

## Narcís Comadira

### UN PASSEIG PELS BULEVARDS ARDENTS

1  
Van tancar-se amb neguit les portes  
corredores,  
darrere les muralles protegíem  
somis encara dolços de llençols,  
olor de matinada, de taronja,  
esma instint i basarda de llum.  
El dòlar s'ensorrava entre tipografies.  
Cada pausa era una surt a la memòria,  
cada rostre un parany, cada ull, estrany,  
esfumats pensaments i pells boirosses,  
només mitges paraules. Tanca't, tanca't  
al món com una porta corredora,  
preserva el teu sofrir del sofriment  
Dels altres  
i desa't ben desat, llibre entre pols,  
  
ganivet al calaix, lluny de les xarxes  
més fines, conductores de corrents ignorats.  
¿O t'obriràs l'abric, la pell, el cor,  
  
grapat de sal a la carn com un foc  
i correràs a l'encaç dels que fugen,  
parats, rendits en hermètics vinils,  
surant eterns sobre mars de neguit?  
Deixa al corrent el camí de la vida,  
segueix endormiscat darrera la muralla,  
repassa els titulars de la crisi del dòlar  
i, dins del cau nocturn on els homes  
són ombres,  
espera la parada on et duran amunt  
escales grimpadores i un trepig apressat,  
mentre cada ull és un rellotge i corren  
sense ales missatgeres els turmells  
i els angles de les broques. Abandona't.

### A WALK DOWN THE BURNING BOULEVARDS

1  
The sliding doors drew shut uneasily,  
  
Behind the walls we clung to  
Dreams still soft from sheets,  
A morning smell, the scent of oranges,  
Instinct, sixth sense, the fear of light.  
The dollar collapsed among the small print.  
Each pause was a jolt to memory,  
Each face a snare, each eye a stranger,  
Blurred thoughts and foggy skins,  
Only half-words. Shut out, shut out  
The world as with a sliding door,  
Preserve your suffering from the  
others` suffering,  
And keep yourself well stored,  
a book in the dust,  
Knife in the drawer, far from the finest wires  
Conducting unknown currents,  
Or will you undo your coat, your skin,  
your heart,  
Handful of salt in the flesh like a fire,  
And run in pursuit of those who flee,  
Stopped, reduced to hermetic vinyls  
Floating eternally on seas of angst?  
Leave to the current the road of life,  
Stay dozing behind the wall,  
Take in the headlines of the dollar crisis  
And, in the cave of night where men  
are hades,  
Wait for the stop where moving stairs  
And hurried steps will take you up,  
Where every eye is a clock, and  
Ankles and minute-hands go past  
Without the wings of messengers. Let go.

*Fourmillante cité. Design, music composed,  
Sound and make-up. Quantes tones  
de rimmel,*

carbonissa subtil al desert dels meus ulls.  
*Hypocrite lecteur, ricordi la farfalla?*  
Cada pas un sotrac, cada cotxe un taüt.  
Quina frisança a l'escorça dels cors,  
quin formigueig al pellatge del riu,  
quanta falsa alegria als moviments  
del *bassotto festoso che latrava*  
dins de les venes dels passants. Dolor.  
Tant que s'ens desfigura la paraula.  
L'abril és el mes més cruel, barreja  
memòria i desig. Veus les ribes del riu?

¿Veus guspires de llum diminutes de groc  
modulant els perfils i els vapors de la joia?  
El món és moviment i tot ordre impossible

Només l'ordre de l'art et donarà el repòs,  
vas dir-me castament mentre em besaves  
i te m'enduies lluny, de matinada.  
Fes-me veure la llum que reverbera,  
fes-me veure les ombres transparents,  
mostra'm la plenitud de les esferes,  
vaig repetir delejant impossibles.  
*Per me si va tra la perduta gente,*  
una veu repetia des d'un arbre.  
Vaig mirar-te anhelant per si somreies.  
Somrigueres. I bé, vaig dir-me, llança't.

*Fourmillante cité. Design, music composed,  
Sound and make-up. How many tons  
of mascara,*

Fine coal-dust in the desert of my eyes.  
*Hypocrite lecteur, ricordi la farfalla?*  
Each step a shock, every car a coffin.  
How urgent the surface of the hearts,  
What tingling on the river's skin,  
What false rejoicing in the movements  
Of the *bassotto festoso che latrava*  
In the veins of the passers-by. Grief.  
So much it disfigures our words.  
April is the cruellest month, mixing  
Memory and desire. Do you see the  
riber banks?

Do you see the tiny specks of yellow light  
Changing the outlines and the mists of joy?  
The world is movement and all order  
impossible.

Only the order of art will give you respire,  
You said chastely as you were kissing me,  
Bearing me far away, one morning.  
Make me see the light which resonates,  
Make me see the transparent shadows,  
Show me the fullness of the spheres,  
I repeated, seeking the impossible.  
*Per me si va tra la perduta gente,*  
a voice reiterated from a tree.  
I looked at you and wanted you to smile.  
You smiled. All right, I said to myself, go on.

3

Sota la pell d'aquest món que cobreix  
una pell més subtil, delicada  
on formiguegen continents de por,  
tots desitjant i fugint el contacte,  
no vaig trobar el paisatge, tanmateix,  
gens estrany.

M'has enganyat, et vaig dir, i el retorn  
és del tot impossible. Baixava en dolç  
pendent

la prada cap al riu. Al lluny, la factoria  
fumejava boirosa i es reflectia en l'aigua.  
Eren les onze del matí. La gent  
ajaçada indolent damunt de l'herba,  
esperava tan sols un punt dolç de calor.  
Què fan tots tan vestits? Vaig dir-te amb  
la mirada.

No és el cos el vestit més decent?  
Vas riure'm a la cara i te n'anaves.  
Vine, corre, em cridaves des de lluny,  
jo et mostraré el paradís de la calma.  
Vas despullar-me tot en un moment,  
amb les puntes dels teus dits tan febrores  
com flames.

Cal ésser pornogràfic i innocent, em  
vas dir,  
mentre em baixaves l'eslip transparent  
que em cobria desigs i basardes  
d'una ànima impotent que amb  
manaments

i amb vells mites morals tu m'excitaves,  
sense sang ni raó ni un plaer mínim.

Vaig escolar-me als teus braços. Després,  
veient-me inútil, vas abandonar-me.

3

Under the skin of this world which conceals  
A finer, more delicate skin,  
Swarming with continents of fear  
All desiring contact and fleeing from it,  
I didn't, though, find the landscape strange.

You've deceived me, I said; to return  
Is completely impossible. The meadow  
sloped

Gently down to the river. Far off, the factory  
Smoked in a haze, reflected in the water.  
Eleven o'clock in the morning. People,  
Idly stretched upon the grass,  
Were waiting only for a gentle warmth.  
Why so heavily dressed? I asked you with  
my eyes.

Isn't the body the most decent clothes?  
You laughed in my face and went away.  
Come, hurry, you cried from the distance,  
I'll show you the paradise of calm.  
You took my clothes off in an instant,  
Your fingertips as feverish as flames

We must be pornographic and innocent,  
you said,

As you pulled down my filmy briefs  
Which concealed the desires and fears  
Of an impotent soul you aroused,  
with commands

And with old moral myths,  
Without blood or reason or the slightest  
pleasure

I sank into your arms. And later,  
Finding me useless, you left me.

Van recollir-me uns catalans astuts  
que anaven mont enllà. Jo, malferit

tentinejava en penombres confuses.  
Doctes doctors em cosiren a píndoles.  
Mireu-lo des de baix, algú va murmurar  
cabria tot sencer en un pam de paper.  
Quina miraculosa perspectiva:  
primer les plantes dels peus i les benes

que l'embolcallen li fan com de túnica.  
Veus els plecs dels genolls? ¿El turonet  
que fan els genitals i al capdavall  
la testa lacerada branda i branda  
mentre segueix el trontoll del camí?  
Què et recorda? Aquell sol sostingut,

aquell sol sostingut que posa un bri  
d'angoixa  
al concert de les veus. Pensava una  
altra cosa.

Pensava en el bandit sicilià  
sobre el marbre glaçat de la comissaria.  
Sempre penses imatges, mai sorolls.  
Cal pensar pensaments, algú recomanava.  
I em vaig endomiscar amb aquell trontoll  
i amb l'escalfor i el perfum de les martes.

Some shrewd Catalans picked me up  
As they came over the mountain.

