

# LLETRES NUEVES

## Dellos poemas de Leonard Cohen

### **This is for you**

This is for you  
it is my full heart  
it is the book I meant to read you  
when we were old  
Now I am a shadow  
I am restless as an empire  
You are the woman  
who released me  
I saw you watching the moon  
you did not hesitate  
to love me with it  
I saw you honouring the windflowers  
caught in the rocks  
you loved me with them  
On the smooth sand  
between pebbles and shoreline  
you welcomed me into the circle  
more than a guest  
All this happened  
in the truth of time  
in the truth of flesh  
I saw you with a child  
you brought me to his perfume  
and his visions  
without demand of blood

### ***Esto ye pa ti***

*Esto ye pa ti  
ye tol mio corazón  
ye'l llibru que quería lleete  
cuando fuéremos vieyos.  
Agora soi una solombra  
axitáu como un imperiu  
Tu yes la muyer  
que me lliberó.  
Vite güeyando la lluna  
nun duldesti  
n'amame con ella.  
Vite honrando l'ocle  
atrapao nes peñes  
améstime con ello.  
Nel sable fino  
ente regodones y oriella  
acoyístime nel círculu  
más qu'un invitáu.  
Too esto asocedió  
na verdá del tiempu  
na verdá de la carne.  
Vite con un neñu  
traxístime al so arume  
y les sos visiones  
ensin reclamar la sangre.*

On so many wooden tables  
adorned with food and candles  
a thousand sacraments  
which you carried in your basket  
I visited my clay  
I visited my birth  
until I became small enough  
and frightened enough  
to be born again  
I wanted you for your beauty  
you gave me more more than yourself  
you shared your beauty  
This I only learned tonight  
as I recall the mirrors  
you walked away from  
after you had given them  
whatever they claimed  
for my initiation  
Now I am a shadow  
I long for the boundaries  
of my wandering  
and I move  
with the energy of your prayer  
and I move  
in the direction of your prayer  
for you are kneeling  
like a bouquet  
in a cave of bone  
behind my forehead  
and I move toward a love  
you have dreamed for me

*En tantes meses de madera  
orniaes con comida y velas  
milenta sacramentos  
que llevaben nun paxu.  
Visité'l mio barru.  
Visité'l mio nacimientu  
fasta sentime abondo arrequexáu  
y abondo asustáu  
como pa tornar a nacer.  
Quíxite pola to guapura  
dístime más qu'a ti mesma  
compartisti la to guapura  
Esto deprendilo malapenes esta nueche  
mentanto recuerdo los espeyos  
de los que t'alloñesti  
depués de da-yos  
aquello qu'esixien  
pola mio iniciación.  
Agora soi una solombra.  
Naguo peles llendes  
del mio caleyar  
y muévome  
cola enerxía del to rezu  
y muévome  
pel camín del to rezu  
porque t'arrodíes  
como un ramu  
nuna cueva de güesu  
tres la mio frente  
y muévome hacia un amor  
que suañesti pa mi.*

LEONARD COHEN\*

**Poem**

I heard of a man  
who says words so beautifully  
that if he only speaks their name  
women give themselves to him.

If I am dumb beside your body  
while silence blossoms like tumours on our lips  
*nuesos*  
it is because I hear a man climb the stairs  
and clear his throat outside our door.

**Poema**

*Cuntáronme d'un home  
que diz les pallabres con tanta guapura  
que namái con pronunciar el so nome  
cualquier muyer se-y entregaría.*

*Si finco mudu xunto al to cuerpu  
mentanto'l silenciu xorrez como tumores nos llabios  
ye porque siento un home empobinar peles escaleres  
y carraspiar tres la nuesa puerta.*

LEONARD COHEN\*

**For Anne**

With Annie gone,  
Whose eyes to compare  
With the morning sun?

Not that I did compare,  
But I do compare  
Now that she's gone.

***P'Ana***

*Si Anina nun ta  
¿daquién los güeyos pue comparar  
col sol de la mañana?*

*Nun ye que los compare,  
pero compárolos  
agora que nun ta.*

LEONARD COHEN\*

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\* De *Selected Poems 1956-1968* (1968). Torna de Silverio Moreda. Asolényense col preste del autor.