

Chapter 1 : Borges: Paradiso y Los Espejos Velados

Diodorus Siculus tells the story of a god, broken and scattered abroad. What man of us has never felt, walking through the twilight or writing down a date from his past, that he has lost something infinite?

So, in the shape of that white Rose, the holy legion was shown to me—the host that Christ, with His own blood, had taken as His bride. The other host, which, flying, sees and sings the glory of the One who draws its love, and that goodness which granted it such glory, just like a swarm of bees that, at one moment, enters the flowers and, at another, turns back to that labor which yields such sweet savor, descended into that vast flower graced with many petals, then again rose up to the eternal dwelling of its love. Their faces were all living flame; their wings were gold; and for the rest, their white was so intense, no snow can match the white they showed. When they climbed down into that flowering Rose, from rank to rank, they shared that peace and ardor which they had gained, with wings that fanned their sides. Nor did so vast a throng in flight, although it interposed between the candid Rose and light above, obstruct the sight or splendor, because the light of God so penetrates the universe according to the worth of every part, that no thing can impede it. This confident and joyous kingdom, thronged with people of both new and ancient times, turned all its sight and ardor to one mark. O threefold Light that, in a single star sparkling into their eyes, contents them so, look down and see our tempest here below! If the Barbarians, when they came from a region that is covered every day by Helice, who wheels with her loved son, were, seeing Rome and her vast works, struck dumb when, of all mortal things, the Lateran was the most eminent, then what amazement must have filled me when I to the divine came from the human, to eternity from time, and to a people just and sane from Florence came! And certainly, between the wonder and the joy, it must have been welcome to me to hear and speak nothing. And as a pilgrim, in the temple he had vowed to reach, renews himself—he looks and hopes he can describe what it was like—did I journey through the living light, guiding my eyes, from rank to rank, along a path now up, now down, now circling round. By now my gaze had taken in the whole of Paradise—its form in general—but without looking hard at any part; and I, my will rekindled, turning toward my lady, was prepared to ask about those matters that inclined my mind to doubt. Where I expected her, another answered: I thought I should see Beatrice, and saw an elder dressed like those who are in glory. His gracious gladness filled his eyes, suffused his cheeks; his manner had that kindness which suits a tender father. If you look up and to the circle that is third from that rank which is highest, you will see her on the throne her merits have assigned her. No mortal eye, not even one that plunged into deep seas, would be so distant from that region where the highest thunder forms, as there—my sight was far from Beatrice; but distance was no hindrance, for her semblance reached me—undimmed by any thing between. You drew me out from slavery to freedom by all those paths, by all those means that were within your power. Do, in me, preserve your generosity, so that my soul, which you have healed, when it is set loose from my body, be a soul that you will welcome. And she, however far away she seemed, smiled, and she looked at me. Then she turned back to the eternal fountain. And he, the holy elder, said: The Queen of Heaven, for whom I am all aflame with love, will grant us every grace: I am her faithful Bernard. And as, on earth, the point where we await the shaft that Phaethon had misguided glows brightest, while, to each side, the light shades off, so did the peaceful oriflamme appear brightest at its midpoint, so did its flame, on each side, taper off at equal pace. I saw, around that midpoint, festive angels—more than a thousand—with their wings outspread; each was distinct in splendor and in skill. And there I saw a loveliness that when it smiled at the angelic songs and games made glad the eyes of all the other saints. And even if my speech were rich as my imagination is, I should not try to tell the very least of her delights. Bernard—when he had seen my eyes intent, fixed on the object of his burning fervor—turned his own eyes to her with such affection that he made mine gaze still more ardently. IN fashion then as of a snow—white rose Displayed itself to me the saintly host, Whom Christ in his own blood had made his bride, But the other host, that flying sees and sings The glory of Him who doth enamour it, And the goodness that created it so noble, Even as a swarm of bees, that sinks in flowers One moment, and the next returns again To where its labour is to sweetness turned, Sank into the great flower, that is adorned With leaves so many, and thence

reascended To where its love abideth evermore. Their faces had they all of living flame, And wings of gold, and all the rest so white No snow unto that limit doth attain. From bench to bench, into the flower descending, They carried something of the peace and ardour Which by the fanning of their flanks they won. This realm secure and full of gladness, Crowded with ancient people and with modern, Unto one mark had all its look and love. O Trinal Light, that in a single star Sparkling upon their sight so satisfies them, Look down upon our tempest here below! If the barbarians, coming from some region That every day by Helice is covered, Revolving with her son whom she delights in, Beholding Rome and all her noble works, Were wonderâ€”struck, what time the Lateran Above all mortal things was eminent,â€” I who to the divine had from the human, From time unto eternity, had come, From Florence to a people just and sane, With what amazement must I have been filled! Truly between this and the joy, it was My pleasure not to hear, and to be mute. Faces I saw of charity persuasive, Embellished by His light and their own smile, And attitudes adorned with every grace. The general form of Paradise already My glance had comprehended as a whole, In no part hitherto remaining fixed, And round I turned me with rekindled wish My Lady to interrogate of things Concerning which my mind was in suspense. And if thou lookest up to the third round Of the first rank, again shalt thou behold her Upon the throne her merits have assigned her. Not from that region which the highest thunders Is any mortal eye so far removed, In whatsoever sea it deepest sinks, As there from Beatrice my sight; but this Was nothing unto me; because her image Descended not to me by medium blurred. Thou from a slave hast brought me unto freedom, By all those ways, by all the expedients, Whereby thou hadst the power of doing it. Preserve towards me thy magnificence, So that this soul of mine, which thou hast healed, Pleasing to thee be loosened from the body. And said the Old Man holy: And even as there where we await the pole That Phaeton drove badly, blazes more The light, and is on either side diminished, So likewise that pacific oriflamme Gleamed brightest in the centre, and each side In equal measure did the flame abate. And at that centre, with their wings expanded, More than a thousand jubilant Angels saw I, Each differing in effulgence and in kind. I saw there at their sports and at their songs A beauty smiling, which the gladness was Within the eyes of all the other saints And if I had in speaking as much wealth As in imagining, I should not dare To attempt the smallest part of its delight Bernard, as soon as he beheld mine eyes Fixed and intent upon its fervid fervour, His own with such affection turned to her That it made mine more ardent to behold. Mandelbaum So, in the shape of that white Rose, the holy legion was shown to meâ€”the host that Christ, with His own blood, had taken as His bride. The host of blessed spirits inside the Celestial Rose appear as angels fly above and sing joyfully.

Chapter 2 : A selfless Face ; God may be ALL of us. on Vimeo

Paradiso, XXXI, by Jorge Luis Borges. Narrated by Joseph Voelbel. Educational Fair Use.

Giovanni Britto illuminated a commentary *La Comedia di Dante Alighieri con la nova esposizione* written by Alessandro Vellutello and printed in by Francesco Marcolini. Before his death in , William Blake , the English poet and painter , planned and executed several watercolour illustrations to the *Divine Comedy*, including *The Wood of the Self-Murderers: The Harpies and the Suicides*. Though he did not finish the series before his death, they remain a highly powerful visual interpretation of the poem. Pre-Raphaelite and Victorian British paintings relating to Dante include: Franz von Bayros , mainly known for his erotic drawings, illustrated a edition. It features an online image gallery with text, translation and commentary. British artist Tom Phillips illustrated his own translation of the *Inferno*, published in , with four illustrations per canto. Her Dean was appointed Giovanni Boccaccio " and sponsored its organization. Heading the Department, from October In addition, Boccaccio is belonged by the work *Origine, vita e costumi di Dante Alighieri* the second name " Trattatello in laude di Dante , describing the biography of Dante in an apologetic spirit. Anelida and Arcite ends with a "compleynt" by Anelida, the lover jilted by Arcite; the compleynt begins with the phrase "So thirleth with the poynt of remembraunce" and ends with "Hath thirled with the poynt of remembraunce," copied from *Purgatory* The narrator echoes *Inferno* 2. The beginning of the last stanza of *Troilus and Criseyde* 5. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow , who translated the *Divine Comedy* into English, also wrote a poem titled "Mezzo Cammin" "Halfway," , alluding to the first line of the *Comedy*,[14] and a sonnet sequence of six sonnets under the title "*Divina Commedia*" , published as flyleaves to his translation. Alfred Prufrock " Vigil as a guide and his brother, Hugh Firmin, quotes the *Comedy* from memory in ch. XII Cantos, which he later acknowledged as deliberately influenced by Dante. They wrote a subsequent sequel to their own work, *Escape from Hell* The young men soon discover the price paid by the inhabitants of Linden Hills for pursuing the American dream. She is an allusion to Beatrice Portinari. Abandon hope, all ye who enter here, it said". *Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde*, meaning "As long as hope still has its bit of green. It was released on May 14, For example, the main character is named Dante Alighieri and goes through a personal hell. The motion picture *Se7en* stars Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman as two detectives who investigate a series of ritualistic murders inspired by the seven deadly sins. *Liar Liar* has the character Fletcher Reed describe himself as descending into the seventh circle of Hell, which is the circle of self-inflicted pain. The film accurately retells the original story, but with the addition of more recent residents of Hell such as Adolf Hitler and Boss Tweed. In the movie *Ice Age: Dawn of the Dinosaurs* , Buck warns the troupe, "Abandon hope, ye who enter here! A 3D live-action film trilogy based on the three parts of the *Divine Comedy* produced by a company known as Master Films Productions is in the works. It is directed by Boris Acosta[45] and involves people who have worked on films such as *The Lord of the Rings*. In "*The Summer Man*", Don works to curtail his alcoholism, which according to the *Purgatorio*, would place him on the sixth terrace , reserved for the gluttonous who over-emphasized food, drink, and bodily comforts. It is later shown the book was given to him by a woman with whom Don is having an affair the wife of his friend and downstairs neighbor, Dr. The 4th season of the BBC drama series *Messiah: The Harrowing* focuses on a serial killer who takes inspiration from *Inferno* to punish his or her victims. In " Join the Club " , Tony has a recurring coma-dream in which he checks into Room i. When the hotel elevator is out of commission, Tony descends a red staircase, slips, and falls to level five. Level one is Limbo[47]. The insurance appraiser in the Season 5 episode " Basic Story " of *Community* recites from "*Paradiso*", xvii. Liszt also composed a *Dante Sonata* started , completed The opening line is "Abandon all hope for those who enter". *Inferno* is a recording of a live performance at the St Marien zu Bernau Cathedral in , and *Purgatorio* is a studio album from Canadian post-rock group As the Poets Affirm took their name from a passage in the *Inferno*. *The Bright River* is a hip-hop retelling of the *Inferno* by a traditional storyteller, Tim Barsky, with a live soundtrack performed by hip-hop and klezmer musicians. The text reads "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita". German Dark Electro band yelworC has made two albums of a trilogy based on the three canticas of the *Divine Comedy*, *Trinity* and *Icolation*. Italian

progressive rock band Metamorfosi has released two concept albums based on the Divine Comedy, Inferno in and Paradiso

Chapter 3 : Borges todo el año: Jorge Luis Borges: Paradiso, XXXI,

Paradiso, XXXI, by Jorge Luis Borges Jorge Francisco Isidoro Luis Borges (24 August - 14 June), best known as Jorge Luis Borges, was an Argentine writer and poet born in Buenos Aires.

Parable of the Palace:: Borges That day, the Yellow Emperor showed the poet his palace. They left behind, in long succession, the first terraces on the west which descend, like the steps of an almost measureless amphitheater, to a paradise or garden whose metal mirrors and intricate juniper hedges already prefigured the labyrinth. They lost themselves in it, gaily at first, as if condescending to play a game, but afterwards not without misgiving, for its straight avenues were subject to a curvature, ever so slight, but continuous and secretly those avenues were circles. Toward midnight observation of the planets and the opportune sacrifice of a turtle permitted them to extricate themselves from that seemingly bewitched region, but not from the sense of being lost, for this accompanied them to the end. Foyers and patios and libraries they traversed then, and a hexagonal room with a clepsydra, and one morning from a tower they descried a stone man, whom they then lost sight of forever. Many shining rivers did they cross in sandalwood canoes, or a single river many times. The imperial retinue would pass and people would prostrate themselves. But one day they put in on an island where someone did not do it, because he had never seen the Son of Heaven, and the executioner had to decapitate him. It seemed impossible that earth were anything but gardens, pools, architectures, and splendrous forms. Every hundred paces a tower cleft the air; to the eye their color was identical, yet the first of all was yellow, and the last, scarlet, so delicate were the gradations and so long the series. It was at the foot of the next-to-the-last tower that the poet "who was as if untouched by the wonders that amazed the rest" recited the brief composition we find today indissolubly linked to his name and which, as the more elegant historians have it, gave him immortality and death. The text has been lost. There are some who contend it consisted of a single line; others say it had but a single word. The truth, the incredible truth, is that in the poem stood the enormous palace, entire and minutely detailed, with every illustrious porcelain and every sketch on every porcelain and the shadows and the light of the twilights and every unhappy or joyous moment of the glorious dynasties of mortals, gods, and dragons who had dwelled in it from the interminable past. Others tell the story differently. There cannot be any two things alike in the world; the poet, they say, had only to utter his poem to make the palace disappear, as if abolished and blown to bits by the final syllable. Such legends, of course, amount to no more than literary fiction. The poet was a slave of the Emperor and as such he died. His composition sank into oblivion because it deserved oblivion and his descendants still seek, nor will they find, the word that contains the universe.

Chapter 4 : Dreamtigers - Wikipedia

Diodoro SÃ-culo refiere la histori Los hombres han perdido una cara, Una cara de piedra hay en un camin Pablo la vio como una luz que lo d Perdimos esos rasgos, como puede p.

El informe de Brodie , short stories, El congreso, , essays. Nuevos Cuentos de Bustos Domecq, Borges, a Reader, , written with Adolfo Bioy Casares. El oro de los tigres , , poetry. The English-language volume also includes poems from La Rosa Profunda. El libro de arena , , short stories, English title: The Book of Sand, La Rosa Profunda, , poetry. Historia de la noche, , poetry. La rosa de Paracelso; Tigres azules, , short stories. Borges, oral, , lectures. Siete noches, , lectures. English title, Seven Nights. La cifra, , poetry. Nueve ensayos dantescos, , essays on Dante. Un argumento, , genre? Veinticinco de Agosto de y otros cuentos, , short stories also entitled La memoria de Shakespeare, English: Los conjurados , , poetry. Textos cautivos, , literary criticism, book reviews, short biographies of authors, translations. A Course on English Literature, ed. New Directions , transcriptions of the twenty-five lectures Borges gave in at the University of Buenos Aires, where he taught English literature. Several bibliographies also choose to include a collection of previously published essays, published in under the name Narraciones. Some web-based lists misattribute El Caudillo, novel , to Borges. It was actually written by his father, also a Jorge Borges. Other works of note[edit] Los mejores cuentos policiales, , with Adolfo Bioy Casares. Edited with Silvina Bullrich. Los mejores cuentos policiales; 2da serie, , with Adolfo Bioy Casares. Primarily translations of English-language detective fiction, plus one of their own Bustos Domecq stories. Some are narrations of dreams, some are about dreams, some merely dreamlike. There are a small number of original pieces and other Spanish-language pieces as well. Borges, , a collection of poems written , with an extensive introduction rather longer than the poems by Carlos Meneses. Textos recobrados - , , previously unpublished early works, both prose in a variety of genres and poetry.

Una cara de piedra hay en un camino y una inscripci3n que dice: El verdadero Retrato de la Santa Cara del Dios de Ja3n; si realmente supiéramos cómo fue, sería a nuestra la clave de las parábolas y sabríamos si el hijo del carpintero fue también el Hijo de Dios.

St Longinus Statue St. Veronica, according to pious tradition, was the woman who wiped the face of Jesus during the Way of the Cross. Miraculously, he left the image of his face on the cloth. The crusaders brought a "veil of Veronica" to Rome from Jerusalem. On the internal sides of the four pillars, which are 45 meters tall and have a perimeter of 71 meters, he created four large niches at the base with an upper round arch covered with multi-colored marbles, and above, four loggias, placing tabernacles at the bottom supported by spiral columns those which supported the ancient Constantinian "pergula" , with high bas-reliefs depicting angels holding the symbols of passion. The two openings are connected by a protruding balcony and are crowned by a roof that resembles a curtain such as that from the Canopy. This structure along with the front of the pillars forms a harmonious assembly. In the niches, Bernini placed four large five meters statues, according to the wishes of Urban VIII, all with emphatic and excessively theatrical postures. Veronica" bearing the "Volto Santo" Holy Image is the most original and audacious of the four works due to its almost invading posture in the impetuous race in which the wind pins the clothing against the body. This work received much criticism because of the excessive motion, which was not suitable for the subject or the location. This statue, that has similarities in the section of the clothing with other works by the artist, including his famous "Cavalli Farnesiani" of Piacenza, was the brunt of shrewd anecdotes. So it was said that when Bernini asked where such wind came from that moved the clothes of the Saint, Mochi answered sarcastically: An accusation that time demonstrated to be unfounded, but the envy for the success of others and the alternating favors of the Popes, had to produce vicious backbiting, leading to sarcastic statements but also material damage. On a side was written: Julius from Liguria, Pontifex Maximum, in the year restored the Temple of St Peter in Vatican from the foundations, deteriorated for age and position. Believing this was a sign, the Pope wrote a prayer which gave an indulgence of ten days the first instance in history of a prayer connected with an indulgence. Other Sources The woman of Jerusalem who wiped the face of Christ with a veil while he was on the way to Calvary. According to legend, Veronica bore the relic away from the Holy Land, and used it to cure Emperor Tiberius of some illness. The veil was subsequently seen in Rome in the eighth century, and was translated to St. Nothing is known about Veronica, although the apocryphal Acts of Pilate identify her with the woman mentioned in the Gospel of Matthew who suffered from an issue of blood. Her name is probably derived from Veronica, as was reported by Giraldus Cambrensis. The relic is still preserved in St. While she is not included in the Roman Martyrology, she is honored with a feast day. Her symbol is the veil bearing the face of Christ and the Crown of Thorns.

Chapter 6 : Paradiso 31 “ Digital Dante

Free summary and analysis of Paradise Canto XXXI: (Tenth Heaven: the Primum Mobile) in Dante Alighieri's Paradiso that won't make you snore. We promise.

New Directions Publishing, Edited by Donald A. Short stories open the volume and constitute more than half the book. Borges is not an easy read. I took notes on each of the stories and essays, but with a number of the stories, I had to simply say: I have no idea what I just read; and that judgment would come often after a second or even third read. Below I have tried to offer some comments or summaries of each of the stories and essays, but again, while I worked hard at these stories and essays, I am not sure I always knew what Borges was getting at. His writing is carefully crafted with an eye to wit, economy, and cleverness. I always had an picture of him working, even slaving over the text striking this image, adding that one, then taking it back out, but always with a bit of a mocking smile on his face. As the title suggests there are some central theses that bring these many pieces together. These are no labyrinths themselves, but this is his reference to the complexity of coming to know the world and ourselves, something Borges categorically denies we can do with any certainty. We might get close, we might have some insights, and surely he thinks he has some, but his central insight concerns the limits of our knowledge of the world. A second dominant theme of the work is both metaphysical and scholarly. Borges is a defender of Bishop Berkeley and his version of idealism as the most appealing view of reality. He wrote this refutation in about 7 pages and published it. At a later time he re-wrote the essay as about a 6 page essay and published that. Here in this collection he offers the two essays together under the title of his new refutation. These stories, essays and parables are not about the existential world of everydayness. Yet Borges laughs at himself all along the way, but never more than in the second last parable of the volume: In this one page piece he makes a bit of fun at the famous Jorge Luis Borges and contrasts him with the simple man who just loves his walks and the world around him. I loved that piece and present it below in its entirety. I felt like I was in very deep water with this volume, struggling to keep my head above the threatening deep. At times I got my stroke in order and swam with enormous joy. At other times I sort of panicked and felt I was going to drown, but I would touch bottom, and push off with my feet to the next story or essay. Despite the very hard work in the weeks I spent with this book, I almost always had a smile on my face at the incredible world of Jorge Luis Borge. I walk through the streets of Buenos Aires and stop for a moment, perhaps mechanically now, to look at the arch of an entrance hall and the grillwork on the gate; I know of Borges from the mail and see his name on a list of professors or in a biographical dictionary. I like hourglasses, maps, eighteenth century typography, the taste of coffee and the prose of Stevenson; he shares these preferences, but in a vain way that turns them into the attributes of an actor. It would be an exaggeration to say that ours is a hostile relationship; I five, let myself go on living, so that Borges may contrive his literature, and this literature justifies me. It is no effort for me to confess that he has achieved some valid pages, but those pages cannot save me, perhaps because what is good belongs to no one, not even to him, but rather to the language and to tradition. Besides, I am destined to perish, definitively, and only some instant of myself can survive in him. Little by little, I am giving over everything to him, though I am quite aware of his perverse custom of falsifying and magnifying things. Spinoza knew that all things long to persist in their being; the stone eternally wants to be a stone and the tiger a tiger. I shall remain in Borges, not in myself if it is true that I am someone , but I recognize myself less in his books than in many others or in the laborious strumming of a guitar. Years ago I tried to free myself from him and went from the mythologies of the suburbs to the games with time and infinity, but those games belong to Borges now and I shall have to imagine other things. Thus my life is a flight and I lose everything and everything belongs to oblivion, or to him. I do not know which of us has written this page. Challenging and creative story of a group of secret writers who, over centuries, have created a coherent account of life on a foreign planet. They judge that metaphysics is a branch of fantastic literature. They know that a system is nothing more that the subordination of all aspects of the universe to any one such aspect. I think it could easily take me well over 10 pages to relate the STORY to you, not even attempting to say five sentences as to what it was about. Asian guy is a spy for Germany, about to be assassinated by an

