

Dantés

Selected Poems



Dantés

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To L...

I have a rose in front of me,
Precious as your cheek;
And when I see it, my dear,
I think of love—! think of you.

Beside it lies a carnation,
Tinged like your lips, pearly;
And I, drunk with love,
Yearn to sip its honey.

Between the two rests a lilac
Perfumed like your breath—
I thirst to drink its dew
To quench my fire.

I burn, burn from immense love,
Immense as the heavens,
The heavens in which, longingly,
I long for the one of my dreams.

Doubtless you see, my love,
I will find that heaven in you;
I will hope—since you for me
Are the world, heaven, and life.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
September 27, 1879

To My Weeping Love

Beside a splendid fountain
Curled a climbing vine,
Joyfully entwined
With a blood-red rose.

The fountain cast a thousand
Crystalline, diamond drops
Which so lovely and delicate—
Like incandescent curls of hair—

Lingered with delighting
Beauty, briefly joined together
In the perfumed flowers
Of the tender vines.

Soon the fountain cast drops
Into the midst of the roses;
And within their perfumed leaves
They were transformed into stars.

A hummingbird glimpsed
The rose and approached it,
And delicately licked
The honey from the petals.

And you, Corina, my love,
You are the image of that scene
Which on that delightful morning
I gazed upon with perfect joy.

I see a thousand crystalline tears
Cascading from your eyes;
And in your divine eyelashes
I see your tears mingling.

They drop one by one,

Like precious diamonds;
An explosion of tears
Of soul, sun and moon.

This fountain is your eyes;
Your treasured eyelashes
Are the vines; the roses
Are the blush of your face.

And I, my precious, I am
That thirsty hummingbird;
And from your face, my darling,
I will sip your tears.

Give me that pearl which shines
Like the pearls of the orient—
Like the stars in the heavens
Of your ivory cheek.

Allow me, love, without quarrel,
To sip the sweet liquors
Which solely for my love
Flow from your celestial eyes.

Allow me then, dear heart,
To quench my ardent thirst ...
Or would you see me perish,
Helpless victim of my passion?

But no, I beg—have sympathy
For him who loves you, and he
Swears to take to his tomb
Your love in his heart.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
October 25, 1879

To Laura

The sun rose proudly in the east
Scattering resplendence over the earth
And touching the flowers' precious
Tears with liquid diamonds.

The day was serene—the heavens, beautiful;
The birds with melodious song, rocking
In flowery beds of citrus groves,
Saluted the radiant king of the day.

The limpid brook among the flowers
Flowed freely and gently,
Dressed in a shining silver veil
Loaned. by the sun in its radiance.

The flowers swayed gently in the
Kisses of the perfumed breeze-And
the fountains in a passionate murmur
Sang their joyous songs in varied tunes.

And you, my beautiful Laura, at your window,
You dazzled the sun's gaze with your
Glance; yes, my dear, and the beautiful
Flowers bowed down, humbled before you.

For how could the sunlight shine more
Brightly than your angelic modesty?
And how gloomy is the sun against the
Purity glowing from your heavenly eyes.

And could its glory equal yours,
Could its lofty and exalted grandeur
Match that divine flower—that virtue-Which
blooms and never fades in you?

The roses could not dare, my Laura,

Imitate the color of your cheeks-Nor
could the white roses rival the
Fragrance of your aromatic sigh.

And finally, my love, Nature proudly
Gazes ceaselessly upon you-and
Sees in your person-your beautyThe
ultimate perfection of its creation.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
November 27, 1880

Forget You? Never!

My beloved, how could you think
I would forget you an instant
When I see your likeness
In the sun through the day?

How can I forget you, my life?
If at night I am gazing up
At the sky, I reflect on
My beloved, there in the moon.

If the night is all darkness,
I see you in that lovely star
You cherish, and in that star
I delight in your sweet beauty.

And if by chance the sky is cloudy,
In the gentle breeze I hear
Your capricious laughter which
Has intoxicated me a thousand times.

Indeed, sweet amorous virgin,
I see you in all that is beautiful
Here on earth and in the heavens-How
could I ever forget you?

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
Januazy 15, 1881

To An Unknown Woman

I do not know you, lovely woman,
But permit me to say to you
That your beauty obliges me
To offer you my soul and my life.

Every time, angel, Venus,
That I see you, I feel,
Sweet amorous virgin, the ardor
That inflames one's first love.

Your heavenly gaze
Magnifies in my heart
Love, delirium, and passion-Constancy
and faith without equal

The moment I saw you, the sun was
Set on fire, the purest love .
What I would give if your radiance
Would illuminate my future!

Each time I gaze into your eyes
I think the world is heaven;-My
soul burns with desire,
And I adore you on bended knees.

How often have I seen you,
Light of my day, in my dreams-
And there beside you, I found myself
In a lovely garden of happiness.

That shining star which glows
Crimson through the west wind
Does not shine as sweetly
As the light from your eyes.

My dear, have faith in my love,

For it is so constant and so deep
As if the world has never had
Another lover, another beloved.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
April 9, 1881

On the Death of the Child Pablo de la Guerra

Which Occurred in San Buenaventura, Nov. 22, 1880

Dry your tears, Oh! afflicted mother,
For if you lost a son, you have gained
An angel, which the eternal and just Father
Has deemed worthy to call to His reign.

As the resplendent stars shine above,
So his innocence shined in this world-He
left; like a rose that lived but a day Then
left to the eternity of another existence.

His soul spread his wings of virtue,
Leaving this world an exemplary memory of him.
He ascended to empyrean heaven to receive
A garland of palms, celestial glory and joy.

In heaven with his beloved father and
Brothers who opened the gates of Heaven
For him, Oh! happy with his crown
He shines among the chosen immortals.

His body is now dead—it lies still
In the solitary bosom of a grave
But offer a tribute to his early rapid death For
this transient life—a glorious one.

Oh world! yesterday full of life and health
He played, not knowing—Alas!—of his fate,
But today-Oh life!-within an obscure coffin
He is shrouded by the shadows of death.

He suddenly left; the life of this uncertain
World, and ornate with virtue and grace
He received in Heaven the garland
His lustrous purity has earned.

But, Oh! virtuous Pablo, is not that
Precious, eternal, and pure life better
Where you enjoy Mary's sweet love
In the celestial world, everlasting?

Is not that life of delights better
Than this world of misery and thorns?
Here all is false, smoke and illusion ...
In your new world all things are divine.

There truth, which you always loved,
Will garland your head in splendor;
But here, the lies you hated inflict
Us with torment, grief, and terror.

Suffer no more; ~nd enjoy forever, Pablo,
That which all mortals long for-
In celestial tranquility you now dwell,
As we memorialize your virtues.

You left this life so very young,
And ascended to that blue, eternal glory ...
Leaving written here in a tender hand
Your eternal memorial-Virtue.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
December 11, 1880

Philosophical Truths

We leave into the world innocent,
And as we grow we think,
Foolishly,
That our lives flourish,
And that we journey to the grave
Slowly.

Centuries fly past
Like shadows blown by the wind,
To be buried
In the womb of a moment
Which gives birth to our delirious
Conceptions.

A fleeting torrent in this
Life over which we rejoice, but
Briefly,
And which, drunk with joy, we deem
To be eternal-but our end falls
Suddenly.

Age after age passes,
Time grows old, tired;
It nibbles away
At our futile existence,
And time's pleasant disguises
Condemn us.

Vainly seeking happiness, which
Exists only in our minds,
Day by day
We search-but do not see
It is a dream, a fiction, a joke,
And no more.

Beauty and splendor—

Life most illustrious—
Courage—
All are shadows, like our final
Home, a mournful
Grave.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
October 18, 1879

Time

You, who are you, gigantic destroyer,
Who with omnipotent hand ends all?
Speak! Who are you, infamous, wicked traitor
Who today destroys what yesterday you created?
Once with mighty force and passion
You raised the Hanging Gardens of Babylon,
But now, your cruel inconstancy
Transforms them into a thousand ruins.

