
The One Season

Antonio Arana Soto – Pampelune

Through the window, the sparrow,
Time stands still,
The one season.

In the muddy flow:
A petal.

Despite the pain of these months,
The daffodils bloom as they do every year.

The cranes fly past
Searching for their north.
The heralding
of spring.

It's also spring
For the hawthorns.

This spring
The bee makes honey
Even from viper's bugloss.

The wanderer goes
Through the landscape.
The landscape goes
Through the wanderer.

Movements,
The dog barks at
His reflection in the mirror.

On the path there is also
The raspberry's flower.

For the waterways
And my parched lips.

On the white wall,
Emptiness writes
Its word of snow.

In you I 'mire myself:
Mirror;
A window if I see you.