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## “The Songs of Onyx, IV” and “Elegy”: Poems of Antonio Colinas, translated by Maria C. Fellie

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**"The Songs of Onyx, IV" and "Elegy": Poems of Antonio Colinas, translated by  
Maria C. Fellie**

**Cover Page Footnote**

Thank you to the poet, Antonio Colinas, for his permission to translate these poems into English and to include the originals in Spanish alongside the English versions.

### **“The Songs of Onyx, IV”**

Leave behind envy and lust.  
Love pure colors, the scents  
of the wild,  
very humble,  
silence,  
and light.  
Hold a kiss like a flower:  
on your lips only an instant.  
Wine stole your bag of sorrows.  
Wine condemned your lovely stomach.  
You all shattered the world's vessel  
and within it neither goodness  
nor joy accumulate.  
Dust on the path has drunk  
the life-giving water.  
Consider that the flesh that gave us our pleasures  
will never, never, be resurrected.

- Translated by Maria C. Fellie.

### **“Los cantos de ónice, IV”**

Dejad atrás la envidia y la lujuria.  
Amad colores puros, los aromas  
silvestres,  
muy humildes,  
el silencio  
y la luz.  
Tened como la flor el beso:  
tan sólo entre los labios, un instante.  
El vino te robó un saco de penas.  
El vino condenó tu bello estómago.  
Habéis quebrado el cántaro del mundo  
y en él no atesora  
ni bondad ni alegría.  
El polvo del camino se ha bebido  
el agua que dio vida.  
Pensad que nunca, nunca, resucita  
la carne que nos dio nuestros deleites.

- “Los cantos de ónice, IV” was written by Antonio Colinas & first published in *Thunder and Flutes in a Temple (Truenos y flautas en un templo)* in 1972.

### “Elegy”

All night the wind beats broken screens,  
ravages the gleaming ponds, the icicle.  
A frenzied spirit shakes the weeds  
on every roof tile, fills the trees with rage.  
Only over the mountains, where the bright star spills  
its handful of light, is there a harmonic arpeggio,  
the sob of a flute, a vivid peace.  
Clustered fruits of the winter night,  
high icy fires, sonorous drum, music  
of the distant fields, of the immense firmament...!  
But here, in the garden or in the empty rooms  
of the house, there remains no bit of calm,  
no soft sound, no drop of love.  
In fact, today no one knows what the night is.  
The decayed leaves on the path don't know.  
The sharp, green glass shards in the wall  
don't know.

Neither you, love, nor I, like two stones  
or fallen statues in the empty, dusty  
living room, know why the entire old house creaks  
with fear, why the birds have died,  
why the kisses have died and there is no fever in the night.

- Translated by Maria C. Fellie.

### “Elegía”

Toda la noche el viento bate mamparas rotas,  
arrasa los estanques pulidos, el carámbano.  
Un duende furibundo sacude los yerbajos  
de cada teja, llena de cólera los árboles.  
Sólo sobre los montes, donde el lucero estruja

su puñado de luz, hay un arpegio armónico,  
un sollozo de flauta, una vívida paz.  
¡Arracimados frutos de la noche invernal,  
altas hogueras gélidas, tambor sonoro, músicas  
de los prados remotos, del firmamento inmenso...!  
Pero aquí, en el jardín o en las salas vacías  
de la casa no queda una poca de calma,  
un sonido suave, una gota de amor.  
En realidad, hoy nadie sabe lo que es la noche.  
Las hojas putrefactas del camino no saben.  
Los cristales agudos, verdosos, de la tapia  
no saben.

Ni tú, amor, ni yo, como dos piedras  
o estatuas fulminadas en el salón vacío,  
polvoriento, sabemos por qué cruje de miedo  
toda la casa vieja, por qué han muerto los pájaros,  
por qué han muerto los besos y no hay fiebre en la noche.

- "Elegía" was written by Antonio Colinas & first  
published in *Preludes to a Total Night (Preludios a  
una noche total)* in 1969.

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