It is with the voice of the Bible, or verse of Walt Whitman,

that we should reach you, Hunter!

Primitive and modern, simple and complicated,

with a bit of Washington and a bit of Nimrod.

You are the United States,

You are the future invader

the naive America who has Indian blood,

that still prays to Jesus Christ and still speaks Spanish.

You are a proud and strong exemplar of your race;

you are cultured, you are clever, you oppose Tolstoy.

And breaking horses, or murdering tigers,

you are an Alejandro Nebuchadnezzar.

(You’re a professor of energy,

as today’s madmen say.)

You think life is fire,

that progress is eruption;

where you put your bullet

you put the future.
The United States is strong and big.

When it shakes there is a deep tremor

through the enormous vertebrae of the Andes.

If you clamor, you hear the roar of the lion.

Hugo said to Grant: “The stars are yours.”

(Just shining, rising, Argentine sun

and the Chilean star rises ...) You’re rich.

Join Hercules’ cult to Mammon’s;

and lighting the path to easy conquest,

Liberty raises her torch in New York.

But our America, which had poets

from the old days of Netzahualcoyotl,

you have saved in the footsteps of the great feet of Bacchus

panic in the alphabet learned a while;

who consulted the stars, that knew Atlantis,

whose name comes to resonate in Plato

Since the ancient times of your life

living light, fire, perfume, love,