

MIRRORS

WIKBO2

Yo que senti el horror de los espejos
No solo ante el cristal impenetrable
Donde acaba y empieza, inhabitable,
Un imposible espacio de reflejos

Sino ante el agua especular que imita
El otro azul en su profundo cielo
Que a veces raya el ilusorio vuelo
Del ave inversa o que un templo agita,

Y ante la superficie silenciosa
Del ebano sutil cuya tersura
Repite como un sueño la blancura
De un vago marmor o una vaga rosa,

Hoy, al cabo de tantos y perplejos
Años de errar bajo la varia luna,
Me pregunto que azar de la fortuna
Hizo que yo temiera los espejos.

Espejos de metal, enmascarado
Espejo de caoba que en la bruma
De su rojo crepusculo disfuma
Ese rostro que mira y es mirado,

Infinitos los veo, elementales
Ejecutores de un antiguo pacto,
Multiplicar el mundo como el acto
Generativo, insomnes y fatales.

Prolongan este vano mundo incierto
En su vertiginosa telarana;
A veces en la tarde los empana
El halito de un hombre que no ha muerto.

Nos acecha el cristal. Si entre las cuetro
Paredes de la alcoba hay un espejo,
Ya no estoy solo. Hay otro. Hay el reflejo
Que arma en el alba un sigiloso teatro.

I have been horrified before all mirrors
Not just before the impenetrable glass,
The end and the beginning of that space,
Inhabited by nothing but reflections,

But faced with specular water, mirroring
The other blue within its bottomless sky,
Incised at times by the illusory flight
Of inverted birds, or troubled by a ripple,

Or face to face with the unspeaking surface
Of ghostly ebony whose very hardness
Reflects, as if within a dream, the whiteness
Of spectral marble or a spectral rose.

Now, after so many troubling years
Of wandering beneath the wavering moon,
I ask myself what accident of fortune
Handed to me this terror of all mirrors-

Mirrors of metal and the shrouded mirror
Of sheer mahogany which in the twilight
Of its uncertain red softens the face
That watches and in turn is watched by it.

I look on them as infinite, elemental
Fulfillers of a very ancient pact
To multiply the world, as in the act
Of generation, sleepless and dangerous.

They extenuate this vain and dubious world
Within the web of their own vertigo.
Sometimes at evening they are clouded over
By someone's breath, someone who is not dead.

The glass is watching us. And if a mirror
Hangs somewhere on the four walls of my room,
I am not alone. There's an other, a reflection
Which in the dawn enacts its own dumb show.

I who have felt terror before mirrors
And not just by their impenetrable glass,
The beginnings and ends their reflections cast,
That space where every inhabitant disappears

But also upon pondering the waters that mime
The other blue in its depths of sky
Scratched at times by the false fly by
Of an inverted bird or a troubled ripple line

Or before the frozen pose
Of subtle ebony whose soft shine
Repeats like a dream the white fine
Vagueness of a marble or a rose,

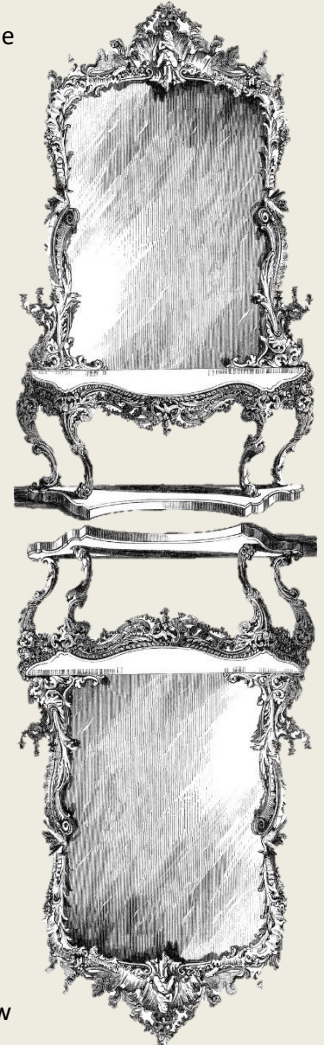
Now, after so many troubling years
Of roaming below a shifting moon,
I have to ask what accident has hewn
In me this fateful fear of mirrors.

Mirrors of metal or the blotched
Mahogany surface whose mists erase
And soften like the sunset this face
That watches and is watched,

I see them as endless elemental
Hangmen of an ancient pact
To multiply like the generative act
In a world sleepless and fatal,

Stretching out with their reflective web
This vain world, uncertain and dizzying;
That at times is steamed in the evening
By the breath of someone not dead.

The glass is watching us and I will always know
That if in the room there is a mirror
I am not alone. Someone else is here.
A reflection enacting in the dawn a secret show.



Todo acontece y nada se recuerda
En esos gabinetes cristalinos
Donde, como fantasticos rabinos,
Leemos los libros de derecha a izquierda.

Claudio, rey de una tarde, rey sonado,
No sintio que era un sueno hasta aquel dia
En que un actor mimo su felonía
Con arte silencioso, en un tablado.

Que haya suenos es raro, que haya espejos
Que el usual y gastado repertorio
De cada dia incluya el ilusorio
Orbe profundo que urden los reflejos.

Dios (he dado en pensar) pone un empeno
En toda ese inasible arquitectura
Que edifica la luz con la tersura
Del cristal y la sombra con el sueno.

Dios ha creado las oches que se arman
De suenos y las formas del espejo
Para que el hombre siente que es reflejo
Y vanidad. Per eso nos alarman.

Borges

Everything happens, nothing is remembered
In those dimensioned cabinets of glass
In which, like rabbis in fantastic stories,
We read the lines of text from right to left.

Claudius, king for an evening, king in a dream,
Did not know he was a dream until that day
On which an actor mimed his felony
With silent artifice, in a tableau.

Strange, that there are dreams, that there are mirrors.
Strange that the ordinary, worn-out ways
Of every day encompass the imagined
And endless universe woven by reflections.

God (I've begun to think) implants a promise
In all that insubstantial architecture
That makes light out of the impervious surface
Of glass, and makes the shadow out of dreams.

God has created nights well-populated
With dreams, crowded with mirror images,
So that man may feel that he is nothing more
Than vain reflection. That's what frightens us.

AR

Everything occurs and no memory is left
In those framed glass eyes
Where like unreal rabbis,
We read the lines of text from right to left.

Claudius, king for an evening, king in a dream
Who not knowing he was so dreamed until that time
When with silent art an actor mimed his crime
And exposed on stage the error of his scheme.

Strange that there are dreams, that there are mirrors,
That the same tired habits of every day
Deeply woven in the reflections that convey
An unfathomable and illusory sphere.

It has dawned on me that God puts a will
In each and every untouchable construction
Which builds light off of glass conduction
And shadows from what only dreams can fill.

God has made the nights never ending
With dreams in the forms of mirrors
So that only man's vanity perseveres.
It is this, which we find so frightening.

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