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Salvador I. Novo

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Nuevo Amor

By SALVADOR NOVO

(Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood)

I

The little new-born death which comes each night
Wherein with consciousness for the one light
We lie stretched out beside our books
Whence flightless words vexed by my hand escape,
Within this family crypt
In which mirrored in every glass, in every place, lies evi-
dence of crime,
Even in whose closed wardrobes dwells chrysalis of old fare-
wells made frail
With which we drench deathlessly day to come,
In all pendants aswing from all the lights,
Within the poison of each cup we drain,
In this electric chair where our disguise of day we fling by
night,
To swathe our lonely self in white grave-clothes,
All my poor heart can do is to mark time
Or like a circus tiger pace my pen
Raging for liberty.

Unto our graves now all of us have gone
And in good time and properly
In ambulances costly, convenient,
To death gone naturally or by our will.
Alone the play I cannot carry on and perfectly
With only the lone moon important in its part
Because now
Trains are everywhere
To fling their sorrow-cries abroad
And then go on

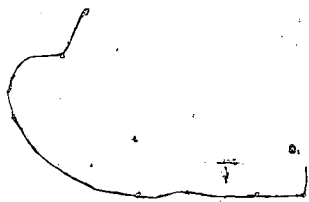
The moon can only shine
 With little fireflies which keep watch too,
 From that vast azure near and yet unknown
 And filled with stars, countless and polyglot.

II

This perfume of your flesh and so intense
 Is nothing but the world these two round azure globes which
 are your eyes displace
 And the land, and the azure vein-rivers your arms imprison.
 All the round oranges there are, dwell divinely in your an-
 guished kiss
 Yielded that rich garden beside, where life for all the cen-
 turies there are ended for me.
 The infinite air how far away, with which we breathed!
 Out of the ground I pulled you up by the drunken roots of
 your two hands
 And now entirely I have drunk you down, delectable, Oh
 Perfect Fruit!
 Forever now whene'er the sun touches my skin again
 I'll feel that sharp contact which you gave me
 Within that dawn of freshness undivined,
 In the caressing strength of those two rivers pure and clear
 which are your arms,
 Brought back, and sharp, by the sweet wind which in the
 dusk
 Blows from the mountains for the breath of you
 And ripened in your eighteen years of sun
 And warm for me who wait.

III

You, I myself, dry as a wind of waste, of ruin,
 Which sustains but briefly in its arms a leaf the dry tree
 drops,
 How can it be that nothing can move you more,
 That the destroying deluge is no more nor more the sun
 make weary?



A purposeless transparency to become
 Above those twin limpid azure lakes which are your eyes,
 Oh the tempests! Oh the deluges of long ago!
 If since then I seek you everywhere who were so wholly
 mine,
 Within my sterile hands the last dried-drop of blood, your
 tears,
 If then the world became indifferent to me, endless the des-
 erts,
 And night, too, heavy, with memory of your arms,
 Without you in bright day how can I breathe?
 Your sweet eyes without and your mouth wholly mine?
 Without your arms impalpable between my own?

 I weep like to a mother who replaced strangely her own son
 dead,
 I weep like to the earth which twice has felt fruit germinate,
 perfect, the same,
 I weep because you were my grief,
 Already now I too belong with you within the past.

IV

Beside your body wholly here made mine,
 Your smooth pure shoulders beside, whence branch the
 roadways of your arms,
 Whence too, your voice is born, your azure glance remote
 and clear,
 Suddenly I sensed the infinite acute of absence, all its grave
 emptiness.

Of all these years which I miss so
 Like to a vine that climbs the wind then clings,
 With senses fine I measured what came to keep, what went,
 with each contact,
 Tearing with greed the calendered day that holds nought
 save a date,

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Your name vibrating grandly grows, and more profound
always

Because your voice was but for my own ears alone,

Because I shut my eyes when your eyes went away

And left my soul so alone, a temple desolate.

This statue is nought save a foreign god

Forged from out memories, reflection flung from me,

With my pure smoothness sweet, glorious with my desires,

A masking sham,

Statue, I raise to you.