
la gracia de sus chopos de ribera.

Los caminos del valle van al río  
y allí, junto del agua, amor espera.  
¿Por ti se ha puesto el campo ese atavío  
de joven, oh invisible compañera?

¿Y ese perfume del habar al viento?  
¿Y esa primera blanca margarita?...  
¿Tú me acompañas? En mi mano siento

doble latido; el corazón me grita,  
que en las sienas me asorda el pensamiento:  
eres tú quien florece y resucita.

### *ROSA DE FUEGO*

Tejidos sois de primavera, amantes,  
de tierra y agua y viento y sol tejidos.  
La sierra en vuestros pechos jadeantes,  
en los ojos los campos florecidos,

pasead vuestra mutua primavera,  
y aun bebed sin temor de la dulce leche  
que os brinda hoy la lúbrica pantera,  
antes que, torva, en el camino aceche.

Caminad, cuando el eje del planeta  
se vence hacia el solsticio de verano,  
verde el almendro y mustia la violeta,

cerca la sed y el hontanar cercano,  
hacia la tarde del amor, completa,  
con la rosa de fuego en vuestra mano.

### *SPRINGTIME*

Clouds, sunshine, a meadow and a village  
spread out over the hilltop. In the air  
of this frigid country spring placed  
the beauty of its poplars on the riverbank.

The roads in the valley lead to the river  
and there, next to the water, love awaits.  
Has it donned these youthful clothes  
for you, my invisible companion?

And this scent of bean fields in the wind?  
And that first white daisy?...  
Are you with me? In my hand I feel

a dual pulse; my heart cries out,  
and in my temples my thoughts deafen me:  
It is you who blossom and come to life.

### *ROSE OF FIRE*

Lovers, you are woven from springtime,  
out of earth and water, wind and sun.  
The mountains are in your breathless lungs,  
in your eyes the fields of flowers.

Walk forth during the spring of your life  
and drink freely from the sweet milk  
that the lustful panther offers you today,  
before she waits threateningly in your path.

Step forward when the axis of the planet  
descends toward the summer solstice,  
when almond trees are green and violets fade,

when thirst is near and the spring is nearby,  
toward the evening of love, fulfilled,  
with the rose of fire in your hands.

*GUERRA DE AMOR*

El tiempo que la barba me platea  
cavó mi ojos y agrandó mi frente,  
y siendo en mi recuerdo transparente,  
y mientras más al fondo, más clarea.

Miedo infantil, amor adolescente,  
¡cuánto esta luz de otoño os hermosea!  
¡agrios caminos de la vida fea,  
que también os doráis al sol poniente!

¡Cómo en la fuente donde el agua mora  
resalta en piedra una leyenda escrita:  
al ábaco del tiempo falta una hora!

¡Y cómo aquella ausencia en una cita,  
bajo los olmos que noviembre dora,  
del fondo de mi historia resucita!



*Nel mezzo del cammin* pasóme el pecho  
la flecha de un amor intempestivo.  
Que tuvo en el camino largo acecho  
mostróme en lo certero el rayo vivo.

Así un imán que, al atraer, repele  
(¡oh claros ojos de mirar furtivo!),  
amor que asombra, aguija, halaga y duele,  
y más se ofrece cuanto más esquivo.

Si un grano del pensar arder pudiera  
no en el amante, en el amor, sería  
la más honda verdad lo que se viera;

y el espejo de amor se quebraría,  
roto su encanto, y rota la pantera  
de la lujuria el corazón tendría.

Gracias, Petenera mía:  
en tus ojos me he perdido;  
era lo que yo quería.

*THE WAR OF LOVE*

Time has turned my beard to silver,  
recessed my eyes and enlarged my forehead,  
and because it is so clear in my memory,  
the deeper it is, the more it reveals.

Childish fear, adolescent love,  
how this autumn light beautifies you!  
Bitter paths of an ugly life,  
you are turned to gold by the setting sun!

In the fountain where the water floats  
how the legend written in stone stands out:  
an hour remains on the abacus of time!

And how that absence from our rendezvous,  
under the elms turned golden by November,  
comes to life out of the depths of my past!



