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El Mar

Pablo Neruda

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EL MAR

Pablo Neruda

Necesito del mar porque me enseña:
no sé si aprendo musica o conciencia:
no sé si es ola sola o ser profundo
o sólo ronca voz o deslumbrante
suposición de peces y navios.

El hecho es que hasta cuando estoy dormido
de algún modo magnético circulo
en la universidad del oleaje.

No son sólo las conchas trituradas
como si algún planeta tembloroso
participara paulatina muerte,
no, del fragmento reconstruyo el día,
de una racha de sal la estalactita
y de una cucharada el dios inmenso.

Lo que antes me enseñó lo guardo! Es aire,
incesante viento, agua y arena.

Parece poco para el hombre joven
que aquí llegó a vivir con sus incendios,
y sin embargo el pulso que subia
y bajaba a su abismo,
el frío del azul que crepitaba,
el desmoronamiento de la estrella,
el tierno desplegarse de la ola
despitfarrando nieve con la espuma,
el poder quieto, allí, determinado
como un trono de piedra en lo profundo,
sustituyó el recinto en que crecían
risteza terca, amontonando olvido,
y cambio bruscamente mi existencia:
di mi adhesión al puro movimiento.

*Translation of Pablo Neruda's
"El Mar" (The Sea)*

*Translated by Sean M. Brinkman &
Patrick Sanchez*

I need of the sea because it teaches me:
I don't know if I learn music or conscience:
I don't know if it is a solo wave or a to-be
profound Or a solo deep voice or dazzling
Supposition of fish and transports.
The fact is that until when I am asleep
Of some circular magnetic made
In the university of the waves.

They are not only the conches grinding
As if some trembling planet
Participates gradual death,
No, of the fragment reconstructed day,
Of a rush of salt stalagmite
And of a grasp of an immense god.

Before it taught me to cherish it! It is air,
Incessant wind, water, and sand.
Seem a little for the young man
That here arrived to live with his fires,
And however the pulse would rise
And lower to his plunge,
The cold of blue that crept,
The crumbling of the star,
The fresh opening up of the wave
Squandering snow with the
Quiet power, there, determined
Like a thunder of stone in the deep
Sad, tough, piling forgetfulness,
And it changed my existence rudely;
I gave adherence to the pure movement.