



Todo, Todo

Jonathan Lloyd

Y a los dueños de un caserón con una finca monísima—
which was not what I thought it was at all,
something to do with a monk and a landlord's farm—
but which turned out to be some rich guy's mansion
and his very pretty estate, that I happened on
as I turned the corner, the wrong way as luck
would have it, but since I was invited in I had to stay.

Gracias, por eso cuando me invitaron decidí quedarme
para una visita. Invitations should be accepted.
They are seeds that when nourished flower and multiply.
I was asked questions that had no answer, was told
of marriages and loves that were discarded due to
some deception or something—I couldn't follow it.
A woman of exceptional beauty gave me her cheek
to kiss, so I did. I began to speak like they spoke,

con tal belleza que el aire temblaba de música,
began to hum their song just as they hummed it;
they too sang of me as if they sang of themselves.
Their stories I understood but little. Gradually,
listening to them as I was so intent on doing,
I heard myself become part of their own family
history, an uncle visiting from afar who stayed
a short time yet whose presence changed everything,
todo, todos los lugares, todos los tiempos,
todos los aspectos de mí mismo y de ellos.