



Poesia

Josep Carner

Ostend, december 31. 1949

In kindly indolence, the year ends.
Beneath a mist, by dreams released,
I make, chancing, what may appear my way,
from destiny and memory set free.

Contours and colours grow timid, soothed.
Angelic trace, a morning veil
turns indistinct the frontier track between
sea and sky, road and park.

Unreal weave, imagined start
of solace for the humble, cheated;
grey like silver, lighter than ash,
can tame the cruel certainties.

Now it's hard to tell from a distance
if the old plundered trees have any leaves;
absent glances might come back
behind the darkened windows.

In kindly indolence, the year ends.
Beneath a mist, by dreams released,
I make, chancing, what may appear my way,
from destiny and memory set free.

If only the thick shadows lightened,
and I could still find that morning veil
and, roving, glimpse appearances -in part-
nor fear that I myself am mist.

Translated by Pearse Hutchinson