



newAlba 03
Detalles de Cabecero y Mueble
Headboard and right table detail



Detalle Cabecero: Plátanos Tejados
Headboard upholstery detail

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Zifoneira pie metálica
Chiffonier with metal legs

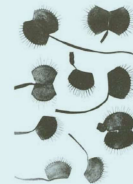


newAlba

My silver stag is fallen — on the grass
Under the birch-trees he lies, my king of the
woods. That followed on the mountain,
over the swift streams, he is gone under the
leaves, under the past.

On the horizon of the dawn he stood,
The target of my eager sight; that shone
Oh from the sun, or from my kindled heart
Outlined in sky, shaped on the infinite.

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What, so desiring, was my will with him,
What wicked-for union of kind or thought
In single passion held us, hunter and victim?
Already gone, when into the branched
woods I pursued him.

Mine he is now, my desired, my awaited,
my beloved. Quiet he lies, as I touch
the contours of his proud head,
Mine, this honor, this carion of the wood,
Already melting underground, into the air,
out of the world.

Oh, the stillness, the peace about me
As the garden lives on, the flowers bloom,
The fine grass shimmers, the flies hum,
And the stream, the silver stream, runs by.

Lying for the last time down on the green
grass: in farewell gesture of self-love,
softly he curved
To rest the delicate foot that is in my hand,
Empty as a moth's discarded chrysalis.

My bright yet blind desire, your end was this
Death, and my winged heart murderous
Is the world's broken heart, buried in his,
Between whose antlers starts the crucifix.

Kathleen Raine