

FABIO FIALLO

*POEMS OF THE LITTLE GIRL
IN HEAVEN*

*Translated by
Margaret B. Hurley
Trujillo City, 1937.*





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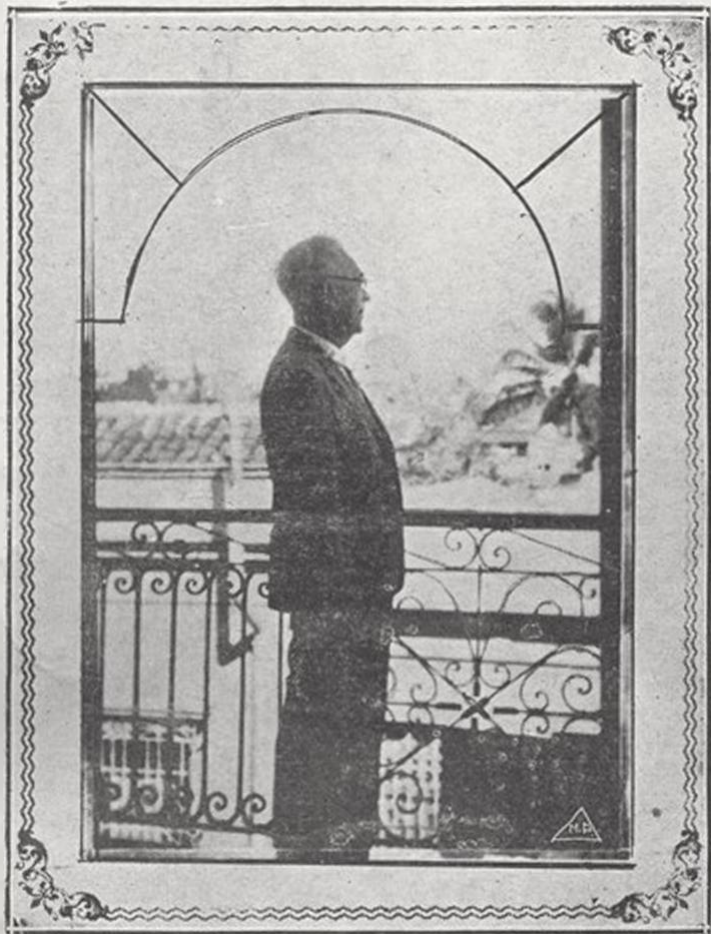
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To

JUANA DE AMERICA...

The gentle, the exquisite, the incomparable

JUANA DE IBARBOUROU

Hommage

FABIO FIALLO

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FOREWORD

This book, written after the poet had witnessed the sad spectacle of a mother who sees her six year old daughter, healthy, gracious, and beautiful, crushed under the wheels of an automobile, originated in an impulse to give comfort to this particular mother overcome by grief, but in the future it will serve as a balm, I am sure, to the mothers who have undergone the same bereavement.

It is dedicated, therefore, to all mothers, for they are all united in that supreme sorrow and they, above all others, will best be able to sound the tragical depths of the poem and appreciate the consolation it carries with it.

In a characteristic style, gentle as the flight of a butterfly, confirming as always the fame of the «Winged Poet», the little girl speaks to her mother

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from Heaven. Each poem is of great esthetic value, and here, as in all the other works of Fabio Fiallo, the extraneous element never predominates over the poetic feeling.

This latest work of the poet, «Poems of the Little Girl in Heaven,» will firmly convince the reader that great as was Fabio Fiallo in his juvenile epoch singing his amorous emotions in verses sculptured in ivory, he proves himself to be no less great at this later period of his life as shown in this work full of simplicity and originality which he offers us today. It is like that dainty winter flower, the edelweiss, which blossoms only on the Alpine heights. In this book of Fabio Fiallo's, abounding in Christian sentiment, the poet exercises his genius in a vein hitherto unexploited, that is, the spiritual relationship of a child in Heaven with her mother on earth; of a child whose great love for her mother, celestial love, but still mingled with the concept of earthly things due to her recent leave-taking, urges her fly down to earth to enjoy the sweet companionship of her mother.

In the first poem, «Thy Will Be Done», the child, after referring to the sweet ecstasy of her departure, says, «Since in Heaven there is no sorrow, my heart was not sad, but rather filled with joy because of all the tears that my absence had caused to flow from your sweet eyes, Mother dear, for those tears are

the purest offering of your soul to Lord God, and they will make smoother and lighter your way up to the throne of the Omnipotent at whose feet your beloved daughter awaits.» A beautiful and original version of the saying that sorrow purifies the soul and is necessary for its liberation! The conscious joy of the child before the grief of her mother is almost transcendental, and transports us to a world of divine truths, truths sensed only by a spirit with the most delicate of intuitions.

«On the Eve of the Great Day», rests upon the Christian belief that the souls of the dead may return to visit the earth, but only by special permission from God, and not through summons made from earth.

The succeeding poems, «My First Visit», and «Among the Flowers» are of bewitching beauty and tenderness.

In «Her Alms» the look of compassion that the mother gives a beggar on finding her purse empty, and which the child witnesses from Heaven is a beautiful exposition of the fact that charity in material form is not the only real charity, nor the most beneficial; for an alms prompted by love of one's fellowman is often a far greater gift for a poor unfortunate, since love is the best nourishment for the soul.

What sublime exaltation of Pardon as a divine

virtue and as a reflection of the supreme virtue of Forgiveness is the poem entitled, «The Prize»! In it is described a contest organized in Heaven by Saint Teresa of Jesus for the purpose of bestowing a reward on the fortunate one who can guess which of the well-known prayers gives the greatest pleasure to God. The little girl wins, because she repeats words which a breeze, sweet as her mother's breath, wafts to her, «Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.»

In the «Divine Message», the child witnesses the anointment and initiation of her mother into the Legions of the Elect of the Lord, in reward for her holy conformity to a life without sin and because of her triumph over the greatest trial: the loss of her child. It is a poem abounding in poetic fancy.

The next to the last poem, «Mellow Old Age» stands out because of its superb beauty, and is exceeded in quality only by the last, «Together Forever». It is a worthy ending to a great poem inspired by the rapid emancipation of a soul that has conquered the greatest of all sorrows: that caused by the sudden loss of a beloved child. In it is portrayed in delicate colors, the last moments of the dying mother who seems to rally and whisper the names of loved ones who have gone on before as if they were present, only to suddenly fall into the last sleep.

This little book of poems is of such indescribable beauty that the mind can scarcely express the effect it produces on the heart. Moreover, not considering its philosophical and religious phase, this work is a wonderful exposition of the fact that as an aid to salvation there is nothing equal to having one's own child in heaven.

Pedro Troncoso Sánchez.



THAT WAS BELKIS

Version by William A. Gowrie

—:o:—

Do you remember that dear sweet child
Who by the living was called Belkis?
Her cheeks were dimpled when e'er she smiled
And on her brow was a fleur-de-lis.

She was so pretty, gentle and kind,
That when we watched her as she passed by,
Scenes of our childhood rose in our mind
While a paternal tear dimmed the eye.

And in the schoolroom, who could surpass her?
Who was more studious or bright as she?
None had her wit or gift of laughter,
None was so humble in her faith as she.

Or did you see her running a race,
Her hair unloosened in disarray
That lent enchantment to her sweet face
And perfumed the breeze like new mown hay?

Butterflies envied her twinkling feet,
And the stars above, her sparkling eyes.
Her joyous laughter rang clear and sweet,
Bright and transparent like morning skies.

And that was Belkis: a transient star;
The song of a lark that flashes by.
And when she vanished to dwell afar
She left a radiance that will not die.

THY WILL BE DONE . . .

On the day so sad for you, Mama, when I was separated from your arms, my trip to the Supreme Glory was made upon the wings of my loving Guardian Angel which made it pass in the sweetest ecstasy, so that I did not think about your grief there on Earth.

Since in Heaven there is no sorrow, my heart was not sad but rather filled with joy because of all the tears that my absence had cause to flow from your sweet eyes, Mother dear; for those tears are the purest offering of your soul to Lord God, and they will make smoother and lighter your way up to the throne of the Omnipotent at whose feet your beloved daughter awaits.

The Divine Redeemer has always wished it to be that way: like an earthly purification of the souls of the mothers who, one day, will come to the

Heavenly Paradise to join their dear children, for in Heaven only pure lips may touch an innocent face. And as an example of the holiest resignation to exalt that profound sorrow, the heart of the purest mother that ever lived on earth, Mary of Nazareth, was subjected to that greatest of all martyrdoms.

Our Good Lord knows that you follow with unshaken devotion her example, Mama dear; that is the reason why I firmly hope that some day, not far off perhaps, I shall be permitted to go down to earth to kiss your pale brow, weighted down by thoughts of me, while your lips murmur the most humble of your prayers:

«Thy will has been done in me, my God. And for it I give Thee thanks. Amen!»



WHITE LIES

Did you know, dear Mama, that every mortal coming before our Supreme Judge has written on his forehead, his good and bad deeds in accordance with the Ten Commandments? When my turn to appear came, I thought over my sins and remembered with fright all the lies I had told in my short stay on earth: to you, to my teacher, to my friends at school, to my playmates, and I felt so very ashamed because I could see now how lies lead to many other more serious sins, such as false testimony, calumny, hypocrisy, treason. . . . Yes, I was red with shame and trembling with fear.

And, as I used to do when in trouble, I called on your love, so that even in that critical moment you would help me and defend me.

But when the Eternal Father saw me so sad and so



ashamed, he smiled and kissed my forehead, covered as I thought, with the telltale marks.

So, very upset, I said, «How does it happen that you kiss me. Lord God? Don't you see on my forehead all the stories I have told during my short stay on earth?»

And He answered in a voice so gentle and loving that I thought of yours, «Your lies, my dear child, were mischievous deeds without any guilt because you never told them to hide a wicked deceit or to hurt anyone».

And as He spoke His sweet smile reached my conscience, lighting it up as a clear ray of sun light at dawn lights up a hidden nest of shadows.

And then I laughed, happy and contented, not only because I felt free of my little burden of lies but also because I thought of your soul so pure, never hiding behind dark falsehood, nor much less desiring to harm anyone.

Oh, my sweet and good little mother!



I WOULD LIKE TO BE . . .

This morning one of my two little friends who accompanied me for a walk on the wide avenue of Heaven that mortals call the Milky Way, said «If I could go down to earth I would like to be a bright ray of sunshine and enter the window of the church in my village to fall before the statue of our Lord and kiss his feet in holy devotion.»

And the other said, «If I could go down to earth I would like to be the bright light of the moon that rests on the sad face of our Lady of Sorrows so that I might cover it with the gentle warmth of my love.»

Then I said, «If I could go down to earth . . .» and stopped, fearing my companions would think my secret wish selfish and irreverent. But they insisted on knowing so I continued, «Well, if I could go down to earth I would like to be the dark wing of night

that fills my mother's room with shadows. I would bend over the bed where she rests from all the worries of life and envelop her body. Thus sheltered in the sweetness of my love she would fall asleep and in her dreams see me as I am today, content and happy in the glory of Our Lord. With this pleasant vision before her eyes she would awaken at dawn, happy and radiant.»

When my two little friends heard my wish they did not reproach me. Instead they held me close in their arms.

THREE KING'S DAY

It was twilight.

Suddenly there was the sound of horses' hoofs coming toward us and a voice cried out «The Three Kings.»

And the lively beehive of children who were rapidly filling the gardens of Paradise made the celestial space resound with songs and shouts.

Our lovely Saint Teresa pointed them out to us.

«That one with the dark skin shining like polished jet is Baltazar. The one who follows, handsome, strong, tall and powerful is Melchor. The last with the long beard, white as a fleecy cloud, is the good King Gaspar.»

It was he who stopped before our little group.

He came up to us and said with fatherly kindness, «What would you children like me to bring you from the earth?»

He asked each of us. The first wanted a medal of the Virgin of her village; the next, a picture of her little brother, that she had left in the arms of her nurse; another, a tiny silver cross that her mother always wore; still another, flowers from the rose garden that she had planted in the patio of her house.

And so each told good King Gaspar what she wanted.

I was the last in line. When my turn came I already had my request well-prepared. Oh, it was the most precious of all!

But when I began to ask for it I became afraid. What I wanted so badly seemed impossible to have.

When the good King saw how I hesitated he encouraged me.

«Speak, dear child. You must not be afraid. What you ask for will be granted.»

«One look from my mama's sweet eyes», I said timidly.

«Rest assured. You shall have your wish.»

Just imagine how happy I was, Mama dear. I was to have a glance from you that would go deep down to my heart!

How anxious I was throughout the long night while I waited for the return of the three travellers.

«In the morning the most beautiful eyes in the whole world will look at me.» I said to myself.

At last I fell asleep. But even then I dreamed of the promise of the good King and I could see him coming to me with his precious gift.

At dawn I was awakened by the noise of horses going by. The Three Kings with their many followers had returned from earth. I ran up to them.

«King Gaspar! King Gaspar! Here I am. Tell me. Did you bring my present?»

«Yes, dear child. Here it is.»

And from his hand shone a clear light bathing my soul in its sweet splendor. It was the little star of Bethlehem!

Oh, so happy was I that I fell on my knees to give thanks to the good King for understanding my request so well. . . Do you think, my little Mama, that there is anything that resembles so much the light in your eyes as the sweet and clear rays of the star that led the Three Kings to the lowly stable where the Baby Jesus was born?

ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT DAY

Good news, Mama dear, good news!

What I've been waiting for so long and so anxiously has arrived: my permission to go down to earth.

It was my good friend, Saint Peter, who told me, and when I heard it I reached my arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

Oh, what a wonderful day tomorrow will be when I go down to your house on the wings of my Guardian Angel!

Who knows, you may not be there when I arrive. I'll look for you, and if I don't find you I'll ask the flowers on the balcony about you. And they, who certainly won't know me, will ask wonderingly, «Who are you?»

«Who am I? Why I'm my mother's little girl and this is my mother's house»

And your flowers, thinking me mad, will break out in laughter.

