



Forward ELEGY <sup>x</sup>

To the woman of Chile, by Arturo Torres Riosoco.  
Translated by Magda Arce.

Leave with me  
your slender figure  
like a naked lily.

Leave with me  
your condensed word  
so full of anguish and mist.

Leave with me  
your eyes of mystery  
that look for the warmth of the ardent sea.

Your desolated life  
so rich in tenderness  
dying on an everlasting sand.

Leave with me  
the ashes of your soul  
and the rhythm of your body.

Woman of Chile  
woman of sun and snow  
what do you hide behind your silences?

What everlasting negation  
that I always look for and cannot find?

What waterfalls  
run on your dark skin?

What cold lillies  
are blossoming in your hair?

You, daughter of dawn,  
of light that dazzles you  
Made all in silver  
with a scent of boughs in your fingers  
with a scent of roses on your lips  
with a rhythm of anguish in your voice  
with a sensation of dawn's cold death  
to come with your kiss.

I have walked with you along the sea,  
and the sea was in your lips,  
and the sea was in my song  
and you went into the sea, cold and deep,  
and that sea was no longer our sea.

# **[Fourth] Elegy [manuscrito] Arturo Torres Rioseco ; translated by Magda Arce.**

Libros y documentos

## **AUTORÍA**

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