

Mark Leech

Song of the Still Gardener

(from the Spanish by Federico Garcia Lorca)

All you've never guessed at
trembles living in the air,

the day's treasures
just out of reach.

They come and go, cargoes
no one receives.

Broken down they come, but
they leave virgin, seed again.

Things address you, and
you hear nothing.

The world is
a constant fountain, ever fresh:

the day's treasures
just out of reach.

Pure silence drowned
in the blood's tide

but your two eyes
could lead you to the source –

the day's treasures
just out of reach.

All you've never guessed at
trembles living in the air.

The garden winds itself
in rotten perfumes.

Each leaf thrums
with a different dream.

Sonnet

(from the Spanish by Federico Garcia Lorca)

Long-tailed spectre of shifting silver,
the night wind, stretching, sighing,
reopened my old hurt with grey fingers
and left: I went back to my desiring.

Wound of love that gave me life,
eternal spring of pure light gushing,
crevice in which mute Philomena finds
her nest, forest, grief, all blooming.

How sweetness gabbles in my head!
I'll lie beside the simple flower
where your unsouled beauty's fled
and roaming water yellows;
my blood seeps through marshes, down
to the fragrant rushes on the coast.