

La Casa Infiel By Federico García Lorca

And that I took her to the river
believing that she was a girl,
but she had a husband.
It was the night of Santiago
and almost by compromise.
the lanterns went out
and the crickets were lit.
in the last corners
I touched her sleeping breasts,
and they suddenly opened
like bunches of hyacinths..
The starch of her petticoat
it sounded in my ear,
like a piece of silk
torn by ten knives.
Without silver light in their cups
the trees have grown,
and a horizon of dogs
barks far away from the river.

past the blackberries,
the reeds and the thorns,
under his mop of hair
I made a hole in the slime.
I took off my tie.
she took off the dress.
I the revolver belt.
She her four bras.
Neither spikenards nor conches
They have such fine skin
nor the crystals with moon
They shimmer with that brilliance.
Her thighs escaped me
like surprised fish,
half full of fire,
half full of cold.
that night i ran
the best of roads,
mounted on mother-of-pearl filly
without flanges and without stirrups.
I don't mean, by man,
the things she said to me.
the light of understanding
makes me be very restrained.
Dirty with kisses and sand
I took her to the river.
With the air they beat
the swords of the lilies.

I behaved like what I am.
Like a legitimate gypsy.
I gave her a sewing kit
straw satin large,
and I didn't want to fall in love
because having a husband
he told me I was a girl
when he took her to the river.