

[“Gacela of the Remembrance of Love”](#) by [Federico García Lorca](#)

*translated by James Wright*

Do not carry your remembrance.  
Leave it, alone, in my breast,

tremor of a white cherry tree  
in the torment of January.

There divides me from the dead  
a wall of difficult dreams.

I give the pain of a fresh lily  
for a heart of chalk.

All night long, in the orchard  
my eyes, like two dogs.

All night long, quinces  
of poison, flowing.

Sometimes the wind  
is a tulip of fear,

a sick tulip,  
daybreak of winter.

A wall of difficult dreams  
divides me from the dead.