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Insomne

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Insomne

Mariana Rittenhouse

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Enredado en el bosque
Blancas y crujientes sombras
El pelea con las sábanas dormidas
Que sigilosamente lo engañan hacia la noche
Una paz solitaria
Nutre su estado de ansiedad
La virgen de la inconsciencia
Yace despierta
Cada músculo, hueso, y molécula
Exhaustos de la tensión
Que raro que aún no haya traído
El dulce despojo del dolor
Tic y tac traen con ellos
Una creciente irritación
Las horas lo alejan de
La ampliada vocación de la cuidad
Un relámpago rojizo
Su única fuente de visión
El tiempo sirve como
Símbolo de sus plegarias
Y finalmente se da por abandonado
Con el primer chillido del pájaro
La oscuridad no le dió alivio
Ay, no está sorprendido
El brillo triste del amanecer
Cierne otra noche vacía
Sus sangrientos ojos empiezan a maldecir
La terquedad del sueño.

Insomniac

[Translated from Spanish]

Mariana Rittenhouse

Tangled in the forest
Crisp and shadows white
He wrestles with the lifeless sheets
That snare him lone tonight
A solitary troubled peace
Fuels his anxious state
The virgin of unconsciousness
Lies desperately awake
Every muscle, bone, and molecule
Exhausted with pure strain
How strange that this has no yet brought
The sweet release of pain
Ticks and tocks do bring with them
A growing irritation
Passing hours remote him from
The citywide vocation
A single flashing redness
His only source of sight
Time projects itself as the
Symbol of his plight
And finally he bids forlorn
With birds' first morning cry
Darkness triggered no relief
Alas, he's unsurprised
The soft sad glow of dawn
Sifts another barren reap
His bloodshot eyes begin to curse
The stubbornness of sleep