



Pastel rampa, fotografía de Brock Davis

## 5 poemas de Mark Strand

do libro *Almost Invisible* [editado en España co título *Casi invisible*, en Visor]

traducións de E...E Río

### Claro na Luz de Setembro

Un home fica en pé baixo unha árbore, ollando a unha casa non moi lonxe. Bate os brazos coma un paxaro, se cadra acenando a alguén que non podemos ver. Podería estar gritando mais, dado que nada sentimos, probablemente non. Agora o vento envía un calafrío a través da árbore e achanta a herba. O home cae de xeonllos, golpea a terra cos puños. Un can chega e senta onda el, o home levanta e volta a axitar os brazos. O que fai nada ten que ver comigo. A súa desesperación non é a miña desesperación. Non fico en pé baixo as árbores ollando casas. Non teño can.

### Clear In the September Light

A man stands under a tree, looking at a small house not far away. He flaps his arms as if he were a bird, maybe signaling someone we cannot see. He could be yelling, but since we hear nothing, he probably is not. Now the wind sends a shiver through the tree, and flattens the grass. The man falls to his knees and pounds the ground with his fists. A dog comes and sits beside him, and the man stands, once again flapping his arms. What he does has nothing to do with me. His desperation is not my desperation. I do not stand under trees and look at small houses. I have no dog.

### Un Acontecemento Sobre O Que Non Fai Falla Dicir Máis

Ía en taxi ao centro cun príncipe que accedera a unha entrevista, pero pedira que nela eu non mencionase nin o seu nome nin o do seu país. Explicou que ambos existen en segredo e os negocios lévanse a cabo en silencio. Era alto, cun nariz longo baixo o que ía inserto un bigotiño; levaba unha camisa azul claro aberta no pescozo e pantalóns cor crema. «Non lle teño hobbies», explicou. «O meu único interese é o sexo. Pode ser cun home ou cunha muller, vello ou novo, sempre que produza o resultado desexado, que é lembrarme o arrecendo da trufa branca ou o sabor dos caramelos de violeta nunha illa flotante. Mire, déixeme mostrarlle algo». Cando o vin, vin o grande que era e o que lle tiña feito, berrei e chimpei do taxi en marcha.

### An Event About Which No More Need Be Said

I was riding downtown in a cab with a prince who had consented to be interviewed, but asked that I not mention him or his country by name. He explained that both exist secretly and their business is carried on in silence. He was tall, had a long nose beneath which was tucked a tiny mustache; he wore a pale blue shirt open at the neck and cream-colored pants. "I have no hobbies," he explained. "My one interest is sex. It can be with a man or a woman, old or young, so long as it produces the desired result, which is to remind me of the odor of white truffles or the taste of candied violets in a floating

island. Here, let me show you something." When I saw it, saw how big it was, and what he'd done to it, I screamed, and leapt from the moving cab.

### **Testículos de Soño, Vaxinas que se Esfuman**

Horacio, o cadáver, dixo: «Seguín crendo que o mañá viría e eu levantárame, poñería os calcetíns, os meus calzóns boxer, iría á cociña, faríame un café, lería o xornal e chamaría os amigos. Pero o mañá chegou e eu non estaba nel. En troques, atopeime nun sofá azul celeste no medio dun campo de herba resplandecente que arrolaba por toda a eternidade.» «Que espanto», dixo Mildred, non cadáver polo de agora mais en estreito contacto con Horacio, «qué espanto estar tan lonxe sen nada que facer, e sen sexo co que te distraer. Disque aló arriba todas as vaxinas, mesmo as máis abertas, sinceras e enérxicas, pecháanse por completo, e todos os testículos, mesmo os máis francos e dotados, abanean soñadoramente entre as nubes coma pequenas lámpadas de araña.»

### **Dream Testicles, Vanished Vaginas**

Horace, the corpse, said, "I kept believing that tomorrow would come and I would get up, put on my socks, my boxer shorts, go to the kitchen, make myself coffee, read the paper, and call some friends. But tomorrow came and I was not in it. Instead, I found myself on a powder blue sofa in a field of bright grass that rolled on forever." "How awful," said Mildred, who was not yet a corpse but in close touch with Horace, "how awful to be so far away with nothing to do, and without sex to distract you. I've heard that all vaginas up there, even the most open, honest, and energetic, are shut down, and that all testicles, even the most forthright and gifted, swing dreamily among the clouds like little chandeliers."

### **Un Banqueiro no Bordel das Mulleres Cegas**

Un banqueiro entrou fachendoso no bordel das mulleres cegas. «Son pastor» anunciou «e sopro a miña pastoril gaita tanto como podo, pero perdín o rabaño e dáme a min que me atopo nun momento crucial da miña vida.» «Podo dicirche, por ese falar teu» dixo unha das mulleres «que es só un banqueiro que finxe ser pastor e quere que o compadezan, cousa que abofé facemos, xa que fuches caer tan baixo como para tomarnos por idiotas.» «Queridiña,» dixo o banqueiro á muller «de igual xeito che digo que ti es unha rica viúva á procura de poñerte cacheira e non estás cega para nada.» «Esta observación suxire» dixo a muller «que poderías ser pastor despois de todo pois, que clase de rica viúva atoparía excitante ser puta só para acabar cun banqueiro?» «Aí falaches» dixo o banqueiro.

### **A Banker in the Brothel of Blind Women**

A banker strutted into the brothel of blind women. "I am a shepherd," he announced, "and blow my shepherd's pipe as often as I can, but I have lost my flock and feel that I am at a critical point in my life." "I can tell by the way you talk," said one of the women, "that you are a banker only pretending to be a shepherd and that you want us to pity you, which we do because you have stooped so low as to try to make fools of us." "My dear," said the banker to the same woman, "I can tell that you are a rich widow looking for a little excitement and are not blind at all." "This observation suggests," said the woman, "that you may be a shepherd after all, for what kind of rich widow would

find excitement being a whore only to end up with a banker?" "Exactly," said the banker.

### **A Saída de Emerxencia no Solpor**

O comandante xubilado andaba molesto. O seu cuarto no castelo ía frío, así como a habitación fronte ao vestíbulo e tamén o resto de habitacións. Nunca debería ter comprado este castelo habendo tantos como había, castelos ben máis baratos, máis quentiños e de oferta. Pero prestoulle a traza deste: as súas almeas de pedra a se alzaren no aire invernal, o seu portón principal, mesmo o foso xeado, no que pensou que podería patinar algún día, tíñalle un prateado encanto. Servíuse un brandy e prendeu un pito, tratando de concentrarse noutras cousas -as súas numerosas victorias, a braveza dos seus homes- pero os seus pensamentos enrodelaban en diminutos torbeliños, a pousaren aquí, logo acolá, movéndose igual que o vento de vila baleira en vila baleira.

### **The Emergency Room at Sunset**

The retired commander was upset. His room in the castle was cold, so was the room across the hall, and all the other rooms as well. He should never have bought this castle when there were so many other, cheaper, warmer castles for sale. But he liked the way this one looked-its stone turrets rising into the winter air, its main gate, even its frozen moat, on which he thought someday he might ice skate, had a silvery charm. He poured himself a brandy and lit a cigar, and tried to concentrate on other things-his many victories, the bravery of his men-but his thoughts swirled in tiny eddies, settling first here, then there, moving as the wind does from empty town to empty town.