

## October

I was stretched out on the ground facing  
The endless Castilian countryside,  
Which Autumn was enfolding in the yellow  
Sweetness of a pure setting sun.

Slowly, the plough was opening  
The dark loam in parallel lines, and the rude  
Open hand left seed  
In its bosom cut into furrows.

I thought of tearing out my good and evil heart  
And throwing it into the wide furrow in the tender  
ground;  
To see if by bursting it and planting it,  
Spring would make it  
A pure tree of eternal love for the world to see.

“Sonetos Espirituales,”  
1917—Ramón Jiménez  
Translated by H. Darrel Taylor