

ROOM IN FALL

Gabriel Ferrater i Soler

The Venetian blind, not quite closed, like
A scare held back before dropping,
Does not separate us from the air. Look, thirty-seven
Horizons open, straight and fragile,
But the heart forgets them. Without yearning,
The light is dying on us that was honey-
Colored, and that now has the color and smell of apples.
How slow, the world; how slow, the world; how slow,
The pain for the hours that go by
So hurriedly. Tell me, will you
Remember this room?

‘I like it very much.

Those voices of workers ... What are they?’

Masons:

A house is missing on the block.

‘They sing,

And today I can't hear them. They shout, they laugh,
And today it seems strange to me that they are silent’.

How slow,

The red leaves of the voices, how uncertain
When they come to cover us. Asleep,
The leaves of my kisses are covering
The shelters of your body, and while you forget
The high leaves of summer, the open days
Without kisses, the body,
In its depth, remembers: your skin
Is still half sun, half moon.

(TRANSLATED BY JOHANNES BEILHARZ)

Gabriel Ferrater i Soler (Reus 1922 – Sant Cugat del Vallès 1972) is the author of a highly influential yet small body of poetical work, one of the most important in post-war Catalonia. He published only three books of poetry compiled into a single volume called *Les dones i els dies* (Women and Days, 1968). In his poetry we recognize very specific traits such as a metaliterary proclivity, and a tendency towards exactitude, imagination, expressing in an apparent conversational voice his dealings with women and the passage of time. The title of his anthology *Les dones i els dies* epitomizes his main interests. He was also a professor of linguistics and literary criticism at the *Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona* and wrote essays and articles on linguistics.