

# ADIOS

*De Ramón Palomares*

Traducción al inglés de  
**Alastair Beattie**

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## FAREWELL

*For Antonio Luis*

*“Let the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian Tree  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.”*

SHAKESPEARE

A Free translation by Alastair Beattie G.

Enacted on Good Friday 1995

I

Rained and rained again

and the leaves have fallen and the sun embracing them and the wind come

and the leaves crashed down with a trashing sound

and the leaves falling again and the sun embracing them

and the wind come

and the dew fallen on the grass has gone

and the buds opened and the insect broken the damp shell and flown

and again the bird that sang so deceitfully

beneath the rose has flown to the sky

and sang and the butterfly asleep in the dawn

with the warm sun rose with gentle strokes

and the rain chilled her and another butterfly flying by the garden

and yesterday's garden motionless and blushing

came again motionless and pale

and the dry branches creaked and fell to the grass

and the frog changed his shadow and returned to change again

in search of another dampened shadow

and the worm is done weaving and has flown

returning to weave on the wind

moving the leaf which harbored her

and the chiggers have ascended into the warm vapor

and fallen with the water from the sky

and have risen again because once again there has been another warm day

## 2

and the strings of ants cutting through the field

in the clear dry cornhusks and

returning to the patio now broken and sown

and the dormouse has slept hugely in his cave

and has been awake for days running about in secret

far from the owl and fallen far from the talons of the owl

and the owl fed and going hungry for days and going back to his meal

sleeping the whole day and waking up again to hunt the grey rat

and a man finding his mate and loving her

and the childborn finding his mate and loving her

and the child born from that finding its mate and loving

and a child born there and the man died and another death came back

and carried away another life

and another life went out meanwhile

and there came beautiful traditions

and the old traditions were changed

and other traditions and ways were changed

and prodigious temples were raised

and prodigious temples went and new prodigious temples arrived.

And idols were raised up all made of metals noble and gleaming

and they were turned around and another face covered their faces

and another revolution changed those for faces of another form

and the dust covered the idols and flowers rose out of the dust

and the desert came to sing in long silence

and the cities awoke and slept and were hidden and disappeared

and came to life again with their markets and shops

and their kings and princes

and poets and beautiful women and martyres and warriors and priests

and saints and teachers

and dashing boys and old men

and the moon turned and illumined all of it

and became slim and tenuous

and became full then emptied of silver

and returned to be full again and to arise later

and later and going down later and later night after night

and the earth passed away and passed away and returned to pass away again

### 3

and the earth in the night in the darkness showing its dark face

and turning its bright face and its gentle blue and its blue black

and its clouds and flutterings

and its boisterous clouds undone by the sea leapt back to their mother

and leapt from the breast of their mother

and with the wind that wept and sang like a child

and cried and sang like a woman

and cried and sang like an old man and like a dog

and like a sea until it was again wind

and cried and sang

and the earth was mad and beautiful among its mothers among its fathers

mad like a young girl and mad like a woman at a party

and like a dance step and like fallen flowers and like a kiss

came and went while the great networks of stars

rose and fluttered like insects desperate for love

and like sparks that fly from the stolid race

and like gentlewomen alone

and like fire alone and like

gold raped and gold going and gold coming

and gold playing everywhere and silvered flies and lost rings

and necklaces and necks and faces of women exquisitely

evolved and there the nights

leapt their traces and were imprisoned and loved the womanly night

and the virile night

and time female and time male and the vastness of all

and the cycles of the vast  
that come and go by themselves and go off by themselves  
and give themselves and rub against themselves  
like two muzzles of a female and male in heat,  
tigers and wolves in heat.  
And it has rained again and tell me that the sun has come out  
and that the song has been heard  
and that the butterfly has lit on the flower in the patio  
and slept  
and give me this perfume for all is a perfume and an essence  
and a wayward wind that comes and goes and goes again  
and tell me if inside of yourself you do not hear your heart break  
and if all has gone and all is about to arrive  
and all is on its way and all is new and returns again.  
Goodbye Farewell Goodbye.

*Ramón Palomares*