History has drawn for us vivid scenes of
Rich, luxurious palaces you built,
And shown us how you ruined them too-And
left but scattered memories.
Oh Great Time! Your will achieves all!
You made the world, hell, justice, glory;
But I see the end of all your labors
Is but a dream already passed ... a memory

Existence, and idle pleasure, you give to man;
You say his life will be eternal;
But swift and silent you leave, shameless
As you cast us into empty tombs.
You crown us with garlands and laurels,
And say our names will live immortal;
But soon a name like all else lies humbled
In a grave, forgotten through your cruel hands.

Ages and ages pass and pass;
Years follow centuries, advancing;
Empires and kings you ceaselessly create
Soon sink into your depthless abyss;
Your presence sees all—sees all—and designs
The past, the present, the future;
Your potency gives birth to all—to everything;
And everywhere is felt your fatal force.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
November 29, 1879

To E...

If the pale star of my life never
Reaches the heaven of your love, remember
My footsteps will follow yours through
Disturbed dark clouds toward the tomb.

You are distanced forever from my arms;
Your promises, unfaithfully, you forgot-But
never forget that nets and snares
Are stretched across the paths of our lives.

Happiness in this world is fleeting,
The pathway is thorns and bristles
Which guide us to that profound chasm,
“Destiny,” that deep abyss of our remains.

As the solitary cloud in the heavens
Is swept away by the whim of the winds Thus
is humanity cast instantly away
From happiness into a thousand torments.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
January 24, 1880

Reflections in a Cemetery

In a dark cemetery,
San mansion of the dead,
Oh! my heart wept , gazing
Upon its future.
Sad even unto death,
My heart pondered its
Eternity and throbbed,
Fearful from foreboding .

Dense, threatening clouds
Blackened the sky;
Angry north winds
Swept the earth .
Thunder roars in the heavens ,
Lightning flashes
Over sad sepulchers
Surrounding me.

In mournful majesty
A cross rose, shaded
By a lone cypress
Casting eternal shade.
Its green arms hung
Over a white gravestone
Beneath which slept the
Dust of a beautiful woman .

To the left rises
Another luxurious tomb,
Upon which an owl sings
His dreadful song.
And that ornate tomb
Encases a once-powerful king,
Now a putrid corpse-Its
dust becoming dirt.

Amid the teeming graveyard
The melancholy grove
Sang praises to the dead
To the tunes of the north wind.

From the cloud-covered moon
A beam pierced the clouds
Sad and dismayed it settled,
Shining, upon a tomb.

Such a harrowing scene
To see the scattered rays
Through veiled, drooping branches
Of the leaning cypresses,

Moonlight falling on the
Tombs enclosing beauty,
Power, bravery, royalty-
All to become food for worms .

And I, seated before a tomb,
Felt just one premonition,
And this was my intuition:
This is my journey's end!

Like the waves of the sea
Some arrive and some leave-
But all must reach this shore
Of dust-as dust we are.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
March 13, 1880

To The Virgin Mary

I.

Mother of the Lord, ever-flowing fountain
Of love, charity, and tenderness;
Essence of virtue and loveliness-
Daughter and mother of an omnipotent God.
Oh! virgin of all virgins ... most precious
Flower in the eternal garden sown by
The hand of God. Sacred rose who casts a
Perfumed fragrance in the glorious mansion
Of eternal happiness and everlasting life ...
Mother—virgin—the chosen mother of God.

To your melodious voice the entire heaven
Delights in singing reverent hymns of joy:
“Comfort to all Christians, and sacred mother
Of the human race as of the Paschal Lamb.”
Oh mother of the creator! Immaculate,
Who in that same eternity was born pure;
When the rebel angel—who in heaven, against
The firmament, raised his impious sword
In mysterious covenant, God told you:
“Virgin, your son shall vanquish the serpent.”

And eventually, beloved mother, your son
Did conquer the cunning serpent, who in
Envy offered the onerous fruit to Eve—who
Knowing of the fruit lay guilty before God.
But if it was a woman who permitted sin to
Enter the beautiful paradise of rejoicing,
It was also a woman who bequeathed to
Mankind a Redeemer who would save them ...
A God who came from heaven as a man
To change the destiny of all mankind.

