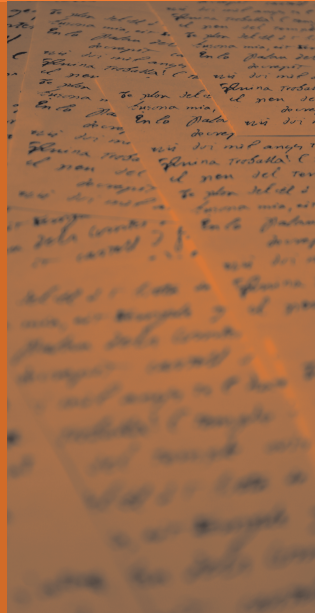


(Common) Sense and (Extreme) Sensibility Poetry Reading

Poems by: Vicent Andrés Estellés,
Josep Carner, Salvador Espriu,
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Ausiàs March, Melcion Mateu,
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Ausiàs March (1400-1459)

Translation by Angela Buxton

XLVI

Veles e vents han mos desigs complir,
faent camins dubtosos per la mar.
Mestre i ponent contra d'ells veig armar;
xaloc, llevant, los deuen subvenir
ab llurs amics lo grec e lo migjorn,
fent humils prec's al vent tramuntanal
que en son bufar los sia parcial
e que tots cinc compl'esquen mon retorn.

Bullirà el mar com la cassola en forn,
mudant color e l'estat natural,
e mostrarà voler tota res mal
que sobre si atur un punt al jorn.
Grans e pocs peix's a recors correran
e cercaran amagatalls secrets:
fugint al mar, on són nodrits e fets,
per gran remei en terra eixiran.

Amor de vós jo en sent més que no en sé,
de què la part pitjor me'n romandrà;
e de vós sap lo qui sens vós està.
A joc de daus vos acompararé.

Lo tem la mort per no ser-vos absent,
perquè amor per mort és anul·lat:
mas jo no creu que mon voler sobrat
pusca esser per tal departiment.
Jo só gelós de vostre escàs voler,
que, jo morint, no meta mi en oblit.
Sol est pensar me tol del món delit,
car nós vivint, no creu se pusca fer:

après ma mort, d'amar perdau poder,
e sia tost en ira convertit.
E, jo forçat d'aquest món ser eixit,
tot lo meu mal serà vós no veer.

Amor, de vós jo en sent més que no en sé,
de què la part pitjor me'n romandrà,
e de vós sap lo qui sens vós està:
A joc de daus vos acompararé.

(Ausiàs March / Raimon, 1969)

XLVI

Sails and winds will achieve my desires,
making doubtful ways upon the sea.
Mestre and Ponent against them I see rise,
Xaloc, Llevant must now be helping them
with their friends, Grec and Migjorn,
humbly praying the Tramuntana wind
in its blowing to be partial to them
so that all five achieve my safe return.

The sea shall boil like a crock in the oven
changing her colour and her natural state,
she will show how she hates all
that stop upon her an instant in the day.
The large and the small fish will seek shelter
and search for a secret hiding-place:
fleeing the sea where they were born and raised,
they have no choice but to come to earth.

Love, of you I feel more than I know,
of which the worst will be my lot;
and he who is without you knows you.
I will compare you to a game of dice.

I fear death for the absence it means,
for love is annulled by death;
but I don't believe my wanting can be
overcome by such a parting.
I am jealous of your lack of love for me
and that if I'm dead you might forget me.
This thought takes away my joy in the world
—for while we live, I don't think it will happen—:

after my death, you might lose all power to love,
and suddenly it might turn into hatred.
And I being forced to leave this world,
my sorrow will be not to see you.

Love, of you I feel more than I know,
of which the worst shall be my lot;
and who is without you knows you.
I will compare you to a game of dice.

Josep Carner (1884-1970)

Translation by Pearse Hutchinson

Absència

No cal que tanqui les parpelles.
 El que és remot se'm fa present.
 Veig casa meva. Lentament
 en la penombra t'esbadelles,

oh quietíssim finestró;
 sospira a penes la cortina,
 llu delicada la vitrina,
 plora una rosa de tardor.

Tant de silenci m'encomana
 un pensament de fred molt fi;
 no vull obrir la persiana
 closa davant del meu jardí,

car com aquell que d'aquest viure
 és ja passat, i no s'ho creu
 i va al mirall amb un somriure
 i n'és enfront i no s'hi veu,

fins si prop meu l'amor venia,
 com avançant-se a mon albir,
 sols l'esperit la sotjaria:
 mai en sos ulls no sorprendria
 ni el meu esguard ni el meu sospir.

Absence

No need for closing eyelids.
 What's far is now made present.
 I can see my house. The quietest
 window unfolding,

slowly, in the shade;
 the curtain barely sighs,
 the glass gleams gently,
 an autumn rose is weeping.

So much silence commends to me
 a thought of most delicate cold;
 I'd rather not open the blind
 closed upon the garden.

For like one who's passed already
 out of life, and can't believe it,
 and goes smiling to the mirror and,
 confronting it, sees no one there,

even if love drew near to me,
 as to anticipate my will,
 spirit alone might wait upon it;
 never in those eyes could startle
 any sigh or glance of mine.

Carles Riba (1893-1959)

Translation by Hillary Gardner

8

Que jo no sigui més com un ocell tot sol,
 ales esteses sobre un gran riu
 per on davallen lentes barques de gent que riu
 a l'ombra baixa del tenderol,
 i el rai que el muntanyenc mig nu, enyoradís,
 mena amb fatiga cap a ciutats
 que estrenyen l'aigua lliure entre molls oblidats
 d'haver-hi comes verdes amb arbres i ramats
 i un cloqueret feliç.

La vida passa, i l'ull no es cansa d'abocar
 imatges clares dintre del cor.
 ... Tot en mi torna somni: nuvolet d'ombra i d'or
 que flota i fina lluny de la mà.
 Qui endinsa en el seu cor com un minaire avar,
 qui de recança ulls clucs es peix,
 tenen més que no jo, que estrany a mi mateix
 i alt sobre els altres, guaito l'ona incessant com creix
 i minva cap al mar.

¿Quin moviment humà pot encara desfer
 l'encant, llançar-me sang i sentits
 a la presa, que és nostra, afanyada, entre els dits,
 o al cant, que d'home a home va i ve?
 ¿O ha d'ésser mon destí el de l'ocell reial
 que un tret, per folga, tomba del cel,
 i l'aigua indiferent l'endú, vençut rebel,
 cobrint-se amb l'ala inútil els ulls buidats d'anhel,
 sense un plany pel seu mal?

8

No more than a bird aloft alone am I,
 wings spread over the wide river
 where the boats pass slowly full of laughing people
 in the soft shade of the awnings,
 and a mountaineer, half-naked and nostalgic, wearily
 conducts his raft towards the cities
 that comb the open water between piers forgetful
 of how there once were green hills of trees and sheep
 and a happy steeple.

Life passes, and the eye never tires of taking
 clear images into the heart.
 All in me becomes a dream: a little cloud of shadow and gold
 that floats and dies out far from my hand.
 He who dives into his heart like a greedy miner,
 or who from sorrow shuts himself up in there like a fish,
 has more than I who, estranged from myself,
 high above the others, watches the ceaseless wave as it grows
 and diminishes in the sea.

What human motion has yet to undo
 this spell, to throw me with blood and feeling
 to the catch, our own, that we earned, between our fingers,
 or to the song, that from man to man comes and goes?
 Or does my destiny have to be that of the regal bird
 that in one shot, like a joke, falls from the sky,
 carried away by the indifferent water, a defeated rebel,
 one useless wing covering his eyes emptied of desire,
 without a single complaint for his suffering?

Salvador Espriu (1913-1985)

Literal translation by Magda Bogin

Inici de càntic en el temple

A Raimon, amb el meu agraït aplaudiment.
Homenatge a Salvat-Papasseit.

Ara digueu: «La ginesta floreix,
arreu als camps hi ha vermell de roselles.
Amb nova falç comencem a segar
el blat madur i, amb ell, les males herbes.»
Ah, joves llavis desclosos després
de la foscor, si sabíeu com l'alba
ens ha trigat, com és llarg d'esperar
un alçament de llum en la tenebra!
Però hem viscut per salvar-vos els mots,
per retornar-vos el nom de cada cosa,
perquè seguíssiu el recte camí
d'accés al ple domini de la terra.
Vàrem mirar ben al lluny del desert,
davallàvem al fons del nostre somni.
Cisternes seques esdevenen cims
pujats per esglaons de lentes hores.
Ara digueu: «Nosaltres escoltem
les veus del vent per l'alta mar d'espigues.»
Ara digueu: «Ens mantindrem fidels
per sempre més al servei d'aquest poble.»

Beginning of Canticle in the Temple

Now say: "The broom tree blooms,
everywhere the fields are red with poppies.
With new scythes we'll thresh
the ripened wheat and weeds."
Ah, young lips parting after dark,
if you only knew how dawn
delayed us, how long we had to wait
for light to rise in the gloom!
But we have lived to save your words,
to return you the name of every thing,
so that you'd stay on the straight path
that leads to the mastery of earth.
We looked beyond the desert,
plumbed the depth of our dreams,
turned dry cisterns into peaks
scaled by the long steps of time.
Now say: "We hear the voices
of the wind on the high sea of crested grain."
Now say: "We shall be ever faithful
to the people of this land."

Gabriel Ferrater (1922-1972)

Translation by Arthur Terry

Cambra de la tardor

La persiana, no del tot tancada, com
 un esglai que es reté de caure a terra,
 no ens separa de l'aire. Mira, s'obren
 trenta-set horitzons rectes i prims,
 però el cor els oblida. Sense enyor
 se'ns va morint la llum, que era color
 de mel, i ara és color d'olor de poma.
 Que lent el món, que lent el món, que lenta
 la pena per les hores que se'n van
 de pressa. Digues, te'n recordaràs
 d'aquesta cambra?

“Me l'estimo molt.

Aquelles veus d'obriers – Què són?”

Paletes:

manca una casa a la mançana.

“Canten,

i avui no els sento. Criden, riuen,
 i avui que callen em fa estrany.”

Que lentes

les fulles roges de les veus, que incertes
 quan vénen a colgar-nos. Adormides,
 les fulles dels meus besos van colgant
 els recers del teu cos, i mentre oblides
 les fulles altes de l'estiu, els dies
 oberts i sense besos, ben al fons
 el cos recorda: encara
 tens la pell mig del sol, mig de la lluna.

Autumn Room

The blind not fully closed, like a sudden fear
 held back from falling, does not separate
 us from the open air. Look, there are
 thirty-seven neatly ruled horizons,
 yet the heart dismisses them. Without regret
 the light recedes, the honey-coloured light
 is now the colour of the scent of apples.
 How slow the world, how slow the world, how slow
 one's grief for the hours that quickly slip away,
 Will you recall this room? "I'm fond of it.
 What are those workmen's voices?"

Builder's men.

The block still lacks one house.

“They sing,
 but today I hear no sound. They shout and laugh,
 and now they're silent it seems strange.”

How slow

the red leaves of the voices, how uncertainly
 they come to cover us. As if in sleep,
 the leaves of my kisses cover by degrees
 your body's secret hiding places and,
 while you forget the tall midsummer leaves,
 the expanse of days we didn't kiss, deep down
 the body recollects: your skin
 retains one half of the sun, one half of the moon.

Vicent Andrés Estellés (1924-1993)

Translation by David H. Rosenthal

XXI

Com hi ha el fill sense els pares i els pares sense el fill
 i xiques, al cinema, amb les cames obertes
 i una mà entre les cuixes, i el rosari en família,
 i hi ha el peó que es mata caent des d'un andami
 i l'home que fa el pa i hi ha qui porta un metre
 per saber el tamany escaient del taüt
 i com hi ha els tramvaires que treballen la nit
 de cap d'any i els forats de les piques i hi ha
 l'ascensor amb un llum brut groguenc esperant
 mentrestant la portera s'emborratxa de vi
 i pixa per l'escala i la filla té por
 i el marit està fent-ho amb la dona del metge
 i els tramvies terribles amb l'enrenou dels ferros
 i el metge que es dedica a trencar les anous
 mentrestant la portera va pixant per l'escala
 i trucant a les portes amb un colp de mamella
 i el fill de la de l'arpa que s'ha mort fa tres dies
 plora i plora i encén un ciri i posa el ciri
 a l'ampolla del vi i contempla la Loren
 i llavors la suïssa crida pel passadís
 i el cosí la segueix brandant el canelobre
 i la xica que es gita més aviat que mai
 i un fred com una mà li puja per les cuixes
 i hi ha un instant que pensa que té el cul més petit
 i els veïns que s'han mort els dos intoxicats
 l'altre dia i la dona i la filla no tenen
 ganes de menjar res i ploren com les rates
 i el cosí i la suïssa que dormen brutalment
 i el canelobre encès i el cobertor encès
 les cortines enceses i tot el pis encès
 els nobles cavallers enterrats en els claustres
 mentrestant la portera pixa pels escalons
 i el marit no pot més i la dona del metge
 se'n va i agafa el metge i li diu fill de puta
 i se'l fica entre cames i tot es pega foc
 i la nena que plora sola a la porteria
 i les inscripcions obscenes als comuns
 i el crani rebotant per tots els escalons.

XXI

Since there are children without parents and parents without children,
 and girls at the movies with hands buried between
 their thighs, and a rosary at home
 and the foot-soldier killed in a fall from the battlements
 and the man who bakes bread and the one who carries a yardstick
 to take measurements for coffins
 and since there are streetcar drivers who work New Year's
 Eve and drains in sinks and there's
 the elevator with its dirty yellowish light waiting
 while the concierge gets drunk on wine
 and pisses down the stairwell and her daughter's scared
 and her husband's doing it with the doctor's wife
 and the terrible streetcars with their metallic clang
 and the doctor's busy cracking walnuts
 while the concierge keeps on pissing down the stairwell
 banging her tits against the doors
 and the son of the lady harpist who died three days ago
 weeps and weeps and lights a candle and sticks it in
 a wine bottle and contemplates Sophia Loren
 and the Swiss girl calls down the hallway
 and the cousin follows her brandishing the candelabra
 and the girl who goes to bed earlier and earlier
 and a chill like a hand creeps up her thighs
 and for a second she thinks her ass has gotten smaller
 and the neighbors who both died of poisoning
 the other day and the woman and her daughter don't
 feel like eating and whimper like rats
 and the cousin and the Swiss girl sleep brutally
 and the candelabra's burning and the bedspread's burning
 those noble knights buried in cloisters
 while the concierge pisses down the stairs
 and the husband's worn out and the doctor's wife
 leaves and grabs the doctor and calls him a bastard
 and sticks him between her thighs and everything catches fire
 and the dirty pictures in the toilets
 and the skull bouncing down the steps.

Màrius Sampere (1928-)

Translation by D. Sam Abrams

Pare, el dolor

Pare, el dolor no calia,
ni les agulles punitives ni el xerric
de les dents en vida, ni la suor freda
ni el tumor fosfòric, ni la nafra
que va estenent-se com un llac nocturn.

El que volies sentir, dels nostres llavis,
t'ho hauríem dit millor sense sanglots;
la teva casa llunya
l'hauríem trobada, també, només pujant.

La llum de la finestra eterna
rere la qual llegeixes desvetllat, per esperar-nos,
el llibre dels nascuts,
era prou resplendent dalt del turó i la nit
perquè no ens desviéssim mai
i t'arribéssim al cercle magnànim del sopar
amb la puntualitat exacta de la mort. No, Pare,
el dolor no calia.

Father, pain

Father, pain was uncalled-for,
so were punitive needles, the gnashing
of teeth in life, cold seats,
phosphoric tumors and wounds
that spread like a lake at night.

What you wanted to hear from our lips
we would have said better without sobbing;
we would have found
your distant home, also, by just rising.

The light in the eternal window
behind which you wait up for us reading
the book of the born
was bright enough on the hilltop at night
so that we would have never lost our way
and reached the magnanimous circle for supper
as strictly punctual as death. No, Father,
pain was uncalled-for.

Anna Gorenko

Després, sense el teu talent,
totes hem estat, més o menys,
mig monges i mig putes,
mig de claustre, mig de carrer.

No hem tingut el teu pudor:
ens ha mancat l'enginy
del secret gentilici,
el talent de sonora màscara.

El meu poeta no valorava
ni paons blancs,
ni música de missa,
ni rebregats mapes.

Com el teu, però,
la mainada cridanera l'atabalava,
i no es delia ni pel te amb melmelada
ni per histèriques dames.

El nostre temps, ben cert,
no ha estat tan patètic com el teu.
Per aquesta raó, potser,
T'hem de retre homenatge;
més encara pel teu vers,
d'agulles tan daurades;
per la teva saviesa,
que ni les traicions amaguen.

També perquè t'han cantat més
que tots els versos que vas escriure;
tan gelosos, que volien immortalitzar-te
amb llapis i pinzells i càmeres;

i perquè sempre seràs
tan lluny i tan a prop
de les nostres conquestes,
de les nostres davallades.

Després, sense el teu talent,
totes en hem sentit com tu,
mig monges i mig putes,
tant dies, tan repetides vegades.

Anna Gorenko

Since then, without your talent,
we have all been, mostly,
half nuns, half whores,
half-way between the cloister and the street.

We have not had your prudishness:
we lacked the armour
of a secret name,
the wisdom of our mask of sound.

My poet does not value
white peacocks,
religious music,
crumpled maps.

Like yours, though,
screaming children annoyed him,
and he had no taste for tea with marmalade
or hysterical ladies.

Our time has certainly
not been as terrible as yours.
Perhaps this is why
we pay you homage;
how much more
for your poems of golden spires;
for your wisdom
which note even the treacherous deny.

You have inspired more poems
than you ever wrote;
envious artists have wanted to immortalise you
with penils, brushes and cameras;

and because you will always be
so near and so far away
from all our triumphs
and our failures.

Since then, without your talent,
We have all felt like you
half nuns, half whores
on so many days, at so many times.

Bella Dama Coneguda

i. m. Amàlia Soler

Us veig en una foto antiga:
éreu jove i bella
i dúieu el poeta, aleshores
infant, en braços.

L'escena era bonica
i amagava el déu salvatge:
divinitat abastament venerada
per vós i la vostra nissaga.

El meu record d'aquella tarda
—d'aquella foto esgrogueïda—
us fa amb un capell i un avió
—de quan en deien aeroplà— de paisatge.

M'apreciàveu perquè jo l'estimava
i jo us volia per estimar-lo,
per fer més clares unes ombres
que m'enterbolien certes imatges.

També us hauria volgut salvar,
com a ell, de les grapes inevitables.
Volia tornar-vos al retrat on ell
era innocent i vós jove i mundana.

Tots dos desapareguéreu sense acomiadar-vos,
deixant-me només el record,
aquest caos on he de cercar, sola,
les persones per estimar-vos.

Belle Dame Connue

i. m. Amàlia Soler

I see you in an old photograph:
you were young and beautiful
and you held the poet, then
an infant, in your arms.

The scene was glamorous
and concealed the savage god:
a deity worshipped to the full
by you and yours.

My memory of that afternoon
—of that sallow photograph
has you in a beautiful hat with an airplane
—when they were called aeroplanes— as a backdrop.

You were fond of me because I loved him
and I clung to you to go on loving him,
to shed light on shadows
that had dimmed certain images.

I would have liked to save you,
the same as him, from the avoidless jaws.
I wanted to put you back into that picture where he
was hurtless and you, young and worldly.

You both disappeared without saying goodbye,
leaving my only memories,
this chaos where, all alone, I must find
the people to love the two of you through.

Objectes

Allò que més va costar de decidir
 va ser que li traguessin l'anell;
 no perquè tingués cap valor especial
 o s'hagués de fondre al crematori,
 sinó perquè la mare pogués tenir
 algun record tangible. Hi penso ara
 que veig l'arracada al costat del llit:
 un altre objecte que m'és estrany
 i que és una part de tu. Ens preocupa
 que el petit no se la fiqui a la boca, però envejo
 aquestes coses, més enllà dels sentiments;
 fredes sempre i sempre pròximes i nostres.
 Com un hoste adquirit i complaent
 amb qui no discutim, instal·lat per sempre
 allò on no cal misteri: al lòbul jove,
 al turmell adolescent, als dits dels morts.
 Que en aquestes ratlles que et deixo
 hi trobis, doncs, els mots desats amb cura:
 només meus, secrets, perquè els obris
 quan el foc se t'endugui els meus records.

Objects

The hardest decision
 was what to do with the ring;
 not because it had any special value
 or it was a shame to consign it
 to the crematorium's blast,
 but because mother might hope to retain
 some tangible memory. I think about it
 now that I spot
 an earring by the side of the bed:
 another object that seems peculiar now
 but is a part of you. We worry
 the little one will put it in this mouth,
 but I envy these things
 far beyond emotions;
 always chilly, intimate,
 very much our own—
 like an acquired and compliant host
 we never discuss, installed forever
 there where mysteries are not even needed:
 on a youthful earlobe,
 an adolescent ankle,
 on a dead man's fingers.
 In these lines that I leave,
 you'll find words kept with love
 secrets belonging only to me,
 for you to read them
 when fire will already have
 removed me from your memory.

Retrat del poeta

Xiula el vent, l'aigua s'ha glaçat
 a les canonades, neva.
 Fa hores que és fosc
 i es formen caramells de gel
 a les teulades.
 Que n'és de bo tancar el llibre,
 bufar la bugia que crema sobre la taula
 i, a la claror de la llar de foc,
 arraulir-se al llit, sense fer sorolls,
 per no desvetllar el son d'aquest cos jove
 que ja fa estona que descansa, pur.
 Ara, colgat sota les flassades, tanca
 els ulls i recorda aquest dia
 no gaire diferent de tots els altres.
 Frueix d'aquest petit moment de plaer
 que tot s'ho val, abandonant la mà
 sobre un pit que sospira, adormit,
 la cara en la tofa flonja dels cabells.
 Serà així, la mort?
 Benvinguda com aquesta son que et pren,
 Dolcíssima, sense retrets ni greuges,
 agraint només els dons incommensurables de la vida?
 Serà així que, en el camí de la fosca,
 anirem a l'encontre de la llum?

Portrait of the Poet

The wind howls, the water is frozen thick
 in the pipes, it is snowing.
 For hours it has been dark
 and icicles taper downwards
 from the eaves.
 Ah, how good it is to close your book,
 snuff out the candle that flickers on the table
 and, in the light afforded by the fireplace,
 curl up in bed, without making a sound,
 not to awaken this youthful body
 that lies, in all its purity, fast asleep.
 Now, buried under the blankets, close
 your eyes and in your mind re-enact this day
 not so different from all others.
 Savor this tiny moment of enjoyment
 that makes everything worthwhile, as you lay your hand
 upon this sighing brest, deep in sleep,
 your face lost among the soft flowing strands of hair.
 Will it be this way, death?
 Welcome like this drowsiness that overtakes you,
 this sensation of utter mildness, devoid of reproach or grievance,
 grateful alone for the incommensurable gifts of life?
 Will it be like this that on our way to darkness
 we will meet with light?

Maria Mercè Marçal (1952-1998)

Translation by Adela Robles-Sáez

No sento en mi el dolor, el sento en tu

No sento en mi el dolor, el sento en tu:
 en el bocí de mi que s'allunya, segat,
 i en el buit que, al capdavant del meu cos,
 malda inútilment per completar-me.
 Tota jo sóc aquest monyó bolcat
 com una criatura, que bressolo
 per fer callar la veu de la ferida...
 I és com si bressolés un infant que ja és mort.

I Do not Feel the Pain in Me, I Feel It in You

I do not feel the pain in me, I feel it in you,
 in the part of me that's leaving –sliced off–
 and in the void left deep within my body
 that struggles uselessly to make me whole.
 I am this stump, swaddled like a baby that I rock
 to silence the voice of the wound...
 As if were rocking a child that was already dead.

La caixa negra

He sortit a perfumar el meu cos
de qui m'espera. M'he afaitat bé:
la mandíbula és terreny de bes.
Sóc una diana
que corre cap al dard,
aigua de blaurajola de piscina
cap al nedador que ha saltat del trampolí.

Si ara fos un avió i m'estavellés,
us cegaria, en obrir la meva caixa negra,
tanta llum.

Black Box

I've gone out to perfume my body
with someone who's waiting for me. I've shaved well:
my jaw is terrain of kissing.
I'm the bull's-eye
rushing to the dart,
blue-tile water in the pool
to the swimmer who's dived from the board.

If I was a plane now and crashed,
you would be blinded, on opening my black box,
by so much light.

Melcion Mateu (1971-)

Translation by D. Sam Abrams

Cercle

El meu amor és una foca que s'adorm,
 el meu amor és una rosella trasplantada en la tundra.
 De vegades l'he vist: surt a la televisió.
 Hi ha una marca en un banc del parc de la Ciutadella que diu el
 nom del meu amor.

El meu amor és un grafit al metro.
 El seu nom està escrit a la murada d'Alcúdia,
 en un paper penjat en un bar d'Estocolm.

«No t'he parlat avui, amor, perquè ets invisible i, de totes maneres, sempre xerro massa.»

Un núvol sempre indica el lloc on viu el meu amor,
 a l'estiu i a l'hivern.
 El meu amor és l'últim cercle d'una pedra llençada al llac.
 De tan gran està a punt d'esborrar-se.

Circle

My love is a seal falling asleep,
 my love is a poppy transplanted to the tundra.
 I see her often: she's on TV.
 Her name is carved into a bench at Ciutadella Park.
 My love is graffiti on the subway.
 Her name is written on a wall in Alcúdia,
 on a paper hanging in a Stockholm bar.

"I haven't spoken to you today, love, because you're invisible and, anyway, I always talk too much."

A cloud always shows where my love lives,
 in summer and winter.
 My love is the last circle of a stone thrown into a lake.
 So wide it's about to vanish.

Rutina

Faig el que fan els pobres: dilluns
em toca menjar fetge; dimarts lleties;
els dimecres em faig un te amb llimona,
em passejo pel Born, recullo mostres
de quitina, d'esperma i de verí,
llegeixo Kant a alguna biblioteca
—no hi ha res tan sublim—,
enraono tot sol als bancs del parc,
són verds i em coneixen:
tinc un amor i dormim plegats
a la mateixa màrfega.

Però algun dia res no serà igual,
no tindrà límits la meva fortuna:
seran meus tots els mars, el cel i les muntanyes,
al meu jardí hi viuran cangurs,
seré el somni d'alguns, els Reis Mags es moriran d'enveja,
i potser es faran la guerra els meus hereus
—amb el vent, amb el foc—
de tant com es vendran aquests poemes.

Routine

I do what the poor do: on Mondays
it's time to eat liver: Tuesdays lentils;
on Wednesdays I make lemon tea,
I walk around the Born, collect samples
of chitin, sperm and poison,
read Kant in some library
—there is nothing so sublime—,
talk to myself on park benches,
they're green and they know me:
I have a lover and we sleep together
on the same straw mattress.

But one day nothing will be the same,
my fortune will be unlimited:
all oceans, mountains and skies will be mine,
kangaroos will inhabit my garden,
I'll be the dream of some, the Three Wise Men will die of envy
and perhaps my heirs will go to war
—with wind, with fire—
because these poems will sell so well.

