

CREACION

Celestinesca de vez en cuando ha ofrecido obras inspiradas en *Celestina* y tenemos el placer de brindar a los lectores esta obra poética "en tres tonos." [Ed.]

CALISTO AND MELIBEA: MEETING AGAIN, FOR THE FIRST TIME

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I. In Warwickshire

Lo, the fletcher'd hunter 'scapes the training hand
And swift a pastoral Perch doth seek enow;
In his pursuit comes a well-limbed young man
Who stops forthwith: a wall o'er which to follow.
He stops to wonder at the Danger hid within:
Fair Melibea, no, tho' Beauty certes has its thorns,
But Pleberio, warden of that Maiden daint and pure
Who keeps her from Man's threat'ning Lust immured
(She will withal be wakened soon by Passion's horn).
Dare he Follow, scale the height? And yet he must
Faint heart show not but ape the falcon's flight
Afoot and upward go unwinged, reck'ning not
Cupido's gold-tipped dart as keen as bright.
The maiden Spied, his words spill out ill-taught:

"I'faith, have I passed through Heaven's Door?"
 "Good sir, I say, I fathom not thy meaning nor
 Countenance thy ent'ring here where no one ought."
 Brainpan sizy, tongue afumbling, still he speaks:
 "Ethereous were I, e'en then had I risen so far
 That, angels to eye, would ne'er would I behold the Par
 Of thy Beauty, nor'd they pass thee up their Peaks,
 Quakingly dreadful of Envy's vermin Rot."
 "So highly dost ye prize me? And if I thee, then what?"
 "Naught but that one celestial Promise made
 Which sodded earth might convert t'Edenic glade."
 "Fie, sir, fie and shame! Fie and flee thee hence betimes!
 Fine thoughts thy Words semble yet Honor repugn;
 Ne'er Maiden should hear so provocative a Tune!"
 "I leave as bidden to moan Fortune's mean crimes."
 Vexed, aye, and yet more disconsolate he than ired,
 Coldly rejected but, within, his Blood still fired,
 To manse and servant's Balm he trudges in Retreat,
 To hope the Meeting in better wise repeat:
 Though downtrodden seek he will Amelioration,
 A doughty Youth exemplar of our Island Nation.

II. In Metropolis

That bad old bird he flew away,
 Got to get him back today.
 Went right over the garden wall,
 I'll climb over, try not to fall.
 Hope I don't see Play-bee-ree-o,
 Won't get from him no chee-ree-o.
 He's a mean one, that old man,
 Earns more money than th'Donald can.
 Chick for a daughter named Melibea,
 Big green eyes and golden hair.
 Got a bod they say won't quit.
 But they don't know, just guessin' it!
 No one sees her, she's like a recluse,
 And that's a challenge I can't refuse.
 Over the wall now, on the ground--
 Lordy, lordy, look what I found!
 "Hi there, baby, how's it going?
 You're a doll that'll be worth knowing!

Ain't seen nothing like you, never,
And dating you would be my pleasure."
"You really think it could be that great?"
"Scale of one to seven, you'd be an eight!"
"Behind the eight-ball's where *you* are!
Back off, man, you've gone too far!"
"Okay, baby, you are the boss;
I can dig it, I better get lost."
This has been an awesome scene,
But in the end she acted up real mean.
Can I change her mind and make a score?
Hey, how'll I get her to open the door?
Talk with Sempronio, my main man;
He'll come up with a real fine plan.

III. In the Neighborhood

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful young princess called Melibea. She lived in a great big castle with her father, King Pleberio the Builder, and her mother, Queen Alisa the Short-Sighted.

King Pleberio was called "the Builder" because he was always building things, great big buildings and great big shipyards and great big factories, in fact anything greatly big that people wanted or needed or thought they did or maybe didn't. He liked to Build things and he always imagined how happy Princess Melibea would be when she took over the kingdom.

The queen was called "the Short-Sighted" because she didn't see things very well; some people said that was why King Pleberio the Builder built great big buildings and great big shipyards and great big factories, so that the queen could see what it was that he had built.

Melibea had great big green eyes, just like emeralds (can you say "emeralds"? I thought you could), but she was not big other places, just a regular young woman like we see every day. Well, except that she was a princess; but that of course makes her great, though not big. She had lovely blonde hair, long and just as shiny as Barbie's, but much, much longer, as you can imagine.

Even though she was a princess, however, and was beautiful, and besides knew that her father King Pleberio was building lots of great big things that someday would be hers, she was not happy. She had to stay in the house all the time, and you know how dull that can be, don't you? Oh, she did have a garden, a great big garden with of big tall trees and pretty flowers, all different colors, but the garden also had a great big wall all around it. She could see the trees and flowers, and the grass where there weren't any flowers and trees. She could see the birds and the butterflies, too. But she couldn't see the street or any of the people, so she didn't have much fun. Would you have any fun living like that?

Because her father was the king and very rich she also had a maid; at least there was someone her own age to talk to, but Melibea didn't always want to talk about clothes and makeup and things like that (Can you say "Clairol?", I thought you could), though sometimes she liked to talk about men. She knew there were young men in the town; even though it was very, very early in the morning when she went to church on Sundays and on holidays she could see them in the street and in the back of the church. They looked so handsome and so well dressed, and they seemed so attentive, always staring at her as she walked down the aisle, that she always felt a little thrill. Sometimes she talked about this with her maid Lucrecia, but she wasn't much help--some, but not as much as Melibea wanted.

One day she was alone in her garden when a swift bird flew over the wall chasing another bird; it didn't catch it so it stopped flying and sat on the branch of a tree near the great big wall! Melibea felt that little thrill again, but she didn't call Lucrecia to talk about it. Then this man jumped right down to the ground and started talking to her! Her eyes were all bright and his face sort of red; his words confused her at first, but then she realized that he was talking about that thing that her mother Queen Alisa the Short-Sighted once told her that she wasn't old enough yet to hear about. She had heard something of it from Lucrecia, but the two of them weren't too sure about it all.

Melibea didn't quite know what to say, but she knew she wasn't supposed to be alone with a man and having this sort of conversation, so she very firmly told him that she didn't want to hear anything more and that he should leave right away. She didn't really want to do this--he was really quite cute!--but she knew that she must

be as good as a princess should be. When he left he seemed very sad. Deep down inside she hoped that she would see him again, and soon, but she was afraid that what she said had hurt him and she didn't know how to make him feel better.

Isn't it funny, that a great big wall couldn't protect her, but a few little words could? Wouldn't it be nice if that's all it ever took.

(Did you say "Dream on"?, I thought you did.)



Sevilla: J. Cromberger, 1525



En esta viñeta de la imprenta Cromberger usada para ilustrar libros de caballerías (o crónicas), la iconografía recuerda la muerte de Calisto (auto XIX).