

(“Gospel of Freedom” is Mikis Theodorakis’ expression for “Canto General”)

EXCERPTS FROM
NERUDA’S ACCOUNT OF THE GENESIS IN “CANTO GENERAL”
AND FROM
HIS GOSPEL OF FREEDOM (IN “CANTO GENERAL” AGAIN):

“...a tongue like a javelin darted into the verdure...it was the night of the iguana...to the lands without names or numbers the wind blew down from other domains ,the rain brought celestial threads, and the gods of the impregnated altars restored flowers and lives... in fertility time grew.... the jacaranda raised its froth of transmarine splendor...the araucaria bristling with spears was magnitude against the snow ...the primordial mahogany tree, distilled blood from its crown and to the South of the cypress...the thunder tree, the red tree, the thorn tree, the mother tree, the scarlet ceibo, the rubber tree, were earthly volume, sound, were territorial existences...a newly propagated aroma suffused through the interstices of the earth... the breaths transformed into mist and fragrance: wild tobacco raised its rosebush of imaginary air...like a fire-tipped spear corn emerged , and its stature was stripped, and it gave forth again, disseminated its flour, had corpses beneath its roots and then, in its cradle, it watched the vegetable gods grow wrinkle and extension , sown, by the seed of the wind over the plumes of the cordillera, dense light of germ and nipples, blind dawn nursed by the earthly ointments of the implacable rainy latitude of the enshrouded torrential nights, of the matinal cisterns...and still on the prairies, like laminas of the planets, beneath a fresh republic of stars...the ombu , king of the grass, stopped the free air, the whispering flight...and mounted the pampa, holding it in with a bridle of reins and roots...green uterus...seminal savanna, dense storehouse, a branch was born like an island...a flower was shaped like a sword, a flower was lightning and medusa...a cluster rounded off its resumé a root descended into the darkness...the monastic anteater trod the jungle with melodious feet...the guanaco fine as oxygen in the wide brown heights was wearing boots of gold...while the llama opened candid eyes in the delicacy of the world covered with dew...the monkeys wove an unendingly long erotic thread on the shore-like borders of dawn...leveling walls of pollen and startling the violet flight of the butterflies from Muzo... the night pure and pullulating with snouts emerging from the ooze...and from the somnolent swamps an opaque thud of armor returned in the earthly origins...the puma bolts through the foliage like fire of devouring hunger while in him burn the jungle’s alcoholic eyes...badgers scratch the river’s feet, sniff out the nest whose throbbing delight they’ll attack with red teeth...and in the depths of the almighty water like the circle of the earth lies the giant anaconda covered with ritual mud devouring and religious...all was flight in our land...like drops of blood and feathers the cardinals bled the dawn of Anahuac...the toucan was a lovely box of shining fruit... the humming bird preserved the original sparks of dawn and its miniscular bonfires burned in the still air...illustrious parrots filled the depths of the foliage like ingots of green gold newly minted from the paste of sunken swamps, and from their circular eyes yellow hoops looked out old as minerals...all the eagles of the sky nourished their bloody kin in the uninhabited blue and on carnivorous feathers flying over the world, the condor, murderous king , solitary monk of the sky, black talisman of the sky, hurricane of falconry...the ovenbird’s engineering made of the fragrant clay sonorous little theater ,where it burst forth singing...the night jar kept whistling its wet cry on the bank of the cenotes...the Chilean pigeon made scrubby woodland nests where it left its regal gifts of dashing eggs...the southern lark, fragrant sweet autumn carpenter displayed its breast spangled with a scarlet constellation... and the austral sparrow raised its flute recently fetched from the eternity of water...wet as a water lily, the flamingo opened the doors of its rosy cathedral and flew like the dawn far from the sultry forests where the jewels dangle from the quetzal which suddenly awakens, stirs , slips off, glows, and makes its virgin embers fly...

