

## REVIEW

### Pablo Neruda ***Tus pies toco en la sombra and other unpublished poems***

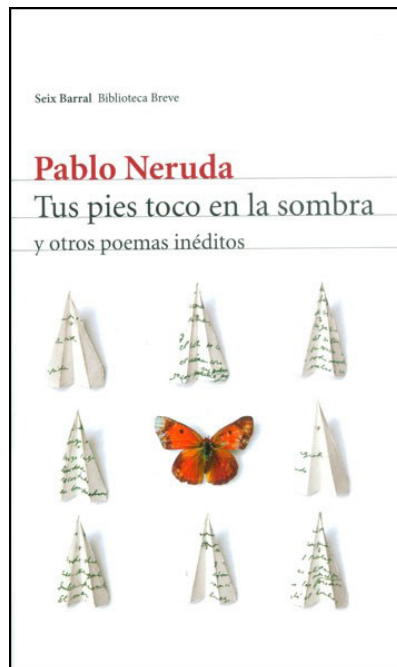
Bogotá: Seix Barral. Biblioteca Breve. 2014, 128 pages.

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This book is a treasure submerged in the archived short cuts of the great Chilean poet. There are 21 love poems among other unpublished poems on various topics, which the Pablo Neruda Foundation recovered from manuscripts found in boxes that had not been checked by his last wife. The 128-page-long compendium consists of six parts: *Introduction, Prologue, Love poems, other poems, Facsimile edition, and Notes*. There are six consequential stages that create a real face of the book and help maintain thematic unity.

Although the sequence is lost in Love poems, poetic rhythm, and waterfalls of colorful words, the language is unquestionably Nerudian. In spite of Matilde (the poet's widow) Urrutia's rigor in collecting the work of the Chilean numen, the unpublished verses to be issued escaped from her. Surely since one of the poems is dedicated to her, and the poet had decided that when talking about the woman with the "oats legs" he had said it all already in *One hundred love sonnets*. The unpublished poem dedicated to his wife says:

***Matilde, con los besos que aprendí de tu boca***

***aprendieron mis labios a conocer el fuego.***

The previous poem, which heads the reviewed text, was found in a notebook where there are original manuscripts from *Black Island Memorial*. In this book, Neruda sharply expresses - denominated the *First Trip* - that he does not want to be the King Midas of the poetry, but another king related to wood:

***Las tablas de la casa***

***olían a bosque,***

***a selva pura.***

***Desde entonces mi amor***

***fue maderero***

***y lo que toco se convierte en bosque.***

According to the editors of Neruda's unpublished work, the poems belong to a long period comprised between the 50's until shortly before his death in 1973, a long and intense moment in the poet's life, who was born in 1904; and a month later his mother Rosa Ba-soalto died of tuberculosis. In 1950 Neruda was 46 and had already gone through half the world. He had even made incursions into politics; in I confess that I have lived he states: *"Those school-less and shoeless people elected me as senator of the republic on March 4th, 1945"*

The national poet Eduardo Carranza wrote in a tribute to Neruda in 1973: *"Your poetry, as all the shipwreck treasures in the world that may have rose to the surface in your beaches of Black Island and Valparaíso"*. About the second shipwreck poem, which appears in the facsimile with crossing-outs, the editors say that it is very likely that it has been written in 1956 as part of the Odes:

***Contigo por los bosques***

***recogiendo***

***la flecha***

***entumecida de la aurora***

***el tierno musgo***

***de la primavera.***

Out of the 21 unpublished poems, they are all beautiful, featuring an impeccable style. They sing to what the nerudian voice always sang to, the natural topics: the earth, poets, the

sea, forests, the wood, the train, love, onions, in brief; to everything existing. Thus, in his poems, everybody returns:

**Regresa de su fuego el fogonero,  
de su estrella el astrónomo,  
de su pasión funesta el hechizado,  
del número millón el ambicioso,  
de la noche naval el marinero,  
el poeta regresa de la espuma,  
el soldado del miedo,  
el pescador del corazón mojado,  
la madre de la fiebre de Juanito,  
(...)**

**la prostituta de su traje falso,  
el héroe regresa del olvido,  
(...)**

Other aspects highlighting this work are that the reader can see the original manuscripts and know Neruda's handwriting in the section with title Facsimile Edition, with the crossing-outs and corrections that he made on his written poems in a notebook, in a restaurant menu, or on separate sheets, as explained in the Notes at the end of the book.

Ultimately, everybody comes back; everybody returns to the poems and those are drawn with subtle and saturated verses. Neruda confirms with this unpublished treasure that he is still the letters opal in Latin America.

