

# Pine Forest

by Gabriela Mistral  
(1889-1957)

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Let us go now into the forest.

Trees will pass by your face,  
and I will stop and offer you to them,  
5 but they cannot bend down.

The night watches over its creatures,  
except for the pine trees that never change:  
the old wounded springs that spring  
blessed gum, eternal afternoons.

10 If they could, the trees would lift you  
and carry you from valley to valley,  
and you would pass from arm to arm,  
a child running  
from father to father.