



## The Selected Poems

*Federico García Lorca , Francisco García Lorca (Editor) , Donald M. Allen (Editor)*

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**The Selected Poems** Federico García Lorca , Francisco García Lorca (Editor) , Donald M. Allen (Editor)  
*The Selected Poems of Federico García Lorca* has introduced generations of American readers to mesmerizing poetry since 1955. Lorca (1898-1937) is admired all over the world for the lyricism, immediacy and clarity of his poetry, as well as for his ability to encompass techniques of the symbolist movement with deeper psychological shadings. But Lorca's poems are, most of all, admired for their beauty. Undercurrents of his major influences--Spanish folk traditions from his native Andalusia and Granada, gypsy ballads, and his friends the surrealists Salvador Dali and Luis Bunuel--stream throughout Lorca's work. Poets represented here as translators are as diverse as Stephen Spender, Langston Hughes, Ben Belitt, William Jay Smith, and W.S. Merwin.

## The Selected Poems Details

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## From Reader Review The Selected Poems for online ebook

### Patrick Gibson says

...because he is amazing and beautiful. Here's why:

"Life is not a dream. Careful! Careful! Careful!  
We fall down the stairs in order to eat the moist earth  
or we climb to the knife edge of the snow with the voices of the dead dahlias.  
But forgetfulness does not exist, dreams do not exist;  
flesh exists. Kisses tie our mouths  
in a thicket of new veins,  
and whoever his pain pains will feel that pain forever  
and whoever is afraid of death will carry it on his shoulders."

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### Ala'a Ahmed says

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### The Silence

Listen , My Child, to the Silence.  
an Undulating Silence,  
a Silence  
That turns Valleys and echoes Slippery,  
Bends foreheads  
Toward the Ground.

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### Khaled Awad says

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### **Alberto says**

Lorca's poetry should be read aloud, in Spanish, perhaps in a smoky Tablao with full flamenco accompaniment. This edition is good in that the English translation appears opposite the original. And they're pretty good at conveying the mystery and passion of Lorca's beloved Andalucia. The selection is a decent display of Lorca's experiments in the region's poetic traditions. But ultimately, it's almost like watching black and white TV after you've experienced high definition color.

Even if you don't understand Spanish, try to experience a reading - you can hear Lorca's mastery of his language. For example, in "Cancion del jinete," the words gallop along just as urgently as the poems lone rider, dark except for the moon at his shoulder.

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### **Kyriakos Sorokkou says**

*Y si la muerte es la muerte,  
¿qué será de los poetas  
y de las cosas dormidas  
que ya nadie las recuerda?*  
\* \* \*

*If death is death,  
what then of poets  
and the hibernating things  
no one remembers?* σελ. 2-3

An incredible collection. An instant five stars rating.

Αντ? η υπ?ροχη δ?γλωσση ?κδοση της σειρ?ς Oxford World Classics, περι?χει τα καλ?τερα απ? τα ποι?ματα του μεγ?λου Ισπανο? ποιητ? Φεδερ?κο Γκαρθ?α Λ?ρκα.

Αντ? που κ?νει αυτ? τη συλλογ? τ?σο απολαυστικ? ε?ναι που υπ?ρχει το πο?ημα στην αριστερ? σελ?δα στο πρωτ?τυπο ισπανικ?, και στα δεξ? η αγγλικ? μετ?φραση.

Οι υπ?λοιπες συλλογ?ς με παρ?λληλα κε?μενα ε?ναι τα ποι?ματα του Καβ?φη με παρ?λληλο

ελληνικ? κε?μενο, Ρ?ινερ Μαρ?α Ρ?λκε με παρ?λληλο γερμανικ?, Ρεμπ? με γαλλικ?, Τ?βουλλος με λατινικ? και ??λλα.

Αντ? ?ταν η πρ?τη φορ? που δι?βασα κ?τι στα ισπανικ? π?vω απ? 1 σελ?δα. Παρ?λο που ε?χα τ' αγγλικ? δ?πλα δι?βασα και το ισπανικ? ?τσι νι?θω εμπλο?τισα το λεξιλ?γ? μου στα Ισπανικ?.

*Tienen gotas de rocío  
las alas del ruiſeñor,  
gotas claras de la luna  
cuajadas por su ilusión*  
\* \* \*

δροσοσταλ?δες  
σε φτερ? αηδονιο?  
καθ?ριες σταγ?νες φεγγαριο?  
σχηματισμ?νες απ' αυταπ?τη σελ. 6-7

Αντ? η συλλογ? περι?χει ποι?ματα απ? το 1918 μ?χρι το 1936 με πιο γνωστ? τον Θρ?νο[ς] για τον Ιγ?θιο Σ?ντσιεθ Μεχ?ας το οπο?ο μεταφρ?στηκε απ? τον Ν?κο Γκ?τσο και μελοποι?θηκε απ? τον Στα?ρο Ξαρχ?κο.

*¡Qué gran torero en la plaza!  
¡Qué gran serrano en la sierra!  
¡Qué blando con las espigas!  
¡Qué duro con las espuelas!  
¡Qué tierno con el rocío!  
¡Qué deslumbrante en la feria!  
¡Qué tremendo con las últimas  
banderillas de tiniebla!*

Τι ταυρομ?χος στην αρ?να!  
Τι βρ?χος π?vω στα βουν?!

Τι απαλ?ς με τ'?γρια στ?χνα!  
Τι δυνατ?ς με τα σπιρο?νια!  
Τι τρυφερ?ς με την δροσι?!

Τι λαμπερ?ς στα πανηγ?ρια!  
Τι τρομερ?ς με τις στερν?ς  
Του σκοταδιο? τις μπαντερ?λιες! σελ. 162

Παραισθησιογ?νος Ταυρομ?χος Σαλβαδ?ρ Νταλι

?ταν ωρα?α ?κπληξη ?ταν ανακ?λυψα ?τι ο Λ?ρκα ?γραψε και ?ξι ποι?ματα στα Γαλικιακ?, γλ?σσα που μιλι?ται στην Γαλικ?α της Ισπαν?ας και ε?ναι σαν γ?φυρα μεταξ? των Ισπανικ?v και των Πορτογαλικ?v.

*Pol-a testa de Galicia  
xa ven salaiando a i-alba.*

*A Virxen mira pra o mar  
dend'a porta da súa casa.*

Κυκλ?νει την ?κρη της Γαλικ?ας  
τρεμουλιαστ? ου?χλη εδ?.  
Απ' το ξωπ?ρτι της  
η Παναγι? αγναντε?ει προς τη θ?λασσα

Καλ? ε?ναι να σημει?σω ?τι τα ποι?ματα που συμπεριλαμβ?νονται σ' αυτ? το βιβλ?ο παρμ?να απ?  
τη συλλογ? Ποιητ?ς στη Ν?α Υ?ρκη ?χουν ?ντονες σουρεαλιστικ?ς εικ?νες και παραστ?σεις.  
Σημειωτ?ον ?τι ο Λ?ρκα ?ταν καλ?ς φ?λος με τον μεγ?λο σουρεαλιστ? ζωγρ?φο Σαλβαδ?ρ Νταλ?.

***El rey de Harlem***  
*Con una cuchara  
arrancaba los ojos a los cocodrilos  
y golpeaba el trasero de los monos.  
Con una cuchara.*

Μ' ?να κουτ?λι  
π?ρε μ?τια κροκοδε?λων  
και χτ?πησε των πιθ?κων τα οπ?σθια  
μ' ?να κουτ?λι.

Διαβ?ζοντας αυτ? το βιβλ?ο μπορ? να πω με βεβαι?τητα ?τι ο Λ?ρκα ε?ναι απ? τους αγαπημ?νους  
μου ποιητ?ς και δραματουργο?ς.

Ο Λ?ρκα ε?ναι πιο γνωστ?ς ως ο συγγραφ?ας του Ματωμ?νου Γ?μου, αλλ? τις μεγ?λες του  
τραγωδ?ες τις ?γραψε μ?λις τη δεκαετ?α του 30. Απ? το 1918 μ?χρι το (?δικο) τ?λος της ζω?ς του  
?γραφε ποι?ματα, αβαν-γκαρντ, σουρεαλιστικ?, θρ?νους, τσιγγ?νικα τραγο?δια, σον?τα,  
κουκλοθ?ατρο και πολλ? ?λλα.

Μεγ?λη απουσ?α η Ωδ? στον Σαλβαντ?ρ Νταλ?.

Ω Σαλβαδ?ρ Νταλ?, με τη φων? σου που 'ναι ελαιογραφ?α!  
Δεν επαιν? την ατελ? σου πινελι? σαν ε?σουν ?φηβος  
ο?τε το χρ?μα σου που ?λο φλερτ?ρει αποχρ?σεις του καιρο? σου,  
πλην ανυμν? τους φ?βους σου μες στην πεπερασμ?νη αιωνι?τητα.

Σημε?ωση: Εκτ?ς απ? την Ωδ? ?λες οι υπ?λοιπες μεταφρ?σεις στο π?δι ε?ναι δικ?ς μου.

Αγορ?στε το! Απολα?στε το!

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**Jonfaith says**

**I have lost myself in the sea many tunes**

with my ear full of freshly cut flowers,  
with my tongue full of love awl agony.  
I have lost myself in the sea many times  
as I lose myself in the heart of certain children.

It has been a meandering weekend, laden with thoughts on consciousness and narrative. These thoughts led to a certain brooding. Most of the selected work here appeared lighter, odes to tranquility and affection. My soul wasn't overly callous for such but neither did it bloom.

These clipped lines embrace Spain's Moorish past. Not the Caliphate but traditions of poetry which rolled across deserts and seas. There were troubadours of the moment who found hope in the scent of flowers. Unfortunately the same tide of history which propels those sentiments brought something ugly his way.

## **Khashayar Mohammadi says**

Vivid, lyrical and imaginative. A handful of breathtaking poems hide within this fantastic collection of poems, along with their Spanish original.

## **Negar sabet says**

**Maryam says**

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## **Imen Benyoub says**

### **Autumn Song**

Today in my heart  
a vague trembling of stars,  
but my way is lost  
in the soul of the mist.  
Light lops my wings.  
The hurt of my sadness  
moistens memories  
in thought's fountain.

All roses are white,  
white as my pain,  
white only when  
snow's fallen on them.  
Earlier they wore a rainbow.  
Snow's also falling on the soul.  
The soul's snow is kissed  
by flakes and scenes  
lost before in the shadow  
or the light of the person thinking.  
Snow falls from roses,  
but remains on the soul,  
and the year's thick needle  
makes a shroud of them.

Will the snow melt  
when death claims us?  
Or will there be more snow  
and more perfect roses?

Will we know peace  
as Christ promises?

---

## **metaphor says**

In the meadow  
my heart danced

(a cypress shadow  
on the wind)

and a tree unplaited  
the dew breeze.  
Breeze,  
silver to the touch!

I said: do you remember?

(The star  
the rose  
do not concern me.)

Remember?

Lost language!  
Language  
without horizons!

Remember?

In the meadow  
my heart danced

(a cypress shadow  
on the wind).

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## **vi macdonald says**

You know what's wrong with the poems of Federico García Lorca?  
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

I loved this selection so much that I immediately went out and bought a volume of his complete works because I needed more - I just couldn't get enough of the guy.

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## **George Ballin says**

Lorca might be the most inspiring writer that I've ever read. This collection is well translated and features some of his best/best known poetic works. Everyone interested in poetry should have read Lorca and I think

this might be a good starting point. He's more a magician than a poet to me.

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### **Michael Finocchiaro says**

One of Spain's greatest 20th century poets cut down in his prime by a homophobic Nazi regime, his work lives on as a testament to his aged soul and his delicate pen.

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### **Ahmad Sharabiani says**

The Selected Poems of Federico García-Lorca, Federico García Lorca

Lorca's poetry is steeped in the land, climate, and folklore of his native Andalusia, though he writes memorably of New York and Cuba too.

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### **Chozen Pazoki says**

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### **Saman Kashi says**

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### **Marwa Eletrify says**

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### **Dan Arama says**

"The ?rst time  
I didn't know you.  
The second time I did.

Tell me  
if the air tells you so.

One sharp morning  
I grew sad  
and was seized  
by the impulse to laugh.

I didn't know you.  
But you knew me.  
Yes I knew you.  
You didn't know me.

Now a month stretches  
between us two,  
no feeling,  
like a screen of grey days.

The ?rst time  
I didn't know you.  
The second time I did."

There are not many things in this world so natural and beautiful like Lorca's poetry.

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### **Anastasja Kostic says**

U po?etku mi se nisu dopale pesme , a onda sam naletela na ovu i još par pesama i oduševila sam se.

Crni su im konji

Crne potkovice  
Na ogreta?ima sijaju  
mrlje mstila i voska  
Nose, zato ne pla?u  
lobanje od olova.  
Sa dušom crnom kao lak  
idu drumom.  
Pogureni i ?utljivi,  
kuda pro?u , nare?uju  
?utanje tamne gume  
i strah finog peska.  
Idu kad im se prohte  
i u glavi kriju  
nejasnu astronomiju  
nekonkretnih revolvera.

O ciganski grade!  
Na uglovima zastave.  
Mesec i tikva  
sa slatkim od višanja.

O ciganski grade!  
Ko te je video  
a ne se?a te se?  
Grade bola i mošusa  
sa tornjevima od vanile.  
Kada bi došla no?,  
oh, kakva no?, no?na no?,  
Cigani su u kova?nicama  
kovali sunce i strele.  
Jedan smrtno ranjen konj  
zvao je na svim vratima.

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