

Low-townswoman and friend, Success is counted sweetest by those who after success,  
Comprehend a nectar Requires sorest need. Not one of all the purple host Who took the  
day Can tell the definition, So clear, of victory, As he, defeated, dying, On whose  
dden ear The distant strains of triumph Break, agonized and clear! II. Our share of  
hear, Our share of morning, Our blank in bliss to fill, Our blank in scorning. Here  
ar, and there a star, Some lose their way. Here a mist, and there a mist, Afterwards  
y! III. ROUGE ET NOIR. Soul, wilt thou toss again? By just such a hazard Hundreds have  
et, indeed, But tens have won an all. Angels' breathless ballot Lingers to record the  
ps in eager caucus Raffle for my soul. IV. ROUGE GAGNE. 'T is so much joy! 'T is so much  
I should fail, what poverty! And yet, as poor as I Have ventured all upon a throw, H  
ined! Yea! Hesitated so This side the victory! Life is but life, and death but death! B  
but bliss, and breath but breath! And if, indeed, I fail, At least to know the worst  
et. Defeat means nothing but defeat, No drearier can prevail! And if I gain, -- oh, a  
sea, Oh, bells that in the steeples be, At first repeat it slow! For heaven is a diffi  
ing Conjectured, and wakes sudden in, And might o'erwhelm me so! V. Glee! The great st  
lover! Four have recovered the land, Forty gone down together Into the boiling sand.  
ing, for the scant salvation! Toll, for the bonnie souls, -- Neighbor and friend and  
room, Spinning upon the shoals! How they will tell the shipwreck When winter shakes  
or, Till the children ask, "But the forty? Did they come back no more?" Then a silenc  
ffuses the story, And a softness the teller's eye; And the children no further questi  
d only the waves reply. VI. If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in  
ain, If I can ease one life the aching, Or cool one pain, Or help one fainting robin Un  
is nest again, I shall not live in vain. VII. ALMOST! Within my reach I could have tot  
might have danced that way! Soft sauntered through the village, Sauntered as soft  
e unsuspected violets Within the fields lie low, Too late for striving fingers That  
passed, an hour ago. VIII. A wounded deer leaps highest, I've heard the hunter tell. 'T i  
e ecstasy of death, And then the brake is still. The smitten rock that dashes, The tr  
ed steel that springs; A cheek is always redder Just where the hectic bludge Mirth  
e mail of anguish, In which it cautions arm, Lest anybody spy the blood. And "You're  
claim! IX. The heart as pleasure first, And then, escape from pain; And then, those  
ttle and ones That deaden suffering; And then, to go to sleep. And then, if it should  
e will of its Inquisitor, The liberty to die. X. IN A LIBRARY. A precious quivering  
asure To meet an antique word, In just the dress his century wore. A privilege,  
ink, His venerable hand to take, And warning in our own, A passage back to two, to  
times when he was young. His quaint opinions to inspect, His knowledge to unfold On  
at concerns our mutual mind, The literature of old; What interested scholars most, V  
competitions ran When Plato was a certainty. And Sophocles a man; When Sappho was a l  
arl, And Beatrice wore The gown that Dante deified. Facts, centuries before, He travel  
amiliar, As one should come to town And tell you all your dreams were true. He lived  
ere dreams were sown. His presence is enchantment, You beg him not to go, Old volume  
ake their vellum heads And tantalize, just so. XI. Much madness is divinest sense To  
ascerning eye Much sense the starkest madness. 'T is the majority In this, as all, prev  
ent, and you are sane, Demur, -- you're straightway dangerous, And handled with a c  
I. I asked no other thing, No other was denied. I offered Being for it. The mighty mer  
ant smiled. Brazil? He twirled a button, Without a glance my way. "But, madam, is the  
othing else That we can show to-day?" XIII. EXCLUSION. The soul selects her own society,  
en shuts the door; On her divine majority Obtrude no more. Unmoved, she notes the cha  
e's pausing At her low gate; Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling Upon her mat. I've known  
om an ample nation Choose one; Then close the valves of her attention Like stone. XIV  
SECRET. Some things that fly there be, -- Birds, hours, the humble-bee. Of these no eleg  
me things that stay there be, -- Grief, hills, eternity. Nor this behooveth me. There  
at resting, rise. Can I expound the skies? How still the riddle lies! XV. THE LONELY  
OUSE. I know some lonely houses off the road A robber 'd like the look of, -- Wooden ba  
ad windows hanging low, Inviting to A portico, Where two could creep. One hand the to  
e other to make sure all's asleep. Old-fashioned eyes, Not easy to surprise! How o  
ly, just back

