

Poesia. Edició crítica

Spirit song

Since the world is already so lovely, Lord
—seen with your peace in our eyes—
what more could you give us in another life?

Therefore I am jealous of my eyes, Lord,
and of my face and of the body you have given me
and of my ever-beating heart... and fear so much to die!

With what further senses would you make me see
the blue that overhangs the mountains,
and the vast sea, and the all-enlightening sun?
Give me in my herebound senses everlasting peace
and I'll ask for no further heaven than this one of blue.
The man who bids no moment "stop",
except the one that seals his death,
I cannot understand, Lord; I, who would
hold back so many moments of each day,
to make them everlasting in my heart...!
Or is that "everlastingness" itself a form of death?
But then, what of life — what would it be?
No more than time's shadow passing,
the illusion of the far and near,
the tally of the great, the small, the overmuch,
deceptive, since all that is, is all there is?

So much for that! This world, just as it is,
so divers, so extense, so temporal;
this earth, with all that grows within it,
is my homeland, Lord; and might it not
as well be a heavenly homeland?
I am a man, and human is my measure
for all I can believe and hope:
if my faith and hope are anchored here
will you hold it against me there beyond?
There beyond I see the sky, the stars,
and even there I would be a man.
If you have made all things so lovely to my eyes,
if you have made my eyes and senses for them,
why close them, then, in search of other worlds?
Seeing that for me, there'll be no other such as this!
Lord, I know now that you exist, but who knows where?

All that I behold resembles you in me...
Let me, then, believe that you are here.
And when the dreaded moment comes
in which these human eyes are closed,
then open up still greater eyes in me,
that I may gaze upon your endless face.
Let death for me be a yet greater birth!

MARAGALL, Joan. "Spirit Song" ("Cant spiritual"). Traducció de Joseph Daries, amb l'assessorament de J. M. Coromines. Document de l'Arxiu Maragall.

SPIRITUAL CHANT

If the world is already so beautiful when we behold it,
Lord, with your peace in our eyes,
what more could you give us in another life?

And so I am heedful of the eyes and the face
and the body you have given me, Lord, and this heart
which has never yet halted, and I greatly fear to die.

What other senses could you give me, to make me see
the heavenly blue which lies upon the mountains,
and the huge sea and the everywhere-shining sun?
Give me, within my senses, your peace everlasting
and I ask no other heaven beyond the blue one.
There may be a man who has never found a moment
and said to it Stay —
unless it were the moment bringing him death,
but I do not understand him. Lord, I have longed
to hold so many moments of every day,
to hold them and make them eternal within my heart.

And is this "making eternal" already death?
Then what would our life be? Only
the shadow cast by the passage of time,
and the near and the far a feint,
and the recording of much or little or more than much,
only a cheat, since already the All is all?

Let it be. For this world as you have made it, Lord,
so diverse, so wholly of space and time,
with all the creatures that dwell therein, this world
is my native land, and may it not, Lord, be also
my heavenly country?

I am man and my measure is a man's
for all I can trust or long for.

If the faith and the hope I have, rest here in the world,
must I render account in the world to come? For even
that world to come I see as the sky and the stars,

and still among them I would wish to be man.
Was it for them you made my eyes and my senses?
Then why should you close them, seeking another vision?
For me there can be none other.
I know you are Lord, but where you may be found,
who knows? Yet I find your likeness in all I see.
Let me believe that you are here beside me
and that when the terrible hour is come indeed
to close my eyelids upon my human eyes,
Lord, you will open me then my greater eyes
and they shall behold the vastness of your face,
and so my death be only a greater birth.

Translated by Kathleen Nott