

Thursday Evening, February 10, 2022, at 8:00 PM

Weill Hall | Carnegie Hall

IRREVERENCE GROUP MUSIC

Presents

YANA MANN

MEZZO SOPRANO (RUSSIA)

& JULIAN DE LA CHICA

PIANO (COLOMBIA)

IN

RECITAL

Please switch off your cell phones and other electronic devices.

PROGRAM

De La Chica: *11 Poemas de Bar*, Op. 12 (*)

- No. 1: Ella
- No. 2: Octubre
- No. 3: La noche — Feat. Rachel Hippert
- No. 4: New York
- No. 5: La Ausencia
- No. 6: Su voz
- No. 7: Yo no soy libre
- No. 8: El amor
- No. 9: Noche de Jazz
- No. 10: El bar

Intermission

De La Chica: *5 Arias Florentinas*, Op. 15 (*)

- No. 1: El soneto
- No. 2: Sigilo de un beso
- No. 3: El Arno
- No. 4: El sueño
- No. 5: Las calles de Florencia.

(*) World Premiere

*Ms. Mann is wearing custom designs from Amber Feroz (India)
and Obra Gris (Costa Rica)*

N

otes on the program

by George Grella

Julián De La Chica is a 21st century composer.

We're already two decades into this new era, but not everything in existence moves at the same pace—time keeps its own implacable rhythm, while people move quickly and traditions perhaps can lag a bit. For a composer who is rooted in the classical world but lives in this era, it means using musical tools and worldly subject matter that can still seem out of place in the Western art music tradition. As that tradition has become cloistered in the academy, especially since WWII, it must rely on composers in the streets to expand it's horizons. And De La Chica, even with a resume that includes the usual traditional training, is very much a composer of life in the streets. That's what this concert is all about.

Information technology gives us unprecedented access to the storehouse of human knowledge, but it can't replace experience. The music heard tonight is not just shaped by De La Chica's lived experiences—by merely being human, all artists shape their work into a form related to their own lives—but comes immediately from his social life and travels, from being aware of other people and attentive to his surroundings, remembering, taking notes on things that quite literally spoke to him, and turning those into the notes heard during this concert.

10 Poemas de Bar and *5 Arias Florentinas* are vocal pieces that explore and express the memories and meanings of conversations De La Chica had, or over- heard, hanging out in favorite bars and exploring New York and Florence. And so ten "bar poems" meet arias captured, literally, from the streets of Florence.

Bar poems? Yes, but not like, say, the poetry of Charles Bukowski. The text and music are in a sense the poetry of De La Chica's life. He came to New York City in early 2010, living in a small apartment, working odd jobs, trying to find his way. "I was so frustrated," he says about the experience. New York City was expensive, there was too little work, he was "speaking terrible English." But, he goes on, he had "a lot of dreams."

He also had some drinking money, and found a favorite place in Brooklyn where the bartender—a bass player—was friendly to him and introduced him to “all the good jazz and soul, it was a masterclass, everything with a bottle of scotch.” When the bartender wasn’t working, De La Chica was “listening to plenty of stories” from the other patrons, “stories about New York people, love, suicide, money, the human complex.” Out all night, he would take the train home early the next morning, thinking about these stories.

He wrote these down and refined them into the Spanish verse heard in the music tonight: elegant, concise but shapely, rich with feeling. The 10 Poemas, by their nature, are stories that come from lonely people, recorded and transformed by an artist who himself was living through the classic existence of isolation while being surrounded by millions of people in dense quarters.

The text was shaped to De La Chica’s style, which generally uses minimal material and uses insistence to develop an emotional richness. His previous composing has already explored the depths of the psyche in ways that are both beautiful but also startlingly dark. But it’s not darkness for darkness’ sake, a mere gesture—De La Chica is a contemporary composer, of the moment, and has an appreciation for the musical and expressive possibilities of processed, electronic sounds and timbres, placed into the types of structures and forms that have endured through centuries of Western art music history.