But I'll be so happy that I won't even pay attention to them or care what they think about me. Instead I'll just turn my back and look about the house.

I'll go into your bedroom and admire my wings in your mirror. I'll lovingly touch your combs, your hairpins, your perfume bottle, your powder puffs, the ribbon you tie your hair back with... Then I'll go to your wardrobe. I'll breathe the perfume which comes from your clothes, from your gloves... And then I'll jump on your bed, roll myself up in the covers, and wait for you.

And when I hear you coming...

Oh, when you come!.....



MY FIRST VISIT

In spite of the thousand of starry wonders that my good Guardian Angel showed me between heaven and earth, Mama dear, my trip to your house was made in one flight, without stopping to look at such marvels.

To see you, to see you as soon as possible was my only desire.

You weren't there when I arrived, but I had to wait only a few minutes. I heard your footsteps and ran to hide behing the screen in your little entrance hall. I wanted to surprise you as I used to do by suddenly crying out so that you could pretend to be frightend.

How foolish I was! I had forgotten that my voice, no longer human, could not be heard on earth and so my childish trick did not cause the effect

I had hoped for, because you walked on, tranquil and indifferent to sink into the nearest armchair.

You were tired and worried. I ran to you and climbed up on your lap to put my arms around your neck. My kisses covered your hair, your forehead, your cheeks, your lips, your throat; but you thought my caresses were only a breath of refreshing air, giving you new energy.

«How well I feel now», you said. «It seemed as if my little girl in Heaven embraced me as she used to do when I held her in my arms, and rocked her to sleep, kissing and pressing her close to me. Like this...»

And, as in other times you held me in your arms.

And kissed me.

And rocked me.

And sang lullabies.

And I fell asleep...

AMONG THE FLOWERS

They had told me that today, the anniversary of my death, I would find you at the tomb where my mortal remains lie, so I went to the cemetery.

And there you were, Mama. When I arrived you had already placed a wreath of flowers on the hard marble on which my name was engraved. The flowers were covered with your kisses and still damp from your tears.

Sorrow had ringed your head with a martyr's halo which lent an air of saintliness to your face. You did not move, and with your head bowed down and your hands crossed you resembled the sorrowful Mary of Nazareth before the tomb of her Divine Son.

Suddenly, when you seemed saddest, a lark from a nearby tree began to sing, filling with his music the silence that was all around you. You raised your

head then and listened to the sweet trills of the little bird, thinking perhaps that in those clear notes reechoed my own voice.

And it was really so. In some wondrous way that the good Lord sometimes permits when I come to earth, my soul had gone into the breast of the little bird so that I could, in the clear melodies, tell your sorrowful heart of my great happiness here in my heavenly home.

Listening to the sweet song, your sorrow became a tender melancholy, full of peace and consolation. Then, called away by your daily work, but already resigned and comforted, you left the cemetery.

I stayed there to enjoy the perfume of the flowers that you had brought. I pressed my face to them, closed my eyes and tried to believe that their fragrance was your breath; the softness of their petals that of your hands; the rustling noise of the leaves that caressed my hearing, the lullaby of your voice when you rocked me in your arms.

My dear Mama, I feel you near me everywhere, on earth as well as in Heaven, wherever I find peace, love and gentleness.

HER ALMS

At the break of dawn my dear little mother was on her way to church when a poor beggar, covered with sores, came up to ask for alms. She opened her purse and finding not even a penny to offer him she looked at him, her eyes full of the sweet kindness of her compassion, and that was her only alms.

And when the sick man received that wondrous gift he bowed and went away smiling and happy as if he had received the most precious of all treasures; because the look my mother gave him was that of a sincere and kind sister who took into herself the misfortune of a helpless brother.

If I were a little orphaned beggar girl, dear Mama, I would lie in wait until your purse was empty, to ask for charity; and you, as your only alms, would

give me one sweet glance from your eyes filled with
compassion for a poor little orphan.

And how happy I would be, even though I had no
bread all day long!

THE IMPORTUNE CLOUD

Today I came late, Mama dear, because the star path from the sky to your house was blocked by a heavy cloud filled with rain.

When I saw it standing there without moving to one side so I could pass, I made myself look very serious as when playing with my schoolmates I pretended to be the teacher scolding them. How you used to laugh to see my solemn face with a twinkle in my eye and my cheeks puffed out on purpose! Remember, little Mother?

Well, that's just the way I looked at this cloud, without any fear of its growling thunder or shining lightning.

And I said to it, «Make room for me, Mrs. Cloud. Don't you see I am in a hurry to reach my little mother's house?»

Perhaps because she was frightened at my pretended anger she hurriedly picked up her shadowy robes and left clear my path of stars. At the same time she said sweetly. «God go with you, good little girl. May your presence at home be the benediction of the heaven!»