Oh morning star, your light

Died for an instant in Golgotha,
When you saw Jesus nearing death,
Nailed in agony upon the cross.
Oh! what profound, oppressive sorrow,
Sacred Mother, your maternal bosom bore
On that day like no other—grievous day
When Heaven joined earth to mourn as one ...

It was the Creator, as man, who died,
And all creation wept for its father.

[December 20, 1879, in La Gaceta .]

II.

Star of the sea, upon which the sad and
Desolate seafarer seeks refuge, when
In the darkest night, as supplicant of your
Favor, he seeks the light of heaven.
Star of clemency—divine star who tears
Away the horrible black veil from gloomy
Night, and from the grief and affliction
Which present to mortals mournful destiny—Pour
into my soul the light of hope,
Of faith, of charity, and of temperance.

Your gaze illuminates what is most obscure—The
inconceivable vanishes at your voice
But what could be impossible for she who
Bore a God, virgin mother and divine woman?
To be the most perfect and most fortunate,
Who in the same eternity created the Father
Virgin, in your bosom you joyfully carried
The Father, the Son, and your Sacred husband—Precious,
saintly, and heavenly Mary,
Of all the world mother and benevolent guide .

If your cradle was humble, it was sacred,

For you were chosen for purest motherhood,
Mother of the eternal Father's only Son,
Who, at his birth, made you immaculate.
From incomprehensible eternity, the eternal
Word found a resting place in your womb;
Descending from empyrean heaven, Christ
Suffered in this world to save mankind
You are Sacred Mother of Christ the Redeemer,
And your name enchants the universe .

[December 27, 1879, in La Gaceta.]

III.

Benevolent mother of the penitent faithful,
You always attend to their cries;
You shelter the world with your sacred wings,
And the grateful world fervently adores you.
You are the stairway by which mankind ascends
To glorious life in the eternal reign;
Queen of heaven—beloved empress who
Brilliantly illuminates God's throne-You
are the ever-flowing fountain of grace,
Mother of God, infinite and omnipotent.

You are the Ark of the Holy Covenant,
And beloved Queen of the angels;
As renowned prophets say, you are
The celestial intercessor for mankind.
Mirror of justice, and progenitor
Of all virtues to be conceived;
To you our eternal Father grants all
You request, paragon of mothers,
Who reins throughout Heaven as
The mother of the omnipotent King.

You are a patron to the father confessors
Who preach throughout the arid deserts;

Protectoress of the living and the dead,
And the hope of the repentant sinners.
How great, my mother, is your heart.
As you promise eternal glory to the just,
You also offer to the wicked the maternal
Protection of your beloved, loving, tender
Hand as it offers salvation through which
You deliver the wicked to immortal life.

I can not call you by a name more sacred than
Immaculate Mother of God, mother of the
Ruler of infinite eternity who from nothingness
Made a world inhabited by a thousand creations ...
Mother of the omnipotent One who extended
His inimitable works throughout the world ...
Who drew out of the profundity of darkness
Light, animals, plants, and mankind, and
Established His wise laws—absolute-In
Hell, in the world, and in Heaven.

[Published January 10, 1880 in La Gaceta.]

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
December 20 & 27, 1879, and January 10, 1880

Mary Magdalene

Before the bent legs of Jesus, sad
Mary Magdalene laments and grieves—Later
she sees him nailed—Oh!—to the cross,
And her soul surrenders to sorrow and weeping.

Her bosom, filled with anguish, trembles—She
lifts her weeping eyes to heaven—”
Forgive me, Oh, forgive!” she constantly cries,
Flinging herself on bended knees before the cross.

She embraces the cross with such tender love
Against her bosom, so quickly freed from sin,
That the Eternal Father in Heaven tells her, I
“Mary Magdalene, you are already forgiven.”

The beautiful sinner lies prostrated,
And she forgets the pleasures of her life—”
Forgive me, Oh, forgive!” she implores the
Savior who knows of her fervent suffering.

Words of anguish—her lips deliriously
Pronounce . supplications to heaven—As
she longs to kiss the thorns—Oh!—Which
crown Christ in his martyrdom.

