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Catalan Review is the premier international scholarly journal devoted to all aspects of Catalan culture. By Catalan culture is understood all manifestations of intellectual and artistic life produced in the Catalan language or in the geographical areas where Catalan is spoken. Catalan Review has been in publication since 1986.

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Catalan Review és la primera revista internacional dedicada a tots els aspectes de la cultura catalana. Per la cultura catalana s'entén totes les manifestacions de la vida intel·lectual i artística produïda en llengua catalana o en les zones geogràfiques on es parla català. Catalan Review es publica des de 1986.

Translation:
Joan Alcover: Desolació
(Nathaniel Smith)

Catalan Review, Vol. XX, (2006), p. 347-349

TRANSLATION

DESOLACIÓ

Jo só l'esqueix d'un arbre, esponerós ahir,
que als segadors feia ombra a l'hora de la sesta,
mes branques, una a una, va rompre la tempesta,
i el llamp, fins a la terra, ma soca migpartí.

Brots de migrades fulles coronen el bocí
obert i sens entranyes que de ma soca resta;
cremar he vist ma llenya; com fumerol de festa,
al cel he vist anar-se'n la millor part de mi.

I l'amargor de viure xucla ma arrel esclava,
i sent brostar les fulles, i sent pujar la saba,
i m'aida a esperar l'hora de caure, un sol conhort:

cada ferida mostra la pèrdua d'una branca;
sens jo, res parlaria de la meitat que em manca;
jo visc sols per a plànyer lo que de mi s'és mort.

Joan Alcover (Palma, Majorca 1854-1926)

DESOLATION

I, remnant of a tree, full yesterday of strength,
At siesta time once shaded the reapers of the harvest;
But one by one my branches were severed by the tempest,
And lightning split my body down to the solid earth.

With shoots of scanty leaves my hollowed trunk is crowned;
Laid open, without core, it's all I have remaining:
Like smoke of celebration, borne by my heartwood burning
To heaven I have seen my own best part ascend.

The bitterness of living in my enslaved root flows,
Yet I feel my buds open and I feel my sap rise.
One consolation helps me bide my time to be broken:

Every wound reveals where each lost branch has vanished;
Nothing but me can speak of my half that has perished:
I live but to lament what of me has been taken.

Translated by Nathaniel Smith