

## Poesia. Edició crítica

Joan Maragall  
**The mountains**

At the hour of sunset,  
drinking at the fountain's freshet,  
I savoured the secrets  
of the mysterious earth.

In the spring's inner depths  
I saw the virgin water  
flower from its dark birthplace  
to delight my mouth,

and it entered deep into my breast...  
And with its clear streamlets  
pierced me then and there  
with a sweet wisdom.

When I arose and looked about,  
the mountain, woods and meadow  
seemed different to me:  
everything seemed other than it was.

In the sky's lovely dying  
there began to shine,  
among the crimsoned cloudbanks,  
the white first quarter of the new moon.

All the world seemed in flower  
and I was its soul.

I, the fragrant soul of the meadow,  
eager to flower and be cut down.

I, the peaceful soul of the flock  
with tinkling bells, half-hidden in the dell.

I, the soul of the woods that murmur  
like the sea, far off on the horizon.

And also was I the willow's soul  
that blesses every font with its clear shade.

I, the dell's deep soul

where mists arise and wake.

And the torrent's restless soul  
that shrieks in shining waterfall.

I was the blue soul of the pond  
that cons the stranger with an alien eye.

I, the soul of the wind that moves all things  
and the lowliness of an unfurling flower.

I was the height of mountain crests...

The clouds caressed me slowly  
and in the cloudbank's overwhelming love,  
my soul serene was forged.

I felt the wild joy of the fountains,  
the gift of snowpacks, surging in my breast  
and, in the horizon's huge unrest,  
I felt the tempest's vast repose.

And when the heavens opened round me  
and the sun smiled on my green plain,  
people, from afar, stayed the whole day  
gazing upon my sovereign beauty.

But I, quite overcome with troubled longings  
of the sea and mountains,  
rose firmly to offer heaven  
all that was pent-up in my womb and breasts.

At the hour of sunset,  
drinking at the fountain's freshet,  
I have savoured the secrets  
of the mysterious earth.

Translated by Joseph Daries, amb l'assessorament de J. M. Coromines