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Street With Pink Store

Jorge Luis Borges

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Jorge Luis Borges

Street With Pink Store

Now the eyes turn longingly toward the night in
each little street,
and it's like a thirst catching the scent of rain.
Now all the roads are close by,
even the road of miracle.
The wind carries forward the torpid dawn.
The dawn is our fear of doing things clear as day
and it comes down hard on us.
I have walked all blessed night long
and it fills me with restlessness
in this street, whatever street it is.
Here, once more, the reassurance of the plains
on the horizon
and the vacant lot a jumble of weed and wire
and the store as bright
as the new moon at dusk last night.
It's as close as a memory, this intersection
with its broad plazas and its promise of courtyards.
How lovely to be your witness, eternal street,
seeing that my days have looked at so few things!
Now the air is rayed with light.
My years have travelled the roads of land and sea
and I know only you, quiet and rosy street.
Indeed I think your walls conceived the sunrise,
you glowing store at the end of night.
I think, and my voice among these buildings
seems to be
the confession of my poverty:
I have not really seen the rivers or oceans or
mountains,
but the light of Buenos Aires became my bosom
companion

and I forge the verses of my life and death
by the light of those streetlights.
Oh long, long-suffering street,
you are the only music that I know.

*translated from the Spanish
by Robert Mezey*