The result is a human connection, familiar shapes but new sounds. And with the bar stories coming through the voice, a feeling of *duende* that is something beyond genres and styles, just De La Chica’s own compositional voice. Tonight, that’s inseparable from the clarity and color of Yana Mann’s singing. She is both an excellent interpreter of the Poemas, and the dedicatee of the Arias.

The two met through filmmaker for whom De La Chica had composed a soundtrack. The filmmaker, a classical music fan with a passion for new and contemporary music, knew Mann was preparing a piece by Handel and mentioned that she should meet De La Chica. The singer was interested in “doing something fresh,” says De La Chica, and found some of the composer’s music on YouTube (a video of soprano Rachel Hippert singing his *Gesegnete Dunkelheit*, a song cycle for soprano, piano, and synthesizer), and “she says she was in love with the music,” and asked if he could write some new music for her.

De La Chica did so with the Arias, but first there were the Poemas de bar. He had “put them away in a box, waiting for the right singer,” and when Mann contacted him, he told her, “I think I have something that is perfect for you.” The composer’s work can be challenging for singers who are mainly familiar with the traditional repertoire, but Mann had both the technique and outlook for the songs. “Yana felt the connection to the story from the beginning,” he says, and “had the vision to see through the score, and she saw the potential and beauty of the cycle.” So much so that she recorded the complete song cycle and released it as her first studio album (*11 Poemas de Bar, Op. 12, IGM-2021*). “It was like the music was waiting for her... You never know, maybe I wrote it for her many years ago, before I met her,” the composer muses, “it’s the magic of music.”

The Arias began with a month De La Chica spent in Italy in the summer of 2021. There, walking the streets, he saw a poster announcing a vocal recital in what he describes as “a very old chapel,” and which was the first public concert he saw since the beginning of the pandemic. “Maybe it was the ambience of the chapel, the city, and the Italian arias that gave me inspiration for the cycle,” he says. And the 10 Poemas became a model for the new music. “Because the Poemas were conversations in a bar,” De La Chica explains, “I decided to capture everyday conversations in Florence. I ‘stole’ some stories—for example, when I was on line to buy tickets for the *Campanile*, or in a coffee shop,” he would note bits of conversations he overheard. He tells one story about this: “I still remember around 2 a.m., there was one guy sitting on a bridge over the Arno. I think he was drunk.” De La Chica heard him saying to passersby, “look at the light of the river.” The composer thought the man was trying to jump, an experience he describes as “a little scary.”

De La Chica again took that every day life in society, in the streets, and adapted it into what he describes as “classic” Spanish, “trying to explore the old Italian/Florentine dialect in its sound and form.” These happenstance source for text, specifically non-poetic ones, are very much part of contemporary sensibilities, shaped since WWII by vernacular language and, at least subliminally, J.G. Ballard’s idea that the everyday words of commerce and society are the literature of the future. That this idea, which is decades old, perhaps remains new because the future is always just out of reach. But for the now, we have the sounds of Julián De La Chica.

George Grella is a composer, musician and critic. He’s played CBGB and Carnegie Hall, is Music Editor at the Brooklyn Rail and a freelance critic at the New York Classical Review. He’s contributed to the Grove Dictionary of American Music and Musicians, The Wire, Downbeat, Bandcamp, NewMusicBox, American Record Guide, Playbill, Sequenza21, the Centre Canadien D’Architecture, Signal to Noise, Time Out New York, ClassicalTV, and others.



Yana Mann

Photo by Alisa Poturaeva
Dress by Amber Feroz

Yana Mann is an classical trained singer and music producer based on Dubai.

Born in St Petersburg, Russia, Yana began her music studies at a very young age immersing herself in the world of classical music, fine art and theater. She completed her studies at the St. Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov College of Music under Maestro Pyotr Skusnichenko and graduated from the Tchaikovsky Academic Music College at the Moscow State Conservatory under Olga Mironova. Later, she studied at the Russian Academy of Theater Arts and Academy of Young Singers at the Mariinsky Theater.

During her time in St. Petersburg, Yana worked and performed on many stages, including the Mariinsky Theater and the St. Petersburg Philharmonic. It was during this period that she experimented with different artistic proposals, including fashion and modeling. Although Yana's musical background came from classical music and opera, she has a great interest in exploring new genres and musical architectures. Yana was a member of a heavy metal band and she has also explored the electronic music.

In 2020, with the intention building a more innovative and sustainable 21st century career, and with a clear vision of her music, Yana decided to open her own production company: Silent Theme (named from the jazz tradition), which seeks to generate collaborations globally between artists from all over the world, in the musical (production) and visual (photography and video) fields. After researching and working with different producers and composers, she discovered the music of Julián De La Chica, with which she immediately connected: *"his music is austere, clean and modern"*. For the past year, Silent Theme and De La Chica have come together to produce different content, visual and music, with a new modern discourse within academic and contemporary music.

After her debut album, releasing in May 2021 by IGM label, Yana's popularity has grown tremendously. Music writer Thomas May states: *"For Mann, the achievement is a remarkable solo debut album that demonstrates not only the natural beauty of her voice but the sustained emotional directness with which she deploys it. Mann accentuates the faintest glimmer of hope in these songs detailing loss and absence with such gentle force that the cycle comes to generate a distinctly up-to-date melancholia."* — and Philip Thomas: *"Yana eschews the operatic conventions of extreme vibrato and delivers in a voice with a clear, pure tone and perfect diction together with a passion that cannot fail to impress."* And recently, after Yana released a single with the iconic *Ave Maria*, BillboardWorld Music news wrote: *"Yana's voice is pure, dark and calm..."*

The works premiered tonight, are categorized less by genre than by the deep levels of thoughtfulness. The common thread between the *"poemas de bar"* and the *"Arias florentinas"* is that both are intimate confessionals, expressions of love and longing, loss and regret, artistically matched Mann's unabashedly honest interpretations and strikingly pure lyric mezzo.

Yana is based in Dubai, and splits her time between Dubai and London, where she continues to perfect her singing with acclaimed Soprano Sandra Ford.



Award-winning Colombian artist **Julián De La Chica** is a composer and video artist based in Brooklyn, NY, whose influences range from minimalism & post-minimalism to the alternative electronic scene. His work is often inspired by everyday images, the search for personal spiritual reflection, and inner darkness. It mixes piano, strings, and classical singers, with electronic keyboards and controllers, crossing over from classical to ambient, post-minimal and electronic music. His music has been recorded by artists around the globe and his discography includes more of 6 solo albums and 14 collaborative projects, some of which have been included by Spotify's "Classical New Releases" playlist worldwide.

De La Chica began his musical career in the classical tradition, studying piano at the age of five in his hometown, Manizales. During his early years, he immersed himself in the world of classical music, developing a keen affinity for Baroque composers and symphonic sound. Interested in spirituality and philosophy, he moved to Europe after high school and began studies in humanities in Salamanca (Spain), and also briefly studied philosophy and metaphysics in Madrid. He undertook self-guided studies, in Bad Münstereifel (Germany) reading classical literature, composition, and the study of dead languages. It was during this period that he composed pieces and essays about music, philosophy and spirituality, inspired by his readings of Garrigou-Langrange and Teresa de Avila. Finding himself dissatisfied with the conservative musical minds of the music schools, he decided against continuing his education formally in a conservatory.

After moving to New York, his interest in film and experimental visual projects and installations began. Around that time, he started collaborating with directors, photographers, and videographers until in 2017, he won the **Best Original Score award at the London Independent Film Awards** for the short film *Margaret*, directed by Lebanese Badr Farha. After this, his collaboration with independent producers and directors became frequent. In 2018, the film *Honor Up*, directed by Damon Dash and produced by Kanye West, included seven works composed by De La Chica.

As part of his mantra: "I make music with what I see" and his obsession with the relationship between imagery and music, De La Chica debuted in 2020 as a film director with **Agatha**, an experimental *Arthouse* film, based on his short story *Voyeuristic Images* and part of his piano cycle *Voyeuristic Images, Op. 10*. The exploration of the psyche of loneliness and its unapologetic narrative simplicity, earned the film extensive recognition as an official selection of more than 30 international film festivals and winning 18 awards, including **Best Picture, Best LGBTQ Film, Best Cinematography, Best Soundtrack and Best Actor**. Critics praised: "*De La Chica exhibits directorial competency...*"; "*An elegant, original, poetic film that touches us with delicacy*"; "*Julián De La Chica is an author to follow.*" **Agatha** was premiered during the 37th edition of the prestigious **Bogota Film Festival**, where it also won the **Special Mention – Best International Film**. By the end of 2021, and continuing with the same narrative and experimentation, De La Chica finished his second film, **Dora**, a story of a young, aspiring hairdresser from Colombia living in Queens that is suddenly faced with the grim uncertainties of the pandemic's epicenter. Brilliantly incorporating selections from his recent album, *Silencios Fatuos Op. 16*, De La Chica lets the deeply nuanced music speak for itself and the role that isolation plays in this 30-minute snapshot of love and sexuality, loss and despair. The film will be officially released in 2022.

For the spring 2022, De La Chica will release his first book, **El Castigo de Dios** (God's punishment) his first published literary work, based on the small Colombian town, Agua de Dios, and its extensive history in the 19th and 20th centuries as an isolated community created by the Colombian government to contain people with leprosy. The book, which highlights the human rights violations from this dark chapter in Colombian history and culture, is the product of a long investigation that began in the year 2000. From that time, De La Chica has been researching the history of Agua de Dios, making visits to the community and interviewing subjects with inside knowledge of those who crossed the Puente de Los Suspiros (Bridge of Sighs) over the Río Bogotá and into the concentration camps meant to contain those with leprosy, or those suspected of having leprosy, away from society – literally, social lepers. In tandem with the forthcoming book, an opera of the same title, composed by De La Chica, is in its final creative stages.

As a performer, De La Chica debuted in the United States in October of 2003, being invited by the former President of Colombia and then Secretary of the Organization of American States, Cesar Gaviria Trujillo to open the "Hispanic Week Celebration", offering a concert at the Headquarters of the OAS in Washington D.C, for the diplomatic corps and the American government. Since then, he frequently performs his music in different settings, ranging from electronic music bars to conventional classical stages.

Since 2009, he has been a Baldwin Piano Company artist and plays the custom-designed Baldwin: Heavy Metal piano.

Rachel Hippert
Photo by Julián
De La Chica



Soprano Rachel Hippert exemplifies the modern interdisciplinary artist, uniting classical operatic performance of the highest caliber with a passion for supporting and presenting new works and a commitment to making music accessible to all.

An acclaimed actress, she is known for bringing intensity and emotional depth to her physical and vocal portrayal of operatic heroines. Ms. Hippert has recently performed with the Amore Opera Company of New York as "Fiordiligi" in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, "Mimi" in Puccini's *La bohème*, "Violetta" in Verdi's *La Traviata*, "Micaëla" in Bizet's *Carmen*, and "Rosalinda" in Johann Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*. She has also appeared with the New Jersey Association of Verismo Opera (NJAVO) as the "High Priestess" in Verdi's *Aida*.

A frequent and proud collaborator with IGM, Ms. Hippert has released two albums with the label, "*Profanum*" (2019), and "*Experimentelle und unbestimmte Lieder, Op. 9*" (2017), along with a single "*Io sono la musica*" (2017), all music composed by Maestro Julián De La Chica. She had the pleasure of performing the international and domestic live concert premiers of De La Chica's Op. 9 in Colombia in 2017 and in New York City in 2018.

Ms. Hippert obtained her degree from Boston University School of Music and lives in New York City.

T ext and Translation

10 Poemas de bar and 5 Arias florentinas

Original text in Spanish by
Julián De La Chica
Translated by Abril Rodríguez

Ella

Sola y consumada, canta al infortunio
con su voz quebrantada por la vida y la
frustración.
Dime, mujer, ¿a quien buscas?
Triste es al alma de tu cantar.
Lleno está el Bar y ella espera olvidar
y beber sus penas.
Sangre de sus traiciones.
Y yo, junto a ti.
Solos los dos.
¡Solos! En un bar.

Octubre

Octubre y olor de otoño.
El me citó en el Bar después de mucho hablar.
¿Será el amor?
Octubre, y olor de otoño.
¡Que nerviosa estoy!
¿Será el amor?

Llegué al Bar y te esperé una eternidad.
Que ingenua fui creer en ti.
Siempre la espera, maldita espera.

Octubre, y olor de otoño.
El me citó en el Bar.
¡Que nerviosa estoy!
¿Será el amor que llegó?

Pero tú nunca llegaste y yo me quedé
esperando...

Her

Alone and consummated, she sings to misfortune
her voice broken by life and frustration.
Tell me, woman, who do you seek?
Sorrowful is the soul of your singing.
Crowded is the bar and she hopes to forget and
drink her sorrows away.
Blood from her treasons.
And I, next to you.
Just the two of us.
Alone! In a bar.

October

October and the scent of autumn.
He invited me to the bar after lots of chatting.
Could this be love?
October and the autumn scent.
I'm so nervous!
Could this be love?

I came to the Bar and waited for you for an eternity.
I was a fool for believing in you!
Always the wait, the damn wait.

October and the scent of autumn.
He invited me to the Bar.
I'm so nervous!
Could it be love who came?

But you never came, and I kept waiting...

La Noche

Mezzo Soprano:

Sombras de la noche.

La muerte espera en la alborada. Amor.

Yo soy la noche

Yo soy la voz.

Poetas del silencio. Caminantes.

Almas del pasado.

Lugar sagrado del que venimos.

Yo soy la noche.

Soprano:

Cuando la noche, sublime.

Con sus manos, acaricia un corazón que
sufre y clama amor.

Amor.

Eres la esperanza, de ésta, mi agonía

Porque en tu noche desaparece quien fuí, y
nace quien soy.

En la penumbra mi alma es ¡libre!

Es la belleza de ver mi rostro por fin en paz.

Yo soy la noche.

New York

New York en una mañana gris.

El tiempo que aún recuerda tu partida.

El destino te arrebató de mi corazón, sin
avisar. No le importó que yo no pudiera vivir
sin tu amor.

Y yo, pensando en ti.

En tus besos... en esas noches de locura.

En la terraza de nuestro bar, cuando me
juraste amor...

Ya llega el alba.

La ciudad duerme.

Yo solo quiero llegar a mi refugio a dormir.

En el silencio de mi muerte, esperaré por ti.

En New York.

La Ausencia

Cuando la vida te pone espinas al andar,
tú solo puedes pisar fuerte hasta que la carne
grite y muera de sufrimiento.

Y cuando esté podrida y sientas un vacío
frío...desesperanzador... Un sentimiento de
tranquilidad aparecerá y la infancia que ya se
ha ido, te dará calor.

Y te levantarás y pelearás y volverás a su
mirada... su mirada... A la mirada de tu hijo...

Y pensarás porqué la vida te pone espinas al
andar. Y esas espinas yo las cojo con mis
manos y me las trago.

The Night

Mezzo Soprano:

Shadows of the night.

Death awaits at the break of dawn. Love.

I am the night

I am the voice.

Poets of silence. Walkers.

Souls from the past.

The sacrosanct place where we come from.

I am the night.

Soprano:

When the night, sublime

caresses a suffering heart that calls for love with her
hands.

Love.

You are the hope of this, my agony

For in your night my former self disappears and my
true self is born.

In the gloom my soul is free!

It is the beauty of watching my face at peace at last.

I am the night.

New York

New York on a gray morning.

The time, which still remembers your parting.

The fate that stole you from my heart, without
warning. It didn't care that I couldn't live without
your love.

And I, I'm thinking of you.

Of your kisses... during those nights of folly.

On the terrace of our bar, when you swore to love
me...

Dawn is breaking.

The city is asleep.

I only want to reach to my refuge and sleep.

In the silence of my death, I'll wait for you.

In New York.

The Absence

When the path of life is full of thorns,
your can only step firmly, until your flesh
screams and dies of suffering.

And when it is rotten and you feel a cold...
despairing void... A feeling of calm will emerge and
your now long gone childhood, will give you warmth.

And you will rise and fight and return to his gaze...
his gaze...To your son's gaze. And you will think,
why life put thorns in your way.

And those thorns I pick up with my hands and
swallow them.

Su voz

La crueldad de su voz
Despiadada verdad.

Su voz, con un apacible dolor
Dice adiós, sin mentir.
Se va, como el verano de una ciudad
Fría, lejana.

Su voz, es una pena
Que me atraviesa en la oscuridad.
La copa esta vacía, como su voz...

¡Piedad! ¡Piedad! Soledad
Abrazame en paz, en el silencio
de mi noche oscura.

Guarda el secreto de mi corazón.
Muerdo, porque no muerdo.

No soy libre

Yo no soy libre... Yo no soy libre.

Una vida que se pierde en silencio, en la
sombra. Yo no soy libre, como tu cantar.

Una noche, lo encontré, muy casual,
en un bar de la ciudad. Con una tristeza...
Yo me acerqué y lo besé en sus labios.
El me miró, me sonrió.

Yo no soy libre... Yo no soy libre.

El tiempo se me fué. Elegí el confort.
Y yo, yo misma me lancé al vacío. Me vendí.

Yo no soy libre...
Yo no soy libre, como tu cantar.

El amor

El amor, yo nunca lo viví.
Triste, aquel que no le conoce.

Amor, te fuiste de mí... Efímero... Vacío.

Es tarde, vieja y sola
espero arrepentida en una bar de la ciudad.

El amor se va, cuando no hay renuncia.

Detén el tiempo. Dile que ya voy.
Trae mi abrigo y su fotografía.

El amor se va, cuando no hay renuncia.
El amor se va, y yo, nunca lo viví.

Her voice

The cruelty of her voice
Merciless truth.

Her voice, with a soothing pain,
It says goodbye, without lying.
She leaves, like summer
in a cold, faraway city.

Her voice is a sorrow
that pierces me in the dark.
The glass is empty, just like her voice...

Mercy! Have mercy! Solitude,
Embrace me in peace, in the silence
of my dark night.

Guard the secret of my heart
I die, because I don't die.

I am not free

I am not free... I am not free.

A life being lost in silence, in shadows.
I am not free, unlike your singing.

One night, I found him very casually,
in a bar in the city. With a sadness...
I approached him and kissed him on his lips.
He looked at me, and smiled.

I am not free... I am not free.

My time is gone now. I chose comfort.
And I threw myself into the void. I sold myself.

I am not free...
I am not free, unlike your singing.

Love

Love, I've never experienced it.
Sad, are those who don't know it.

Love, you parted from me... Ephemeral... Empty.

It's late. Old and lonely
I await full of regret in a bar in the city.

Love leaves, when there is no abnegation.

Stop time. Tell him I'm on my way.
Bring me my coat and his picture.

Love leaves, when there is no abnegation.
Love leaves, and I, I've never experienced it.

Noche de Jazz

Era noche de jazz en el bar.

Un hombre muy sexy en la banda.
Con una voz grave y un olor a cigarro,
me miraba.

Noche de jazz.

Su mirada, un hechizo... de lujuria y de
inocencia. Como el primer amor.

Noche de jazz.

¿Como vas? me preguntó,
con esa voz seductora... con ese olor a tabaco
de madrugada.

La noche no alcanzó para amarnos...
y tú con tus besos... La luz de la mañana entró y
tú, con tu sonrisa, me miraste.

Noche de jazz.

El Bar

El bar ya está cerrando.
El bar y sus historias.

Otra noche para olvidar.

La madrugada trae olor a pan y a café recién
molido. El tren de la avenida ocho, con sus
fantasmas... Testigo de los tiempos que se
escapan de la vida.

La luz del sol me recuerda el vacío.
La irrelevancia de ti y de mí.

Otra noche pensando en las historias
inconclusas de la gente. Pensando en la vida
que se nos va. Otra noche para recordar.

Decadencia, bendita y cruel decadencia.

El bar ya cerró, pero yo tengo sus poemas...

Jazz night

It was jazz night at the bar.

A very sexy man in the band.
With a deep voice and a cigarette smell,
he looked at me.

Jazz night.

His gaze, a spell... of lust and innocence.
Just like first love.

Jazz night.

How do you do? He asked me,
with his seductive voice...
with his early-morning tobacco smell.

The night was too short to love each other... and
you with your kisses... The morning light came
and you, with your smile, looked at me.

Jazz night.

The Bar

The bar is already closing.
The bar and its stories.

Yet another night to forget.

The dawn brings the smell of bread and freshly-
ground coffee. The 8th Avenue subway, with its
ghosts... Witness of the times that slip away
from life.

The sunlight reminds me of emptiness.
My irrelevance, and yours too.

Yet another night thinking about people's
unfinished stories. Thinking about our lives
slipping away. Yet another night to remember.

Decadence, blissful and cruel decadence.

The bar is closed now, but I've kept its poems...

Arias florentinas

I. El soneto

Escucha, dormido, el soneto.

El alma espera, inquieta y piadosa.
Escucha el amor, en sus labios, sincero.
Paciente.

El tiempo se marchita.
Viste de oro, de lino y azucena.

Los ojos brillan. Se inmola en el alba.

Escucha, dormido, el soneto, con mi llanto.

II. El sigilo de un beso

No puedo seguir a su espera.
Tengo locura, sagrada venganza.

Quizás mañana, después del descanso,
mis manos cubran con sangre su vientre.

Será su gloria, marchita. Olvido.

La luz de la ventana ilumina su ausencia.
Mis manos, cubiertas con tu agonía.
Sigilo de un beso.

Silencio! Escucha su voz que se va...
se va...

III. El Arno

La luz que florece, espesa, de las aguas del río
Arno, altiva y celosa, me llama.

Mujer, sola y triste, que divagas en los ríos.
Yo soy tuyo.

Adiós, adiós mi amor. Adiós mi amor.
Venid a mi encuentro, en el Arno.

IV. El sueño

Anoche soñé que moría.
Como tantas veces, moría.

Me refugio en el poder de mi temor.
La angustia del vacío imperante.
El abismo profundo y oscuro.

Anoche soñé que moría,
como tantas veces, como tantas noches,
moría.

Despierto la ví, mi muerte, solo.
Era vida.

I. The sonnet

Listen, asleep, to the sonnet.

The soul waits, restless and pious.
Listens to love, on its lips, sincere.
Patient.

Time withers.
Dressed in gold, linen and lily.

The eyes shine. He immolates himself in the dawn.

Listens, asleep, to the sonnet, with my cry.

II. The stealth of a kiss

I can no longer wait for her.
I have madness, sacred vengeance.

Perhaps tomorrow, after rest, my hands will cover her
belly with blood.

It will be her glory, withered. Oblivion.

The light from the window illuminates your absence.
My hands, covered with your agony.
Stealth of a kiss.

Silence! Listen to her voice that departs...
departs...

III. The Arno

The light that blooms, thick, from the waters of the
Arno River, haughty and jealous, it calls me.

Woman, alone and sad, who wanders in the rivers.
I am yours.

Farewell, farewell my love. Farewell my love.
Come meet me on the Arno.

V. The dream

Last night I dreamed that I died.
As so often, I died.

I took refuge in the power of my fear.
The anguish of the prevailing emptiness.
The deep and dark abyss.

Last night I dreamed that I died,
like so many times, like so many nights, I died.

Awake I saw it, my death, alone.
It was life.

V. Las calles de Florencia

Las calles de Florencia huelen a vino y perfume... y decadencia.

Las calles de Florencia huelen a verano, a rocío y aceite.

Las calles de Florencia huelen a ti, por la mañana, cuando despiertas.

V. The streets of Florence

The streets of Florence smell of wine and perfume... and decay.

The streets of Florence smell of summer, of dew and oil.

The streets of Florence smell of you, in the morning, when you wake up.