

Translation Excerpts

Let us pretend I am happy

If it is mine, my understanding,
Why must I always find it
So clumsy for relief,
So acute for harm?

“Finjamos que soy feliz” by Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz

Toad Troubadour

I know of your life without a single glory;
I know of the tragedies of your restless soul.
And that insanity of yours of loving the moon
Is the eternal insanity of each poet
Toad troubadour: Sing your song,
As life is tragic
If we live it without an illusion

“Sapo Cancionero” by Los Chalchaleros