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## Sleepwalking Ballad

Green, I love you, green,  
green wind, green branches.  
The ship on the sea,  
and the horse in the mountain.  
A shadow round her waist,  
she dreams on her balcony,  
green flesh, green hair,  
eyes of cold silver.  
Green, I love you, green.  
Beneath the gypsy moon,  
things are looking at her,  
and she can't look at them.

Green, I love you, green.  
Green frosted stars,  
a fish made of shadow  
opens the way for dawn.  
A fig tree rubs the wind  
with its sandpaper branches,  
and the bill, a thieving cat,  
bristles sour blades of agave.  
But, who'll come? And from where?...  
She remains on her balcony,  
green flesh, green hair,  
dreaming of the bitter sea.

"Compadre, I want to trade  
my horse for your house,  
my saddle for your mirror,  
my knife for your blanket.  
Compadre, I've come bleeding  
from the passes of Cabra."

"I'd settle this matter,  
if only I could, young man,  
but I am not who I once was  
and my house is not my house anymore."

"Compadre, I want to die  
decently in my bed,  
an iron one, if you could,  
with sheets from Holland.  
Don't you see this wound  
from my chest to my throat?"

"Three hundred dark roses  
cover your shirtfront.  
Your blood oozes and smells  
around your belt,  
but I am not who I once was,  
and my house is not my house anymore"

"Let me at least climb  
to the high handrails.  
Let me go up, let me,  
up to the green handrails,  
the railings of the moon,  
where the water crashes down."

Now the two compadres climb  
toward the high handrails,  
leaving traces of blood,  
leaving traces of tears.  
Tin Chinese lanterns  
tremble on the roof tiles,  
a thousand glass tambourines  
lacerate the dawn.

Green, I love you, green,  
green wind, green branches.  
The two compadres climb.  
The long wind leaves  
an unusual taste in the mouth:  
honey, mint, basil.

"Compadre, where is she? Tell me.  
Where is your bitter daughter?"

"How many times she waited for you,  
how many times she would have waited for you,  
fresh face, black hair,  
on this green balcony?"

The gypsy woman sways  
on the face of the cistern,  
green flesh, green hair,  
eyes of cold silver.  
An icicle of moonlight  
holds her on the water.  
The night grows intimate,  
like a tiny plaza.  
Drunken state police  
hang on the door.  
Green, I love you, green,  
green wind, green branches.  
The ship on the sea,  
and the horse in the mountain.

Federico Garcia Lorca  
translation by Renato Resaldo

Translator Renato Resaldo has poems both in English and Spanish published or forthcoming in *Many Mountains Moving*, *Borderlands*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Bellowing Ark*, *Ventana Abierta*, *The Texas Observer*, *La Luna*, *Marenostrum*, *Bilingual Review/Revista bilingüe*, and *What Have You Lost?* (an anthology edited by Naomi Shihab Nye). As a cultural anthropologist he is the author of *Cultu*