

# Federico Garcia Lorca

A MINI-BIOGRAPHY

# Federico Garcia Lorca--Life

- ▶ Born: 1898 in Grenada, Spain
- ▶ Spain's most highly revered poet and playwright
- ▶ Murdered by a Nationalist firing squad at the beginning of the Spanish Civil War
- ▶ Died: 1936



# Federico Garcia Lorca—Selected Works

## ▶ Books

- *The Gypsy Ballads of Garcia Lorca*
- *Poet in New York*

## ▶ Poems

- “Ballad of the Water of the Sea”
- “Ballad of One Doomed to Die”

## ▶ Plays

- *Blood Wedding*
- *Yerma*

# Gacela of the Dark Death

## By Federico Garcia Lorca

I want to sleep the dream of the apples  
To withdraw from the tumult of cemeteries  
I want to sleep the dream of that child  
Who wanted to cut his heart on the high seas  
I don't want to hear again that the dead do not  
lose their blood  
That the putrid mouth goes on asking for water  
I don't want to learn of the tortures of the grass  
Nor of the moon with the serpent's mouth that  
labors before dawn

I want to sleep a while  
A while, a minute, a century  
But all must know that I have not died  
That there is a stable of gold in my lips  
That I am the small friend of the west wind  
That I am the immense shadow of my tears

Cover me at dawn with a veil  
Because dawn will throw fists full of ants at  
me  
And wet with hard water my shoes  
So that the pincers of the scorpion slide  
For I want to sleep the dream of the apples  
To learn a lament that will cleanse me of  
the earth  
For I want to live with that dark child  
Who wanted to cut his heart on the high  
seas

Never let me lose the marvel  
of your statue-like eyes, or the accent  
the solitary rose of your breath  
places on my cheek at night.

I am afraid of being, on this shore,  
a branchless trunk, and what I most regret  
is having no flower, pulp, or clay  
for the worm of my despair.

If you are my hidden treasure,  
if you are my cross, my dampened pain,  
if I am a dog, and you alone my master,  
never let me lose what I have gained,  
and adorn the branches of your river  
with leaves of my estranged Autumn.

## “Sonnet of the Sweet Complaint “

Federico Garcia Lorca