

## Poesia

Josep Carner

**Ostend, december 31. 1949**

In kindly indolence, the year ends.  
Beneath a mist, by dreams released,  
I make, chancing, what may appear my way,  
from destiny and memory set free.

Contours and colours grow timid, soothed.  
Angelic trace, a morning veil  
turns indistinct the frontier track between  
sea and sky, road and park.

Unreal weave, imagined start  
of solace for the humble, cheated;  
grey like silver, lighter than ash,  
can tame the cruel certainties.

Now it's hard to tell from a distance  
if the old plundered trees have any leaves;  
absent glances might come back  
behind the darkened windows.

In kindly indolence, the year ends.  
Beneath a mist, by dreams released,  
I make, chancing, what may appear my way,  
from destiny and memory set free.

If only the thick shadows lightened,  
and I could still find that morning veil  
and, roving, glimpse appearances -in part-  
nor fear that I myself am mist.

Translated by Pearse Hutchinson