...Before the wig and the dress coat there were rivers, arterial rivers...there were cordilleras, jagged waves where the condor and the snow seemed immutable...there was dampness and dense growth as yet unnamed, the planetary pampas...Man was dust, earthen vase, an eyelid of tremulous loam, the shape of clay he was Carib jug, Chibcha stone, imperial cup or Araucanian silica...tender and bloody was he, but on the grip of his weapon of moist flint, the initials of the earth were written. No one could remember them afterwards: the wind forgot them, the language of water was buried, the keys were lost or flooded with silence or blood...I, Incan of the loam, touched the stone and said: Who awaits me? And I closed my hand around a fistful of empty flint...but I walked among Zapotec flowers and the light was soft like a deer, and the shade was a green eyelid...

...My land without name, without America, equinoctial stamen, purple lance, your aroma climbed my roots up to the glass raised to my lips, up to the most slender word as yet unborn in my mouth...”.

“...When the trumpet blared, everything on earth was prepared and Jehova distributed the world to Coca Cola Inc., Anaconda Ford Motors and the other entities. United Fruit Inc. reserved for itself the juiciest, the central seaboard of my country, America’s sweet waist. It rebaptized its lands the “Banana Republics”, and upon the slumbering corpses, upon the restless heroes who conquered renown, freedom and flags, it established the buffoons’ opera, it alienated self-destiny, gave as gifts Caesar’s crowns, unsheathed envy, attracted the dictatorship of flies, fly Truhillo, fly Tahos, fly Garias, fly Martinez, fly Ubico, flies soaked in humble blood and jam, drunk flies that drone over the common graves, circus flies, clever flies versed in tyranny. Among the blood thirsty flies, the Fruit Co. disembarks, ravaging coffee and fruits for its ships that make disappear like ghosts on serving trays, the treasures of our lands that are submerged. Meanwhile in the sugary abysses of the seaports collapsed Indians, buried in the mist of the morning: a body rolls down a thing without name, a fallen number, a bunch of lifeless fruit dumped in the rubbish heap...

...Here comes the tree, the tree, of storm, the tree of the people. Its heroes rise up from the earth as leaves from the sap, and the wind spangles the whispering multitude’s foliage, until the seed falls again from the bread to the earth. Here comes the tree nourished by naked corpses, corpses scourged and wounded corpses with impossible faces, impaled on spears, reduced to dust in the bonfire, decapitated by ax, quartered by horses, crucified in church. Here comes the tree, the tree whose roots are alive. It fed in martyrdom’s nitrate, its roots consumed blood and it extracted tears from the soil, raised them through its branches, dispersed them on its architecture. They were invisible flowers, sometimes buried flowers, other times they illuminated its petals like planets. And in the branches mankind harvested the hard corollas, passed them from hand to hand like magnolias or pomegranates, and suddenly they opened the earth, grew up to the stars. This is the tree of the emancipated. The earth tree, the cloud tree. The bread tree, the arrow tree, the fist tree, the fire tree. The stormy water of our nocturnal epoch floods it, but its mast balances the arena of its might. At times, the branches broken by wrath fall again, and a foreboding ash covers its ancient majesty: just as it survived times past, so too it rose from agony until a secret hand, countless arms, the people, preserved the fragments hid invariable trunks, and their lips were the leaves of the immense divided tree, disseminated everywhere walking with its roots. This is the tree, the tree of the people, of all the peoples struggling for freedom. Look at its hair: touch its renewed rays: plunge your hands into the factories where its pulsing fruit propagates its light everyday. Raise this earth in your hands partake of this splendor, take your bread and your apple, your heart and your horse, and mount guard on the on the frontier, at the limit of its leaves. Defend the destiny of its corollas, share the hostile nights, guard the cycle of the dawn, breathe in the starry heights, sustaining the tree, the tree that grows in the middle of the earth...

...My land without name, without America, equinoctial stamen, purple lance, your aroma climbed my roots up to the glass raised to my lips, up to the most slender word as yet unborn in my mouth.

