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Marea Baja / Low Tide

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Marea Baja
Clara Ronderos

Esta mañana ruge el mar con furia sosegada
y viste la arena un ceñido traje
de torero en fiestas.
Música de acordeón
se baña en el vaiven salado
de la brisa
y soy feliz.
En medio del desorden, llena de sal y luz,
de aquello que no soy
y es todo cuando se funde a mí,
esta mañana sonrío
sacudida
por el ir y venir del mar.
Vela hinchada
en medio de la quietud
enorme
desde donde se mira
la redondez total del horizonte.

Low Tide
Clara Ronderos

This morning the sea roars with silent fury
and the sand wears a tight festive
bullfighter's dress.
The music of accordians
bathes in the salty swaying
of the breeze
and I am happy.
Lost in disorder, covered by salt and light,
by that who is not me
and is everything when it blends with me
this morning I smile
shaken
by sea wave,
swollen sail
amid the immence
quietness
from which
the total roundness of the horizon
can be seen.