

Recomane tenebres

Vicent Andrés Estellés

Nights that make the night

II

Now I'd like to write a nice poem
and talk about certain things you still can find that are nice
in my opinion, or according to the neighbor next door.
I want to be nice, today I want to say nice things.
I'd through the whole house on my knees
looking for nice things, praying that today I'd be given
certain things that were really nice.
I've gotten out of the habit of nice things;
everyone knows what the things of this world are...
I've lost the habit, I don't know where I left them,
maybe at the café maybe on a bench
by some promenade, it's possible, it's possible...
How should I know? But now it's night
and frankly it's no time to go out searching
for nice things, gentle things, nice things
precisely. The café's closed now,
the promenade is dark, you can find certain women
who wan certain things, I'm tired, I'm not in the mood
to do anything, it's better to go to bed,
tomorrow'll be another day and by then I'll be over
this desire, this flaming mania
for nice things that's suddenly come over me.
That's' suddenly come over me. I mean; that's come to me.

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Traduït per David H. Rosenthal