



High-night anguish

Josep Carner

High-night anguish,
when the world smells like a paddock,
when the grove grows to a giant
above the sleeping garden-walks.

The pleasureless moon
spins like a useless coin.
This is the cold, silent hour,
made of death and forgetting.

Through every sleeping head passes
a weightless, fugitive world
which doesn't cry out.

High-night anguish:
to have one spirit only
locked in one only life.

Carner, Josep. *Poesia*. Barcelona: Quaderns Crema, 1992.

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson