

The Fountain

after Lorca

My heart stops to rest by the cool fountain.
(Swathe it in your endless shroud, spider of oblivion.)

The water of the fountain serenades my heart.
(Swathe it in your endless shroud, spider of oblivion.)

My heart awakes and sings its loves.
(Spider of silence, weave your mystery.)

The water of the fountain listens sombrely.
(Spider of silence, weave your mystery.)

My heart plunges into the cool fountain.
(White hands, far away, still the waters.)

And the water carries it away singing with joy.
(White hands, far away, the water is empty!)