Her lips in earlier times trembled
With longing, with love, and with passion—But
now they yearn to kiss the pierced
Wounds of the redeemer of mankind.

“Forgive me, Oh, forgive!” she entreats again
And caresses and kisses the cross with abandon;
“Oh sorrowful woman,” the Son of God tells her
As he hangs on the cross, “I forgive you.”

At last the Son of God delivers up his soul,

And she collapses, humbled, before the cross,
And pronounces in a weak and sobbing voice
The cherished, beloved name—JESUS!

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
July 13, 1880

A Patriot's Dream and Vision

1.

In a forlorn and somber shack
Sleeps a tired, sad old man: he
Raises his wrinkled hand to his brow
A tear dangles from each eyelash.
His lips tremble, and his body shudders;
His old, troubled chest heaves in spasms—Angered,
he bolts out of bed and
Says, trembling, “Oh lost liberty!”

2.

“The voice of nature tells us that all
People are created equal at birth—but
Why have I been shackled in these chains,
While others pretend to be better?
Oh, wicked, wicked is this world!
It holds in contempt those in disgrace—
I have shed my blood a thousand times for my
Country—and without doubt, I am nothing.

3.

“Wicked society—you don't deserve to exist!
“Wicked society! Iniquitous thing!
You are blinded by silver's shiny glitter;
Virtue and honor now mean nothing to you—
You only see the treasures' rich luster.
You lure into your seductive embrace so many
Many vile men with consciences corrupted,
And yet look with disdain upon the sweat
By which the poor obtain their daily bread.

4.

It is true that our Forefathers were born
Under the oppressive yoke of England;
But following their just and bloody war
Independence and Liberty was their victory.

We inherited free institutions;—
We delight in Liberty and Independence—
But today, Oh my country! we find
Ourselves in danger of losing our rights.

5.

“Our flag, emblem of Equality, sown
On broad and fertile fields, now is
Threatened by the ambitious who would
Convert it to a symbol for the royalty.
Our Forefathers wrote across the face of*
America, with a firm and resolute hand:
“May this Government be forever
By the People, of the People, and for the People.

6.

“Why then destroy that which our
Forefathers created with their blood?
Why allow our pride to make us forget
They died for us and their sacred beliefs?
With their patriotic blood they saturated
The bounteous soil of oppressed America.
And aided by the just Judge of Heaven,
Victory was born through their labor.”

7.

The old man ceased his speech, and suddenly
Heard a soft voice speaking: “My good friend,
Follow my path, and I will in faith show you
Why your country will forever be free.”
The old man rushed t.o the door; opening it,
He saw hovering above him a goddess
Who in enchanting and melodious voice
Asked him : “Why do you weep, citizen?”

8.

“Do you fear your beloved Country
Will fail to endure beyond a few months?

There is no need to fear; I will watch over
Your interests day and night without fail.
Dear friend , I cherish your intense, pure
Love for your country. If you follow
The path my flag ordains, I pledge this
Country will forever prosper and be happy .”

9.

“I have always been the rightful defender
Of the abandoned poor who weep in sorrow.
I have torn the chains from off the slaves,
I have vanquished kings and empires.
Look,” said the goddess with pride,
Unfurling the American flag,
“My sister, Justice, and I have always
Defended this earthly heaven.”

10.

“Follow my course and do not be so sad,
For under my just and legal doctrines
Which emanate from my mind, the people
Shall always live free—and happy .
I am the destroyer of kings and empires;
At my bosom I nourished the tender UNION;
EQUALITY AND LIBERTY is my inscription
And my eternal pedestal is—the CONSTITUTION!

11.

“My doctrine is, law must rule men;
And men must be obedient to the law;
And so from this Country—the starry soul
Will forever shine upon free homes,
A defiance against royal scepters and crowns,
And I proclaim an illustrious Republic
Established
by the People, and governed
Solely by the People , who created it.”

12.

Ecstatic with rejoicing and consolation,
'the old man now gazed intently at this
Being before him, whom he now saw clearly,
This most dignified protector of his country.
He saw this precious goddess wore a
Diadem upon which was written the single
Word which explained all she had spoken -It
read in golden letters—DEMOCRACY!

