



Return to Catalonia

Josep Carner

Now I can see our pine-tree upon the fiery hills,
oh people making your way through the golden fields,
the ancient humble force that makes us brothers
takes me off guard like a wine.
(And your wild outburst, Catalan girl, is live
like flowering broom or dark blue sea.)

How you smile in the evening hours, white farms,
among companionable ricks,
and each farmstead in a small space achieves
wood, vine, and wheat, three fringing poplars.

Losing myself in ravines and valleys,
I'd like to sing your praises, land of well-being!
among dark things and lives forgotten,
like a cricket singing on some secluded path.

CARNER, Josep. *Obres completes*. Barcelona: Selecta, 1968.

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson