

LUCKY MAY

May, May is welcome
And by these roads, these lanes
Young people come to home
To sing to my sisters.
What pretty they are
With her golden hair
And coloured lassos
And my mother combing them
To disentangle it.
That is their faces
What face so bright;
Their lips, what loveliness;
Painted with lipsticks
Where the same Cupid
A Kiss plant.
Their eyes, waht pretty and lovely;
As star lighting the same Sky.
Their snub noses
(I wish I could to have them;)
Silver twists are
That none of the jeweller
Knows draw
Only mother Daniela
As their ivory teeth
And their two little bust
Behind their white blouses

As two early lemons
With a dress of virgin
With brads in its shorts
Straight to the point
Axle of dancing and music
Moving their nice legs
And their agile feet.
And Me, now, an injured angel
With all my features as seraph
Imploring to our mother
That she plays a May with me
Dressing me as my sisters
With Rosemary flowers
With legominous flowers
Putting in my hand
A palm of Sun and Moon
As my lovely sisters
Because I want to dress as a little girl
And don't want to be more
The Little man of the home
In the Lucky May.

-Daniel de Cullá