



Game

Pere Quart

I navigate against the current.
When the rest are coming back I'm setting out.

Before taking thought I think it over.
I weep and smile in silence
and alone

I seek the ring I lost
in a region of light and well-being.

Tutto ch'altrui aggrada me disgrada.

When I can I differ.
For example:
I don't say 'prickly pear'
but 'opuntia'.
And to lose a living
I work on Sundays.

Moribund I'll celebrate —
should the family permit,
and the other powers —
my birth.

Quart, Pere. *Vacances pagades*. Barcelona: Proa, 1972.

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson