

<p>8</p>	<p><i>A Dolores</i></p> <p>Dos estrellas son tus ojos, tiernos suspiros tu acento aroma blando tu aliento y tus labios de carmin.</p> <p>Alabastro es tu garganta; como el cielo hermosa brillas; son dos rosas tus mejillas y tu frente es un jazmin.</p> <p>Nace la aurora: el arroyo ni murmura ni suspira: cuando el sol su carro gira, ama y calla el girasol.</p> <p>Yo que adoro tu hermosura, ¿qué he de decirte, señora, si eres pura cual la aurora, si eres bella como el sol?</p> <p><i>Anonimo</i></p>	<p><i>To Dolores</i></p> <p>Your eyes are two stars, tender sighs your voice, sweet perfume your breath and your lips are carmine.</p> <p>Your throat is alabaster; beautiful like the sky you shine; your cheeks are two roses and your forehead a jasmine.</p> <p>Dawn is breaking: the stream neither murmurs nor sighs: when the sun drives its chariot, the sunflower loves and stays silent.</p> <p>I, who adore your beauty, what can I say to you, my lady, since you are pure like the dawn, since you are beautiful like the sun?</p> <p><i>Tr. Barry Ife © 2021</i></p>
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