

*Súplica**

Elías David Curiel

Oh, Dios mío, el alma se me ha puesto obscura,
pues, como a un abismo me asomé a otra alma,
y quise curioso bajar a otra hondura
por el tronco esbelto de mística palma
que desde su fondo se eleva a la altura.

Es una profunda sima de cristal,
es sima que canta como un ruiseñor
y llora a manera de fluido raudal,
y es su canto triste, tan triste, Señor,
como las exequias de muerto ideal.

A modo de buzo penetré en su arcano
y llegué a la gruta de las ostras finas,
mas cuando en las perlas hundía la mano,
cegó con un golpe de luz mis retinas
un deslumbramiento de sol meridiano.

Perdón si en tus arcas metí mi arcaduz,
te consigno un voto de silencio y paz;
mas por Dios descorre de nuevo el capuz
de sombras que vela la psíquica faz
y veré con ojos de niño, su luz.

* Curiel, Elías David. *Obra poética*. Ed. Luis Arturo Domínguez. Coro, Venezuela: Editorial Orto, 1961. 48.

*Plea**

Elías David Curiel

Oh, God of mine, my soul has turned dark
Because I glimpsed into another soul as into an abyss,
And, curious, I wanted to go down even deeper,
And follow the slim trunk of the mystic palm
That from the bottom goes up to the sky.

It's a deep chasm made out of glass,
It's a chasm that sings like a nightingale,
And cries as a rushing stream,
And its song is sad, so sad, Lord,
Like the memorial service of an ideal person.

As a diver I went into its mystery,
And reached the cave of fine oysters,
But when I buried my hand in their pearls,
A sudden burst of light blinded my retinas
With the glare of the midday sun.

I'm sorry if I put my bucket in your coffer,
I send to you a vow of silence and peace;
But by God remove once more the hood
Of shadows that covers the psychic face,
And I will see its light with the eyes of a child.

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