



Poesies

Joan Maragall

Paternity

*Going home from the Liceu the night
of November 7, 1893*

Furiously hatred explodes throughout the earth,
as blood trickles out from strangled heads,
and you must prepare for revelry
by gathering up your courage, as in war.

At every mortal blast - tremulous people turn:
the advancing cruelty, --the retreating fear,
divide the world in two...
Seeing the suckling son,--the sighing mother,
the father wrinkles his brow.

But the innocent, satisfied infant,
leaves off the empty breast,
looks at his father, looks at his mother,
and laughs like a barbarian.

Translated by Mary Ann Newman