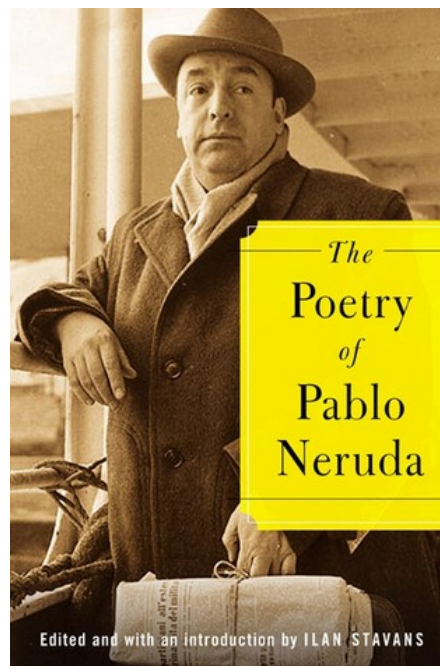




The Poetry of Pablo Neruda

Pablo Neruda

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The Poetry of Pablo Neruda Pablo Neruda

The most comprehensive English-language collection of work ever by "the greatest poet of the twentieth century--in any language" (Gabriel Garcia Marquez) In his work a continent awakens to consciousness," wrote the Swedish Academy in awarding the Nobel Prize to Pablo Neruda, author of more than thirty-five books of poetry and one of Latin America's most revered writers and political figures--a loyal member of the Communist party, a lifelong diplomat and onetime senator, a man lionized during his lifetime as "the people's poet." Born Neftali Basoalto, Neruda adopted his pen name in fear of his family's disapproval, and yet by the age of twenty-five he was already famous for the book "Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair," which remains his most beloved. During the next fifty years, a seemingly boundless metaphorical language linked his romantic fantasies and the fierce moral and political compass--exemplified in books such as "Canto General"--that made him an adamant champion of the dignity of ordinary men and women. Edited and with an introduction by Ilan Stavans, this is the most comprehensive single-volume collection of this prolific poet's work in English. Here the finest translations of nearly six hundred poems by Neruda are collected and join specially commissioned new translations that attest to Neruda's still-resounding presence in American letters.

The Poetry of Pablo Neruda Details

Date : Published 2003 by Farrar Straus Giroux (first published 1974)

ISBN : 9780374299958

Author : Pablo Neruda

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Genre : Poetry, Classics, Fiction, Romance

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From Reader Review The Poetry of Pablo Neruda for online ebook

Chris M. says

I'm not big on poetry. I've read the classics - Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Donne, etc. I've read the epic poems - Iliad, Odyssey, Gilgamesh. But modern era poetry usually leaves me cold--too much angst and unrequited love. However, I am always left floored by Neruda. Ode to Common Things got me into Neruda and remains one of my all time favorites. He is mostly famous for his love poems; and, while they are extraordinary, they are not IMHO his best. Neruda sees the epic and timeless connections in...well...in everything. Spoons and salt shakers are the common man's connection with history and heaven. Love and life and death are found in unexpected places. I just received this volume of his poetry which covers most of his work, some of which I've read and some which I will certainly read over and over again. I wish I was fluent in Spanish so I could read this in the original as I have no doubt something is lost in the translation. But what is not lost is priceless.

S.J. Pettersson says

"The sad wind goes on slaughtering butterflies..." The word "butterfly" is such a beautiful word in almost all the languages I know. In Spanish "mariposa", French "papillon", Danish "sommerfugl" and Swedish "fjäril". Only in Germany could they call it Schmetterling and then on top of it give the name to a fighter plane...

Lena says

A friend of mine composes songs on piano with Pablo Neruda's poems as lyrics and listening to his songs I became intrigued with Pablo Neruda. I'm yet to read more of his work but the little I have read (and heard) has been promising.

Rosa Ramôa says

O Grande Oceano

Se os teus dons e das tuas destruições,
Oceano, as minhas mãos
pudesse destinar uma medida, uma fruta, um fermento,
escolheria o teu repouso distante, as linhas do teu aço,
a tua extensão vigiada pelo ar e pela noite,
e a energia do teu idioma branco
que destroça e derruba as suas colunas
na sua própria pureza demolida.
Não é a última onda com o seu salgado peso
a que tritura costas e produz
a paz de areia que rodeia o mundo:
é o central volume da força,
a potência estendida das águas,

a imóvel solidão cheia de vidas.
Tempo, talvez, ou taça acumulada
de todo movimento, unidade pura
que não selou a morte, verde víscera
da totalidade abrasadora.

Do braço submerso que levanta uma gota
não fica senão um beijo do sal. Dos corpos
do homem nas tuas margens uma húmida fragrância
de flor molhada permanece. A tua energia
parece resvalar sem ser gasta,
parece regressar ao seu repouso.

A onda que desprendes,
arco de identidade, pena despedaçada,
quando se despenhou foi só espuma,
e regressou para nascer sem se consumir.
Toda a tua força volta a ser origem.
Só entregas despojos triturados,
cascas que separou o teu carregamento,
o que expulsou a acção da tua abundância,
tudo o que deixou de ser cacho.

Sua estátua é estendida além das ondas.

Vivente e ordenada como o peito e o manto
de um só ser e suas respirações,
na matéria da luz içadas,
planícies levantadas pelas ondas,
formam a pele nua do planeta.
Enches o teu próprio ser com a tua substância.

Tornas repleta a curvatura do silêncio.

Com o teu sal e o teu mel treme a taça,
a cavidade universal da água,
e nada falta em ti como na cratera
destampada, no copo rude:
cumes vazios, cicatrizes, sinais
que vigiam o ar mutilado.
As tuas pétalas palpitam contra o mundo,
tremem os teus cereais submarinos,
as suaves algas penduram a sua ameaça,
navegam e pululam as escolas,
e apenas sobe ao fio das redes
o relâmpago morto da escama,
um milímetro ferido na distância
das tuas totalidades cristalinas.

Katie Joiner says

Three words: Neruda. Is. Amazing.

He is the best poet-or was, I guess-that this world has seen to date. He's become my new favorite! My family makes fun of me because I have something akin to a crush on him, but, hey, a girl can dream!

His poetry is beautiful, captivating. I read a few every night before I go to bed, and it was perfect. I got sucked in.

Okay, so you know how when you write something, or you read something, and there's this line that makes you go, "whoa" ? Usually it's the first or last line. With Neruda, every other line is a holy-shiz-that's-the-perfect-way-to-say-that line. A why-didn't-i-think-of-putting-it-that-way stanza. A mesmerizing look inside the mind of a man who is a genius with words, but who is purely human with more insight than most upon the fact that he is human.

If you go through life without reading one of Neruda's "Odes to..." I feel sorry for you. Go. Offline. Read. Please. You won't regret it!

Jennifer says

This book was a gift from Jared, who quoted this from it in his inscription:

"I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains, bluebells, dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses. I want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees."

Kelly says

*"And because love battles
not only in its burning agricultures
but also in the mouth of men and women,
I will finish off by taking the path away
to those who between my chest and your fragrance
want to interpose their obscure plant.*

*About me, nothing worse
they will tell you, my love,
than what I told you.*

*I lived in the prairies
before I got to know you
and I did not wait love but I was
laying in wait for and I jumped on the rose.*

*What more can they tell you?
I am neither good nor bad but a man,
and they will then associate the danger
of my life, which you know
and which with your passion you shared.*

*And good, this danger
is danger of love, of complete love
for all life,
for all lives,
and if this love brings us
the death and the prisons,
I am sure that your big eyes,
as when I kiss them,
will then close with pride,
into double pride, love,
with your pride and my pride.*

*But to my ears they will come before
to wear down the tour
of the sweet and hard love which binds us,
and they will say: "The one
you love,
is not a woman for you,
Why do you love her? I think
you could find one more beautiful,
more serious, more deep,
more other, you understand me, look how she's light,
and what a head she has,
and look at how she dresses,
and etcetera and etcetera".*

*And I in these lines say:
Like this I want you, love,
love, Like this I love you,
as you dress
and how your hair lifts up
and how your mouth smiles,
light as the water
of the spring upon the pure stones,
Like this I love you, beloved..."*
-Pablo Neruda

? Poppy ? says

I **Liked** Pablo Neruda's writing, I believe his raw passion speaks to all of us on a universal level. It's so human and bare, it is his monument left to us. This is an amazing collection which begins with his early work to his retrospective years, it shows you this amazing evolution of his writing and how powerful it becomes. Some poems really hit home where some of them really confused me. These poems really made this book a quite interesting read for me.

