

## Game

Pere Quart

I navigate against the current.  
When the rest are coming back I'm setting out.

Before taking thought I think it over.  
I weep and smile in silence  
and alone

I seek the ring I lost  
in a region of light and well-being.

Tutto ch'altrui aggrada me disgrada.

When I can I differ.  
For example:  
I don't say 'prickly pear'  
but 'opuntia'.  
And to lose a living  
I work on Sundays.

Moribund I'll celebrate —  
should the family permit,  
and the other powers —  
my birth.

Quart, Pere. *Vacances pagades*. Barcelona: Proa, 1972.

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