**Ballad of the Moon, Moon**

BY [FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/federico-garcia-lorca)

TRANSLATED BY [SARAH ARVIO](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/sarah-arvio)

*For Conchita García Lorca*

Moon came to the forge

in her petticoat of nard

The boy looks and looks

the boy looks at the Moon

In the turbulent air

Moon lifts up her arms

showing — pure and sexy —

her beaten-tin breasts

Run Moon run Moon Moon

If the gypsies came

white rings and white necklaces

they would beat from your heart

Boy will you let me dance —

when the gypsies come

they’ll find you on the anvil

with your little eyes shut

Run Moon run Moon Moon

I hear the horses’ hoofs

Leave me boy! Don’t walk

on my lane of white starch

The horseman came beating

the drum of the plains

The boy at the forge

has his little eyes shut

Through the olive groves

in bronze and in dreams

here the gypsies come

their heads riding high

their eyelids hanging low

How the night heron sings

how it sings in the tree

Moon crosses the sky

with a boy by the hand

At the forge the gypsies

cry and then scream

The wind watches watches

the wind watches the Moon

**The Unfaithful Housewife**

BY [FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/federico-garcia-lorca)

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY CONOR O’CALLAGHAN

Then I led her to the river

certain she was still a virgin

though she had a husband.

The fourth Friday in July,

as good as on a promise.

The street lights were vanishing

and the crickets flaring up.

Last bend out of town

I brushed her sleepy breasts.

They blossomed of a sudden

like the tips of hyacinths

and the starch of her petticoat

bustled in my ear like silk

slit by a dozen blades.

The pines, minus their halo

of silver, grew huger

and the horizon of dogs

howled a long way from the river.

Past the blackberry bushes,

the rushes and whitethorn,

beneath her thatch of hair,

I made a dip in the sand.

I took off my neckerchief.

She unstrapped her dress.

Me my gun and holster,

she her layers of slips...

Not tuberose, not shell,

has skin as half as smooth

nor does mirror glass

have half the shimmer.

Her hips flitted from me

like a pair of startled tench:

the one full of fire,

the other full of cold.

That night I might

as well have ridden

the pick of the roads

on a mother-of-pearl mare

without bridle or stirrups.

Gentleman that I am,

I won’t say back the scraps

she whispered to me.

It dawned out there

to leave my lip bitten.

Filthy with soil and kisses,

I led her from the river

and the spears of lilies

battled in the air.

I behaved only the way

a blackguard like me behaves.

I offered her a big creel

of hay-colored satins.

I had no wish to fall for her.

She has a husband after all,

though she was still a virgin

when I led her to the river.

**The Guitar**

BY [FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/federico-garcia-lorca)

The weeping of the guitar begins.
The goblets of dawn
are smashed.
The weeping of the guitar begins.
Useless
to silence it.
Impossible
to silence it.
It weeps monotonously
as water weeps
as the wind weeps
over snowfields.
Impossible
to silence it.
It weeps for distant
things.
Hot southern sands
yearning for white camellias.
Weeps arrow without target
evening without morning
and the first dead bird
on the branch.
Oh, guitar!
Heart mortally wounded
by five swords.

**Night of Insomniac Love**

BY [FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/federico-garcia-lorca)

Night approached us, with a full moon.

I began to cry, and you to laugh.

Your contempt was a god, and my whinings

a chain of doves and minutes.

Night left us. Crystal of pain

you wept for distant depths.

My sadness was a cluster of agonies,

over your fragile heart of sand.

Morning joined us on the bed,

our mouths placed over the frozen jet

of a blood, without end, that was shed.

And the sun shone through the closed balcony,

and the coral of life opened its branch,

over my shrouded heart.