



Salvatge cor

Carles Riba

Savage Heart

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Celestial wall, and the wind's azure horses
galloping in open country, without anger!
Fruits mature peace as they bake,
and the weak thought rotates nobly with the earth.

God binds with fire the perplexed lover,
covers with foliage the pursued one who gazes
at himself naked in the fountain, and listens to the sigh
of one guiltless of uttering a word in despair.

God, it is so; and I have house and riches.
But, I please Thee more when true to the storm
than gentle, when Thou hast set summer alight,

at Thy rest. It is not by gifts
that my life is nourished, but constantly
by the remains of what my youth threw away.

RIBA, Carles. "Celestial wall..." [Celeste mur...], a *Salvatge cor*. Savage Heart [edició bilingüe]. Traducció de Joan Gili. Oxford: The Dolphin Book, 1993, p. 19.

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I would not say it idly, because
there is pain, which is arrogant;
it is only for the joyful
that life attains its fullness.

We must make a straight all or nothing
throw, as for real:
whoever does not die of love
will not win love's forgiveness.

More than thought, the eyes
are profound, if the heart throbs
at what they've seen, with equal glory,

and we love, Father! this pleasant
earthly kingdom of ours
like princes among the multitude.

Translated by Joan Gili