

Sauces de brisa fresca

Ven al bosque que está lleno de magia,
de hermosos sauces que el viento mece,
repleto de aire fresco y olientes hojas.
Sentirás la paz que irradia desde su naturaleza.
Siéntela con la música de sus pájaros
cuando caminas sin prisa.
Verás en el bosque de hermosos sauces
la caricia de su magia de amor.
Ven sin temor a conocer los sauces,
juntos viven seguro el tiempo de un viejo árbol.
Te contara la fragancia de algún enamorado
entre sus maderas que renacen constantemente,
y en su vida llena de conversaciones
estarán las risas inquietas de niños al jugar.

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Fresh Breeze of Willows

Come to the forest full of magic,
of noble willows the wind rocks,
replete with fresh air and scented leaves.
You will feel the peace that radiates from your nature.
Feel it with the music of its birds
when you walk without haste.
You will see in the forest of noble willows
the caress of its magic of love.
Come without fear of knowing the willows,
together are you sure to live the time of an old tree.
I will recount to you the fragrance of someone in love
among your constantly reborn woods,
and into its life full of conversations
will be there the restless laughter of children playing.

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Poem Fresh Breeze of Willows was translated from Spanish version by © Katherine Wickhorst.

Campo de pelota

En lo abierto del campo en el que estás
existe un espacio redondo donde jugar,
allí hay uno que lanza y otro batea,
allí entre mallas se juega a la pelota.

"Era strike", grita el catcher.
"Pues no" dice el juez, "eso es bola",
no se le extravía al catcher que fue un *hic*,
y lo repite, *hic...* lo dice muy a la segura.

En lo abierto de este campo nacen gritos,
risas y músicas, mientras otros miran
afuera del cuadrilátero de naturaleza viva.

Béisbol, juego de personas admirables
que en el terreno abierto del bosque
inigualablemente podemos pasar un rato.

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Ball Field

In the opening of the field where you are
exists a round space in which to play,
there is one who throws and another bats,
there between tight's ball is played.

"That was a strike," cries the catcher.
"Well, no," says the umpire, "that's a ball,"
there was no misleading the catcher that it *hit*,
and he repeats it, *hit* ... he says it very confidently.

In the opening of this field are born cries,
laughter and music, while others watch
outside the ring of living nature.

Baseball, game of admirable people
in the open terrain of the forest
unrivaled can we pass the time.

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*Poem **Ball Fiel** was translated from Spanish version by © Katherine Wickhorst.*

En la pendiente

Al bosque entras despacio
y una pendiente subes suavemente.
Lo mismo solo que acompañado
irás disfrutando cada paso,
el terreno huele húmedo y
tu cuerpo se clava y golpea
a la tierra que calla al pisarla.
Enmudece el camino para escucharte
y comenzará a ser parte
viva de tu alegría libre.
Los sauces a ti se inclinan,
hay un ruido que habla
al cobijo de los pinos,
allí pequeñísimas criaturas esperan,
cuando tus pies son las raíces
en estos árboles creciendo
unidos en tu corazón.

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On the Slope

Into the forest you enter softly
and a slope climbs gently.
The same alone as accompanied
you will enjoy every step,
the land smells damp and
your body sinks in and hits
the earth which is silent when you step on it.
Mute the way to listen to you
and it begins to be a living
part of your free joy.
The willows bow to you,
there is a sound that speaks
to the shelter of the pines,
there tiny creatures await,
when your feet are the roots
into these trees growing
united in your heart.

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*Poem **On the Slope** was translated from Spanish version by © Katherine Wickhorst.*