

October

I was stretched out on the ground facing
The endless Castilian countryside,
Which Autumn was enfolding in the yellow
Sweetness of a pure setting sun.

Slowly, the plough was opening
The dark loam in parallel lines, and the rude
Open hand left seed
In its bosom cut into furrows.

I thought of tearing out my good and evil heart
And throwing it into the wide furrow in the tender
ground;
To see if by bursting it and planting it,
Spring would make it
A pure tree of eternal love for the world to see.

“Sonetos Espirituales,”
1917—Ramón Jiménez
Translated by H. Darrel Taylor