

## “Capriccio”

Behind each mirror  
is a dead star  
& a baby rainbow  
sleeping.

Behind each mirror  
is a blank forever  
& a nest of silences  
too young to fly.

The mirror is the wellspring  
become mummy, closes  
like a shell of light  
at sunset.

The mirror  
is the mother dew,  
the book of desiccated  
twilights, echo become flesh.

## “Capricho”

Detrás de cada espejo  
hay una estrella muerta  
y un arco iris niño  
que duerme.

Detrás de cada espejo  
hay una calma eterna  
y un nido de silencios  
que no han volado.

El espejo es la momia  
del manantial, se cierra,  
como concha de luz,  
por la noche.

El espejo  
es la madre-rocío,  
el libro que diseca  
los crepúsculos, el eco hecho  
carne.

—Federico García Lorca (translated by Jerome Rothenberg)

**ca·pric·cio** (kə-prĕ'chō, -chĕ-'ō')

*n. pl.* **ca·pric·cios**

1. *Music* An instrumental work with an improvisatory style and a free form.
2. A prank; a caper.
3. A whim.

desiccated : to dry out

## “Stone”

Go inside a stone  
That would be my way.  
Let somebody else become a dove  
Or gnash with a tiger's tooth.  
I am happy to be a stone.

From the outside the stone is a riddle:  
No one knows how to answer it.  
Yet within, it must be cool and quiet  
Even though a cow steps on it full weight,  
Even though a child throws it in a river;  
The stone sinks, slow, unperturbed  
To the river bottom  
Where the fishes come to knock on it  
And listen.

I have seen sparks fly out  
When two stones are rubbed,  
So perhaps it is not dark inside after all;  
Perhaps there is a moon shining  
From somewhere, as though behind a hill--  
Just enough light to make out  
The strange writings, the star-charts  
On the inner walls.

—Charles Simic