

**EZRA
POUND**

*Collected
Shorter Poems*

Traducció
Alfred Carol

RIPOSTES	3
Portrait d'une femme*	4
The PLUNGE*	5
THE PICTURE ¹	6
The Return*	7
LUSTRA	8
Catalan Translations	9
Tenzone	9
THE CONDOLENCE	10
THE GARRET*	11
THE GARDEN*	12
ORTUS	13
Albatre	14
LES MILLWIN	14
A Song of the Degrees	15
Further Instructions*	16
The study in aesthetics	17
THE BATH TUBE*	18
Meditatio*	18
To Dives	18
The encounter	19
Black Slippers: BELOIT	19
Society	19
SHOP GIRL	20
tame cat	20
THE ART, 1910*	20
WOMEN BEFORE A SHOP	21
THE SOCIAL ORDER	21
THE TEA SHOP	21
English originals	22
Alba	22
Epilogue	22
Fan-Piece, for Her Imperial Lord	23
In a Station of the Metro	24
Ione, Dead the Long Year	24
Ité	24
The Lake Isle	24
The Seeing Eye	25
Ts'ai Chi'h	25
Villanelle: The Psychological Hour	25
RIPOSTES (1912)	27
A Girl	27
A Virginal	27
An Immorality	28
Salutation	28
Silet	28
Sub Mare	29
The Needle	29
Hugh Selwyn Mauberly (Part I)	33

RIPOSTES

PORTRAIT D'UNE FEMME*

Tu i el teu senderi sou el nostre mar Sargasso,
Londres s'escolava al teu voltant aquests cèlebres anys
I vaixells llampants et deixaven això o allò en gatge:
Idees, xafarderies, escorrialles de totes les coses,
Barnilles estranyes del coneixement i obscures rampoines
del preu .
Grans intel·ligències t'han cercat - a falta d'un altre.
Sempre has sigut la segona. Tràgic?
No. Ho preferies a la situació corrent:
Un home tou, estovat i casolà,
Una intel·ligència mitjana - amb una idea menys, cada any.
O, ets pacient, t'he vist seure durant
hores, allà on hi podria flotar alguna cosa.
I ara el pagues. Si, pagues amb abundància.
Ets una persona de cert interès, un se t'acosta
i s'endú un guany imprevist:
Trofeus pescats, alguna suggestió curiosa;
fets que no porten en lloc; i una historia o dues,
farcides de mandràgores, o amb alguna altra cosa
que podria resultar útil i que mai no ho resulta,
que no encaixa mai en cap racó ni es mostra útil,
o no troba el bon moment en la malla dels dies:
La magnífica peça antiga, entelada i xabacana;
Ídols i ambregris i repujats fantàstics,
Vetaquí les teves riqueses, el teu gran magatzem; i amb tot
malgrat aquesta pila marina de coses efímeres,
fustes rares mig podrides, i matèries noves més lluents:
En el corrent pausat que separa lleuger i profund,
No! no hi ha res! Comptat i debatut,
res que sigui del tot teu.
Tanmateix aquesta ets tu.

Your mind and you are our Sargasso Sea,
London has swept about you this score years
And bright ships left you this or that in fee:
Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things,
Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of
price.
Great minds have sought you--lacking someone else.
You have been second always. Tragical?
No. You preferred it to the usual thing:
One dull man, dulling and uxorious,
One average mind--with one thought less, each year.
Oh, you are patient, I have seen you sit
Hours, where something might have floated up.
And now you pay one. Yes, you richly pay.
You are a person of some interest, one comes to you
And takes strange gain away:
Trophies fished up; some curious suggestion;
Fact that leads nowhere; and a tale or two,
Pregnant with mandrakes, or with something else
That might prove useful and yet never proves,
That never fits a corner or shows use,
Or finds its hour upon the loom of days:
The tarnished, gaudy, wonderful old work;
Idols and ambergris and rare inlays,
These are your riches, your great store; and yet
For all this sea-hoard of deciduous things,
Strange woods half sodden, and new brighter stuff:
In the slow float of differing light and deep,
No! there is nothing! In the whole and all,
Nothing that's quite your own.
Yet this is you.

THE PLUNGE*

(*El Cabussó*)

M'agradaria banyar-me en l'estranyesa:

Aquestes comoditats apilades al meu damunt, m'estoven!
Cremo, m'abruso tant per lo nou,
Amics nous, cares noves,
Llocs!
Oh, estar fora d'això,
Això que era tot allò que volia
- llevat de lo nou.

I tu,
Amor, tu el molt, el més desitjat!
No és veritat qu'aborreixo tots els murs, carrers, pedres,
Tot el llot, boira, tot el fum,
Tota mena de tràfic?
Tu, m'hauries de caure al damunt com aigua,
O, però ben lluny d'això!
Herba, i camps rasos, i turons,
I sol,
O, molt de sol!
Lluny, i solitari, enmig d'una
Gent aliena!

