

DOÑA ESPAÑA

--Joe Polacco (con "edits" de la Dra. Herminia Loza-Tavera—colega de UNAM)

Dime España, dime quien eres
anda, dime de tus varios seres
dime de tu dulzura envolvente
que me deja en desamparo doliente.

Al umbral del cielo provees un atajo
bordeado de perejil, oliva y ajo,
eres flor obscuramente deslumbrante
de aroma misterioso, picante y penetrante.

Entré en tu laberinto de luminosos colores
por antiguos vericuetos de dolorosos amores
de ti he saboreado solo un hilo etéreo,
¡hace falta una vida pa'indagar tu misterio!

Portas una mantilla forjada de piedra y hierro
que roza mi espíritu con sedoso destello,
porque es tu historia feroz que perdura
fino destilado de perenne dulzura.

Producen tus voces dulces y variadas,
un coro sonoro de épocas pasadas,
cálida serenata, amoroso soneto,
de la bella sirena que exige mi regreso.

Espero que pronto contigo yo esté
pues sabes que de tu tierra no me alejaré,
la dulce cacofonía de tu telaraña
me ha hecho tu preso, Doña España.

Sincero agradezco tu dulce acogida
tierna amada España, dulce amiga mía
No te puedo pagar sino con simple verso,
Pestañeo de una estrellita de tu universo

DAME LADY SPAIN (--Joe Polacco)

Española, Dame of mystery' s identity
Tell but a part of all you might be

While I linger, a helpless drone at your feet
Tell and surround me, in honeyed aura so sweet

And also take me on path, on heaven-spiced soil
Bordered with parsley, garlic and anointed with oil

You 're a mixture of signals, a darkly dazzling flower
Aroma mysterious, of penetrating power

Immersing me in catacombs of light and dark
Ancient chambers of colors both soft and stark

Of thee I have savored only a lace most ethereal
'Tis but a thread of your shawl of magic material

A shawl, forged o'er time, of stone and of steel
That grazes my soul with a silky lace feel

Because history ferocious did let you endure
And distilled to the present, so sweet, if not pure

It gave you your voices so varied and mixed
I stare in the face of your serenade, transfixed

Your hot Siren's breath demands my return
In your chorus of fused blood, I willingly burn

So I accept that you always hold sway
I'll heed your call, I'll not stay away

Because a thousand guilds did truly bond
Over days immemorial into one song

That is the sweet cacophony of your gnarled web
In which I 'm your prey, with joy more than dread

Doña España, my gratitude overwhelms
For being received within your vast realm

I can only reply with inadequate verse
But a blink of a shooting star in your universe