
GENEROUS PARDON, TENDER AFFECTION; THREE POEMS BY GERTRUDIS GOMEZ DE AVELLANADA

Por Gabrielle di Lorenzo*
Country Day School
Santa Cruz

INTRODUCTION

If woman, in spite of these and other brilliant indicators of her scientific capacity, still continues to be proscribed from the temple of profound knowledge, one would neither believe that her acceptance into the literary and artistic fields will happen for many centuries: ah! no! for her this terrain has been disputed palm over palm by male exclusivism, and even today she is seen there as an intruder and a usurper, treating her, in consequence, with a certain ill will and mistrust, that one can see in the distance in which she is maintained from the bearded academies- You pass this adjective, dear readers, because it has come naturally to the pen upon mentioning these illustrious corporations of people of letters, whose first and most important title is that of having beards.¹

This sardonic comment by Cuban Romantic poet Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, in her 1860 essay: "Woman," aptly characterized the Spanish literary climate of her day.

Avellaneda, or "Tula," as she was affectionately known, innovated new metrical forms in Spanish poetry. She wrote plays performed for the Spanish court and published an antislavery novel, *Sab*, ten years before the printing of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Crowned as an honorary poet in Cuba, Avellaneda heard her male literary contemporaries praise her achievement, while expressing doubt that anyone with her talent could be a woman.

In 1853, she was nominated for a seat on the prestigious Real Academy of the Spanish Language. She lost the honor to a colorless political personage

"by right of pertaining to" the "lovely sex".²

It was an embittered Avellaneda who then condemned literary renown, likening it to facial hair, the exclusive property and privilege of males. As she wrote;

Unfortunately the greatest intellectual potential does not reach to sprout forth on the lower part of the human face in this animal exuberance which requires the blade of the knife.³

In spite of her resentment, Avellaneda had endured the tumult of her own life by a capacity for "generous pardon, tender affection", for her triumphs were as illustrious as her losses were tragic.

Born to well-to-do parents in Cuba, Avellaneda said farewell to her beloved island twice in her lifetime. Married and widowed twice, she never won the affection of the man she truly loved.

She suffered greatly when her only daughter, born out of wedlock, died soon after birth. She received high honors, for the king and queen of Spain were **padrinos**, the best man and maid of honor, at her second wedding in 1855.

Throughout the many honors and the painful losses, Avellaneda maintained a continuous outpouring of literary energy; her work infused with love for others, love for God and enthusiasm for her professed art of poetry.⁴

Though she was a passionate lover, Avellaneda was not one to harbor grudges, and she maintained amicable

Her bountiful spirit and enduring love for writing motivated one of Avellaneda's last gifts. As part of her will, written in 1864, she left her life's work to the same Academy that had once rejected her. She specified:

All my literary works, said, I donate them to the Real Academy of the Language. Displaying that I desire that they pardon me the

*tactlessness I may have incurred, when I remembered, some years ago, their not admitting to their bosom any individual of my sex.*⁵

BIOGRAPHY

María Gertrudis de los Dolores was the baptismal name of a girl born to Manuel Gómez de Avellaneda and Francisca de Arteaga y Betancourt in the Puerto Príncipe section of Camaguey on March 23, 1814. Since early childhood, Gertrudis showed a passion for writing verse and novels. As a young woman, she displayed the impulsiveness seen in her character throughout her life, unexpectedly ending two engagements before her first marriage.

Avellaneda moved to Spain with her family at twenty-two. She began publishing poetry in Sevilla under the pseudonym: "**La Peregrina**" (The Pilgrim), and began what was to become a lifetime of tempestuous love affairs. Mendez Vigo's love for Avellaneda left him at the brink of suicide, but the young woman poet preferred the gloomy melancholy of Ignacio Cepeda. His moody temperament, called "ennui" or "melancholy" in the Romantic era, was Avellaneda's downfall.⁷

In June 1840 her play **Leoncia** premiered in the theater of Sevilla. Her anti-slavery novel **Sab**, filled with images of her homeland, was published in 1841, and Avellaneda resolved to live out her destiny as a poet.⁸

While her poetry readings triumphed in Madrid, Cepeda spurned her. Avellaneda soon became enamored of poet Gabriel García Tassara in 1844, and she gave birth to his daughter out of wedlock in April of 1845. In spite of her letters, which alternated pleading with threats, Tassara never came to see his baby girl. When she died at seven months, his paternity was acknowledged in the child's death act.⁹

Avellaneda's theater works **Alfonso Munio** and **el Príncipe de Viana** were performed and she published the novel **Espatolino** before May 1846, when she married her ardent admirer, Pedro Sabater.