English agent before he can get word to German of where an important Allied base is hidden. The Asian guy is on the run in rural France hiding from the British assassin and trying to get word back to Germany. Borges He withdrew from practical life to do two things: Write a novel about infinity and construct the perfect labyrinthine garden. He lived in seclusion the rest of his life and seeming failed at both. The garden was simply never found, and the novel was utterly and completely unintelligible to every one. The noble greets the spy and the noble is a French Cinoist Chinese specialist. The spy is shocked and disappointed, since the books is regarded as the world of a mad man and makes no sense. And they though his novel was filled with contradictions and was unintelligible. At teach turn in the novel, as in a labyrinth, one must make choices, and choice leads to choice and often one choice contradicts another which is precisely why people get lost in labyrinths. The point is that life is life this. There are an billions of people choosing at every imaginable crossroads, while others choose differently and the UNIVERSE gets constructed out of these contradictory choices. The story is called The Garden of Forking Paths. I was so shaken by the story I sat stone still in the coffee shop after breakfast just staring out the window and drank three extra cups of coffee. I was trying unsuccessfully to comprehend in words and explicit explanations the meaning of this all. The story IS the message. The Lottery in Babylon Social organization is the perhaps fictional Babylon begins in lies and deceptions. However, the notion of the a lottery at each choosing juncture, which is at the center of this government, soon becomes internalized by the people as the real and true method. Over the centuries it metamorphizes with input of the masses whose wishes are driven by basic fundamental of human psychology. An awesome alternative look at the fundamental structure of human society. However, he wants to know the mind and times of Miguel Cervantes. He does the research so incredibly well that he sees and understands Cervantes mind just as Cervantes himself did. This leads him to write the exact same book or at least significant sections of it , word for word as Cervantes wrote it. Yet it is not the same book even though the words are the same. Menard, a contemporary of William James, does not define history as an inquiry into reality but as its origin. Historical truth, for him, is not what happened: The Circular Ruins A beautiful occult story of a magician who, in his old age, dreams a child into existence over a period of years. There is only one real sign that the boy is not a real human but a dreamed phantom. The Library of Babel The author discusses an endless perhaps infinite, perhaps not set of library shelves of works created with an orthography of 25 symbols 22 letters, comma, period and space. A fantastic logical system. Funes the Memorious The story is in the form of a memorial to one Ireneo Funes, a man of prodigious memory. Funes has absolute total recall of all experiences. Locke rejected any such language, presumably on the grounds of practicality. Funes rejects it as too vague! Borges rejects the language of Funes: I suspect, however, that he was not very capable of thought. To think is to forget differences, generalize, make abstractions. In the teeming world of Funes, there were only details, almost immediate in their presence.

Chapter 7 : Borges, Jorge Luis: LABYRINTHS: SELECTED STORIES & OTHER WRITINGS

Notes.. 2 The saintly soldiery is the glorified elect in heaven; the other host, the angels (l. 4). 32 Helice is the nymph changed into a bear that then became the Great Bear or Big Dipper constellation.

Chapter 8 : Dante Alighieri and the Divine Comedy in popular culture | Revolv

Paradiso, XXXI, por Jorge Luis Borges. Diodoro SÁ-culo refiere la histori Los hombres han perdido una cara, Una cara de piedra hay en un camin.

Chapter 9 : Despedida, por Jorge Luis Borges | PoÃ©ticous: poemas, ensayos y cuentos

Dreamtigers, first published in as El Hacedor ("The Maker"), is a collection of poems, short essays, and literary sketches by the Argentine author Jorge Luis Borges. Divided fairly evenly between prose and verse, the collection examines the limitations of creativity.