

With a fist of earth for a brain
I hammer first glimmers of gold
already Spring dreaming
secretly some flower, some feather,
while the chill wind still
keeps gold merely silver

With an itch, a cry, caught in my chest,
I flare into the wintry depth
which unchains itself from the world
slumbering out across
a puerile bed of meadows
holding open new-born flowers

With still advancing flame
I radiate magical presages
of Spring's imminent April
in the outbreak of healing forces
through the wounds a suffering
god converts into sound

Pure magic, palpable and sonorous
whose voice captures also the forms
of my thought, where desire slumbers;
she who awakes and afire enflowers
the whole of my life
to make herself--Primavera