

The Wind Rose

Blanco White

I know not why, but I know she's a she
Eternal woman, wind rose without leaf
To ships and men she listens when they speak
And rules her choir the old voices of the sea

Desde Valpo hasta Cádiz
Hermana, a nuestra Rosa canto yo
Por soleá bajo la luna, hermana
Por alegrías con el sol

In the milky moonlight
Buoyed that boat on the water and waves
I stood on the shingle
And waited for day
As she fell from the cliffs
And sang deep in the caves
Her lonely hymn
To cirrus skies
The lighthouse cried
Farewell, goodbye
With night unwritten yet

Desde Valpo hasta Cádiz
Hermana, a nuestra Rosa canto yo
Por soleá bajo la luna, hermana
Por alegrías con el sol

I dreamed alone of her
And climbed aboard
With the island poets
For rumoured shores
And saw the bell towers
Fold and fade to nothing

But the spinnaker sighed at
Her stubborn will
Her storm-like mind
Fathoms deep and dark as
Vaults of the sea
I saw them cast a rose out to the breeze

As the wind moves the water
In the chalice of a rose