1 2	Si me levanto temprano fresco y curado	When I get up early fresh and healed	[1-3] this morning I feel great. I clearly see that
3 4 5 6 7	claro y feliz y te digo: voy al bosque para aliviarme de tí, sabes que dentro tengo un tesoro que me llega a la raíz.	clear and joyful and I tell you: I'm going to the forest to relieve myself of you, you know that I innerly carry a treasure that reaches my very root.	[4-7] I love you so much that I need a break from you
8 9 10 11 12 13	Si luego vuelvo cargado con muchas flores, mucho color y te las pongo en la risa en la ternura, en la voz es que he mojado en flor mi camisa para teñir su sudor.	Then, when I come back carrying lots of flowers, many colors to put them on your laughter your tenderness, your voice. I have wet my shirt in bloom to dye its sweat.	[8-14] I will surely come back with reinvigorated, rejuvenated love for you
15 16 17 18 19	Pero si un día me demoro, no te impacientes yo volveré más tarde será que a la más profunda alegría: me habrá seguido la rabia ese día.	Some day I may be late, please, be patient, I will surely come back. The deepest joy: anger, might have followed me that day.	[15-19] Yet, some days I may get entangled in my own anger, which may delay me on my way back
	<u>La rabia</u> :	Anger:	
20 21	simple del hombre silvestre bomba, la rabia de muerte	the simple anger of uncouth people of bombs and death	[20] the beautifully simple anger of uncouth people [21] hopelessly entropic, irreversible as it is
22 23	imperio asesino de niños se me ha podrido el cariño	of the empire killer of children my love has rotten	[22] the most mercilessly careless of all feelings [23] which, as I notice, has displaced, messed with my capacity to love (and be loved)
24 25	madre, por Dios, tengo frío eso es mío, eso es mío, solo mío	mother, for Christ's sake, I'm cold that is mine, mine and only mine	[24] I can't deny I am upset [25] that my anger has threatened my very sense of self
26 27	bebo pero no me mojo miedo a perder el manojo	I drink, yet I don't get wet I fear losing my bunch	[26] anger I can't control, it is not even "mine". It has hijacked my most inner feelings
28 29	hijo, zapato de tierra dame o te hago la guerra	son, your shoes will be the dirt give me some or I make war on you	[28] it is what it is there is no way around it [29] I am ready to dump my whole anger at once on anyone for any reason
30 31	todo tiene su momento el grito se lo lleva el viento	everything has its moment my screams will be blown away by the wind	[30] I can't pretend to nicely play another role, do not bother me now [31] yet, I know that (hopefully or not) it is all in "my mind". I will ultimately have to deal with it inwardly myself knowing well that all my outward cries will be blown away by the wind anyway, as it would happen with anyone's else's cries about their anger.
32 33	el oro sobre la conciencia coño, paciencia, paciencia	while keeping gold over one's mind fuck! patience, patience is what I need!	
34	La rabia es mi vocación	Anger is my vocation	[34] at the end of the day I have learned to bridle my own anger, which has made me stronger. Amazingly, I keep getting better at this! [35-38] the training/strength I got while dealing with my own anger in "the forest" (of my own thoughts and feelings) will help me while dealing with the shitty social world out there
35	Si hay días que vuelvo cansado	When on some days I come back tired	
36	sucio de tiempo, sin para amor	dirty of time, without love to share	
37 38	Es que regreso del mundo; no del bosque, no del sol.	I come back from the world Not from the forest or the sun	
39 40 41	En esos días, compañera, ponte alma nueva para mi más bella flor.	Those days, sweetheart, put on your new soul for my most beautiful flower.	[39-41] so, thank you darling/love partner. Now you should thank ourselves, by, as I have just done, renewing yourself, and getting ready for the most beautiful flower I could have brought to you from the "forest" or even the "sun"