



## Attempted Canticle in the Temple

Salvador Espriu

How tired I am of this,  
my craven, ancient, savage fatherland;  
how it would delight me to leave and go  
beyond the farthest north,  
where the people, they say, are noble and clean,  
cultured, rich, and free,  
unsupervised and happy!  
But then my disapproving brethren would tell the congregation:  
'Leaving his native place a man becomes like a bird leaving the nest,'  
while I, in the distance, laughed  
at the law, the antique wisdom,  
of this my arid people.  
But the dream will never be followed,  
I'll stay here till my death.  
For I too am full of cowardice and savagery,  
and also in despair and pain love this poor land,  
my sad, unclean, unlucky fatherland.

Espriu, Salvador. *El caminant i el mur*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1976

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson