**Universitat de Durham**

**Traductora: Amy Howlett**

**Poetry**

**Music of the soul, woven from words**

Spark of life, light of knowledge,

which obediently crosses all borders.

Immortal music that walks and flies

across our earth and through the heavens.

The runaways and prisoners sing it,

and all the migrants without roof,

they chirp it as they weep. Tears that fall

straight from the heart, which moves the soul

of the angels of Rilke, wrapped up in nature.

They make nature shake. Music that stops

each man that walks, watching the stork

and its sloping flight, with no frontier

to cross its path, flecking light

on the roof that is its nest.

And he cannot fly. Poetry. Music

of the soul, woven from words.