When he became ill and died eighty days after the wedding, Avellaneda was moved to write a series of elegies in the convent of Burdeos.

She returned to Madrid, and resumed her affair with Ignacio Cepeda until another final split in 1847.

At the height of her literary success, Avellaneda married Colonel Domingo Verdugo in

1855, with the King and Queen of Spain as best man and maid of honor. Her popular comedy, **Los Oráculos de Talia** was followed by **Tres Amores**, and this second work prompted an unusual mishap.

When one of the characters uttered the line: "There's a cat locked up, Sirs..." in the final scene of this play, a high-spirited theater patron named Antonio Ribera hurled a live cat onstage. The indignant Verdugo fought with Ribera in defense of his wife's honor, and the ensuing disorder caused the play to end abruptly, despite the presence of the Spanish royalty.¹⁰

After the triumphant premier of Avellaneda's **Baltasar** the following month, Ribera and Verdugo engaged in another skirmish, and resulting injuries weakened Verdugo's failing health.

When Verdugo was offered a post as Lieutenant Governor of Cuba, the couple returned there in 1852. Avellaneda was lauded as the island's poet and crowned in the Teatro Tacon. On the twenty-seventh of January, 1860, she was crowned again in the Liceo of Havana.

Verdugo fell ill with yellow fever in 1860, and died in 1863 of a malarial fever. Avellaneda returned to Spain, where she dedicated herself to editing her life's work. She died on the first of February, 1873.

While critics agree on the genius of her writing, they do not give all her work evaluations of equal merit. According to critic Max Henríquez Ureña, Avellaneda's narrative fiction "does not reach... the same elevation and brilliance of the dramatic work or her lyric verse."¹¹

AL PARTIR "Upon Leaving"

Avellaneda first left Santiago de Cuba with her family on April 9, 1836, boarded the frigate **Bellochan**. As the boat left Santiago, she wrote this well-known sonnet: "Upon Leaving". According to Carmen Bravo-Villasante, the inspired young poet then stood on the deck during the voyage, reciting the poetry of Cuban José María de Heredia.¹²

"Upon Leaving" is a prophetic sonnet, concludes Max Ureña. While Avellaneda was to live the greater part of her life in Spain and achieve great triumphs here, she continued to evoke her native land as she does in this sonnet, throughout her writing career.¹³

The variety and richness of Avellaneda's poetic meter is also explained by Ureña. Her poetic

innovations include the thirteen-syllable verse, a new type of *alejandrino* verse, a verse composed of five rhythmic clauses of three syllables and a verse composed of sixteen syllables.¹⁴ Her domination of poetic form is marked by what Carmen Villasante called “virtuosity of rhyme.”¹⁵

AL PARTIR

*¡Perla del mar! ¡Estrella de Occidente!
 ¡Hermosa Cuba! Tu brillante cielo
 la noche cubre con su opaco velo
 como cubre el dolor mi triste frente
 ¡Voy a partir! La chusma diligente,
 para arrancarme del nativo suelo
 las velas iza, y pronta a su desvelo
 la brisa acude de tu zona ardiente
 ¡Adiós, patria feliz, edén querido!
 ¡Doquier el hado en su furor me impela
 tu dulce nombre halagará mi oído!
 ¡Adiós! ¡... Ya cruje la turgente vela...
 el ancla se alza... el buque estremecido,
 las olas corta y silencioso vuela!*¹⁶

UPON LEAVING

*Pearl of the sea! Star of the West!
 Beautiful Cuba! Your brilliant sky
 is covered by night with an opaque veil
 as pain covers my sad forehead
 I will depart! The toiling crew
 (to uproot me from the native soil)
 hoists the sails, and promptly at this unveiling
 the breeze responds to your torrid zone
 Goodby, happy country, beloved Eden!
 Wherever destiny in its furor impels me
 your sweet name will flatter my ear!
 Goodby... The sails are crushed by wind
 the anchor lifts... the trembling vessel
 cuts the waves and silently flies!*

LA VENGANZA

These verses, entitled “Vengeance: Invocation to Spirits of the Night”, are a fragment of what is called “a small poem”, in a footnote of Volume I of Avellaneda’s complete works.¹⁷

Avellaneda wrote the poem in 1842, and then tore it to pieces some time later. Impressed by the “novelty and harmony they attributed to the meter”, friends of the poet salvaged this fragment.¹⁸

Modern readers can suggest a variety of

reasons why Avellaneda destroyed her work, and why she composed so violent and tormented a series of verses.

Before she knew of Romanticism, Avellaneda was a romantic. As she remembered her childhood; “Since girlhood I wrote verses and novels that had for protagonists giants and vampires”.¹⁹ She also recalled:

*With no tragedies to read, I began to create them. I would improvise with my friends tremendous scenes of passion, of death, and more than once I became possessed so much, that after those poetic outbursts, I would fall in bed with fever..*²⁰

This fervid spirit blossomed in Avellaneda’s later work, for her personality and temperament matched those of her era; the Romantic style of Ropousseau, William Blake and Byron. She lived and wrote with the conviction of Helvetius, who said: “We become stupid when we cease to become impassioned”.²¹ The beliefs and values of Romanticism encouraged Avellaneda’s style, especially so in the elegant horror of the night spirits of “Vengeance”.

In this disturbing, tortured remnant of Avellaneda’s longer poem, she invokes all the horrible powers of evil she can name to assist her in and unquenchable thirst for vengeance. Calling on them to leave off their other pursuits, she promises them a “more dignified end” in stanza eight: the sordid task of avenging her fevered anger.

While literary historians have not established the extent of Avellaneda’s literary preparation, it is possible that she read the classics. The rhythmic intonation of her repeated cries: “Come!” Listen!” “Fly” echo those of the anquished Dido in Virgil’s *Aeneid*. Deserted by Aeneas, Dido vents her raw, desolate fury by invoking the gods of vengeance:

*Furies, avengers, and, oh, gods of themoribund Elisa, listen to these words, attend to my supplications and bring over these evil ones our avenging spirit!*²²

Go, fly, come flames, put up the sails, hands to the oars... What shall I say? Where am I?

*What delusion blinds me? Unhappy Dido, now proclaim his wrongs, it would have been better if you had proclaimed them when you gave him your scepter.*²³

As much as Avellaneda's work echoes the Greek classics in content and style, her writing is always motivated by genuine feeling. Occasions of tragedy darkened her life, beginning with her frustrated love for Cepeda. Literary success alternated with the deaths of her daughter and her two husbands, drawing from the poet works of profound religious yearning.

Critic Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo concluded:

What makes her immortal, not only in Spanish lyric poetry, but in any other place and time, is the tame and resigned, at times ardent and impetuous and mystic and profound, of all the yearnings, sadnesses, passions, disenchantments, torments and shipwrecks of the feminine soul. ²⁴

Her literary triumphs were an honor and a burden for a woman in her time. Despite literary acclaim, Avellaneda won sometimes grudging praise in a man's literary world. It was with sincerity that respected critic Ferrer del Río announced: "Avellaneda is not a poetess, but a [male] poet," implying that talent of her caliber could only be found in male writers. A contemporary of Avellaneda, Carolina Coronado, wrote that Avellaneda became so fascinated by this opinion that she used a male pseudonym to win a literary contest.²⁵

On one level, the fragment: "Vengeance: Invocation to the Spirits of the Night", reads like a scene from one of Avellaneda's childhood stories of giants and vampires. After a second reading, though, the tumult of Avellaneda's adult life, the depth of her personal suffering and the extent of her artistic sensibility make the shocking horror of the images more understandable. The series of verse are the innermost cry of a woman unhappy in love, yearning for a distant homeland and struggling for acclaim in the masculine world of Spanish letters.

LA VENGANZA

*Invocación a los Espíritus de la Noche
¡Callados hijos de la noche lóbrega
espíritus amantes del pavor
que la venganza alimentáis recóndita
y esfuerzo dais al criminal amor!
Númenes mudos de asechanzas pérfidas
protectores del odio y la traición*

*que disipais vacilaciones tétricas
de flojo miedo y necia compasión
¡los que en las selvas solitarias, lúgubres
dais al bandido el rápido puñal
y los gemidos sofocais inútiles
de él que a su golpe sucumbió mortal!
¡Ministros del error, del crimen súbditos!
¡Atender! ¡Atender! ¡Volad! ¡Volad!
Que ya la hora sonó de ansiado júbilo
y sus puertas abrió la eternidad
Dejad los antros de la inmunda crápula,
do prodigais mezquina inspiración
y el blando sueño de la virgen cándida
no perturbeis con lóbrega visión,
ni atormentéis vigiliáis del ascético
ni adustos con la esposa criminal
la hagais soñar que se convierte en piélagos
de hirviente sangre el tálamo nupcial
ni a inicuos jueces las inultas víctimas
reproduzcáis en lúgubre escuadrón;
ni al vil logrero la indigencia lívida,
lanzando en él terrible maldición.,
¡Más digno fin, placeres mas insólitos
hoy os preparo, espíritus sin luz!
Momentos son a vuestras ansias prósperos
los que esta noche envuelve en su capuz
Su trono se alza esplendoroso de ébano
y los vientos se duermen a sus pies
y su honda paz, como la paz del féretro
profunda, fría y sin sonido es
Ved las estrellas de su imperio prófugas
Ved cual cubre la luna su dosel
y el manto azul de la celeste bóveda
negro se vuelve, en protegeros fiel
El eco duerme en sus asilos cóncavos
duerme en la sombra el céfiro fugaz
Mi odio tan solo vela, y mira atónito
la para él desconocida paz
Ningún rumor en el silencio fúnebre
el negro arcano revelar podrá
¡Sólo a vosotros, del misterio númenes,
la muda voz os felicita ya!
¡Venid! ¡Venid!, que de rencores grávida
siento esta frente que miráis arder
y un lauro pide que refresquen lágrimas
para templar su acerbo padecer!
¡Venid! ¡Venid! ¡espíritus indómitos!
¡De horror y duelo este recinto henchid!
¡Venid, las alas sacudiendo pródigos
a enardecer mi corazón, venid!
¡Venid! ¡Venid! Del enemigo bárbaro
beber anhelo la abundante hiel*

*¡No más insomnes velarán mis párpados
 si a él se los cierra mi furor cruel!
 ¡Dadle a mis labios, que se agitan ávidos
 sangre humeante sin cesar, corred!
 Trague, devore sus raudales rápidos
 jamás saciada mi ferviente sed
 ¡Hagan mis dientes con crújidos ásperos
 pedazos mil su corazón infiel
 y dormiré, cual en suntuoso tálamo
 su caliente, ensangrentada piel!
 Al retratar, tan plácidas imágenes
 siento de gozo el corazón latir...
 ¡Espíritus de horror, no pusilánimes
 dejes mi sangre inútilmente hervir!
 Si en estos campos solitarios, áridos,
 quereis tener magnífico festín
 dadme sus miembros, dádmelos escualidos,
 y en ellos mi hambre se apaciente al fin
 ¡Ministros del error, del crimen súbditos!
 ¡Atended! ¡Atended! ¡Volad! ¡Volad!
 Que ya la hora sonó de ansiado júbilo,
 y sus puertas abrió la eternidad!* ²⁶

VENGEANCE

*(Invocation to the Spirits of the Night)
 Silent sons of the gloomy night
 Spirits-lovers of dread
 You feed concealed vengeance,
 and you encourage criminal love!
 Mute deities of treacherous snares
 protectors of hatred and betrayal
 that dissipate melancholy indecision
 of foolish fear and ignorant compassion
 the ones who in the solitary, gloomy jungles
 give to the bandit the rapid dagger
 and suffocate the useless moans
 of the one who at your mortal blow succumbed!
 Ministers of error, subjects of crime
 Listen! Listen! Fly! Fly!
 For already the hour of anxious jubilation
 sounded
 and eternity opened its doors.
 Leave the den of filthy debauchery
 where you lavish miserly inspiration
 and the sensual dream of the innocent virgin
 do not perturb with your gloomy vision
 nor torment the vigils of the aescetic
 nor act sternly with the criminal wife
 make her dream that converted into an ocean
 of boiling blood is the bridal chamber.*

*nor for wicked judges the unpunished victims
 do you reproduce in gloomy squadron
 nor to the vile userer to livid begging
 thrown into terrible damnation.
 More dignified end, pleasures most peculiar
 Today I prepare you, spirits without light!
 Moments are at your prosperous eagerness
 those wrapped in its robe by the night.
 His throne rises, resplendant with ebony
 and the winds sleep at his feet
 and his deep peace, like the peace of the coffin
 icks profound, cold and noiseless.
 See the fugitive stars from their empire,
 See those covered by the canopy of the moon
 And the blue robe of the celestial vault
 becomes black, in faithful shelter.
 The echo sleeps in this concave asylums,
 sleeps in the shadow of the fleeting breeze.
 My hate alone watches, and looks, astonished
 at the for-him unknown peace.
 No rumor in te funeral silence
 the black mystery will be able to reveal
 Only to you, deities of mysteries
 the mute voice congratulates you already!
 Come, Come, fora grave resentments
 I feel this forehead tat you see burn
 and ask for laurel to refresh tears
 to easy its bitter suffering.
 Come! Come! Indoitablwe spirits!
 Sewell this forehead with hrror and pain!
 Come, the careful, flapping wings
 to sting my heart, Come!
 Come! Come! Of the barbarous enemy
 Drink yearning, the abundant bitterness
 No more shall my sleepless eyelids watch
 if my cruel fury closes this!
 Give to my lips, that tremble greedily,
 moist blood, without ceasing, run!
 Drink, devour its rapid torrents
 never satiated is my fervent thirst.
 My teeth make with bitter crusing
 into a million pieces our unfaithful heart
 and I will sleep, in a sumptuous bridal bed
 on your hot, bloody skin!
 Upon portraying such placid images
 I feel my heart beat with pleasure
 Spirits of horror, not pusillanimous
 leave my blood to boil uselessly!
 If in these solitary, arid fields
 you want to have a magnificent banquet
 give me his parts, give me them, squalid
 and in tem my hunger shall finally feed.*

*Ministers of error, subjects of crime
Listen! Listen! Fly! Fly!
For already the hour sounded of anxious
jubilation
and eternity opened its doors.*

A EL
"To him"

After the death of Pedro Sabater, Avellaneda resumed her romance with Ignacio Cepeda in 1847, but the two split for the last time at the end of the same year.

Avellaneda's poem entitled "To him", the second bearing this title, commemorates the end of their romantic love. Her assurance of "generous pardon, tender affection" at the end of the poem is heartfelt. She maintained friendly correspondence with Cepeda until 1854, when he married Maria Córdova y Govantes.

At her own expense, Cepeda's widow published his correspondence with Avellaneda, after his death in 1906.²⁷

A EL

*No existe lazo ya; todo está roto,
plúgole al cielo así. ¡Bendito sea!
Amargo caliz con placer agoto;
mi alma reposa al fin: nada desea.
¡Te amé, no te amo ya; piénsolo al menos:
nunca, si fuere error, la verdad mire!
Que tantos años de amargura llenos
trague el olvido, el corazón respire!
Lo has destrozado sin piedad, mi orgullo
una vez y otra vez pisaste insano...
más nunca el labio exhalará un murmullo
para acusar tu proceder tirano
De graves faltas vengador terrible
docil llenaste tu misión: ¿lo ignoras?
No era tuyo el poder que irresistible
postró ante mis fuerzas vencedoras
Quísole Dios y fue; gloria a su nombre
todo se terminó; recobró aliento
¡Angel de las venganzas! ya eres hombre
ni amor ni miedo al contemplarte siento*

*Cayó tu cetro, se embotó tu espada...
¡Más hay! ¡Cuan triste libertad respiro!²⁸
Hice un mundo de ti, que hoy se anonada
y en honda y vasta soledad me miro.
¡Vive dichosa tú! Si en algún día
ves este adiós que t e dirijo eterno
sabe que aún tienes en el alma mía
generoso perdón, cariño tierno.*

To Him

*The knot no longer exists; everything is broken
Heaven wanted it that way. May it be blessed!
Bitter chalice I drain with pleasure
Finally, my soul rests, desiring nothing
I loved you, I don't love you any more; I think so,
at least
If it was an error, I never faced the truth
I hope forgetfulness swallows so many years filled
with
bitterness, that the heart breathes!
You have shattered it without pity, my pride
one time and again you trampled insanelly
but the lip will never exhale a murmur
to accuse your tyrannical conduct
Of grave faults, terrible avenger
calmly you filled your mission, do you ignore it?
It wasn't yours, the power that irresistably
collapsed my conquering forces before you
God wanted it and it was; glory to his name
everything ended; one recovered breath
Angel of vengeance! Now you're only a man
neither love nor fear do I feel as I contemplate
you
Your scepter fell, your sword blunted
When, ay, what sad liberty I breathe!
I made a world of you, that today is
annihilated
and I see myself in vast and deep solitude.
Live happily! If someday
you see this goodbye that I address to you
eternally
you know, that you still have in my soul
generous pardon, tender affection*

NOTES

*La traducción de los tres poemas de la poeta cubana Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda estuvo inspirada por la Dra. María Vega de Febles y con la ayuda de sus libros de poesías de la Avellaneda. Además, la Dra. Vega de Febles colaboró en la traducción de los mismos,

1. Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, "La Mujer", [The Woman], Vol. 5: **Colección Completa Obras Literarias de la Señora Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda**. [Complete Collection. Literary Works of Mrs. Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda] (Madrid: Rivadeneyra, 1871), p. 303. (This essay was also published in *La Discusión* [The Discussion], August 5, 1857, and May 29, 1858.

2. Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, "Apuntes Biográficos", Vol. 1: **Colección Completa. Obras Literarias de la Señora Doña Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda**. [Complete Collection. Literary Works of Mrs. Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda] (Madrid: Rivadeneyra, 1869), p. 31.

3. Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, "La Mujer," *Obras Literarias*, Tomo 5, p. 303.

4. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo - from **Antología de Poetas Hispanoamericanos**, [Anthology of Hispanoamerican Poets] quoted in **Amanecer de un Centenario** [Dawn of a Centennial], Dra. María A. Crespi, ed., (Miami: February 1, 1973), p. 15.

5. **Amanecer de un Centenario**, Ibid., p. 14.

6. Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, **SAB: Edición, Prólogo y Notas**, edit. by Carmen Bravo-Villasante, (Salamanca: Ediciones Anaya, S.A., 1970), p. 8.

7. Max Henríquez Ureña, Vol. 1, **Panorama Histórico de la Literatura Cubana**, [Historical Panorama of Cuban Literature] (Puerto Rico: Ediciones Mirador, 1963), p. 201.

8. Carmen Bravo-Villasante, p. 10.

9. Max Henríquez Ureña, p. 203.

10. Ibid., p. 204.

11. Ibid., p. 225.

12. Carmen Bravo-Villasante, p. 8.

13. Max Henríquez Ureña, p. 197.

14. Ibid., p. 207.

15. Carmen Bravo-Villasante, p. 13.

16. Julio Caillet Bois, **Antología de la Poesía Hispanoamericana**, (Madrid: Aguilar, 1965), p. 332

17. Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, Vol. I, **Obras Literarias**, p. 134.

18. Ibid.

19. Carmen Bravo-Villasante, p. 7.

20. Ibid., p. 8.

21. Ibid.

22. Agustín Millares Carlo, estudio preliminar y notas, **Virgilio y Horacio: Obras Poéticas**, Traducciones de Eugenio de Ochoa y German Salinas, Clásicos Jackson, Volumen IV, (México, Buenos Aires, Santiago de Chile: W. M. Jackson, Editores), p. 169.

23. Ibid.

24. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, **Antología de Poetas Hispanoamericanos, en Amanecer de Un Centenario**, p. 15.

25. Carolina Coronado, "Galería de Poetisas Contemporáneas," Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda, Vol. 1, **Obras Literarias**, p. 389.

26. Caillet Bois, p. 328.

27. Max Henríquez Ureña, p. 204.

28. Caillet Bois, p. 239.

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DESEA... NO EXISTE LAZO YA; TODO

ESTA ROTO; PLUGOLE EL CUERPO MUY ASI.

BENDITO SEA! AMARGO CALIZ

CON PLAGER

MI ALMA REPOSA AL FIN: NO TE AMO YA; PIENSOLO AL MENOS;