Iwould bathe myself in strangeness:

These comforts heaped upon me, smother me!
I burn, I scald so for the new,
New friends, new faces,
Places!
Oh to be out of this,
This that is all I wanted
- save the new.

And you,
Love, you the much, the more desired!
Do I not loathe all walls, streets, stones,
All mire, mist, all fog,
All ways of traffic?
You, I would have flow over me like water,
Oh, but far out of this!
Grass, and low fields, and hills,
And sun,
Oh, sun enough!
Out, and alone, among some
Alien people!

THE PICTURE¹

(El Quadro)

ELS ulls d'aquesta dama morta em parlen,
Perquè aquí hi havia amor, no podia ser ofegat,

I aquí desig, no se'n podia anar en besades.
Els ulls d'aquesta dama em parlen.

¹ Venus reclining, by Jacopo de Sellaio (1442-1493)

THE RETURN*

(*El retorn*)

<p>See, they return; ah, see the tentative Movements, and the slow feet, The trouble in the pace and the uncertain Wavering!</p> <p>See, they return, one by one, With fear, as half-awakened; As if the snow should hesitate And murmur in the wind, and half turn back; These were the "Wing'd-with-Awe," Inviolable.</p> <p>Gods of the Wingèd shoe! With them the silver hounds, sniffing the trace of air!</p> <p>Haie! Haie! These were the swift to harry; These the keen-scented; These were the souls of blood.</p> <p>Slow on the leash, pallid the leash-men!</p>	<p>MIRA, ja tornen; ah, mira els moviments de tempteig, i els peus lents, la dificultat en les passes i l'incert balanç!</p> <p>Mira com tornen, d'un amb un, amb por, com mig adormits; Com si la neu hagués de dubtar I mormolar a l'aire, i mig enretirar-se; Aquests eren els "tocats-per-la-gràcia" Inviolables.</p> <p>Deus de sandàlies alades! I amb ells llebrers argentats. Ensumant la traça d'aire!</p> <p>Ala! Ala! Aquests eren els més llestos a barrejar; Aquests els dels genolls perfumats; Aquests foren l'esperit de la sang.</p> <p>Lents sota la tralla, Pàl·lids els trallers</p>
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LUSTRA

Catalan Translations

TENZONE

LES acceptarà la gent?
(p. ex. aquestes cançons)
Com una noia atemorida d'un centaure
(o d'un centurió),
En fugen elles, xisclant de terror.

Seran sensibles a la verosímilitud?
Llur estupidesa virginal és intemptable,
Us ho demano, amics crítics,
No us esforceu per crear-me una audiència.

Festejo amb la meva lliure mena dalt dels cingles;
Els racons amagats
Han sentit l'eco dels meus talons,
En la llum freda,
En la foscúria.

THE CONDOLENCE

(*El Condol*)

O companys meus de sofriment, cants de la meva joventut,
un grapat de ximples us aprecien perquè sou
“virils,”

Nosaltres, vosaltres, jo! Som uns “maxotes”!
Imagineu-vos, companys meus de sofriment —
El nostre masclisme ens eleva per damunt de la massa,
Qui ho hauria previst?

O companys meus de sofriment, vàrem sortir a sota els arbres,
Estàvem especialment tips de la estupidesa mascle,
Vàrem avançar recollint pensaments delicats,
El nostre “*fantastikon*” encantat de servir-nos.
No ens exasperaven les dones,
car la femella es dúctil.

I ara sentiu el que se’ns diu:
Ens comparen a aquella mena de gent
Que es passeja esbombant llur sexe
Com si l’acabessin de descobrir.
Mirem de deixar aquest tema, cants meus
i tornar a allò que ens interessa.

THE GARRET*

(L'Àtic)

Come, let us pity those who are better off
than we are.
come, my friend, and remember
that the rich have butlers and no friends,
And we have friends and no butlers.
Come, let us pity the married and the
unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet
like a gilded Pavlova,
And I am near my desire.
Nor has life in it aught better
Than this hour of clear coolness,
the hour of waking together.

Vine, compadim aquells que estan millor
que nosaltres.
Vine, amic, i recorda
que els rics tenen criats i no tenen amics,
I nosaltres tenim amics i no tenim criats.
Vine, compadim els casats i els solters.

L'alba entra amb els seus peuet
com una Pavlova daurada,
I joestic a prop del meu desig.
Tampoc la vida te en si res millor
que aquest moment de frescor clara,
el moment de despertar-nos junts.

THE GARDEN*

(*El Jardí*)

En robe de parade

Samain

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall
She walks by the railing of a path in Kensington
Gardens,
And she is dying piece-meal
of a sort of emotional anæmia.

