Street With Pink Store

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Now the eyes turn longingly toward the night in each little street, and it's like a thirst catching the scent of rain. Now all the roads are close by, even the road of miracle. The wind carries forward the torpid dawn. The dawn is our fear of doing things clear as day and it comes down hard on us. I have walked all blessed night long and it fills me with restlessness in this street, whatever street it is. Here, once more, the reassurance of the plains on the horizon and the vacant lot a jumble of weed and wire and the store as bright as the new moon at dusk last night. It's as close as a memory, this intersection with its broad plazas and its promise of courtyards. How lovely to be your witness, eternal street, seeing that my days have looked at so few things! Now the air is rayed with light. My years have travelled the roads of land and sea and I know only you, quiet and rosy street. Indeed I think your walls conceived the sunrise, you glowing store at the end of night. I think, and my voice among these buildings seems to be the confession of my poverty: I have not really seen the rivers or oceans or mountains, but the light of Buenos Aires became my bosom companion
and I forge the verses of my life and death
by the light of those streetlights.
Oh long, long-suffering street,
you are the only music that I know.

translated from the Spanish
by Robert Mezey