*Nel mezzo del cammin* my breast was pierced  
by the arrow of love from another time.  
That it had been following me unerringly  
was shown by the accuracy of its living ray.

Like a magnet that attracts, also repels  
(oh, bright eyes with a furtive glance!)  
a love that astounds, spurs, flatters and pains,  
the more it is offered, the more elusive it is.

If a fragment of thought were able to burn  
not in the lover, but in love, it would be  
the most profound truth one might see;

and then the mirror of love would shatter,  
its enchantment destroyed, as well as the  
panther of desire that my heart would have.

Thanks, my lady:  
I lost my self in your eyes;  
it was what I wanted.

*CONSEJOS, COPLAS, APUNTES*

1

Tengo dentro de un herbario  
una tarde disecada,  
lila, violeta y dorada.  
Caprichos de solitario.

2

Y en la página siguiente,  
los ojos de Guadalupe,  
cuyo color nunca supe.

3

Y una frente...

4

Calidoscopio infantil.  
Una damita, al piano.  
Do, re, mi.  
Otra se pinta al espejo  
los labios de colorín.

5

Y rosas en un balcón  
a la vuelta de una esquina,  
calle de Válgame Dios.

6

Amores, por el atajo,  
de los de "Vente conmigo".  
... "Que vuelvas pronto, serrano".

7

En el mar de la mujer  
pocos naufragan de noche;  
muchos al amanecer.

8

Siempre que nos vemos  
es cita para mañana.  
Nunca nos encontraremos.

*ADVICE, VERSES, NOTES*

1

In my herbarium I have  
a dissected afternoon,  
lilac, violet and gold.  
Whims of a lonely man.

2

And on the following page  
the eyes of Guadalupe,  
whose color I never knew.

3

And a forehead...

4

A childlike kaleidoscope.  
A little lady, at the piano.  
Do, re, mi.  
Another at the mirror  
putting on lipstick.

5

And roses on a balcony  
just around the corner,  
on God Help Me street.

6

Short-lived love affairs,  
such as: "Come with me."  
... "Come back soon, dear."

7

In the sea of woman  
few capsize at night;  
many do at dawn.

8

Each time we see each other  
it's a date for tomorrow.  
That way we will never meet.

La plaza tiene una torre,  
 la torre tiene un balcón,  
 el balcón tiene una dama,  
 la dama una blanca flor.  
 Ha pasado un caballero  
 —¡quién sabe por qué pasó!—,  
 y se ha llevado la plaza  
 con su torre y su balcón,  
 con su balcón y su dama,  
 su dama y su blanca flor.

Por la calle de mis celos  
 en veinte rejas con otro  
 hablando siempre te veo.

Malos sueños he.  
 Me despertaré.

Me despertarán  
 campanas del alba  
 que sonando están.

Para tu ventana  
 un ramo de rosas me dio la mañana.  
 Por un laberinto, de calle en calleja,  
 buscando, he corrido, tu casa y tu reja.  
 Y en un laberinto me encuentro perdido  
 en esta mañana de mayo florido.  
 Dime dónde estás.  
 Vueltas y revueltas. Ya no puedo más.

The plaza has a tower,  
 the tower has a balcony,  
 the balcony has a lady,  
 the lady has a white flower.  
 A gentleman has passed by  
 —who knows why he passed by!—  
 and he took away the plaza  
 with its tower and its balcony,  
 with its balcony and its lady,  
 with its lady and its white flower.

On the street of my jealousy  
 I see you behind twenty grated windows,  
 always chatting with someone else.

I am having bad dreams.  
 I will wake up.

The morning bells  
 that are ringing  
 will wake me up.

The morning gave me  
 a bouquet of roses for your window.  
 Through a labyrinth, from street to lane,  
 I have hastened in search of your window.  
 And I find that I am lost in a labyrinth  
 on this flowering morning of May.  
 Tell me where you are.  
 Twists and turns. I can go no further.

En sueños se veía  
reclinado en el pecho de su amada.  
Gritó, en sueños: “¡Despierta, amada mía!”  
Y él fue quien despertó; porque tenía  
su propio corazón por almohada.