And here I am, little Mother, to greet you with a kiss.



I LIVE IN YOUR VOICE

Last night, Mother dear, in order that I might more quickly reach the drawing-room, where you were to sing I held on to the tail of a comet and sped down to earth. My wings, so soft and small, are at the same time very fast and skilful, but my flight with the comet's help was undertaken in order to satisfy as soon as possible my desire to be with you.

Mama dear, don't become proud by what I am going to say because you yourself taught me that pride is one of the Seven Capital Sins; but listen:

There in that drawing room where many of your friends showed off their natural charm with silks, brocades and dazzling jewels, you, in spite of your simple dress and modest behaviour, were the queen of the party.

At first no one noticed this.

But when it came your turn to recite, and they heard your voice, it was as if all the sweet enchantment of your tender melody filled the entire room.

Under the spell of your voice, which was at times like music from a divine harp, the notes of your song were like a cascade of pearls. Laughter and conversation ceased and the hidden depths of every soul were stirred to tears.

No one knows why your voice caused this enchantment. No one knows, not even you, sweet Mother.

But I know, and I'm going to whisper the secret in your ear.

Your voice has that power because you put your soul in it, and I am always with your soul which lives thinking of me.

And when you laugh, you are thinking of something I did that made you merry. And when your voice fills with tears, it's because you think I am no longer with you.

But that is not so, my poor Mama. Don't you feel me in that warm ray of sunlight that enters your room to awaken you at early dawn. And in that breath of breeze that cools your forehead when the sultry heat of midday has dampened it?



And in the rose-colored clouds that you love to watch from your balcony at sunset?

And at night when your room is filled with shadows, don't you hear me come very softly to your bed to say, as I say now, «Pleasant dreams», dear Mama?

THE PRIZE

The last harmonious echo of our songs of adoration to His Divine Majesty had not yet died out in the celestial spheres, when Blessed Teresa of Jesus asked us this question: «Which of the petitions that you have just uttered is most pleasing to our Father and Lord? Whoever can guess it will receive a wondrous prize which He Himself will bestow».

«Thy will be done on earth as it in Heaven,» exclaimed one of my companions. And after this answer came many others, full of Christian conformity.

I also opened my lips to join them.

Then suddenly, a breeze so pure that I thought it was your own breath, dear Mama, seemed to whisper to me one of your holy teachings expressed in prayer, and in a manner that expressed my unshaken faith

in your counsels, I repeated it, «Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us».

And from His high throne the Eternal Father blessed me with a warm smile that bathed with light my poor little head, bent under the weight of thoughts of my other home.

And so thanks to you, dear little Mama, I won the divine reward.

Yes, thanks to you...because even here in Heaven your teachings still guide me.



IN YOUR ARMS

Last night it was very cold and on arriving at your room, little Mother, I jumped into your bed as before, under the covers which still held the perfume of you, sweet and fresh as a flower in the field.

You came soon after and knelt in humble prayer before the gracious statue of our divine Jesus, your face bowed down by the labors of the day like a bent but unfaded lily.

And your prayers, full of feeling and resignation, ascended to God like the aroma of incense.

But in an instant your eyes filled with tears and my name fell like a sob from your lips.

And then from above, Jesus looked down on you, and his gaze penetrated your soul, filling it with resignation and comfort.

Afterwards, shadows, tranquility, sleep . . .

In your dreams you repeated my name and pressed me to you without knowing, Mama dear, that I was in your arms and that, as before, I was breathing the sweet freshness of your skin, as warm and pure as a flower of the fields.

THE THREE MISCHIEVIOUS LITTLE BOYS

This afternoon, Mama dear, wishing to recall my school days, I wandered through the smiling poplar grove that leads to my old school, when I came upon three bad little boys amusing themselves by throwing stones at a poor little bird in a tree top, who was busy feeding her babies.

I don't know if I have told you before that sometimes Lord God gives me permission to take on my earthly form so that I might do works of His infinite mercy. That power was granted to me at this moment in order to stop the outrage being committed by the little boys. I stood in front of them, and with the soft but firm tone that you used to use when you scolded me, I said to them: «Hold on, my little friends. How is it possible that three good and well-educated children like yourselves can hurt one

of God's little creatures who has never done you any harm?»

«And what is that to you?» replied the eldest.

«A great deal. See here, little boys! What do you suppose your dear mother is doing now at home?»

«Surely preparing dinner.»

«And would you like someone to molest her in her work by throwing stones at her?»

«Heaven help anyone who would try it!»

«Very well! That's just what you are doing to this poor little mother, busy giving food to her babies.»