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
Julio 24. 1880

[Stanza 5, line 5, “en la frente de Colombia,” or, “Across the face of America.” This is not a reference to Colombia, the South American country, but to “Columbia,” a feminine personification of the American continent, i.e., referring to Columbus, and here especially the United States: see American Heritage Dictionary.]

Spain

Poetry dedicated to the Spaniards of California

Is there by chance, Oh Spain, such a man
Living as this-a faithful Spaniard
Who does not grieve in anguish and pain
When he looks at the rays of the sun
That celestial face which could not
Hide from your vast domains-Whose
orbit followed in obedience
Your decrees and grand designs?

Seven centuries of bloody war
Did not diminish your just valor;
Always faithful, always resolute, you proved
Your grandeur, your glory, and your honor.
You at last were victorious, Mother Spain,
As your fame reigned throughout two worlds--
The world over, humbled to devotion,
Yielded noble worship to your flag.

From IsabeYs illustrious brow
Blazed forth her prominent crown;
She saw both continents bow down
Together as one before her scepter.
Your flag, Oh beloved Spain!
Floated through the skies of Europe
Casting its shadow over foreign seas
And across the lands of all the world.

The glow of heaven's radiant stars
Could not eclipse the vast range
Over which your voice held sway,
The empire your scepter did dominate.
In every land where the sun cast its glow-In
a tone enchanting and profound-
Your melodious name would resoundYour

map was the map of the world.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
August 7, 1880

[In Spanish the “in-” in “insto” may have been originally “ju-”, the “j” mistaken for “i”, and the “n” an inverted “u”, a common error in newspaper printing since one die was used for the same letter, inverted.]

A Satire

To the Ladies S.S.A. and R.T.T.

Happiness in this life is transient as
The caress of a woman, which never lasts;
And what infamous, treasonous hypocrite—
Her kisses of honey invite bitterness.

Her flatteries, like her face, are all false;
Her bosom, like her legs, shaped with cotton;
Her curls once were the mane of a horse—
Her make-up, like all else, is pure fake.

From her lips her intoxicating smile,
Behind her sweet facade, hides deceit;
When she swears, weeping, that she adores you,
In truth she does not feel one drop of love.

Enchanting chains-so often!—are fashioned
Of mere paper and thread ... and yet, the years
That ravage women, they count as months,
And aging women insist they are yet girls.

With shoe polish in all arrogance
She dyes her hair, quickly turning grey,
And with flour borrowed from the neighbor
She gaily adorns her vein-streaked cheek.

Through the streets with her would-be lover
She parades all in beauty and in brilliance,
But in her room, at night, in the dark, she
Becomes in an instant what she is—an old hag!

I have no doubt that her teeth
Were taken from an old skull, or perhaps
They are relics of her parents
Who died in the siege of Sagunto.*

Women are truly happy, since each can
Transform into another when she pleases;
Her old age, and her youth, march each behind
The other, perpetually, until she dies.

Her years remain constant, and never—No, Never!—
Will she ever hope to reach a ripe old age!
And if she dies when she's a hundred, or older,
She has left her youth behind in her dresser .

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
October 25, 1879

[The siege of the ancient Spanish city of Sagunto by Hannibal in 219
B.C.]

To Dulcinea of Ventura

To be able to sleep without peace,
Truly lovely woman , for if
You were a caterpillar yesterday
You are a butterfly today .

Yesterday you entered your
Cocoon—your room—a caterpillar ,
But today you emerged a butterfly,
Filled with happiness and rejoicing.

The Creator gave you a face
When you entered this world;
But, madam, with your artistry
You created a different face.

Nature, in its arrogance,
Made your cheeks scabbed and dirty;
But you with exquisite delight
Draw roses on them .

When you were born , you were
Born a natural woman, but
With time you transformed yourself
Into an artificial lady .

Devilish nature gave you
A sad-looking bosom. ... but
Your supreme artistry created
A beautiful one out of wool.

I saw your teeth a few days ago,
And I thought they were daggers;
But today I see in your gums
Fine pearls from the orient.

