

low-townswoman and friend, Success is counted sweetest by those who after succeed,
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
pe 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 blazes. 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, or 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
ome 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

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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)