



"Guitar" Copyright 2000 Rain Jordan

## The Guitar

The guitar is starting to weep now.  
The cups of dawn are breaking.  
The guitar is starting to weep.  
No use to stop it.  
You can't stop it.  
It cries  
monotonous as the water cries,  
as the wind cries over the snowfield.  
You can't stop it.  
It cries for faraway things,  
as sand of the scorched South  
pleads for white camellias.  
It cries for the arrow with no target,  
the evening with no tomorrow,  
and the first dead bird  
on the bough. Oh, guitar!  
Heart deeply wounded  
by five daggers.

Federico Garcia Lorca  
translation by Jim Standish

Translator Jim Standish received a BA at New York University and an MA at Berkeley. Now retired, for thirty years he was a computer programmer in biomedical research. His poems and translations have appeared in several publications including *The Montserrat Review*, *Kauri*, *Tundra*, and *Zapizdat*.