In the store called Chaffee and Gilbert

Where you entered the other night,
Ah! p_____ for feet—*
Something _____ what repairs? *

Your right eye, what a beauty!
It sparkles like a star!
But tell me, beautiful Psyche,
Is just a piece of a bottle?

Ancient Venus was born
Beautiful through nature—but you
Transformed yourself from a horrible
Spectre into an enchanting goddess.

If your hand is ugly, so what!
What price beauty!
Michelangelo was ugly
But he created beautiful paintings.

Polyclitus also was terribly
Ugly, you voluptuous witch,
And he sculpted priceless statues
Like what you carved from yourself.

That waist of yours which yesterday
Was so pitiful and pathetic,
You instantly tied it up quite
Perfectly with a thousand threads.

Finally, young beauty, from
The monster you were yesterday,
With just five dollars you fashioned
Yourself into a phenomenal woman.

I see plainly that you smoothed out
What I saw yesterday in your bosom
It was, my dear, my treasure,
A colossal wrinkle.

* [The original is illegible for these words in these lines.]

Yesterday as I gazed upon your eyelashes
And your eyebrows supplied by nature,
It seemed you spent your time
Wandering through the cactus.

Yesterday when I saw your hair
Floating in the breeze,
I thought I saw the tail
Of the famous Rocinante.

But today a wrinkled crop of hair,
Fashioned from Chinese silk, harangues
Your head —and I can not understand
Why destiny is ever so fickle!

Finally—since I do not wish to tire you-Let
me say you are the most perfect
Model of beauty itself-And
yet, you never use paint .

There's just one thing-one minor item You
haven't been able to improve That
immense protrusion
Which prohibits you from kissing

That nose which I assume
Is a chunk of another world
Which vomits forth a horrible
And most ominous snoring.

If, my young beauty, you could ever
Devise the means to become unstuck
From that nose that drags you down,
You would be yet more beautiful and happy.

You will always walk about
Contented, happy and gay,
For when you are old you will have
A cane—which is your nose .

Do not think I do not suffer
From my injured arm, which
You so thoughtlessly struck with
A tremendous blow from your nose.

But I forgive you—and rest assured
That I write about you only
To celebrate your boundless
Variety, you voluptuous beauty.

Your ears had somehow escaped
My memory. They are buiiuelos
Which your ancient ancestors
Left over from the Passover.

Yesterday one of your beaus
Bought the hide of a bull;
He told me he wanted it
To make a pair of gloves for you.

But the poor guy was worried silly
That one hide might not be enough,
So he went to the Kaiser's slaughterhouse
And also bought the hide of an ox:.

Yesterday a few of us were chatting
Concerning various opinions about your lips;
And finally we agreed in counsel
That they are none other than kidneys.

Yesterday I contemplated for some time
Upon the graceful way you walk;
And finally I said to your beau:

“Her strut is more genteel than a duck’s.”

From your bosom you exhale
A breath so sweet and perfumed,
As it spreads out a mild essence
As from a ripened garlic.

Enchanting maiden—
I see blending together in your
Eyelashes golden pearls-
Or is it bleary-eyed slime

Your shoes are the boats —
According to mythology—
In which Charon transports
The lost souls to Avernus.

On the island there will be a festival
This Christmas, and there is no steamboat
Which can transport on a single trip
A thousand men and women.

And since I have no other recourse,
I beg you to rent me
One of your shoes
In which to transport the people.

Trusting therefore, Madam, that
You will bestow this favor upon me—
I will always remain your
Trusted and faithful admirer.

And why should I not admire you,
When you are enchantingly
Beautiful, and as famous
As a sculpture or a painting?

Yesterday your face bore the appearance

Of an uncommon monstrosity,
But today you go out about the street
A goddess upon this earth.

You are so fine and so beautiful,
In this world you have no equal;
Everyone adores you ... they do not know
You are a doll made artificial.

Dulcinea was from Toboso
Famous for her loveliness;
But you eclipse her, graceful
Dulcinea of Ventura.

La Gaceta, Santa Barbara
March 12, 1881

