



# Estances. Llibre segon. Precedit de la reedició del primer

Carles Riba

**Poems**

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MAYBE to die will be  
not unlike the sudden knocking that  
startles us in sleep and opens our eyes on darkness,  
and we sit up, doubting whether it was real  
or whether a fading dream  
had left entangled  
in our sharpened senses  
a lingering thread of fever.  
The horror is to feel that between truth  
and ourselves there is but a step of darkness,  
and that the foot is the hidden servant  
of our will's cowardice.

RIBA, Carles. "Maybe to die..." [Morir tal vegada seria...], a *Poems* [edició bilingüe]. Traducció de Joan Gili. Oxford: The Dolphin Book, 1964, p. 18-19.

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Uns wiegen lassen, wie  
Auf schwankem Kahne der See  
HÖLDERLIN

HAPPY the man who has lived under an alien sky  
and whose peace has not been disturbed;  
and happy who on searching into the rugged gorge of eyes  
in love finds no falsehood lying there.

And who appreciates his days, the one as much  
as the other, like the equal parts  
of a measured treasure; and does not pursue  
the runaway memory of another.

Happy the man who does not look back, where the past,  
ever insatiable, takes away from us  
even hope, chaste pawn of the truce  
which death had granted.

Happy he who does not urge his desire onward;

who drops the oars and, stretching himself  
in the frail boat towards the clouds, silent,  
surrenders himself to untroubled waters.

Translated by Joan Gili