And round about there is a rabble
Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very poor.
They shall inherit the earth.

In her is the end of breeding.
Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.
She would like some one to speak to her,
And is almost afraid that I
will commit that indiscretion

Com una troca flonja de seda esclafada a la paret
Camina ella vora la balustrada d'un vial a Kensington
Gardens.,
S'està morint de mica en mica
d'una mena d'anèmia emocional.

I al voltant hi ha un grapat
dels míser, robustos, **indestructibles** infants dels més
pobres
Els han d'heretar la terra.

En ella s'arriba al final de la nissaga.
El seu enuig es exquisit i excessiu.
Li agradaria que algú li parlés,
però quasi bé l'espanta que jo
No cometi tal indiscreció.

ORTUS

COM m'he esforçat?
Com no m'hauré esforçat
per fer néixer la seva ànima,
Per donar a aqueixos elements un nom i un centre!
Ella és tan bella com la llum del sol i igual de fluida.
No te nom, ni lloc.
Com m'he esforçat per què la seva anima se
separi;
Per donar-li un nom i un ésser!

Segurament estàs closa i enredada,
Estàs barrejada amb elements no nats;
He estimat un corrent i una ombra.

Et reclamo de ficar-te en la teva vida.
Et reclamo d'aprendre a dir "jo,"
quan et pregunto;
Car no ets pas una part, ans un tot,
No pas un tros, ans un ésser.

ALBATRE

(Alabastre)

AQUESTA dona amb la bata de bany qu'ella
anomena "peignoir",
És, de moment, l'amant del meu
amic,

I els peus blancs i delicats del gosset blanc
no són pas més delicats qu'ella mateixa,
Ni el propi Gautier n'hauria desdenyat
els matisos de blancor
Quan seu a la butaca
Entre les dues candeles indolents.

LES MILLWIN

ELS nens Millwin assisteixen als Ballet Russos
Es van veure les animetes verdoses i malva
dels nens Millwin estirades als seients de dalt
Com tantes boas inútils.

Les colles turbulentes i indisciplinades del estudiants
d'art—
Els representants rigorosos de l'"Slade"—
Eren davant d'ells.

Amb braços exaltats, amb els avant-braços
creuats fent unes grans X futuristes, els estudiants d'art
exultaven, contemplaven els esplendors de *Cleopatra*.

I els nens Millwins contemplaven aquestes coses;
Amb ulls grans i anèmics guaitaven
aquestes configuracions.

Deixeu-nos doncs mencionar el fet,
Car ens sembla que val la pena d'enregistrar-lo.

A SONG OF THE DEGREES

(Una cançó dels matisos)

I

CALMA'm amb colors xinesos
car penso que el cristall és pervers

II

El vent es mou damunt del blat—
amb una trencadissa d'argent,
una tènue lluita de metall.

He conegut el disc daurat,
L'he vist fonent-se al meu damunt.
He conegut la plaça de pedres brillants
La sala dels clars colors.

III

Oh, cristall subtilment pervers, oh confusió de colors!
Oh llum closa i torçada a dins, oh anima dels captius,
Perquè m'alerten a mi? Perquè m'allunyen?
Perquè el teu reflex és ple d'una curiosa malfiança?
Oh cristall subtil i lúcid, Oh polsim d'or!
Oh filaments d'ambre, doble refulgència!

FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS*

(Més amplies instruccions)

<p>Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions.</p> <p>Let us express our envy for the man with a steady job and no worry about the future. You are very idle, my songs, I fear you will come to a bad end. You stand about the streets, You loiter at the corners and bus-stops, You do next to nothing at all.</p> <p>You do not even express our inner nobilitys, You will come to a very bad end.</p> <p>And I? I have gone half-cracked. I have talked to you so much that I almost see you about me, Insolent little beasts! Shameless! Devoid of clothing!</p> <p>But you, newest song of the lot, You are not old enough to have done much mischief. I will get you a green coat out of China With dragons worked upon it. I will get you the scarlet silk trousers From the statue of the infant Christ at Santa Maria Novella; Lest they say we are lacking in taste, Or that there is no caste in this family.</p> <p>Notes</p>	<p>Veniu cançons meves, expressem les nostres passions més baixes, Expressem l'enveja de l'home que te una feina estable i cap preocupació pel futur. Esteu molt soltes, cançons meves. Em temo que no tingueu una mala fi. Volteu pels carrers, Us esteu a les cantonades i parades d'autobús. El que feu es quasi bé no res.</p> <p>Ni tan sols expresseu la nostra noblesa interna Acabareu molt malament.</p> <p>I jo? M'he quedat mig desfet, Us he parlat tan que quasi bé us veig al meu voltant, Bestioles insolents, desvergonyides, sense vestimenta!</p> <p>Però tu, la més nova de la colla, Tu no ets prou vella per haver fet molt dany, T'aconseguiré una jupa verda de Xina amb dragons brodats al damunt, T'aconseguiré els pantalons de seda escarlata de l'estàtua del nen Jesús a Santa Maria Novella, Que no puguin dir que no tenim gust, que no hi ha casta a la família.</p>

