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## He vuelto

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## He vuelto

*Natalia Martinez*

El blanco de mi pelo, viejo y arrugado como mi  
cara  
Se alumbra con la sonrisa de mis ojos y el fuego  
de mi boca;  
El calor profundo de mis huesos  
Se va entiesando con el frio de la tierra madre.  
He vuelto, si, de paises lejanos,  
He vuelto a renovar mi alma, a aprender otra  
vez  
a respirar como un recién nacido.

Si, he vuelto a perder mis pasos en el polvo,  
A entender mis propios pensamientos,  
O a no pensar en absoluto.  
No importa porqué, ni cuando, sino que para  
siempre.  
He vuelto, si, de paises lejanos.

Con mis manos levanto mi dolor,  
Sediento de pasto, de sol y de rio;  
Hambriento por el seco piso de mi tierra.  
He vuelto, y ahora mis pecados viven libres,  
Arrullados por el canto de mis azucenas y el  
baile de mi viento.

## I've Come

[Translation from Spanish]

*Natalia Martínez*

The white in my hair, aged and wrinkled like  
my face,  
Glow with the laughter from my eyes and the  
fire from my mouth;  
The deep-seated heat within my bones  
Stiffens with the cold of the motherland.  
I've returned, yes indeed, from distant lands,  
I've returned to renew my soul, to learn again  
How to take the simplest of breaths.

Yes, I've returned to loose sight of my  
footprints in the dirt,  
And so as to understand my thoughts,  
Or to not think at all.  
Of why's and when's I have forgotten; I'm  
settled.  
I've returned, yes indeed, from distant lands.

With my hands I lift my pain, my suffering,  
Thirsty for the crisp lawn, the hopeful sun, the  
tranquil river;  
Hungered for the dry soil of my homeland.  
I've returned, and now my sins roam freely in  
such vastness,  
Lulled by the white lilies' song and the wind's  
dance.