

Clouds at evening

Robinson Jeffers

Enormous cloud-mountains that form over Point Lobos and into the sunset,

Figures of fire on the walls of to-night's storm,

Foam of gold in gorges of fire, and the great file of warrior angels:

Dreams gathering in the curded brain of the earth,

The sky the brain-vault, on the threshold of sleep:[] poor earth, you like your children

By inordinate desires tortured make dreams?

Storms more enormous, wars nobler, more toppling mountains, more jewelled waters, more free

Fires on impossible headlands...[] as a poor girl

Wishing her lover taller and more desirous, and herself maned with gold,

Dreams the world right, in the cold bed, about dawn.

Dreams are beautiful; the slaves of form are beautiful also; I have grown to believe

A stone is a better pillow than many visions.

Traducido por Agustí Bartra