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The Wine Ordinance

When purple stains fall like rain
upon regions, upon sacrifices,
wine opens doors in astonishment,
and its body of sodden red wings
flies into the refuge of the months.

Its feet touch the walls and the tiles
with the dampness of drowned tongues,
and on the edge of the naked day
its bees are falling in drops.

I know wine does not flee shouting
at winter's arrival,
nor hide in gloomy churches
seeking fire in fallen rags,
but rather it flies over the season,
over the winter that has now arrived
with a dagger between its hard eyebrows.

I see vague dreams,
I peer into the distance,
and I behold in front of me, behind windowpanes,
heaps of unfortunate clothes.

They are not reached by the bullet of wine,
its effective poppy, its red ray
die drowned in sad textures,
and the bitterly submerged wine,
the blind, subterranean, and solitary wine,
is spilled along lonely canals,
along nameless streets, along nameless rivers.

I am standing in its foam and roots,
I weep onto its foliage and dead,
accompanied by tailors fallen
in the midst of the dishonored winter,
I climb ladders of dampness and blood
groping along the walls,
and in the anguish of the coming time
I kneel upon a stone and weep.

And, dressed in transitory metals,
I head toward acrid tunnels
toward solitary wine cellars, toward dreams,
toward green moss that palpitates,
toward disinterested blacksmiths,
toward tastes of mud and throat,
toward imperishable butterflies.

Then the men of wine press forward
wearing purple belts
and hats of vanquished bees,
and they carry goblets filled with dead eyes,
and fearful swords of brine,
and they greet each other with raucous horns,
singing songs of nuptial intent.

I like the raucous chants of the men of wine,
and the noise of wet coins on the table,
and the smell of shoes and grapes,
and green vomit:
I like the blind singing of the men,
and the sound of salt knocking
on the walls of the dying dawn.

I speak of things that exist, God forbid
I should invent things when I'm singing!

I speak of saliva spilled on the walls,
I speak of the whore's slow stockings,
I speak of the chorus of the men of wine
striking the coffin with a bird's bone.

I am in the middle of that song, in the middle
of the winter which rolls through the streets,
I am among the drinkers,
with my eyes open toward forgotten places,
either recalling in delirious mourning,
or sleeping, tossed on an ash heap.

Remembering nights, ships, sown fields,
departed friends, circumstances,
bitter hospitals and half-opened girls:
remembering a wave slapping a certain rock
with an adornment of flour and foam,
and the life that one leads in certain countries,
on certain lonely coasts,
a sound of stars in palm trees,
a heartbeat on the windowpanes,
a train crossing darkly on cursed wheels
and many sad things of this sort.

Here's to the dampness of the wine, in the mornings,
on the walls often ravaged by winter days
that are found in doubtlessly solitary wine cellars,
here's to that virtue of wine with its struggles,
and tired metals and deaf dentures,
and there is a tumult of broken objections,
a furious weeping of bottles,
and a crime, like a fallen whip.

The wine sticks in its black thorns,
and struts its lugubrious briars

amid daggers, amid midnights,
amid hoarse bedraggled throats,
amid cigars and twisted hair,
and like a sea wave its voice swells
howling grief and deadman's hands.

And then the pursued wine flows
and its tenacious wineskins are smashed
against horseshoes, and the wine goes in silence,
and its casks, in wounded ships where the wind bites
faces, crews of silence.

And the wine flees along the highways,
through the churches, between the coals,
and shedding its amaranth plumes,
and disguising its mouth as sulphur,
and the wine burning between worn-out streets
seeking wells, tunnels, ants,
mouths of the sad dead,
through which to reach the blue of earth
where rain and the absent ones mingle.