

VEINTE POEMAS DE AMOR: 15

Me gustas cuando callas

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás como ausente,  
y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te toca.  
Parece que los ojos se te hubieran volado  
y parece que un beso te cerrara la boca.

Como todas las cosas están llenas de mi alma,  
emerges de las cosas, llena del alma mía.  
Mariposa de sueño, te pareces a mi alma,  
y te pareces a la palabra melancolía.

Me gustas cuando callas y estás como distante.  
Y estás como quejándote, mariposa en arrullo.  
Y me oyes desde lejos, y mi voz no te alcanza:  
déjame que me calle con el silencio tuyo.

Déjame que te hable también con tu silencio  
claro como una lámpara, simple como un anillo.  
Eres como la noche, callada y constelada.  
Tu silencio es de estrella, tan lejano y sencillo.

Me gustas cuando callas porque estás como ausente.  
Distante y dolorosa como si hubieras muerto.  
Una palabra entonces, una sonrisa bastan.  
Y estoy alegre, alegre de que no sea cierto.

TWENTY LOVE POEMS: 15

I like it when you're quiet

I like it when you're quiet. It's as if you weren't here now,  
and you heard me from a distance, and my voice  
couldn't reach you.  
It's as if your eyes had flown away from you, and as if  
your mouth were closed because I leaned to kiss you.

Just as all living things are filled with my soul,  
you emerge from all living things filled with the soul of  
me.

It's as if, a butterfly in dreams, you were my soul,  
and as if you were the soul's word, melancholy.

I like it when you're quiet. It's as if you'd gone away now.  
And you'd become the keening, the butterfly's insistence.  
And you heard me from a distance and my voice didn't  
reach you:

it's then that what I want is to be quiet with your silence.

It's then that what I want is to speak to your silence  
in a speech as clear as lamplight, as plain as a gold ring.  
You are quiet like the night, and like the night you're  
star-lit.

Your silences are star-like, they're a distant and a simple  
thing.

I like it when you're quiet. It's as if you weren't here now.  
As if you were dead now, and sorrowful, and distant.  
A word then is sufficient, or a smile, to make me happy,  
Happy that it seems so certain that you're present.

RH