1971

I Walked One Whole Night with My Eyes Closed

Rafael Alberti

Mark Strand

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
The Milky Way was dying to sleep over the wheat for just an hour, just an hour in order to forget its wasted journey, to forget the last echoes of nameless souls of heroes revived by air. I already know how to escape those dark towers that will ask the dawn about the origin of my crib.

It’s me, I’m the one who follows the aerial route of his blood without wanting to open his eyes. Birds are born that run the risk of dashing themselves against the nearest stars.

My feet have shown that if there are stones in the sky, they are practically harmless there where my hands choose the shade of guitars to rest in, where my hair still remembers the weeping of willows when rivers run dry. Tomorrow you shall hear me say that there still exist heights where ears can discover the trail of a leaf ten centuries dead and the veiled name that floats downward from vanished voices. Now I no longer have to prove the earth is round.