

Translations of Neruda, Goethe & Gullberg

Tag Bort Fotografierna

(Hjalmar Gullberg)

Tag bort fotografierna! Vi döda
är känsliga för dylikt första tiden.
Anpassningen sker inte utan möda
till friden över allt förstånd, till friden

som ni har unnat oss i dödsannonsen.
Släpp oss! Er sog förlänger vår begravning.
Namn och profil i marmorn och i bronsen
när vi ska byta form och ändra stavning,

är hinder som vi hellre vore utan.
I natt är vi den snö som faller flinga
vid flinga ljudlöst. Ansikte mot rutan,
vemns namn är det du ropar? Vi har inga.

Take Down the Photographs

(Hjalmar Gullberg)

Take down the photographs! We dead
are sensitive to such things at first.
We do not adjust without effort
to the peace that passes all understanding,

the peace you left us in our obituaries.
Let go! Your sorrow prolongs our burial.
Names and profiles, in marble or in bronze
(when we must change form and alter spelling)

are hindrances we would rather do without.
Tonight we are the snow flung flake
on noiseless flake. Face pressed to the glass,
whose name are you calling? We are no one.

Ögon, Läppar

(Hjalmar Gullberg)

Ögan som skådade, stara
av undran och innerliga

Tårar att samla. Kyssar att förlora.
Läppar som vet och kan tiga.

Eyes, Lips

(Hjalmar Gullberg)

Eyes whose seeing was widened
by awe and ardor.

Tears that gather, kisses gone missing.
Lips that know, but don't say.

Den Gamle

(Hjalmar Gullberg)

Han som byggde för att fromt förlusta
barn och vuxna hela nöjesfältet
själv en gång, har äntligen fått pusta
ut och ströva som han vill på fältet.

O tack rönste han på ålderdomen.
Utan ordnar och den höga hatten,
blind av takbelysningen, med gommen
tandlös, visar han sig först på natten.

Korsar Vintergatan, rundar hörnen
sakta och tills dagen gryr omsider
håller han i kedjan Stora Björnen,
prydd med stjärnor som i forna tider..

The Old Man

(Hjalmar Gullberg)

He who once built, piously absorbed,
boy and man, an entire fairground
himself, has at last been given a breather
and strays where he will over all the grounds.

Old age met him with ingratitude.
Rumpled, without his high hat,
blinded by the ceiling lights, toothless –
so he went out at night.

Corsair Milky Way, rounding the corner
slowly and til day dawns by degrees
holding in chains the Great Bear,
is pinned with stars as in former times.

Erlkönig

(Goethe)

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?”
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron’ und Schweif? –
“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.”

“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;
Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.”

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und horest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht? –
“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.”

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.”

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort? –
“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh’ es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.”

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brach’ ich Gewalt.”
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!

Dem Vater grauset’s, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh’ und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

The Wind King

(Goethe)

Who rides so late the windy night wild?
It is a father, and with him his child.
He has his boy held tight in his arms,
He holds him safe, he keeps him warm.

“Why hide your face, son, so fraught with fear?”
“See, Father, don’t you, the Wind King there?
The Wind King wearing his crown and robe?”
“My son, there blows but a wisp of cloud.”

“My lovely child, come, go with me,
where wildflowers bright grow by the sea,
we’ll play all new games, no hand-me-downs,
my mother owns many a golden gown.”

“Father oh father, now don’t you hear? –
He’s whispering promises in my ear.”
“Be still, lie still, my heart’s own child –
I hear only wind-blown leaves in a pile.”

“Will you, fair boy, come now with me?
My daughters, lovely, wait by the sea,
My daughters dance nightly round the keep,
rock you and dance you and sing you to sleep.”

“Father, oh father, don’t you see there
The Wind King’s daughters darken the air.
“My son, my son, I see well enough
The old gray willow rattles the roof.”

“I’ve fallen in love with your face so fair,
And if you won’t come, I’ll drag you there.”
“Father oh father, he’s grabbed my arm,
The Wind King’s grip is doing me harm!”

The father’s face grays, he rides like the wind.
Fast in his grasp aches his child so thin,
Galloping home amid strife and dread,
There tight in his arms his child lay dead.

Rastlose Liebe

(Goethe: Faust Part I:)

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte
Durch Nebeldüfte
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
Möcht ich mich schlagen,
Also viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.

Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet das Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich fliehen?
Wälderwärts ziehen?
Alles wegebens!
Krone des Lebens
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!

Driven Love

(Goethe: Faust Part i:)

In snow, in rain,
In wind entrained,
In mist-hazed chasms,
Through vaporous spasms
Ever going, going!
Without rest or slowing!

Let me rather drag
Myself a sad hag
Than slog destroyed
Through life's many joys.

All the while nearing
Heart, heart endearing,
Oh, freely do we
Grief's work thoroughly!

Oh where should I flee?
The wildwoods draw me
But all, all in vain!
Over life you reign
Bliss without peace
My love, surcease!

Oda Al Olor De La leña

from Pablo Neruda's Odas Elementales

Tarde, con las estrellas
abiertas en el frío
abri la puerta.

El mar
galopaba
en la noche.

Como una mano
de la casa oscura
salió el aroma
intenso
de la leña guardada

Visible era el aroma
como
si el árbol
estuviera vivo.
Como si todavía palpitara.

Visible
como una vesitdura.

Visible
como una rama rota.

Anduve
adentro
de la casa
rodeado
por aquella balsámica
oscuridad.
Afuera
las puntas
del cielo cintilaban
como piedras magnéticas,
y el olor de la leña
me tocaba
el corazón
como unos dedos,
como un jazmin,
como algunos recuerdos.

Ode to the Odor of the Wood Pile

from Pablo Neruda's Odas Elementales

Late, with the stars that
open to the cold,
I opened the door.

The sea
galloping horses
in the night.

Like a hand
an aroma infused
the shadowed house
intense
from the stockpiled wood.

A visible aroma
as if
the tree
were still living.
As if still rustling.

Visible
as clothing.

Visible
as a broken branch.

I came back
inside
the house
surrounded
by balsamic
darkness.
Outside
the points
of heaven shimmered
like magnetized stones
and the odor of the woodpile
touched my
heart
like fingers
like jasmine
like some memory.

No era el olor agudo
de los pinos,
no,
no era
la ruptura en la piel
del eucalyptus,
no eran
tampoco los perfumas verdes

de la viña
sino
algo más secreto,
porque aquella fragancia
una sola,
una sola
vez existía,
y allí, de todo lo que vi en el mundo,
en mi propia
casa, de noche, junto al mar de invierno
allí estaba esperándome
en olor
de la rosa más profunda,
el corazón cortado de la tierra
algo
que me invadió como una ola
desprendida
del tiempo
y se perdió en mi mismo
cuando yo abrí la puerta
de la noche.

Not the sharp odor
of pines,
no,
it was not
the peeling
eucalyptus,
nor
the green scents

of the vineyard
but
something more secret,
a fragrance that
just once,
just once
existed,
and there, among all I saw in the
world
in my own
house, in the night, by the winter sea
there it was, waiting for me
an odor
of deepest rose,
a heart cut from the earth
something
that invaded me like a
breaking wave,
broken from time
and lost in me
when I opened the door
of the night.