THE STUDY IN AESTHETICS

(L'estudi d'estètica)

AQUELLS nens tan menuts amb vestits apedaçats,
afectats per una clarividència poc usual,
van parar els seus jocs quan la van veure passar
I es van exclamar des de les llambordes

Guarda! Ahi, guarda! ch'è be'a

Però tres anys més tard
Vaig sentir el jove Dante, del qual no recordo el
cognom -
Ja que hi ha, a Sirmione, vint-i-vuit petits
Dantes i trenta quatre Catulli;
I hi havia hagut una gran pesca de sardines,
I els grans
les estaven posant en unes grans caixes de fusta
pel mercat de Brescia, i s'hi va llençar
al damunt, engrapant els peixos brillants
i posant-los a dins cap i cuats;
I en va li manaven: *sta fermo!*
I quan no li van deixar més guardar
el peix a les caixes
Va acariciar els que ja estaven guardats,
Mormolant pel seu propi plaer
Aquesta mateixa frase:

Ch'è be'a.

I amb això em vaig quedar un tan avergonyit.

THE BATH TUBE*

(La Banyera)

As a bathtub lined with white porcelain,
When the hot water gives out or goes tepid,
So is the slow cooling of our chivalrous passion,
O my much praised but-not-altogether-satisfactory
lady

Com una banyera voltada de porcellana blanca,
Quan l'aigua calenta s'estronca o es torna tèbia,
Talment passa quan se'ns refreda la passió galant
O mon molt estimada però no totalment satisfactòria
dama

MEDITATIO*

When I carefully consider the curious
habits of dogs
I am compelled to conclude
That man is the superior animal.

When I consider the curious habits of man
I confess, my friend, I am puzzled.

Quan considero amb atenció els curiosos
hàbits dels gossos
Em porta a pensar
que l'home es l'animal superior .

Quan considero els curiosos hàbits del l'home
et confesso, amic, que estic perplex.

TO DIVES

(Als Potentats)

Qui soc jo per condemnar-vos, O Potentats,
Jo que estic tan fastiguejat
amb la pobresa
Com vosaltres amb les riqueses inútils.

THE ENCOUNTER

(La trobada)

TOTA l'estona que ells parlaven de la nova
moralitat
Els seus ulls m'exploraven.
I quan em vaig llevar per anar-me'n
El seus dits foren com el teixit
D'un tapet Japonès de paper

BLACK SLIPPERS: BELOIT

(Sabatilles negres: Belloti)

A la taula darrere nostre
Amb les sabatilletes d'antflop tretes,
Amb els peus calçats amb mitjons blancs
Curosament protegits del terra per un tapet,
Està dient:
"Connaissez-vous Ostende"

La garlaire dama italiana a l'altra banda del
restaurant
Contesta amb una certa hauteur,
Però jo m'espero amb paciència,
Per veure com Celestine es tornarà a calçar les sabatilles,
Se les torna a calçar amb un gemec

SOCIETY

(Societat)

LA posició de la família s'estava esfumant,
I amb aquest motiu la jove Aurelia,
Que havia ben rigut durant divuit estius
Ara suporta el contacte llefiscós de Phidippus

SHOP GIRL

(La venedora, p112)

DURANT una estona es va emparar en mi
Com una oreneta mig esclafada a la paret,
I van parlar de les dones de Swinburne,
I de les pastorettes trobant-se amb Guido,
I de les meuques de Baudelaire.

TAME CAT

(Gat domèstic)

“**E**M reposa estar entre dones maques.
Perquè hem de mentir sempre en aquests
temes?

Repeteixo:

Em reposa conversar amb dones maques
encara que només es diguin ximpleries,

El brunzit de les antenes invisibles
és a la vegada estimulants i delitós.”

THE ART, 1910*

(L'ART)

Verd arsènic empastat en un drap blanc d'ou,
Maduixes esclafades! Anem-hi, que sigui la festa pels
ulls

Green arsenic smeared on an egg-white cloth,
Crushed strawberries! Come, let us feast our eyes.

WOMEN BEFORE A SHOP

(Dones davant d'un aparador, P.114)

ELS reflexes de l'ambre fals i de les falses
Turqueses les atrauen.
“Desitgen estimar la natura”: aquest caramull de grocs.

THE SOCIAL ORDER

(L'Ordre Social, p. 115)

AQUEST funcionari del govern
amb una dona força més gran qu'ell,
Te un aire tan carinyós

Quan dona la ma a les jovenetes.