A marine mountain flies toward the islands, a moon of birds winging South over the fermented islands of Peru. It’s a living river of shade, it’s a comet of countless tiny hearts that eclipse the world’s sun like a thick-tailed meteor pulsing toward the archipelago.

*And at the end of the enraged sea, in the ocean rain,
the wings of the albatros rise up like two systems of salt*

establishing in the silence

amid the torrential squalls

with their spacious hierarchy the order of the wilds.

All was flight in our land

like drops of blood and feathers

the cardinals bled

the dawn of Anahuac”



*...like drops of blood and feathers
the cardinals bled the dawn of ...*



*It's a thick-tailed meteor pulsing toward the archipelago....
A living river of shade, a comet of countless hearts eclipses the world's sun*



Sikelianos throwing the traditional handful of dust on the coffin of the National Poet lowered into the grave while tens of thousands of people came to see him off and demonstrate against the German occupation

MARCH OF THE SPIRIT IN THE '40s

Saviors of Life in the latest Brave Old Times

When my last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside

When our last shield was made, when we joined hands in our last shield made out of our lives
(the brand of my whole life bound and enclosed in span and pass of time),

(our lives ready to burst out of their bounds of span and pass of time)
into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country,

shielding the altars of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Humanity
my soul caught fire as if, as if space suddenly was all made of copper,

our souls caught fire as if we were true helpers even saviors of God like every Bruno
made of red copper or as if I had

the holy cell of Heraclitus around me,

where, for long years,

for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy thoughts

and hung them like arms

in the Temple of Ephesos

whose hands joined back to embrace

the holiest altar made of fire like ours we were defending

or as if our heartbeat

followed the drum and whisper of Life Herself

singing like a flag

«don't ask if we win or lose. Go on!»

Gigantic thoughts passing,

like red clouds made of fire or purpled islands flaming in sunset,

sunset of myth and tale,

were flaring up in my mind

for my whole life was flared up burning at once

at the thought of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country!

Gigantic thoughts passing,

like red clouds made of fire or purpled islands flaming in sunset,

sunset of myth and tale,

were flaring up in my mind

for my whole life was flared up burning at once

at the thought of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Humanity!

That's why I didn't say:

This now is the light of my cremating fire...

A torch of your History I am, this I cried out,

and here, let burn like firebrand my poor forlorn cadaver,

and with this firebrand now

still standing up and walking on until my last breath and hour

light all the farthest corners where men are living

That's why I didn't say:

This now is the light of my cremating fire...

A torch like the towers' Firemen I am, this I cried out,

and here, let burn like firebrand my poor forlorn cadaver,

and with this firebrand now

still standing up and walking on until my last breath and hour

light all the farthest corners where men are living

and clear a way for Your soul, Your spirit and Your body, my Country!
and clear a way for Your soul, Your spirit and Your body, my Humanity!

So said I and kept walking
holding in my two hands my lighted liver
in Your Caucasus
and my every step was the first
first but I also felt as if it was the last one,
for my foot bare was treading on splashes of Your blood
for my foot bare when walking was stumbling on Your dead
because my face and body and all my spirit
was mirrored as in red lake, mirrored, mirrored in Your blood!

*Like them said I and kept walking
holding in my two hands my lighted liver
in Your Caucasus
and my every step was the first
first but I also felt as if it was the last one
for my foot bare was treading on splashes of Your blood
for my foot bare when walking was stumbling on Your dead
because my face and body and all my spirit
was mirrored as in red lake, mirrored, mirrored in Your blood!*

There in scarlet mirror glass in such a mirror my Country
a mirror bottomless, a mirror of the abyss
of Your Liberty and Freedom and Your thirst for life,
I saw myself firm solid
made of red soil moulded into clay
Adam brand new of new creation of our world
that to create for You we're going, my Country!

*There in scarlet mirror glass in such a mirror my Humanity
a mirror bottomless, a mirror of the abyss
of Your Liberty and Freedom and Your thirst for life,
I saw myself firm solid
made of red soil moulded into clay
Adam brand new of new creation of our world
that to create for You we're going, my Humanity!*

And I said:
I know, yes I know, that even Your Gods
of Olympus have now become a chthonic foundation,
because we buried them deep, very deep where strangers cannot find them.
And all the foundation became stronger and more solid and stronger and more solid
with all the bones our enemies have heaped and kept heaping upon it...
I also know for the libations and the vows
of the new Temple that we have dreamt for You, my Country
for nights and days, so many brothers were slaughtered among them
as lamb had never been slaughtered for Easter!...

*And we said:
We know, yes we know,
that even the Gods of Humanity have now become a chthonic foundation,*

*because our slain and the slain of the strangers buried them deep, very deep
where slayers cannot find them
and because our slayers and the slayers of the strangers buried them deep, very deep
where the slain cannot find them.
And the foundation became stronger and more solid and stronger and more solid
with all the bones all slayers have heaped and kept heaping upon it.
We also know that some of the Indians Christianized celebrate Easter only up to Good Friday
because for them then Miracle of the Resurrection has not yet happened
and we know that for them Christ's Cross was made
out of the wood of the tree of the Knowledge of Freedom
watered and fed by the blood and the flesh of people who were their own flesh and blood
and were hanged by Columbus as ripe fruit.*

Fate; and Your Own Fate also mine to my entrails!

Fate; and Your Own Fate also mine to our entrails
And by the grace of Love, by the grace of the great creative Love,
And by the grace of Love, by the grace of the great creative Love,
behold , my soul became real hard, became hard, and is entering
behold ,our souls became real hard, became hard, and are entering
now whole in mud and in Your blood, and in Your blood,
now whole in mud and in Your blood, and in Your blood,
to mould the new heart ,the new heart, needed in Your new fight, my Country!
to mould the new heart ,the new heart, needed in Your new fight, my Humanity!
The new heart that I have already closed in my breast,
The new heart that we have already closed in our breasts,
and with that heart I'm calling out today to all companions:
and with that heart we're calling out today to all companions:

«Come on; we all help to raise the sun back over earth and over our countries;
come on, we all help to raise the sun back in its right place over our whole world!
Come see here its wheel, it's stuck deep in mud, it's almost been covered,
and see here its axle sinking in blood, it's already buried!
Come on, boys, come on, we all know, the sun can't just rise on his own fire's power;
push with your knee and push with your chest, we got to get him out of mud,
push with your chest and push with your knee, we got to get him out of blood.
We lean now on him, we lean on his wheel, we lean as the sun's own blood brothers!
Come on, come my brothers, we're encircled by his fire, his fire is now closing upon us,
go on, let's go on, his flame's on our flesh, we're all now enflamed ,brothers, brothers!

Come on Poets and creators! Keep firm Your lifting power,
support it with your heads and legs, to keep the sun from sinking!
Also help me, brothers, from sinking along!
For now the sun is over me and inside me and around me,
for now in holy dizziness I'm following him in whirling.
A thousand backs of bulls support from below;
two headed eagle, and flaps his wings on me,
his battle din is groaning next to my head and inside my soul,
for me now near and far are one!
I'm encircled by first heard heavy Harmonies! Come on, companions,
help the sun to rise to become Spirit!

*Come on Poets and creators! Keep firm Your lifting power,
support it with your heads and legs, to keep the sun from sinking!
Also help us, brothers, from sinking along!
For now the sun is over us and inside us and around us,
for now in holy dizziness we're following him in whirling.
Birth trips and death trips around us and inside us.*

*Angels taking our souls and angels putting souls inside new flesh.
Death rattles and cries of newborn beside us and inside us
for us now near and far are one!
We're encircled by first heard heavy Harmonies! Come on, companions,
help the sun to rise to become Spirit!*

The new Word is coming closer, the Word ready to paint all things
in its new flame, mind and body will now be pure steel.
Our earth was fertilized enough with flesh of man!
Rich soil, to bear rich fruit, let's not let dry this soil
dry of this deep moisture brought down by this bloodshed
no rain in any fall would make it as rich or as deep!
Tomorrow let each of us go outside with twelve pairs of oxen
and plough this land, land watered with blood...
Make laurel blossom on it and be the tree of our life
and make our Vine spread to every place on earth where men are living
with pain-push-joy start Peace's breath like new life's and end both Hers and our strife.
Come boys, come on, the sun just can't, can't rise without us.
Come boys, come on, the sun just can't, can't rise without us.
Push strong with knee and push with chest now, let's now all get him out of mud;
Push strong with knee and push with chest now, let's now all get him out of mud;
push strong with chest and push with knee now, let's now all get him out of blood;
push strong with chest and push with knee now, let's now all get him out of blood;
push strong with arms and push with heads now, for the sun to shine forth Spirit!»
push strong with arms and push with heads now, for the sun to shine forth Spirit!»

Thus, when my last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside
Thus, when our last shield was made, when we joined hands in our last shield made out of our lives
(the brand of my whole life bound and enclosed in space and time),
(our lives ready to burst out of their bounds of span and pass of time)
into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country,
shielding the altars of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Humanity! My Humanity!,
shout filled with soul left loud, as if space suddenly was all made of copper,
shout filled with soul left loud, just as if suddenly Life Herself had spoken
of sounding copper or as if I had
spoken clear and loud not just whispering
the holy cell of Heraclitus around me,
spoken through us joining hands around Her,
where, for long years,
as we were being saved
for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy thoughts
even by Death Himself who had carved bullets
and hung them like arms
with the names of each of us
in the Temple of Ephesos,
as Saviors of God,
all the way to You I was calling,
all the way to You we were calling,
all the way to You I was calling, companions!
all the way to You we were calling, companions!



Held her ground for all humanity

**HUMAN SHIELDS, FIREMEN AND FIREWOMEN
DYING IN SOUTH AMERICA, IN NORTH AMERICA, IN EUROPE,
IN IRAQ, IN PALESTINE, IN....., IN..., IN...**

INTO THE FIRE

The sky was falling and streaked with blood
I heard you calling me, then you disappeared into dust
Up the stairs, into the fire. Up the stairs, into the fire
I need your kiss, but love and duty called you someplace higher
Somewhere up the stairs, into the fire
May your strength give us strength. May your faith give us faith
May your hope give us hope. May your love give us love
You gave your love to see, in fields of red and autumn brown
You gave your love to me and lay your young body down
Up the stairs, into the fire. Up the stairs, into the fire
I need you near, but love and duty called you someplace higher
Somewhere up the stairs, into the fire
May your strength give us strength. May your faith give us faith
May your hope give us hope. May your love give us love
It was dark to see, you held me in the light you gave
You lay your hand on me, then walked into the darkness of your smoky grave
Up the stairs, into the fire. Up the stairs, into the fire
I need your kiss, but love and duty called you someplace higher
Somewhere up the stairs, into the fire
May your strength give us strength. May your faith give us faith
May your hope give us hope. May your love give us love...

PRAISED BE IT, IT'S WORTH IT

PRAISED BE the hand deciding the horrible sacrifice knowing now
which the world that is really superior
which the world's "now" and which its "forever"
which the world that is really superior which the world's "now" and which its "forever"
NOW the myrtle's wild animal Now the cry of May
FOREVER the utmost conscience Forever the full light
Now now the hallucination and the mimicry of sleep
Forever forever the world and forever the astral Keel
Now the moving cloud of lepidoptera
Forever the circumgyrating light of mysteries
Now the crust of the Earth and the Dominion
Forever the food of the Soul and the quintessence
Now the Moon's incurable swarthinness
Forever the Galaxy's golden blue scintillation
Now the amalgam of peoples and the black Number
Forever the statue of Justice and the great Eye
Now the humiliation of the Gods Now the ashes of Man
Now Now the zero
Now Now the zero
Now Now the zero
and Forever this small world, and Forever this small world, and Forever this small world
the Great!

MARCH OF THE SPIRIT

Come on; we all help to raise the sun back over earth and over our countries;
come on, we all help to raise the sun back in its right place over our whole world!
Come see here its wheel, it's stuck deep in mud, it's almost been covered,
and see here its axle sinking in blood, it's already buried!
Come on, boys, come on, we all know, the sun can't just rise on his own fire's power;
push with your knee and push with your chest, we got to get him out of mud,
push with your chest and push with your knee, we got to get him out of blood.
We lean now on him, we lean on his wheel, we lean as the sun's own blood brothers!
Come on, come my brothers, we're encircled by his fire, his fire's now closing upon us,
go on, let's go on, his flame's on our flesh, we're all now enflamed, brothers, brothers!

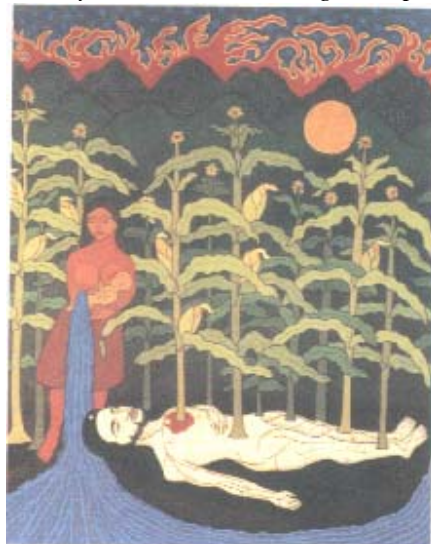


Come on, come my brothers, we're encircled by sun's fire, its fire's now closing upon us...

...go on, let's go on, its flame's on our flesh, we are all now enflamed, brothers, brothers!...



...all the way to You I was calling , companions!



*...y e dios de los altares impregnados
devolvia las flores y las vidas...*

Translation: *...and the gods of the impregnated altars restored flowers and lives...*

When my last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside (the brand of my whole life bound and enclosed in span and pass of time), into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country, my soul caught fire as if, as if space suddenly was all made of copper, made of red copper or as if I had the holy cell of Heraclitus around me, where, for long years, for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy thoughts and hung them like arms in the Temple of Ephesos... Gigantic thoughts passing, like red clouds made of fire or purpled islands flaming in sunset, sunset of myth and tale, were flaring up in my mind, for my whole life was flared up burning at once, at the thought of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country! That's why I didn't say: "This now is the light of my cremating fire". "A torch of your History I am", this I cried out, "and here, let burn like firebrand my poor forlorn cadaver, and with this firebrand now still standing up and walking on until my last breath and hour light the farthest corners where men are living and clear a way for Your soul, Your spirit and Your body, my Country!" So said I and kept walking holding in my two hands my lighted liver in Your Caucasus and my every step was the first, first but I also felt as if it was the last, for my bare foot, my Country, was treading on splashes of Your blood, and was stumbling on Your dead. Because my face and my body and all my spirit, was mirrored as in red lake, mirrored in Your blood, my Country! There in scarlet mirror glass, in such a bottomless mirror, of the abyss of Your Liberty and Freedom and of Your abysmal thirst for life, my Country, I saw myself firm solid made of red soil moulded into clay, brand new Adam of the brand new creation of our world that we're going to create for You, my Country! And I said: "I know, yes I know, that even Your Gods of Olympus have now become a chthonic foundation, because we buried them deep, very deep where strangers cannot find them. And all the foundation became stronger and more solid and stronger and more solid with all the bones our enemies have heaped and kept heaping upon it... I also know that for the libations and the vows of the new Temple we have dreamt for You, my Country for nights and days, so many brothers were slaughtered among them as lamb had never been slaughtered for Easter!" ...Fate; and Your Own Fate also mine to my entrails! And by the grace of Love, by the grace of the great creative Love, behold, my soul became real hard, and is entering now whole in mud and in Your blood, to mould the new heart, the new heart needed in Your new fight, my Country! The new heart that I have already closed in my breast, and with that heart I'm calling out today to all companions:

"Come on; we all help to raise the sun back over earth and over our countries; come on, we all help to raise the sun back in its right place over our whole world! Come see here its wheel, it's stuck deep in mud, it's almost been covered, and see here its axle sinking in blood, it's already buried!

Come on, boys, come on, we all know, the sun can't just rise on his own fire's power; push with your knee and push with your chest, we got to get him out of mud, push with your chest and push with your knee, we got to get him out of blood. We lean now on him, we lean on his wheel, we lean as the sun's own blood brothers! Come on, come my brothers, we're encircled by his fire, his fire's now closing upon us, go on, let's go on, his flame's on our flesh, we're all now enflamed, brothers, brothers! Come on Poets and creators! Keep firm Your lifting power, support it with your heads and legs, to keep the sun from sinking! Also help me, brothers, from sinking along! For now the sun is over me and inside me and around me, for now in holy dizziness I'm following him in whirling. A thousand backs of bulls support from below; two headed eagle, and flaps his wings on me, his battle din is groaning next to my head and inside my soul, for me now near and far are one! I'm encircled by first heard heavy Harmonies! Come on, companions, help the sun to rise to become Spirit! The new Word is coming closer, the Word ready to paint all things in its new flame, mind and body will now be pure steel. Our earth was fertilized enough with flesh of man! Rich soil, to bear rich fruit, let's not let this soil dry of this deep moisture brought down by this bloodshed no rain in any fall would make it as rich or as deep! Tomorrow let each of us go outside with twelve pairs of oxen and plough this land, land watered with blood... Make laurel blossom on it and be the tree of our life and make our Vine spread to every place on earth where men are living... Come boys, come on, the sun just can't, the sun can't rise without us. Push strong with knee and push with chest now, let's now all get him out of mud; push strong with chest and push with knee now, let's now all get him out of blood; push strong with arms and push with heads now, for the sun to shine forth Spirit!" Thus, when my last brand was thrown, when I threw my last brand in the lightfireside (the brand of my whole life bound and enclosed in span and pass of time) into the lightfireside of your new Liberty and Freedom, my Country, shout filled with soul left loud, as if space suddenly was all made of copper, of sounding copper or as if I had the holy cell of Heraclitus around me, where, for long years, for the Eternity he hammered his iron heavy thoughts and hung them like arms in the Temple of Ephesos, all the way to You I was calling, companions!

SUMMARY:
FROM THE POET'S WAY OF PHILOSOPHIZING ON "GENESIS THROUGH WORDS"
AND ON THE EVER CONTINUING BIRTH OF LANGUAGE
TO FINALLY REACHING
THE WORDS THAT WERE STILL UNBORN IN HIS MOUTH

*A tongue like a javelin darted into the verdure
it was the night of the iguana*

*My land without name, without America,
equinoctial stamen, purple lance,
your aroma climbed my roots up to the glass raised to my lips,
up to the most slender word as yet unborn in my mouth*

*Vuela una montana marina hacia las islas,
una luna de aves que van hacia el Sur,
sobre las islas fermentadas del Peru.
Es un rio vivo de sombra,
un cometa de pequenos corazones innumerables
que oscurecen el sol del mundo
como un astro de cola espesa palpitando hacia el archipelago
Como gotas de sangre y plumas
los cardenales desangraban el amanecer de Anahuac
Y en el final del iracundo mar, en la lluvia del oceano, surgen las alas del albatros
A las tieras sin nombres y sin numeros
bajaba el viento desde otros dominios,
traia la lluvia hilos celestes,
y e dios de los altares impregnados
devolvia las flores y las vidas.*