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Biblioteca/Library

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Faculty Flowers

Biblioteca

*Si los días fueran libros
al menos podría leerlos,
pues cuando me pregunto qué hacer
con tantos, no hay
más respuesta que silencio.
También podría escribirlos
e ir trazando mi destino
con la tinta de las horas,
sacarle algún sentido oculto,
alguna coartada al sufrimiento,
o denunciar de nuevo
el viejo virus de la usura.
Pero mis maestros me enseñaron
que los libros se escriben con la vida
y por eso leo esta biblioteca
entre cortinas de luz
que bañan mis manos y mis libros
sobre una mesa ovalada de nogal;
leo, y leo, mientras brotan rosas,
y aman los hombres, transitan,
las mujeres, y también destruyen,
las mujeres, y los hombres satisfechos,
todos hombres y mujeres
que seguimos palpitando
en las historias que yo leo,
y leo, desde esta biblioteca.*



Francisco Plata

Library

If days were books
I could at least read them,
for when I wonder what to do
with so many, there is no answer
but silence.
I might write them
and so sketch my destiny
in the ink of the hours,
and perhaps extract some hidden meaning,
some alibi for suffering,
or denounce once again
the old usury plague.
But my teachers taught me
that books are written with life
and so I read this library
between curtains of light
that bathe my hands and my books
over an oval walnut table;
I read, and I read, while the roses sprout,
the men love, they roam,
the women, and they also destroy,
the women, and the men satisfied,
all men and women
we continue beating
in the stories that I read,
and I read, from this library.

*Translated from original Spanish by:
Martha Black*