

the grandmother

The night begins,
when the moon
—Grandmother of the villages—
comes out with her lime-white candle
to light up the silence.

The darkness
hides in the canyons,
the small birds
roll up their songs
and the trees
lie on their own shadows.

The grandmother
who hasn't slept for centuries
sinks
into the eyes of the night.

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-translated by Miguel Rivera and Robert Bly

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