

III

Time's acquiescence will come like a
gentle autumn shower, when all
join hands to form a circle round the fire,
and the eyes dance even higher than the sparks.
That tenuous melody will then
be mistress of our destiny
and there will not be heaven or light enough
by which to draw the curving of the dunes.
Then the slightest cry will wake
the varied, lighted echo of a hundred answers,
and with serious air, like one who reconsiders,
and watches himself grow, we shall at once see clearly
the end of the tumultuous dark, the beginning
of our dreams come true. Then will the springs
flow once again, and we shall know
that tenderness means so much more than anthems.
Faintly blushing, we shall slowly strip
the petals from a rose, and spread
the good news all around: we are in the flow of time,
our wish is to remember and to live.

Miquel Martí i Pol
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Translation: Andrew Langdon-Davies