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# The Fig

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**Gabriela Mistral**

THE FIG

Touch me: it is the softness of good satin, and when you open me, what an unexpected rose! Do you not remember some king's black cloak under which a redness burned?

I bloom inside myself to enjoy myself with an inward gaze, scarcely for a week.

Afterward, the satin generously opens in a great fold of long Congolese laughter.

Poets have not known the color of night, nor the Palestinian fig. We are both the most ancient blue, a passionate blue, which richly concentrates itself because of its ardor.

If I spill my pressed flowers into your hand, I create a dwarf meadow for your pleasure; I shower you with the meadow's bouquet until covering your feet. No. I keep the flowers tied—they make me itch; the resting rose also knows this sensation.

I am also the pulp of the rose-of-Sharon, bruised.

Allow my praise to be made: the Greeks were nourished by me, and they have praised me less than Juno, who gave them nothing.

Translated from the Spanish
by **Maria Jacketti**