

May

by Gioconda Belli (Translation by Steven F. White)

Kisses don't wither
like the flowers of the malinche tree,
hard shells of seeds don't grow over my arms;
5 I'm always flowering
with this internal rain,
like the green patios in May
and I laugh because I love the wind and the clouds
and the singing birds that pass overhead,
10 even though I'm entangled with memories,
covered with ivy like old walls,
I go on believing in the secret whisperings,
the strength of wild horses,
the winged message of gulls.

15 I believe in the countless roots of my song.