THE TEA SHOP

(El Saló de te)

LA noia del saló de te
no és tan maca com abans,
L'Agost l'ha desgastada
No puja les escales tan eixerida;
Si, també ella es tornarà una dona de mitjana edat
I l'esclat de joventut qu'escampava al voltant nostre
quan ens portava els melindros
Ja no s'hi tornarà a escampar més.
També ella es tornarà una dona de mitjana edat.

English originals

A PACT

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman--
I have detested you long enough.
I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root--
Let there be commerce between us.

ALBA

As cool as the pale wet leaves
of lily-of-the-valley
She lay beside me in the dawn.

EPILOGUE

O Chansons foregoing
You were a seven days' wonder.
When you came out in the magazines
You created considerable stir in Chicago,
And now you are stale and worn out,
You're a very depleted fashion,
A hoop-skirt, a calash,
An homely, transient antiquity.
Only emotion remains.
Your emotions?
Are those of a maitre-de-cafe.

FAN-PIECE, FOR HER IMPERIAL
LORD

O Fan of white silk,
clear as frost on the grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.

IN A STATION OF THE METRO

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

IONE, DEAD THE LONG YEAR

Empty are the ways,
Empty are the ways of this land
And the flowers
Bend over with heavy heads.
They bend in vain.
Empty are the ways of this land
Where Ione
Walked once, and now does not walk
But seems like a person just gone.

ITÉ

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young
and from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone.
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take you wounds from it gladly

THE LAKE ISLE

O God, O Venus, O Mercury, patron of thieves,
Give me in due time, I beseech you, a little tobacco-shop,
With the little bright boxes
piled up neatly upon the shelves
And the loose fragrant cavendish
and the shag,
And the bright Virginia
loose under the bright glass cases,
And a pair of scales not too greasy,
And the whores dropping in for a word or two in passing,

For a flip word, and to tidy their hair a bit.

O God, O Venus, O Mercury, patron of thieves,
Lend me a little tobacco-shop,
or install me in any profession
Save this damn'd profession of writing,
where one needs one's brains all the time.

THE SEEING EYE

The small dogs look at the big dogs;
They observe unwieldy dimensions
And curious imperfections of odor.
Here is the formal male group:
The young men look upon their seniors,
They consider the elderly mind
And observe its inexplicable correlations.

Said Tsin-Tsu:
It is only in small dogs and the young
That we find minute observation

TS'AI CHI'H

The petals fall in the fountain,
the orange-coloured rose-leaves,
Their ochre clings to the stone

VILLANELLE: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL HOUR

I had over prepared the event,
that much was ominous.
With middle-ageing care
I had laid out just the right books.
I had almost turned down the pages.

*Beauty is so rare a thing.
So few drink of my fountain.*

So much barren regret,

So many hours wasted!
And now I watch, from the window,
the rain, the wandering busses.

"Their little cosmos is shaken" -
the air is alive with that fact.
In their parts of the city
they are played on by diverse forces.
How do I know?
Oh, I know well enough.
For them there is something afoot.
As for me;
I had over-prepared the event -

*Beauty is so rare a thing.
So few drink of my fountain.*

Two friends: a breath of the forest. . .
Friends? Are people less friends
because one has just, at last, found them?
Twice they promised to come.

"Between the night and the morning?"
Beauty would drink of my mind.
Youth would awhile forget
my youth is gone from me.

(Speak up! You have danced so stiffly?
Someone admired your works,
And said so frankly.

"Did you talk like a fool,
The first night?
The second evening?"

"But they promised again:
'To-morrow at tea-time'.")

Now the third day is here -
no word from either;
No word from her nor him,
Only another man's note:
"Dear Pound, I am leaving England."

RIPOSTES

(1912)

A GIRL

The tree has entered my hands,
The sap has ascended my arms,
The tree has grown in my breast-
Downward,
The branches grow out of me, like arms.

Tree you are,
Moss you are,
You are violets with wind above them.
A child - so high - you are,
And all this is folly to the world.

A VIRGINAL

No, no! Go from me. I have left her lately.
I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness,
For my surrounding air hath a new lightness;
Slight are her arms, yet they have bound me straitly
And left me cloaked as with a gauze of æther;
As with sweet leaves; as with subtle clearness.
Oh, I have picked up magic in her nearness
To sheathe me half in half the things that sheathe her.
No, no! Go from me. I have still the flavour,
Soft as spring wind that's come from birchen bowers.
Green come the shoots, aye April in the branches,
As winter's wound with her sleight hand she staunches,
Hath of the trees a likeness of the savour:
As white as their bark, so white this lady's hours.

AN IMMORALITY

Sing we for love and idleness,
Naught else is worth the having.

Though I have been in many a land,
There is naught else in living.

And I would rather have my sweet,
Though rose-leaves die of grieving,

Than do high deeds in Hungary
To pass all men's believing.

SALUTATION

O generation of the thoroughly smug
and the thoroughly uncomfortable,
I have seen fishermen picknicking in the sun,
I have seen them with untidy families,
I have seen their smiles full of teeth
and heard ungainly laughter.
And I am happier than you are,
And they were happier than I am;
And the fish swim in the lake
and do not even own clothing.

SILET

When I behold how black, immortal ink
Drips from my deathless pen - ah, well-away!
Why should we stop at all for what I think?
There is enough in what I chance to say.

It is enough that we once came together;
What is the use of setting it to rime?
When it is autumn do we get spring weather,
Or gather may of harsh northwindish time?

It is enough that we once came together;
What if the wind have turned against the rain?
It is enough that we once came together;
Time has seen this, and will not turn again;

And who are we, who know that last intent,
To plague to-morrow with a testament!

SUB MARE

It is, and is not, I am sane enough,
Since you have come this place has hovered round me,
This fabrication built of autumn roses,
Then there's a goldish colour, different.

And one gropes in these things as delicate
Algæ reach up and out, beneath
Pale slow green surgings of the underwave,
'Mid these things older than the names they have,
These things that are familiar of the god.

THE NEEDLE

Come, or the stellar tide will slip away.
Eastward avoid the hour of its decline,
Now! for the needle trembles in my soul!

Here we have had our vantage, the good hour.
Here we have had our day, your day and mine.
Come now, before this power
That bears us up, shall turn against the pole.

Mock not the flood of stars, the thing's to be.
O Love, come now, this land turns evil slowly.
The waves bore in, soon they bear away.

The treasure is ours, make we fast land with it.
Move we and take the tide, with its next favour,
Abide
Under some neutral force
Until this course turneth aside.

THE SEAFARER

May I for my own self song's truth reckon,
Journey's jargon, how I in harsh days
Hardship endured oft.
Bitter breast-cares have I abided,
Known on my keel many a care's hold,
And dire sea-surge, and there I oft spent
Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship's head
While she tossed close to cliffs. Coldly afflicted,
My feet were by frost benumbed.
Chill its chains are; chafing sighs
Hew my heart round and hunger begot
Mere-weary mood. Lest man know not
That he on dry land loveliest liveth,
List how I, care-wretched, on ice-cold sea,
Weathered the winter, wretched outcast
Deprived of my kinsmen;
Hung with hard ice-flakes, where hail-scur flew,
There I heard naught save the harsh sea
And ice-cold wave, at whiles the swan cries,
Did for my games the gannet's clamour,
Sea-fowls, loudness was for me laughter,
The mews' singing all my mead-drink.
Storms, on the stone-cliffs beaten, fell on the stern
In icy feathers; full oft the eagle screamed
With spray on his pinion.
Not any protector
May make merry man faring needy.
This he little believes, who aye in winsome life
Abides 'mid burghers some heavy business,
Wealthy and wine-flushed, how I weary oft
Must bide above brine.
Neareth nightshade, snoweth from north,
Frost froze the land, hail fell on earth then
Corn of the coldest. Nathless there knocketh now
The heart's thought that I on high streams
The salt-wavy tumult traverse alone.
Moaneth alway my mind's lust
That I fare forth, that I afar hence
Seek out a foreign fastness.
For this there's no mood-lofty man over earth's midst,
Not though he be given his good, but will have in his youth greed;
Nor his deed to the daring, nor his king to the faithful
But shall have his sorrow for sea-fare
Whatever his lord will.
He hath not heart for harping, nor in ring-having

Nor winsomeness to wife, nor world's delight
 Nor any whit else save the wave's slash,
 Yet longing comes upon him to fare forth on the water.
 Bosque taketh blossom, cometh beauty of berries,
 Fields to fairness, land fares brisker,
 All this admonisheth man eager of mood,
 The heart turns to travel so that he then thinks
 On flood-ways to be far departing.
 Cuckoo calleth with gloomy crying,
 He singeth summerward, bodeth sorrow,
 The bitter heart's blood. Burgher knows not --
 He the prosperous man -- what some perform
 Where wandering them widest draweth.
 So that but now my heart burst from my breast-lock,
 My mood 'mid the mere-flood,
 Over the whale's acre, would wander wide.
 On earth's shelter cometh oft to me,
 Eager and ready, the crying lone-flyer,
 Whets for the whale-path the heart irresistibly,
 O'er tracks of ocean; seeing that anyhow
 My lord deems to me this dead life
 On loan and on land, I believe not
 That any earth-weal eternal standeth
 Save there be somewhat calamitous
 That, ere a man's tide go, turn it to twain.
 Disease or oldness or sword-hate
 Beats out the breath from doom-gripped body.
 And for this, every earl whatever, for those speaking after --
 Laud of the living, boasteth some last word,
 That he will work ere he pass onward,
 Frame on the fair earth 'gainst foes his malice,
 Daring ado, ...
 So that all men shall honour him after
 And his laud beyond them remain 'mid the English,
 Aye, for ever, a lasting life's-blast,
 Delight mid the doughty.
 Days little durable,
 And all arrogance of earthen riches,
 There come now no kings nor Cæsars
 Nor gold-giving lords like those gone.
 Howe'er in mirth most magnified,
 Whoe'er lived in life most lordliest,
 Drear all this excellence, delights undurable!
 Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth.
 Tomb hideth trouble. The blade is layed low.
 Earthly glory ageth and seareth.
 No man at all going the earth's gait,
 But age fares against him, his face paleth,
 Grey-haired he groaneth, knows gone companions,

