

### Antonio Machado (1875 –1939)

Spanish Poet

Died in the Spanish war (1936 – 1939)

#### Self-Portrait

*My childhood is all memories of a patio in Seville,  
A orchard in the light where lemons ripened every fall,  
My life as a young man- some twenty years about Castille,  
My adult life- a few events I'd rather not recall.*

*I've never gone Lothario or played at Don Juan at parties.  
It's obvious from my slovenly apparel that I can't.  
Still, I endured the arrow meted out to me by Cupid  
And loved as much as women's hospitality could grant.*

*Though my veins boil with drops of revolutionary blood,  
My verse has bubbled from a peaceful spring through all my days  
And more so than good boys who follow all the holy strictures,  
I stand as a good man, and in the good sense of the phrase.*

*I give myself to beauty. In contemporary custom  
I've cut some classic roses from the garden of Ronsard  
But I have no love for the fads of Modernistic makeup  
And do not flock with birds that sing in high-flown avant-garde.*

*I've had it with the balladry of hollow lovelorn tenors,  
The cricket-choirs and tweety-birds who warble at the moon.  
I cock my ear to try and tell the voices from their echos,  
And of the many voices I just listen for the one.*

*A classic or romantic? Couldn't tell you. But I'd rather  
Leave all my verse exactly as a fighter leaves his blade  
Famed for the manly hand that held and brandished it in battle  
And not the learned smithy's anvil where the steel was made.*

*I hold a conversation with a man who's always with me.  
(Whoever banter with himself may one day hear God's mind.)  
All my soliloquies are conversations with this fellow  
Who taught me all I need to be a lover of mankind.*

*And in the end, I owe you nothing. You owe me for writing.  
I go about my work with care, and what I earn I keep  
To buy the suit that keeps me clothed, the roof that keeps me  
sheltered,  
The bread that keeps the life in me, the bed on which I sleep.*

*And when I reach the day of the last voyage, come that moment  
The ship of no return is set to cast the anchor free,*

***You'll find me boarded with the crew, with barely any luggage***

*My body bare beneath the sun like children of the sea.*

### Antonio Machado (1875 –1939)

Poeta español

Muerto en la Guerra Civil

#### Autoretrato

Mi infancia son recuerdos de un patio de Sevilla,  
y un huerto claro donde madura el limonero;  
mi juventud, veinte años en tierra de Castilla;  
mi historia, algunos casos que recordar no quiero.

Ni un seductor Mañara , ni un Bradomín he sido  
-ya conocéis mi torpe aliño indumentario-,  
mas recibí la flecha que me asignó Cupido,  
y amé cuanto ellas puedan tener de hospitalario.

Hay en mis venas gotas de sangre jacobina,  
pero mi verso brota de manantial sereno;  
y, más que un hombre al uso que sabe su doctrina,  
soy, en el buen sentido de la palabra, bueno.

Adoro la hermosura, y en la moderna estética  
corté las viejas rosas del huerto de Ronsard;  
mas no amo los afeites de la actual cosmética,  
ni soy un ave de esas del nuevo gay-trinar.

Desdeño las romanzas de los tenores huecos  
y el coro de los grillos que cantan a la luna.  
A distinguir me paro las voces de los ecos,  
y escucho solamente, entre las voces, una.

¿Soy clásico o romántico? No sé. Dejar quisiera  
mi verso, como deja el capitán su espada:  
famosa por la mano viril que la blandiera,  
no por el docto oficio del forjador preciada.

Converso con el hombre que siempre va conmigo  
-quien habla solo espera hablar a Dios un día-;  
mi soliloquio es plática con ese buen amigo  
que me enseñó el secreto de la filantropía.

Y al cabo, nada os debo; debéisme cuanto he escrito.  
A mi trabajo acudo, con mi dinero pago  
el traje que me cubre y la mansión que habito,  
el pan que me alimenta y el lecho en donde yago.

Y cuando llegue el día del último viaje,  
y esté al partir la nave que nunca ha de tornar,  
**me encontraréis a bordo ligero de equipaje,**  
casi desnudo, como los hijos de la mar.