

OPENED WINDOW

Late at night. That star imagines
that she is almost the gleam of my eyes.
The strength of this unbounded wind
agrees with her ambition.

The rose watches
to see if its word of comfort
drifts up with its perfume.

Perhaps it is the sound
Of its inner sigh that moves me,
that opens to her illusion these lofty spheres.
I allow the deceit to continue.
With soft words in the eternal meadow
dawn will gradually tell her

her error.

—*Enrique de Rivas*
all translated by *William Fense Weaver*