VOLVERAN LAS OSCURAS GOLONDRINAS

They will return those dark swallows, and once more build their nests above your window,

and again as they flash in the summer evening, knock with their wings against the glass;

but those that paused in flight above our heads, those who came to pick their straws beside your feet — they

will not come back.

The wild roses of the hillside will be seen again, opening their pale flowers to the returning sun, lovely as before; but those that were beaded with dew, whose drops we saw tremble and fall like the morning's tears — they

will not come back.

Words of love may sound again in your ears, your heart once more awaken as from profoundest sleep;

but silent, absorbed,

on their knees, as men have worshipped God before his altar, as I have loved you --

don't be fooled, my girl!

you won't be loved like that again.

- after the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer

John Haines