Lordly men are to earth o'ergiven,
Nor may he then the flesh-cover, whose life ceaseth,
Nor eat the sweet nor feel the sorry,
Nor stir hand nor think in mid heart,
And though he strew the grave with gold,
His born brothers, their buried bodies
Be an unlikely treasure hoard.

HUGH SELWYN MAUBERLY (PART I)

"Vocat aestus in umbram"

Nemesianus Es. IV.

E. P. Ode pour l'élection de son sépulchre

For three years, out of key with his time,
He strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry; to maintain "the sublime"
In the old sense. Wrong from the start --

No, hardly, but, seeing he had been born
In a half savage country, out of date;
Bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn;
Capaneus; trout for factitious bait:

"Idmen gar toi panth, os eni Troie
Caught in the unstopped ear;
Giving the rocks small lee-way
The chopped seas held him, therefore, that year.

His true Penelope was Flaubert,
He fished by obstinate isles;
Observed the elegance of Circe's hair
Rather than the mottoes on sun-dials.

Unaffected by "the march of events",
He passed from men's memory in *l'an trentiesme*
De son eage; the case presents
No adjunct to the Muses' diadem.

II.

The age demanded an image
Of its accelerated grimace,
Something for the modern stage,
Not, at any rate, an Attic grace;

Not, not certainly, the obscure reveries
Of the inward gaze;
Better mendacities
Than the classics in paraphrase!

The "age demanded" chiefly a mould in plaster,
Made with no loss of time,
A prose kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster

Or the "sculpture" of rhyme.

III.

The tea-rose, tea-gown, etc.
Supplants the mousseline of Cos,
The pianola "replaces"
Sappho's barbitos.

Christ follows Dionysus,
Phallic and ambrosial
Made way for macerations;
Caliban casts out Ariel.

All things are a flowing,
Sage Heracleitus says;
But a tawdry cheapness
Shall reign throughout our days.

Even the Christian beauty
Defects -- after Samothrace;
We see *to kalon*
Decreed in the market place.

Faun's flesh is not to us,
Nor the saint's vision.
We have the press for wafer;
Franchise for circumcision.

All men, in law, are equals.
Free of Peisistratus,
We choose a knave or an eunuch
To rule over us.

A bright Apollo,

tin andra, tin eroa, tina theon,
What god, man, or hero
Shall I place a tin wreath upon?

IV.

These fought, in any case,
and some believing, pro domo, in any case ..

Some quick to arm,
some for adventure,
some from fear of weakness,
some from fear of censure,

some for love of slaughter, in imagination,
learning later ...

some in fear, learning love of slaughter;
Died some pro patria, non dulce non et decor" ..

walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving
came home, home to a lie,
home to many deceits,
home to old lies and new infamy;

usury age-old and age-thick
and liars in public places.

Daring as never before, wastage as never before.
Young blood and high blood,
Fair cheeks, and fine bodies;

fortitude as never before

frankness as never before,
disillusions as never told in the old days,
hysterias, trench confessions,
laughter out of dead bellies.

V.

There died a myriad,
And of the best, among them,
For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
For a botched civilization.

Charm, smiling at the good mouth,
Quick eyes gone under earth's lid,

For two gross of broken statues,
For a few thousand battered books.

Yeux Glauques

Gladstone was still respected,
When John Ruskin produced
"Kings Treasuries"; Swinburne
And Rossetti still abused.
Foetid Buchanan lifted up his voice
When that faun's head of hers
Became a pastime for

Painters and adulterers.

The Burne-Jones cartons
Have preserved her eyes;
Still, at the Tate, they teach
Cophetua to rhapsodize;

Thin like brook-water,
With a vacant gaze.
The English Rubaiyat was still-born
In those days.

The thin, clear gaze, the same
Still darts out faun-like from the half-ruin'd face,
Questing and passive
"Ah, poor Jenny's case" ...

Bewildered that a world
Shows no surprise
At her last maquero's
Adulteries.

