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Al Bosque en invierno (To the Forest in Winter)

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Al Bosque en invierno

Ina Porras

Déjame caminar sobre tu piel,
tan nueva,
tan blanca,
tan virgen.

Esa piel que la noche
de anoche te obsequió.

Déjame caminar en tu silencio
traspasarte,
escucharte,
comprenderte.

Regálame el sonido de monedas
en tu riachuelo de hielo,
y la canción que canta el viento
cuando te acaricia y te besa.

Déjame comer los blancos frutos
que adornan tus veredas desnudas;

piérdeme en la blancura de tus colinas,
y déjame susurrar una canción de amor...

Para que la lleves a mi amado, lejos,
al otro lado del mar.

To the Forest in Winter

Let me walk on your skin,
so new,
so white,
so virgin like.

That skin that the night
of last night gave you.

Let me walk in your silence,
trespass you,
listen to you,
understand you...

Give me the sound of coins
in your ice creek,
and the song that the wind sings to you
when it caresses and kisses you.

Let me eat the white fruits
that decorate your naked paths;

get me lost in the whiteness of your hills,
and let me whisper you a song of love...

for you to take it to my beloved, far away,
at the other side of the sea.