

For All of Us

Miquel Martí i Pol

If we sing dumb, who'll speak out?
Our words don't carry much weight.
We've precious little clout, we're too
frivolous to make them listen.
Ah the same, whatever
is most pure in us
is worth as much — and well we know it —
as all the unease felt by any scion of
this long distinguished line of the defeated.
We must insist,
like beggars if you will,
at a hundred barred doors.

Martí i Pol, Miquel. *La fàbrica*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1995.

Traducido por Pearse Hutchinson