



# Les obres d'Auzias March

Ausiàs March

## Poem XLVI (Veles i vents)

Sails and winds will accomplish my desires, making dangerous paths across the sea. I see the mistral and the west wind take up arms against them; but the east and south-west winds will help them, with their friends the north-east and the south, humbly begging the tramontana to blow favourably on them, that all five may bring about my return.

The sea will boil like a pot in the oven, changing its colour and natural state, and it will appear to hate anything which rests on it for a moment; fish great and small will rush to save themselves and will search for secret hiding-places : escaping from the sea where they were born and bred, they will leap on to dry land as a last resort.

All pilgrims together will make vows and will promise many votive offerings of wax; the great fear will bring to light the secrets which will never be revealed to the confessor. In (such) danger, you will never leave my mind; rather shall I vow to the God who has bound us together not to lessen my firm intentions and to keep you continually present (to me).

I fear death because I do not want to leave you, for Love is cancelled by death; but I do not believe that my will can be overcome by such separation. I am afraid that your own faint will, if I should die, may cast me into oblivion; this thought alone takes away all pleasure on earth for me - for as long as we are alive, I do not believe this can happen - :

(that) after my death, you may lose your power to love and it may quickly be turned into anger, and (that), if I am forced to leave this world, my whole misfortune will be in not seeing you.

O God! Why is there no limit to love, that I might have come to it alone? I would have known how much your will desired me, fearing (and) trusting everything to the future.

I am that most extreme of lovers, after him whose life God takes away : since I am alive, my heart does not show such grief as in death, whose suffering is extreme. I am prepared for (the) good or (the) evil of love, but it is my fate that Fortune brings me no occasion (for either); wide awake, with door unbarred, it will find me humbly answering.

I desire what may cost me dear, and this hope consoles me for many evils; I do not wish my life to be exempted from a most grave event. Which I pray God may come soon. Then people will not need to have faith in what Love performs outside me; its power will be shown in action and I shall prove my words by my deeds.

Love: I feel you (intuitively) rather than know you (by reason), so that the worse part will remain to me; he knows of you who is without you. I shall compare you to a game of dice.

Translated by Arthur Terry