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**Estos créditos pertenecen a la edición impresa de la obra**
Poems by Leonard Cohen (1934-) / Poemas de Leonard Cohen (1934-)

Francisco Javier Torres Ribelles
Poems by Leonard Cohen (1934-) / Poemas de Leonard Cohen (1934-)  6
De Vamos a comparar mitologías
(1956)

LOVERS

During the first pogrom they
Met behind the ruins of their homes—
Sweet merchants trading: her love
For a history-full of poems.

And at the hot ovens they
Cunningly managed a brief

De Vamos a comparar mitologías
(1956)

AMANTES

Durante el primer pogrom
se vieron detrás de sus casas
derruídas—
dulces mercaderes comerciando: ella,
amor
a cambio de historia en un ramo de
poesías.

Y ante los calientes hornos se las
ingeniarón para un beso efímero
Kiss before the soldier came
To knock out her golden teeth.
And in the furnace itself
As the flames flamed higher,
He tried to kiss her burning breasts
As she burned in the fire.
Later he often wondered:
Was their barter completed?
While men around him plundered
And knew he had been cheated.

BALLAD

My lady was found mutilated
in a Mountain Street boarding house.
My lady was a tall slender love,
like one of Tennyson’s girls,
and you always imagined her erect on
a thoroughbred
in someone’s private forest.
But there she was,
naked on an old bed, knife slashes

ROMANCE

Mi dama... la encontraron mutilada
en una pensión de la calle de la
Montaña.
Mi dama era un encanto, alta, esbelta,
como una de las muchachas de
Tennyson,
y siempre te la imaginabas erguida
a lomos de un
pura sangre
en el bosque privado de alguien.
   Pero allí la tenías,
desnuda en una cama vieja, cortes de
cuchillos
cross her breasts, legs badly cut up: Dead two days.

They promised me an early conviction. We will eavesdrop on the adolescents examining pocket-book covers in drugstores.

We will note the broadest smiles at torture scenes in movie houses.

We will watch the old men in Dominion Square follow with their eyes the secretaries from the Sun Life at five-thirty...

Perhaps the tabloids alarmed him. Whoever he was the young man came alone to see the frightened blonde have her blouse ripped away by anonymous hands; the person guarded his mouth who saw the poker blacken the eyes of the Roman prisoner; the old man pretended to wind his pocket-watch..

The man was never discovered. There are so many cities!

Me prometieron que habría pronto un culpable. Espiaremos a los adolescentes que examinan cubiertas de libros de bolsillo en las tiendas de deshoras. Tomaremos nota de las sonrisas más amplias en las escenas de torturas en los cines. Vigilaremos a los viejos de la plaza del Dominio cómo siguen con los ojos a las secretarias del Sun Life a las cinco y media...

Quizá los periodicuchos le alarmaron. Fuera quien fuera, el joven vino solo a ver cómo a la rubia aterrorizada le desgarraban toda la blusa manos anónimas; la persona se protegió la boca quien vio el atizador amoratar los ojos del prisionero romano; el viejo simulaba dar cuerda a su reloj de bolsillo..

El individuo nunca fue descubierto. ¡Hay tantas ciudades!
so many knew of my lady and her beauty. Perhaps he came from Toronto, a halfcrazed man looking for some Sunday love; or a vicious poet stranded too long in Winnipeg; or a Nova Scotian fleeing from the rocks and preachers...

Everyone knew my lady from the movies and art-galleries, Body from Goldwyn. Botticelli had drawn her long limbs. Rosetti the full mouth. Ingres had coloured her skin.

She should not have walked so bravely through the streets. After all, that was the Marian year, the year the rabbis emerged from their desert exile, the year the people were inflamed by tooth-paste ads.

We buried her in Spring-time. The sparrows in the air wept that we should hide with earth the face of one so fair.

tantos que sabían de mi dama y de su belleza. Quizá vino de Toronto, un tipo medio loco buscando un amor de domingo; o un poeta malvado atrapado mucho tiempo en el frío Winnipeg; o uno de Nueva Escocia que huía de rocas y predicadores...

Todo el mundo conocía a mi dama por las películas y las galerías de arte: el cuerpo, de Goldwyn, sus largos miembros los dibujó Botticelli, Rosetti, la boca carnosa. Ingres dio el color a su piel.

No tenía que haber caminado tan atrevida por las calles. A fin de cuentas, era el año mariano, el año que los rabinos emergen de su exilio en el desierto, el año que la gente estaba inflamada por los anuncios de pasta de dientes

La enterramos en primavera. Los gorriones en su vuelo lloraron de que una cara tan bella la ocultáramos bajo el suelo.
The flowers they were roses  
and such sweet fragrance gave  
that all my friends were lovers  
and we danced upon her grave.

Las flores, todas rosas, tanta rosa,  
tanta rosa  
eran todas tan fragantes  
que todas mis amigas fueron amantes  
y bailamos sobre su fosa.

From The Spice-Box of Earth (1961)

DEAD SONG

As I lay dead
In my love-soaked bed,
Angels came to kiss my head.

Cuando yacía de cuerpo presente
en mi cama de amor fluyente
ángeles vinieron a besar mi frente.

I caught one gown
And wrestled her down
To be my girl in death town.

Y yo agarré fuerte un velo
tiré, peleando, hacia el suelo:
sería mi chica en la ciudad del duelo.

She will not fly.
She has promised to die.
What a clever corpse am I!

Ella no se echará a volar.
Y me ha prometido expirar.
¡Qué listo soy! soy un cadáver sin par.

MY LADY CAN SLEEP

My lady can sleep
Upon a handkerchief
Or if it be Fall
Upon a fallen leaf.

Mi dama puede dormir
en un pañuelo
o si otoño fuera
en una hoja del suelo.

I have seen the hunters
Kneel before her hem—

He visto a los cazadores
arrodillarse ante su falda—
Even in her sleep
She turns away from them.

The only gift they offer
Is their abiding grief–
I pull out my pockets
For a handkerchief or leaf.

From *Flowers for Hitler* (1964)

**OPIUM AND HITLER**

Several faiths
bid him leap–
opium and Hitler
let him sleep.

A Negress with
an appetite
helped him think
he wasn’t white.

Opium and Hitler
made him sure
the world was glass.
There was no cure

for matter
disarmed as this:
the state rose on
a festered kiss.
Once a dream
nailed on the sky
a summer sun
while it was high.

He wanted a
blindfold of skin,
he wanted the
afternoon to begin.

One law broken—
nothing held.
The world was wax,
his to mould.

No! He fumbled
for his history dose.
The sun came loose,
his woman close.

Lost in a darkness
their bodies would reach,
the Leader started
a racial speech.

From *Parasites of Heaven* (1966)

IN ALMOND TREES LEMON TREES

In almond trees lemon trees
wind and sun do as they please

O-----Oo-----O

o-----Oo-----o
Butterflies and laundry flutter
My love her hair is blond as butter
Wasps with yellow whiskers wait
for food beside her china plate
Ants beside her little feet
are there to share what she will eat
Who chopped down the bells that say
the world is born again today
We will feed you all my dears
this morning or in later years.

Mariposas y ropas aletean el
tendedero
Mi amor su pelo es rubio de
mantequilla
Avispas aguardan con sus bigotes
amarillos
la comida junto al plato de loza de mi
mujer
Hormigas junto a sus dos piececillos
esperan para compartir lo que va a
comér
¡Quién taló las campanas que por
todos lados
dicen que hoy el mundo nace de
nuevo! ay, mis falderos
nosotros os mantendremos
alimentados
esta mañana o en años venideros.