

Butterflies and Honey

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for Antonio Machado (1875-1939)

You keep your voice
shivering in the blue sun
butterflies and honey
draped with two wings
tremble in the azure sky.

You taste your memory
in flights of dovecotes,
childhood landscapes
rock the sea
surrounding you
with orchards of goldenrod.

In your straw bed
overhearing migrating swallows,
images appear in moonlight
your soul, like a red thorn,
cannot find sleep.

Your footprints burnish
in poplar groves
half dreaming in the heat
bees leave their oak
you reach for fragrant arms.