"Siena Mi Fe', Disfecemi Maremma"

Among the pickled foetuses and bottled bones,
Engaged in perfecting the catalogue,
I found the last scion of the
Senatorial families of Strasbourg, Monsieur Verog.

For two hours he talked of Gallifet;
Of Dowson; of the Rhymers' Club;
Told me how Johnson (Lionel) died
By falling from a high stool in a pub ...

But showed no trace of alcohol
At the autopsy, privately performed --
Tissue preserved -- the pure mind
Arose toward Newman as the whiskey warmed.

Dowson found harlots cheaper than hotels;
Headlam for uplift; Image impartially imbued
With raptures for Bacchus, Terpsichore and the Church.
So spoke the author of "The Dorian Mood",

M. Verog, out of step with the decade,
Detached from his contemporaries,
Neglected by the young,
Because of these reveries.

Brennbaum.

*The sky-like limpid eyes,
The circular infant's face,
The stiffness from spats to collar
Never relaxing into grace;*

The heavy memories of Horeb, Sinai and the forty years,
Showed only when the daylight fell
Level across the face
Of Brennbaum "The Impeccable".

Mr. Nixon

In the cream gilded cabin of his steam yacht
Mr. Nixon advised me kindly, to advance with fewer
Dangers of delay. "Consider
Carefully the reviewer.

"I was as poor as you are;
"When I began I got, of course,
"Advance on royalties, fifty at first", said Mr. Nixon,
"Follow me, and take a column,
"Even if you have to work free.

"Butter reviewers. From fifty to three hundred
"I rose in eighteen months;
"The hardest nut I had to crack
"Was Dr. Dundas.

"I never mentioned a man but with the view
"Of selling my own works.
"The tip's a good one, as for literature
"It gives no man a sinecure."

And no one knows, at sight a masterpiece.
And give up verse, my boy,
There's nothing in it."

* * *

Likewise a friend of Bloughram's once advised me:
Don't kick against the pricks,
Accept opinion. The "Nineties" tried your game
And died, there's nothing in it.

X.

Beneath the sagging roof

The stylist has taken shelter,
Unpaid, uncelebrated,
At last from the world's welter

Nature receives him,
With a placid and uneducated mistress
He exercises his talents
And the soil meets his distress.

The haven from sophistications and contentions
Leaks through its thatch;
He offers succulent cooking;
The door has a creaking latch.

XI.

"Conservatrix of Milésien"
Habits of mind and feeling,
Possibly. But in Ealing
With the most bank-clerkly of Englishmen?

No, "Milésian" is an exaggeration.
No instinct has survived in her
Older than those her grandmother
Told her would fit her station.

XII.

"Daphne with her thighs in bark
Stretches toward me her leafy hands", --
Subjectively. In the stuffed-satin drawing-room
I await The Lady Valentine's commands,

Knowing my coat has never been
Of precisely the fashion
To stimulate, in her,
A durable passion;

Doubtful, somewhat, of the value
Of well-gowned approbation
Of literary effort,
But never of The Lady Valentine's vocation:

Poetry, her border of ideas,
The edge, uncertain, but a means of blending
With other strata
Where the lower and higher have ending;

A hook to catch the Lady Jane's attention,

A modulation toward the theatre,
Also, in the case of revolution,
A possible friend and comforter.

* * *

Conduct, on the other hand, the soul
"Which the highest cultures have nourished"
To Fleet St. where
Dr. Johnson flourished;

Beside this thoroughfare
The sale of half-hose has
Long since superseded the cultivation
Of Pierian roses.

1920

Enfin, un poème d'Ezra Pound, Moeurs contemporaines, tiré de Poems from Lustra où le poète crée un néologisme pour rendre en anglais un adjectif aux sonorités splendides d'un vers d'Homère :

« Stèle
After years of continence
he hurled himself into a sea of six women.
Now, quenched as the brand of Meleager,
he lies by the poluphloisboious sea-coast.
Para thina Poluphloisboio thalassès
SISTE VIATOR » [\[1\]](#)

Michèle Pinson [\[2\]](#) qui traduit à son tour le poème d'Ezra Pound doit aussi jouer avec l'alchimie des mots pour transposer la formule de l'aède.

Voici ce qu'elle propose :

« Stèle
Après des années de continence
il se jeta dans une mer de six femmes.
Aujourd'hui, rassasié comme le glaive de Méléagre,
il repose près de la côte poluphloisboious [\[3\]](#).
Para thina Poluphloisboio thalassès
SISTE VIATOR »

Ce qui est intéressant ici c'est de constater que le mot grec qui dit la mer aux flots re-tentissants ne peut être traduit sans dé-truire la beauté de l'image et l'harmonie poétique. Pound, en grand poète, a fait sien le mot.