



At Nightfall

Josep Carner

It's late. Roads don't tempt me now.
And from the closed-in garden I can tell
the days and leaves and flowers
are fallen, trampled in the mist.

My steps turn furtive
like a hesitant foreigner's.
Dahlia spectres
sigh in a tearful dark.

Far away, a bell sound floats,
joining the living to the dead.
Invincible, the night spreads out,
a sea of desert islands.

The lamp on the table summons me,
so does a fleeting thought,
and the old worn chair,
and, malcontent, a sheet of paper.

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

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson