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Alfonso

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Alfonso

Natalia Martínez

En la choza colgaba
el eco falso de sus lamentos sin voz,
del silencio tajante, que como una burda mentira
crecía, se multiplicaba, y se acidecía –
Ese silencio que vibraba en su sangre, y que
le hacía retroceder hacia la noche...
hasta que entre la insondable oscuridad se notaban
solo un par de ojos coléricos y cansados,
dos brazos precozmente delgados que brillaban,
mas bien resplandecían, como si estuviesen
impregnados de bronce,
y como, por el ventanuco y en la lejanía,
con una fuerza violenta y deslumbrante,
brotaba un día inflamable.

Rabioso pero esperanzado
yacía el niño, raquítrico y soñoliento
sobre su cama de mimbre deshilachado,
y aunque su pequeño cuerpo ya vibraba con el
redoble desesperado de su corazón anhelante,
sus labios aún intentaban desenfrenadamente tragar
aire,
como si buscasen tomar un mordizco de la vida que
ya se nublabá.

Fué entonces, entre las santas plegarias de la madre,
los breves rezos del doctor, y los hondos suspiros de
la aldea,
que las diminutas luciérnagas encarceladas dentro
de sus ojos,
perennes y sentellantes porque brotaban de
un alma aún joven y aventurera,

se apagaron.

Quedó quebrantado, violado por la luz que
empezaba a rodearlo,
por el fino polvo que pulpaba la habitación, que
envolvía su ser junto con los resplandores rojizos
del amanecer,
enredándole en una nube asfixiante de oro...
Así, robado de toda pujanza, de su vigor todavía
verde,
quedó ciego Alfonsito,
el hijo del albañil.

Alfonso

[Translated from Spanish]

Natalia Martínez

In the small hut vibrated
the false echoes of his voiceless laments,
of the silence that like a crude and clumsy lie
was growing, multiplying, and embittering,
the silence that vibrated in his blood and that
forced him to withdraw gently into the night...
until in the fathomless darkness could be discerned
only a pair of tired eyes,
two precociously thin arms that shone –
glowed – as if they were
impregnated with bronze,
and how, through the window and in the distance,
with a violent and blinding force,
a fiery day was gushing forth.

Weak but hopeful,
the child rested, scrawny and languid,
on his bed of frayed wicker,
and though his minute body already vibrated
with the desperate pounding of his yearning heart,
his lips wildly attempted to swallow air,
as if longing to take a mouthful of the life that was
already blurring before him.

It was then, amidst the litanies of his mother,
the succinct prayers of the doctor, and the sorrowful
sighs of the village,

that the tiny fireflies trapped within his eyes,
perennial and scintillating because they burst forth
from a young and naive soul,
dimmed.

He was left broken, violated by the light that
began to engulf him,
by the ethereal dust that permeated the room, that
enveloped him in the dawn's red brilliance,
entangling him in an asphyxiating cloud of gold...
And so, robbed of all strength, of his pure and
childlike vigor,
Alfonsito, the plumber's son,
went blind.