

Enllà

Joan Maragall

The Boats

One by one, like virgins dancing,
the boats glide into the sea;
the sails open like wings to the sun,
and move seaward on roads
no one else knows.

Blue sky, blue sea; deserted strand
yellow with sun. . . The sea sings into your ear
as you wait the return, in splendour,
at sunset, of the first boat,
emerging aromatic from the sea.

Translated by Pearse Hutchinson