(*Los complementarios.*)

Confiamos  
en que no será verdad  
nada de lo que pensamos.

(*Véase Antonio Machado.*)

### AL GRAN CERO

Cuando el Ser que se es hizo la nada  
y reposó, que bien lo merecía,  
ya tuvo el día noche, y compañía  
tuvo el hombre en la ausencia de la amada.

*Fiat umbra!* Brotó el pensar humano.  
Y el huevo universal alzó, vacío,  
ya sin color, desustanciado y frío,  
lleno de niebla ingrávida, en su mano.

Toma el cero integral, la hueca esfera,  
que has de mirar, si lo has de ver erguido.  
Hoy que es espalda el lomo de tu fiera,

y es el milagro del no ser cumplido,  
brinda, poeta, un canto de frontera  
a la muerte, al silencio y al olvido.

In dreams he saw himself  
resting on the breast of his beloved.  
In dreams he shouted: “Wake up, my love!”  
And he was the one who woke up, because  
he was holding his own heart as a pillow.

(*The Counterparts.*)

Let us trust  
that nothing we have thought  
will be the truth.

(*See Antonio Machado.*)

### TO THE GREAT ZERO

When Being that is itself made nothingness  
and took a well-deserved rest,  
day finally had its night, and man  
had company in the absence of his beloved.

*Fiat umbra!* And human thought appeared.  
In his hand he held up the universal egg,  
empty and cold, without color or form,  
filled only with a weightless mist.

Take the essential zero, the hollow sphere,  
which you must perceive if you wish to see it.  
Today it forms the back of your beast,

and the miracle of nonbeing is fulfilled;  
poet, dedicate a song of the frontier  
to death, to silence and to forgetfulness.

(For an interpretation of this poem, the reader may consult my book,  
*The Religious and Philosophical Thought of Antonio Machado*,  
Chapter I: “A Pantheistic View of Reality,” pp. 38-39, also posted  
on this web site.)

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*AL GRAN PLENO O CONCIENCIA INTEGRAL*

Que en su estatua el alto Cero  
—mármol frío,  
ceño austero  
y una mano en la mejilla—  
del gran remanso del río,  
medite, eterno, en la orilla,  
y haya gloria eternamente.  
Y la lógica divina,  
que imagina,  
pero nunca imagen miente  
—no hay espejo; todo es fuente—,  
diga: sea  
cuanto es, y que se vea  
cuanto ve. Quieto y activo  
—mar y pez y ansuelo vivo,  
todo el mar en cada gota,  
todo el pez en cada huevo,  
todo nuevo—,  
lance unánime su nota.  
Todo cambia y todo queda,  
piensa todo,  
y es a modo,  
cuando corre, de moneda,  
un sueño de mano en mano.  
Tiene amor, rosa y ortiga,  
y la amapola y la espiga  
le brotan del mismo grano.  
Armonía;  
todo canta en pleno día.  
Borra las formas del cero,  
torna ver, brotando de su venero,  
las vivas aguas del ser.

*TO THE GREAT FULLNESS OR INTEGRAL CONSCIOUSNESS*

May the supreme Zero in his statue  
—cold marble,  
an austere brow,  
and one hand on his cheek—  
at the great bend in the river,  
meditate forever on the shore,  
and may his glory be eternal.  
And may the divine logic  
that perceives  
without a single false image  
—there is no mirror; only a fountain—  
declare: be  
all that is, and may all that sees  
see itself. Motionless and active  
—sea and fish and living hook,  
all the sea in every drop,  
all the fish in every egg,  
all newborn—  
offering a song of oneness.  
Everything changes and all remains,  
everything thinks,  
and is like a coin  
in a dream that passes  
from hand to hand.  
Rose and thistle filled with love,  
poppy and tassel  
born from the same seed.  
Harmony;  
everything sings in the light.  
The forms of zero are erased;  
one sees again, bubbling up from their source,  
the living waters of being.

(For an interpretation of this poem, the reader may consult my book, *The Religious and Philosophical Thought of Antonio Machado*, Chapter I: "A Pantheistic View of Reality," pp. 39-41, also posted on this web site.)

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