At once the three bad boys dropped their stones and a little ashamed but smiling, they looked at each other, turned their backs on me and began to walk away, when suddenly one of them, the one who had a few minutes before objected to my advice, came up to me and very quietly, with a quick movement that left me surprised, lifted my hand to his lips and kissed it with great humility. Just as I used to do to you, Mama, when one of your kind talks made me suddenly sorry for my naughtiness.

Afterward, the three little boys went away, merry and happy.

I was happy too, very happy; because of the

kiss that I still felt on my hand, Mama dear, and
which I come to offer you with the same deep joy
I used to feel when I brought you my school prizes
in order to see the delight on your dear face.

OUR DAILY BREAD

Even in the moments of greatest rejoicing in the gardens of Paradise, Mama, I think of the time when I lived on earth protected by your sweet love.

Your kisses used to awaken me.

«Come, Sleepy Head. It is time to get up and prepare for school.»

As I was so slow to arise you lifted me up and right there in my little bed made me kneel to say my morning prayers.

«Our Father who art in Heaven . . .»

But now, if I were still at your side I would say, «Give us this day our daily bread, and please give to every child a loving mama like mine.»

And God who is so very good, would surely smile and grant my request.



THE DIVINE MESSAGE

Already knowing where to find you, Mama dear, I didn't stop until I reached the church which you visit every day.

And there I saw you in the remote corner that you have chosen for your adoration of Our Lord Jesus.

You stood out from all the others, and with bowed head you looked like a statue of our Lady of Sorrows.

Then suddenly, in that solemn moment when the priest raises on high the Sacred Chalice I saw a white dove descend on your shoulders. It caressed your sweet resigned face with the light fluttering of its wings.

Maybe I only imagined it for I was in ecstasy seeing you so filled with sanctity. Who knows?

I still believe that in that moment, Our Eternal Father sent you His Divine Messenger to reward you for your sinless life.

Yes, Maria dear, it was the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove that I saw alight on your shoulders this morning. It brought you the benediction of our Lord.

GOD'S CHOSEN ONE

Yesterday afternoon in the starry meadow of Heaven, after finishing our game of tennis—the balls are stars, and the rackets the fastest come! — my companions began forming different choirs to sing praises to the Chosen Ones of God.

And while I was thinking that your sweet face seemed like a Blessed One's the little friend nearest me, seeing me silent and apart, said, «Of what are you thinking? Why don't you join one of our choirs?»

«No», I answered. «I shall wait for my mama, to be in hers.»

My companions laughed at this simple answer which made me feel very confused.

Suddenly Our Eternal Father said, «This loving

daughter will soon be reunited with her dear mother. Until then she shall be in my angels' choir.»

And here I am, Mama, at the foot of the Omnipotent Throne, waiting, without impatience, for the day when you will be called to the Heavenly Kingdom to be one of Lord God's Chosen Ones.

Oh! How happy I am.



IN SCHOOL

This morning, Mama dear, I felt a great desire to hear the lessons that you give the children.

And without your seeing me, I went step by step with you to school.

How happy I was to hear the cheerful greetings of your pupils when you entered the classroom! It was as if each one of them saw in you their own mother.

You repaid their warm welcome with one of your honey-sweet smiles.

And you began class, speaking in the same convincing way that you used when speaking to me.

Then at the end of school, your pupils left the room, taking with them your smile of dismissal.

And on the way home each of them felt as if she carried with her a white lump of sugar.

That's what your smiles seem made of, Mama dear.

MELLOW OLD AGE

Last night, Mama dear, I came down as far as your balcony on a moonbeam.

«A thousand thanks, kind conductor» I said to him.

But the little moonbeam didn't go away. Instead he came with me into your room, and while I kissed your forehead he climbed upon your pillow and rested his two wings on your head, intensifying himself so, that for a moment it seemed as if your head were crowned with a glowing silver halo that made you seem ethereal and more beautiful and holier than ever.

And my soul filled with warm joy because I saw that old age, far from marring your dear features, would cloak them with that sweet grace, which is the reflection of a soul free from sin and consecrated,

forevermore, to the practice of the Holy Laws of
God.

Oh, how beautiful your old age will be, Mother
dear!

TOGETHER FOR ETERNITY

When the Lord God is ready to summon you to his Kingdom, Mama, I'll call for you.

It doesn't matter if your body has already slipped off into that last sleep. When I arrive your heart will beat again for a moment, your eyes will open to look at me, your lips to murmur my name, your arms to hold me close to you. . . . And your friends, surprised, will believe in the miracle of your resurrection.

But, no! Gently, very gently, will you fall to sleep again as the righteous of the earth fall asleep for ever. . . . And together, your soul and mine will ascend through the bright starry regions into heaven.

Your soul will go from wonder to wonder, from marvel to marvel, and before such splendor your questions will become more and more eager.

«What avenue is this we are crossing now, paved with gleaming sapphires?»

«The Milky Way.»

