

Formes de l'ombra. Poesia 1966 - 2002

Joan Fuster

Frisson

When you read me (I'm letting my
imagination run away with me now),
you, adolescent
poets of the times to come,
and decipher my words with so much patience, thanks
to your intuition, your illusions and a dictionary,
maybe thinking in very strange patterns,
in a strange and mysterious language
of "s"s and "z"s, weak
enclitic pronouns, hyphens and apostrophes,
like a war message in code
so that a future
enemy won't understand: will you traverse
time heaped up in front of me and
behind you, by then completely lost to us all,
and enter my desolate words,
ruins of a disconnected story,
to find what makes you, what makes me,
me like the old masters, you
like me, neither old nor a master but attentive
to this frisson
- let it not be lost! -
traversing like
a shuttle of desire
the oh so stubborn warp of life,
and will you, too, leave fragments in languages
which will be lost, like mine,
so that other adolescents
in other times to come
will decipher your words - all because of a frisson! -
and so, from time to time,
from one code to another code,
again and again the same message will wander
- populous herds of words -
until the end of the world,
if the world has an end?

Translated by Christopher Whyte