



Faithful heart

Josep Carner

To a grief that goes beyond sense
only the Impossible turns a gentle face.
The pure palace became a heap of stones,
the walls air, the panels ash.

Marauder in that place of dispossession,
groping, stumbling, slowly straightening up,
discouragement roams the night,
plundering excitement and memory.

I know from where the inexhaustible fire
will come to animate the lifeless dust.
I see the final monument in ruins.

And I shall climb, with no resting-stages,
up to the highroad of runaway dawn
by what's left of the stair that leads nowhere.

Poesia. Barcelona: Quaderns crema, 1992 [1^a publicació: Paliers, 1950].

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson