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## Center Green Human translated by Marcel Smith

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## CENTER GREEN HUMAN

Cross of the Winds, here I am  
in the emerald locket  
of your very heart.

I am the center of all creation.  
Wherever I may ever go  
I am the world's hope.  
Wherever fate tosses me  
I turn in green.

I am your rejoicing, Life:  
my dancing, hopeful festival  
at the hub of the four roads,  
sings out the color I turn in  
with the jade's happy voice  
and the lucky lizard,  
the maize jewel.  
My dance wavers with the green rhythm  
of the quetzal-snake,  
soul of maize.

The juices of my being,  
precious liquors,  
are tears out of the God of the Cross  
in whose center, green heart of the world,  
the emerald cottonwood  
raises up her mother-being  
and I make myself at one with her.

Coati, come on, climb on my shoulders  
and tango along the cross of my arms  
while I whirl in the green.

And come on, you monkeys, germinal ancestors,  
tootle your woodflutes  
and dance along with me.

*translated by  
Marcel Smith*