*And I in these lines say:
Like this I want you, love,
love, Like this I love you,
as you dress*

*and how your hair lifts up
and how your mouth smiles,
light as the water
of the spring upon the pure stones,
Like this I love you, beloved..."*
-Pablo Neruda

*I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.*

*Another's. She will be another's. Like my kisses before.
Her voice. Her bright body. Her infinite eyes.*

*I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.*

*Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.*

*"I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains, bluebells, dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.
I want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees."*

*You discovered
His thoughts,
His words, his love,
His passionate
Intensity
In a tiny book
That's now
Well-fingered.
Then you added your own
Unique voice, your arms
Your legs, your body
And your love,
So that in turn
You might be loved
And you were
And still, my heart,
Again, you are.*

This is definitely my first book of Pablo's but not the last. I am looking forward to his writing. **Highly Recommended to poetry & Classic Lovers.**

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Snehal Bhagat says

An anthology of Pablo Neruda's poems translated into English.

With over 600 poems, this is a large and fairly representative collection covering sonnets, odes, cantos and free verse drawn from across the poet's entire career. I have been reading it on and off for a fairly long time but I still have not finished reading all of it, having skimmed through some parts and skipped others altogether primarily for two reasons: the difficulty, sometimes, in establishing the context, and the problems associated with the language barrier.

There's always this thing about poetry and the milieu in which it is written- some poems draw only on shared human experience and so need little by way of a background- as with a great deal of love poetry, while for others, the entire meaning can hinge on the reader's awareness or ignorance of its context; the former therefore tends to be more durable and has broader appeal. Neruda's love poetry is no exception - it is exquisite and extremely accessible; but I struggled with his epic poetry for I do not know enough of the context or the details of the provenance for quite a bit of it.

The problem is persistent; even for a poem that purely describes nature, when we read '..and it is here that the world ends.' we can infer from the context that it is a place that is being spoken of and not a moment in time; but we do not know what place that is. Pedantic as it may seem, it matters whether the place the poet had in mind was off Cape Horn or the middle of the Atacama desert, especially because the verse is rooted so deeply in the land, its people and their traditions- often, both history and geography are intertwined to inform the narrative, so this isn't poetry that describes a continent as much as defines it:

*The poisonous skin of the copper, the nitrate salt spread out
like a statue, crumbled and snowy: they're mine, but not
only them: also the vineyards, the cherries the spring rewards,*

*they are mine too, and I belong to them, like a black atom
in the arid land, in the autumn light on the grapes,
in this metallic homeland lifted by towers of snow.*

Bards of course, are the bearers of literary ambrosia, but it is not merely when they concern themselves with the heroic canon that poets have the power to grant immortality; they can take everyday experiences and imbue them with deep significance, distill the wistful and extract the poignant, transform the merely special to the truly magical and in so doing make our ordinary lives a little less so.

It is said of Neruda that he caresses words, and that there is great beauty in his use of the language; and doubtless this must be true, but though the original poem in Spanish often appears along with the English translation here, for those of us who do not understand both languages, there is no way to really appreciate it. And not knowing just how much the spirit of the original is captured in the translation can be frustrating too; but this is not to take away from the quality of the translations - even in the English versions there is no denying the moments when the breath comes unstitched and the heart misses a beat.

The oeuvre of the poet who was the 'voice of the voiceless' is immensely prolific, yet incredibly versatile and so defies easy analysis. It goes through the entire spectrum- passionate, sad, tender, political, ornate, erotic, whimsical - witness the 'Ode to the Artichoke'- and at times dull and prosaic, but it is always original, and there are gems to be found even in his lesser known works. There is something charming about his politically motivated poetry too; quaint the anti-capitalistic tirades, Nixon-bashing and the Marxist espousal may seem now, but there is no mistaking the emotional intensity, the earnestness of feeling, the conviction of belief and the love of the utopian ideal that underlies it.

This is a good book to pick up on a lazy afternoon and dip into at random, and I intend to revisit it again -and often, in the future; *yo volveré* - as the poet says.

Karianne says

LOVE HIM...an excerpt from my favorite poem...

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. Like my kisses before.
Her voice. Her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Jessaka says

I have written poetry off and on all my life but so few poems have I kept. I am not a lover of poetry, nor do I really understand most of it. I came up on this book at a bookstore and found that I couldn't put it down. I would begin to walk out of the store, just to find myself back with this book, over and over again, so I had to own it. It inspires me when I need inspiration to write, but I don't consider myself a poet. It is obvious why he is so well loved as a poet.

Embracing My Books says

You can read my review here: <http://embracingmybooks.blogspot.be/2...>

Ian "Marvin" Graye says

Pending a review

Ute Lemper

One of my favourite singers has just released an album of songs she created from 12 of Pablo Neruda poems. It's called "Forever":

<http://www.utelempers.com/neruda/>

The Flight from Weimar to Chile

[Ute Lemper, Live at the Concert Hall, QPAC, Brisbane, Friday, September 13, 2013]

His legacy is
An ocean of
Probabilities,
Made likely
By the flow
Of verse
From its source,
His mind,
To a remote
Destination
Across the world,
Us, the audience
He had in mind,
Focussed and
Inexorable.

You, Ute,
Hovered
Bird-like in
Some crazy,
Jazz Birdland,
Scatting,
Above the water,
Swooping
And squawking
And growling
And soaring
Like a flight
Of sea-birds
Over timeless
Slow moving
Estuaries.

One by one,
You singled out
The crafted
Sensations
Of his rhyme,
Like gulls plunging on

Chips left behind
In the beach sand.
You mimicked
Miles' trumpet
With your voice,
Deftly painting
Sketches of Spain
And Chile
In Spanish,
French,
Even Anglaise.

At first, coy,
You held hands
With Neruda,
Until later,
No longer the
Sophisticated tease,
You gave yourself
To this man
Of simple ways,
Then both of you
Took off
Like swallows
On the breeze.

You discovered
His thoughts,
His words, his love,
His passionate
Intensity
In a tiny book
That's now
Well-fingered.
Then you added your own
Unique voice, your arms
Your legs, your body
And your love,
So that in turn
You might be loved
And you were
And still, my heart,
Again, you are.

My Favourite Modern Lover [Apologies to Jonathan Richman]

Just a sketch, some paint, a glaze
Were all Picasso needed

To capture pretty women,
Some were even in the nude.
Although he was very short,
Girls could not resist his gaze.

Then came Pablo Neruda.
He wrote lots of poetry.
He learned how to flirt with verse,
Now women who read it swoon.
Though he's my favoured Pablo,
I still can't tell who's ruder.

Gratitude

Thank you, Fate,
For guiding me
To my love.
The entanglement
Of limbs
And flesh
Is a pleasure
Great, but small
Compared with
When our
Hearts and minds
Enmesh.

I'm in Love with a German Film Star [I Crave Your Lips, Your Eyes, Your Avatar]

Next time you're in bed
I'd like to hold you
In my loving arms,
Kiss you on the lips,
Run my hand over
Your curvaceous hips,
Gently part your legs,
Entreat your dew drops
And take a few sips,
Until you wanted
To be entered as
If we had been wed.

Jack C. Buck says

a 1000 pager. Took me a year of it sitting bedside.

Yasmin says

I have loved Pablo Neruda since I was fifteen years old and have fell in love with his beautiful expressions countless times. I believe his raw passion speaks to all of us on a universal level. It's so human and bare, it is his monument left to us. This is an amazing collection which begins with his early work to his retrospective years, it shows you this amazing evolution of his writing and how powerful it becomes.

Dale Harcombe says

Four and a half stars. I'm not sure how I managed to get through life to this point with only having read a couple of Pablo Neruda's poems, so it was with great delight at a recent Lifeline book fair I picked up this single volume of his works, around 600 poems. Since I don't read Spanish, I am reading them translated. But some also have the Spanish originals alongside them, which is interesting.

As with any collection some poems appealed to me more than others. I'm not going to name them because I suspect that next time I pick up this book and dip into the poems those favourites, like the tide, may have changed. And this is one book of poems that I have no doubt I will return to again and again. Over all, I found the lucid writing, imagery and passion (and not just sexual passion) but passion for the land and for justice among other things drew me in. I would highly recommend this collection to anyone who does not read poetry normally as Neruda is largely an accessible poet with an eye for detail. Those who do read poetry will appreciate the skill involved in creating these poems.

Leila says

breathhtaking, heart wrenching, soul awakening -- Neruda is love ...

"I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;
thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,
risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.
I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;
so I love you because I know no other way

than this: where I does not exist, nor you,
so close that your hand on my chest is my hand,
so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep."

Izzy G says

This book is the quintessential poetry book. Neruda is untouchable and this compilation is the best. If my house was burning and I could only run out with one book it would be a close call between this and Lorca's compilation. You could be stranded on a desert island with this book for the rest of your life and you would have a smile on your face. Y ahora, pido silencio.
