

CÉSAR VELLEJO / FOUR POEMS

ONE

In Madrid, in Bibao, in Santander,  
the cemeteries were bombed  
and the immortal dead  
of vigilant bone and eternal shoulder, out of tombs,  
the immortal dead, from feeling, seeing, hearing  
evil so low, so dead the vile aggressors,  
renewed once more their unfinished sorrows,  
wound up their crying, put an end  
to their wait, ended their suffering, finished their lives,  
completed, finally, being mortal.

And gunpowder was suddenly nothing,  
signs and seals got crossed somehow,  
and the progress of the explosion met another step,  
and the four-legged flight, another step,  
and the apocalyptic skies, another step,  
and the seven metals met  
their single, just, collective, everlasting Unity.