«And that castle of flaming gold on whose balcony a blond maiden kneels in adoration?»

«The Palace of the Dawn»

«And this other, gleaming in the shadows with the clear glow of pearls?»

«The Castle of the Moon.»

«And who is that fierce archer with diamond studded arrows advancing so boldly toward us?»

«Don't be afraid of him, Mama darling, that is Saggitarius.»

And that is the way it will be all along the way.

On arriving at the heavenly gates, a group of my little companions will joyfully encircle us. And surrounded by them we will enter the Presence of the Eternal Father, who, with a gentle smile of reward for the resignation with which you bore the sorrows and anxieties of your life on earth, will point out your place among His Chosen Ones. And at your side, and for ever at your side will be your beloved daughter. And your voice and mine, reunited as one, will sing praises to Lord God: «Hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, Amen.»

NOTES ON THE AUTHOR

From Santo Domingo comes this small volume of prose poetry by a man for years beloved by all Spanish-speaking people. For them Fabio Fiallo represents the Spanish caballero singing pure songs of love to dark-eyed damsels in high towers of ivory, who from time to time deign to cast an ardent glance at their admirer over the coy swish of their fans. They call him the «Nightingale».

However in 1920 the American Public knew him as the «Poet Patriot», a title which they themselves had bestowed on him when he strongly protested both with his ardent poems and his newspaper articles against the American invasion of the Dominican Republic.

The true motive for the occupation of Santo Domingo in 1916 is no longer an enigma. The United States, having decided to take part in the World War, began to occupy strategic points judged indispensable for the national defense. The bay of Samana in the Dominican Republic dominated the Atlantic and exceeded in strategic importance that of Guantanamo. Control of it was judged necessary and for men of action safety came before justice. The American



occupation of the Dominican Republic was therefore brought on by political circumstances of the time.

As was natural, the patriotism of the inhabitants was aroused and Fabio Fiallo, eminent poet and journalist was an outstanding figure in opposition to the American intervention. Due to an article written by him in his newspaper «The Free Flag» he was court-martialed and sentenced to three years imprisonment and a \$5,000 fine. But after six months of ardent protest, mainly from the Americans themselves, the Poet Patriot was freed.

During his imprisonment he wrote some of his best poems, poems full of simplicity and beauty, which were published under the title of «Songs of an Afternoon». They were later republished with the addition of new poems as «The Song of a Life» and received the highest praise from Spanish and South American critics. Juana de Ibarbourou is among those ardent in praise of Fabio Fiallo.

«How divinely this romantic poet of the Antilles, this Alfred de Musset of America sings», she says. «His poems are replete with grace and magnificence. Each of his stories is a sweet and admirable poem in prose of as perfect workmanship as the delicately engraved gold of the Renaissance. In his romances rich silks rustle, precious metals glitter and heavily scented jasmín perfumes the air. As he sings, so sang the Florentine poets and those of the dazzling contests of Provence.»

Fiallo's short stories also show a high degree of craftsmanship and an unerring sense of proportion. In «Fragile Stories» we are confronted by a new genius as capable of constructing a perfect short story as a perfect lyric. In the opinion of Don Jacinto Lopez, one of his biographers «The main characteristic of Fabio Fiallo as a short story writer,



as well as poet, is the simplicity of his constructive elements. All his complexity is unexpressed and psychologic. Here, as in his verse the theme is woman-but woman who at times steps down from her lofty ivory tower to show herself cruel and egotistic-however delightfully cruel and delightfully egotistic.

All of the poet's works exhale freshness and ingenuity. They diffuse the same sweetness and purity as the earth when after a spring shower the essential earthly scents seem to well up from the soil to ascend skyward. As the great South American poet, Ruben Dario, intimate friend of Fiallo has said, «Fabio Fiallo was born with the divine gift of poetry and he has never profaned it... His school, his only school is that of his friend, the nightingale.»

MARGARET B. HURLEY.



COMMENTS BY WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

«I am a sensitive and sad poet»

This verse does not fully describe Fabio Fiallo nor his talents, for he is also a poet of power and of radiance whose works are serene and stately because of their form and substance, because of the idea and sentiment involved and images evoked. «The Nightingale Song» abounds in charming poems, and, that which to me heightens its value is the fact that it is based on the purest of the Spanish-Latin tradition.»

MAX NORDAU.

Paris, June 1911.

«Fabio Fiallo was born with the divine gift and he has never profaned it. His «deus» has nothing to do with schools or secular cabals. His school, his only school, is that of his friend, the nightingale.

In his verse, as in his romances, he is always a pure, fine and noble poet. His lyrics are of short flight, sighs, murmurs, complaints, caresses. Never does his verse nor his prose cease to be of simple beauty and noble sentiments.

Fiallo's force lies in his sentiment: his thoughts spring from his heart.

