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Tus ojos sin edad dormiran tranquilos (Your Ageless Eyes Will Sleep Tranquil)

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Your ageless eyes will sleep tranquil

The designs of an absolute abyss are not important;
the fierce Caribbean sea is of no import, incontestable;
the jungle, the torture, the offense is not important,
your eyes have seen paradise though still tired.

When your aura invaded my soul,
it seemed to ascend to the infinite;
my eyes were full of grief,
an din that café I proclaimed my friendship.

The beginnings carry us from the head of infantile torture,
tears for the fork misplaced.
The memories carry you to the torment
of the night, and during the day
a smile adorns your ageless face.

You move in the jungle,
diving in your melancholy in an African melody,
and in the earth-tremor of an eternal cold
you ask what the future will be able to give to you.

Perhaps I will be able to give you these words,
the good-intentioned heresy in a hand of cards,
the word badly translated,
a smile, a glance;
the future will give to you a paradise
of hands, of eyes; of cottoned ears.
The stoned would bury us;
no more swallowed tears,
would try to choke you in the haze...

Your ageless eyes will sleep tranquil.

Translated by Tanya J. Chor

Tus ojos sin edad dormirán tranquilos

No importan los designios de un abismo absoluto;
no importa la mar bravia del Caribe, inconcluso;
no importa la selva, la tortura, el agravio,
tus ojos aunque cansados ya han visto el paraíso.

Cuando tu aura invadió mi alma,
me pareció que ascendía al infinito;
mis ojos se llenaron de quebranto,
y en aquel café proclamé nuestra amistad.

De la mano nos llevan comienzos de tortura infantil,
lágrimas por el tenedor mal puesto.
A ti te llevan los recuerdos de tormenta
en la noche, y durante el día
una sonrisa adorna tu cara sin edad.

Te adentras en la selva,
zambulles tu melancolía en una melodía africana,
y en el temblor de un frío eterno
te preguntas qué el futuro podrá regalarte.

Yo podré tal vez regalarte estas palabras,
la herejía bien intencionada en una mano de cartas,
la palabra mal traducida,
la sonrisa, la mirada.
El futuro te dará un paraíso
de manos, de ojos, de orejas de algodón.
Las piedras serán enterradas;
no más lágrimas tragadas,
tratarán de ahogarte en la penumbra...

Tus ojos sin edad dormirán tranquilos.

Deborah L. González