

THE LANGUID LEMON TREE SUSPENDS...

**The languid lemon tree suspends
a pale dusty branch,
about the charm of the clean fountain,
and there in the background they dream
golden fruits...**



**It's a clear afternoon
almost spring,
warm March afternoon
that the breath of near April carries;
and I am alone, in the silent patio,
looking for a candid and old illusion:
some shadow on the white wall,
some memory, on the stone parapet
from the source asleep, or, in the air,
some light-robed wanderer.....**

Part of Antonio Machado's poem

CARMEN 4ºA