Seldom have I written about a poet with the great

pleasure that I do now. I love souls of pearl and manners of silk.

RUBEN DARIO.

In all of my travels through Latin-America, from Mexico to Argentina and Chile, I have always met someone who spoke with the greatest enthusiasm of «The Song of a Life» (Canción de una Vida) by Fabio Fiallo.

His poems "In the Atrium", "Forever", "Full Moon" and that mystic flower of naughtiness, "Golgotha Rose", are veritable jewels of the Spanish literature.

Because of these and because of all his other poems, so fine, so harmonious, so delicately expressed, his admirers call him "The Poet of Love". I might add that he is also the Poet of Friendship for he is ever ready to defend an absent companion of one fallen into the arms of Fate.

JOSE SANTOS CHOCANO.

Very beautiful, very lovely, and full of meaning, written in simple, harmonious and limpid language, «The Poems of the Little Girl in Heaven» seems to me of great spiritual benefit especially for its pious and Christian ideas so full of inspiration, and in which the noble heart of the poet delights in placid visions of the Little Girl in Heaven who because of her ardent faith is rewarded by a kiss from God Himself

LUIS A. DE MENA

(Titular Archbishop of Parí).

«To Fabio Fiallo, the Poet-Patriot.

No nation or people can fall where there is sentiment



and noble ideals. In this age of materialism we are to be saved by the spirit of Justice and Truth; and poets, inspired by God, may lead us into the paths of glory and righteousness. Where there is the voice of true poetry there can be no retrogression. The future is secure if we follow the spirit of the leaders who commune with God and speak the truths which come from Him.

WILLIAM H. KING.

Senator.

«What subtle perfume pervades throughout «The Song of Life»...! Even in the «Rumble of Chains» which marks the second section of the book and where the hatreds already anticipate the martyrdom of tortuous nights in prison Fabio Fiallo never loses his gentle gift, his sweet and smooth manner of singing as if he were always accompanied by the same serene and honey-toned lyre.

He is a master of synthesis. No one can surpass him in enclosing in a single strophe or verse the trembling life of the most intense emotion».

ANA MARIA GARASINO.

University of Mexico

My benevolent and illustrious friend,

You cannot imagine the pleasure I derived from reading your beautiful book of verse which I received a few days ago. I read several of your poems from «Songs of Life» in my literature course at the Faculty of Philosophy and Arts, which shows to what extent I enjoyed your poems

because I seldom introduce into my lectures anything not strictly in keeping with the course.

F. GAMBOA.

What lover and student of the Castilian language is not familiar with the verses of Fabio Fiallo, the acclaimed poet of love?. And who, having read his verses, can ever forget them?

Fabio Fiallo's poetry is spontaneous, pervading as the song of the linnet or the perfume of the rose. His perfection of form follows naturally, his noble thoughts: the music of the idea.

He feels and immediately finds the precise expression for his feeling which is the merit of a true artist.

CAMILIA HENRIQUEZ URESA.

Professor of Literature at the University of Havana.

«The principal merit of Fabio Fiallo as poet is his ingenuity, his spontaneity, his authenticity, might we say, his honesty. His song is never fictitious, nor artificial, nor deliberate. He never wrote a verse for the purpose of writing it. His song exhales feeling, life itself.»

The Social Reform of New York.

The Fabio Fiallo affair was America's Cavell case. To most Americans, the «poet patriot» was a passing headliner in the press, but his trial in 1920 made the «Yankees» about as loathsome as possible to the Latin peoples of the two hemispheres.

Better known as poet and scholar, Fabio Fiallo had also



found time to taste public life, having been both a Minister of State and a provincial governor. He is one of those occasional men so handsome that it is a genuine handicap to them. One look at his picture in stripes, which was circulated all over Latin-American and Europe, did more to convey what the Dominicans wanted than a million chosen words could do or undo.

MELVIN A. KNIGHT.

(The Americans in Santo Domingo).

I N D E X

FOREWORD	9
THAT WAS BELKIS	15
THE WILL BE DONE	17
WHITE LIES	19
I WOULD LIKE TO BE	21
THREE KING'S DAY	23
ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT DAY	27
MY FIRST VISIT	29
AMONG THE FLOWERS	31
HER ALMS	33
THE IMPORTUNE CLOUD	35
I LIVE IN YOUR VOICE	37
THE PRIZE	41
IN YOUR ARMS	43
THE THRE MISCHIEVIOUS	45
OUR DAILY BREAD	49
THE DIVINE MESSAGE	51
GOD'S CHOSEN ONE	53
IN SCHOOL	55
MELLOW OLD AGE	57
TOGETHER FOR ETERNITY	59
NOTES ON THE AUTHOR	61
COMMENTS BY WELL KNOWN PEOPLE	65

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31

