

WITHOUT FRIENDS (TRANSLATION BY ANGELA BUXTON)

WITHOUT FRIENDS, GOODS AND MASTER,
IN A STRANGE PLACE AND IN A STRANGE REGION,
FAR FROM EVERYTHING GOOD, TIRED OF WORRY AND SADNESS,
MY WILL AND THOUGHT CAPTIVATED,
I FIND MYSELF COMPLETELY SUBJECT TO AN EVIL POWER;
I SEE NO ONE WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ME,
AND I AM GUARDED, CAUGHT, SHACKLED AND IMPRISONED,
FOR WHICH I BLAME MY SAD FORTUNE.

I SAW TIMES WHEN NOTHING SATISFIED ME;
NOW I AM CONTENT WITH WHAT MAKES ME SAD,
AND NOW I APPRECIATE MORE THE LIGHT SHACKLES
THAN BEFORE I DID THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY.
I SEE THAT FORTUNE HAS SHOWN ITS POWER
OVER ME, WANTING ME TO REACH THIS POINT;
BUT I DON'T CARE, FOR I HAVE DONE MY DUTY
TO ALL GOOD PEOPLE IN WHOSE COMPANY I AM.

IT IS NOTHING FOR ME TO SUFFER ALL THESE WRONGS
COMPARED TO THE ONE WHICH BREAKS MY HEART,
AND EVERY DAY IT MAKES ME CRACK WITH HOPE:
I SEE NOTHING THAT CAN GIVE US A PUSH
IN PREPARING OUR LIBERATION.

Jordi de Sant Jordi, Poet and knight
(País Valencià, ? - 1424)

Raised at court, he was a protégé of King Alfons the Magnanimous, who awarded him a knighthood and with whom he was to participate in various expeditions to Italy. In 1423, he was imprisoned in Naples for a short time. On his return to court he became one of the members of the group of courtesan poets of Queen Margarida de Prades. His poetic work, in a Catalan rich with Provençal phrasing, primarily dealing with the theme of

DESERT D'AMICS

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EN ESTRANY LLOC I EN ESTRANYA CONTRADA,
LLUNY DE TOT BÉ, FART D'ENUIG E TRISTOR,
MA VOLUNTAT E PENSA CAITIVADA,
ME TROB DEL TOT EN MAL PODER SOTSMÈS,
NO VEI ALGÚ QUE DE MÉ S'HAJA CURA,
E SOI GUARDATS, ENCLÒS, FERRATS E PRES,
DE QUÈ EN FAU GRAT A MA TRISTA VENTURA.

EU HAI VIST TEMPS QUE NO EM PLASIA RES;
ARA EM CONTENT DE ÇO QUE EM FAI TRISTURA,
E LOS GRILLONS LLEUGERS ARA PREU MÉS
QUE EN LO PASSAT LA BELLA BRODADURA.
FORTUNA VEI QUE HA MOSTRAT SON VOLER
SUS MÉ, VOLENT QUE EN TAL PUNT VENUT SIA;
PERÒ NO EM CUR, PUS HAI FAIT MON DEVER
AMB TOTS LOS BONS QUE EM TROB EN COMPANYIA.

TOTS AQUESTS MALS NO EM SÓN RES DE SOFRIR
EN ESGUARD D'U QUI AL COR ME DESTENTA
E EM FAI TOT JORN D'ESPERANÇA PARTIR:
COM NO VEI RES QUE ENS AVANÇ D'UNA ESPENTA
EN ACUNÇAR NOSTRE DESLLIURAMENT.

love, uses a form that reflects the influence of Provençal troubadours and shows small influences from Petrarch. Some of his most significant poems are *Estramps* (Free Verse), *Mi-dons* (Noble Ladies), *Presoner* (Prisoner) and *Crida a les Dones* (A Call to the Women).

NOTE: THE TRANSLATOR OF JOSEP CARNER'S POEM, PUBLISHED IN THIS SECTION IN THE LAST ISSUE, IS PROFESSOR ENRIC BOU, CHAIR IN HISPANIC STUDIES OF BROWN UNIVERSITY OF PROVIDENCE. WE WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGISE FOR THE OMISSION OF HIS NAME DUE TO AN EDITORIAL ERROR.