

2008

El Color de los Atardeceres/The Color of Nightfall

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Recommended Citation

Chirinos, Eduardo (2008) "El Color de los Atardeceres/The Color of Nightfall," *The Oval*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 19.

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El Color de los Atardeceres

Atardecer naranja
con sus nubes raídas
y su sol que alumbra todas las palabras.
Una gasolinera exhibe un dinosaurio
(aquí hubo dinosaurios)
y una pradera inacabable.

¿Dónde aprendí todo eso?

Descartemos las nubes, son siempre
las mismas. Descartemos el sol,
presa fácil de todas las metáforas.
Nos queda la naranja.

Algunos dicen que vino de la India
donde era alimento de los dioses.
Otros, que vino de Persia o de Arabia
igual que el nombre y su color.

Virgilio la llamó “aurea mala”
y la dejó caer en una égloga.
Colón la tuvo entre sus dedos. Por ella
descubrió que el mundo era redondo
y que viajando hacia el Poniente
llegaría (como el sol) hacia el Levante.

Ahora estamos solos. Yo y la naranja.

Cuesta siglos decir atardecer naranja.

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The Color of Nightfall

Orange nightfall

with its fraying clouds

and sun illuminating every word.

A gas station's logo shows a dinosaur
(there used to be dinosaurs here)
and an endless plain.

Where did I learn all this?

Let's put aside the clouds for now—they're always
the same. And let's put aside the sun,
which is an easy prey for metaphor.
That leaves us with the orange.

Some say the orange came from India
where it was food for the gods.
Others, that it came from Persia or Arabia
along with its name and its color.

Virgil called it *aurea mala*
and dropped one into an Eclogue.
From holding one in his hands, Columbus
discovered that the world was round,
that by traveling toward the West
he would (like the sun) reach the East.

Now we are alone, the orange and I.

It takes centuries to say "orange nightfall."

[Translated by G.J. Racx]

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