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*A Branca Voz da Solidão*

*Poemas de Emily Dickinson traduzidos por José Lira*

Editora Iluminuras em 2011

351 páginas, 245 poemas

## Recriações

A luz tem certa  
Obliquidade  
Nas Tardes Hibernais  
Que nos oprime, como o  
peso  
De Sons de Catedrais –

Fere com Celeste Chaga  
–

Não se vê cicatriz –  
Mas onde estão os  
Sentidos  
Um íntimo matiz –

É o Selo do Desespero –  
Não o explica –  
Ninguém –  
Uma imperial angústia  
Que pelo Ar nos vem –

Chega – a Paisagem fica  
à escuta –  
As Sombras – a arquejar  
–  
Parte – é assim como na  
Distância –  
A Morte nos mirar –

*There's a certain Slant of  
light,  
Winter Afternoons –  
That oppresses, like the  
Heft  
Of Cathedral Tunes –*

*Heavenly Hurt, it gives us  
–  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference –  
Where the Meanings, are –  
None may teach it – Any –  
'Tis the seal Despair –  
An imperial affliction  
Sent us of the Air –  
When it comes, the  
Landscape listens –  
Shadows – hold their  
breath –  
When it goes, 'tis like the  
Distance  
On the look of Death –*

O Éden é aquela velha  
Casa  
Que ocupamos na vida  
E não se dá por  
residência  
Até nossa partida.

Tão belo o Dia, na  
lembrança,  
Que da Porta nos vamos  
—  
Sem darmos conta do  
retorno  
Nunca mais a achamos.

*Eden is that old-fashioned  
House  
We dwell in every day,  
Without suspecting our  
abode  
Until we drive away.  
How fair, on looking back,  
the Day  
We sauntered from the  
door,  
Unconscious our  
returning  
Discover it no more.*

## Imitações

A Incerteza – é mais  
Cruel que a Morte –  
A Morte – por mais  
ampla –  
É a Morte só, não há  
como aumentá-la –  
Incerteza – não cansa –

Mas morre – e volta à  
vida novamente –  
E morre – e outra vez  
nasce –  
Um Aniquilamento –  
arraigado  
À Imortalidade –

*Suspense – is Hostiler than  
Death –  
Death – tho 'soever Broad,  
Is Just Death, and cannot  
increase –  
Suspense – does not  
conclude –  
But perishes – to live anew  
–  
But just anew to die –  
Annihilation – plated fresh  
With Immortality –*

Lá fora as coisas não são  
diferentes –

As Estações – se escoam

–

Enfloram-se as Manhãs  
no Meio Dia

E abrem Botões de Fogo

–

Flores selvagens  
iluminam Bosques –

Não sossega o Riacho –

O Sabiá não baixa o som  
do Banjo

Ao Calvário que passa –

O Auto da Fé e o Dia do  
Juízo

Nada são para a Abelha

–

É a separação da sua  
Rosa

Que na Miséria a deixa –

*It makes no difference  
abroad –*

*The Seasons – fit – the  
same –*

*The Mornings blossom  
into Noons –*

*And split their Pods of  
Flame –*

*Wild-flowers – kindle in  
the Woods –*

*The Brooks slam – all the  
Day;*

*No Black bird bates his  
Banjo –*

*For passing Calvary –  
Auto da Fe – and*

*Judgment –*

*Are nothing to the Bee –  
His separation from His*

*Rose –*

*To Him – sums Misery –*

## Invenções

É claro que rezei  
mas Deus não me prestou  
a menor atenção

*(Deus ó Deus  
onde estás)*

Foi como se um passarinho  
batesse o pé no céu  
e gritasse  
“ME DÁ”  
Minha vida a razão  
eu só devo essas coisas a  
você  
mais consideração  
era repor meus átomos no  
pó  
um mudo nada mas feliz  
não esta aguda  
aflição

*Of Course – I prayed –  
And did God Care?  
He cared as much as on the  
Air  
A Bird – had stamped her  
foot –  
And cried “Give Me” –  
My Reason – Life –  
I had not had – but for  
Yourself –  
‘Twere better Charity  
To leave me in the Atom’s  
Tomb –  
Merry, and Nought, and  
gay, and numb –  
Than this smart Misery.*

Ato I	
o encontro	<i>Finding is the first Act</i>
Ato II	<i>The second, loss,</i>
a perda	<i>Third, Expedition for</i>
Ato III	<i>The “Golden Fleece”</i>
a expedição em busca	<i>Fourth, no Discovery –</i>
do Tosão de Ouro	<i>Fifth, no Crew –</i>
Ato IV	<i>Finally, no Golden</i>
nada é descoberto	<i>Fleece –</i>
Ato V	<i>Jason – sham – too.</i>
nada de argonautas	
nada de Tosão	
nada de Jasão	
<i>(The End)</i>	

*(poemas de Emily Dickinson, tradução de José Lira)*