



# Christmas

Joan Salvat-Papasseit

I feel the cold of the night  
and the dark beat of the drum:  
and the group of young men passing by singing.

I hear the celery cart  
clattering the pavement  
and its rivals beating it to the marketplace.

The women in the kitchen,  
beside the burning stove,  
have turned the gaslight up and plucked the chicken.  
Now when I look at the moon it seems to be at the full;  
impatient for tomorrow,  
they gather up the feathers.

Tomorrow round the table we'll forget the poor —  
and how poor we are ourselves.  
Jesus newly born  
will look at us for a minute over the dessert,  
and having looked  
burst into tears.

Salvat-Papasseit, Joan. *L'irradiador del port i les gavines*. Barcelona: Proa, 2005.

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson