## "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.