

# Debussy

by Federico García Lorca

---

My shadow glides in silence  
over the watercourse.

5        On account of my shadow  
the frogs are deprived of stars.

The shadow sends my body  
reflections of quiet things.

10       My shadow moves like a huge  
violet-colored mosquito.

15       A hundred crickets are trying  
to gild the glow of the reeds.

A glow arises in my breast,  
the one mirrored in the water.