I, badly wounded,  
Was groping in confused half-light.  
Skilled doctors restored me with pills.  
Look at him from below, someone murmured,  
He'd fit on a slip of paper.  
What a miraculous prospect:  
Start with the soles of his feet and  
the bandages  
Wrapping him like a tunic.  
Do you see the folds of his knees, the mound  
Of his genitals and, below,  
The damaged head which sways to and fro  
To the rise and fall of the road?  
What does he remind you of? That constant  
sun,  
That constant sun which imposes a touch  
of angst  
On the concert of voices. My mind  
was elsewhere.  
I thought of the Sicilian bandit  
On the cold slab in the police station.  
You think always of images, never of sounds.  
Best to think thoughts, someone proposed.  
And I fell asleep with the swaying,  
With the heat and the scent of the martes.

*Un cors gentil m'a tant enamorat,*  
cantava el cor de les dames. Venien  
a poc a poc sota l'ombra dels arbres.  
Una llum irreal, més que cap d'aquest món,  
tornava els cossos del tot transparents  
i es veia el poliedre on estaven inscrits

Tot anava avançant, dames, geometria,  
cap a l'antic cobert, antic sempre  
novíssim.

Un ventijol suau només servia  
per dur flaires d'espígol, xeringuilla,  
roses vermelles, llessamí i lilàs  
que amagaven, llunyanes, altes tanques.  
Jo, cavaller, m'estava allà, badoc,  
meravellat de la claror del dia  
i ni tan sols gosava respirar  
ni mirar-me els cavalls darrera meu.  
L'ample capell em donava bona ombra.  
*Mere dreams, mere dreams!,*  
una alosa cantà.

I vaig tornar a sentir els plors dels  
adamites.

Van començar a barrejar-se les formes.  
Van començar a esgrogueir-se els jardins,  
*gardens where the peacock strays*  
*with delicate feet upon old terraces.*  
I un remolí m'engolí en un moment  
entre salmons i verats que saltaven,  
fins que, abraçat al taüt del meu cos,  
vaig albirar l'esplendor de Bizanci.

*Un cors gentil m'a tant enamorat,*  
Sang the ladies`choir. They came  
Slowly under the shade of the trees.  
As unreal light, never seen in this world,  
Was making the bodies quite transparent,  
Revealing the polyhedron where they  
were inscribed.

All was advancing, ladies, geometry,  
Towards the ancient shelter, ancient  
always new.

A gentle breeze served only to convey  
The scent of lavender, mock orange,  
Red roses, jasmine and lilac  
Hidden in the distance by tall fences.  
I, a knight, was standing there, distracted,  
Amazed at the day`s brightness,  
Not daring even to breathe  
Or look at the horses behind me.  
My broad hat gave me good shade.  
*Mere dreams, mere dreams!,*  
a lark was singing.

And once more I heard the tears of the  
Adamites.

The forms began to melt into one another,  
The gardens to return yellow,  
*gardens where the peacock strays*  
*with delicate feet upon old terraces.*  
And an eddy engulfed me in a moment  
Among leaping salmon and mackerel,  
Until, clasping my body`s coffin,  
I glimpsed the splendour of Byzantium.

6

*Unreal city.* Blanc i fred palau.  
Heures que es mengen antigues drassanes.  
Tigres que salten enmig de bambús,  
fugint dels ulls d'una lluna llunyana.  
A prop del riu hi passegen soldats.  
Uns asseguts sota fràgils acàcies,  
llegeixen cartes d'amor, al solell,  
mentre s'estira mandrosa la tarda.  
Sortint del pont hi ha un ciclista aturat,  
quan jo m'hi atanso, s'ha tornat de marbre.  
Vaig i el despullo del seu gec pelfut,  
miro amb tristesa els seus membres d'estàtua.  
Li beso els llavis encara calents.  
Fujo de pressa abans que vingui un guàrdia.  
On aniràs que no et trobis els folls?  
Quin coll de llum et durà a l'altra banda?

Vols amagar-te al jardí del convent?  
Ara és obert i repiquen campanes.  
Pujo pel marge agafant-me els matolls,  
fa un vent que talla i que glaça les basses.  
Miro si em miren i veig ben gebrat  
el monument als caiguts per la pàtria.

Sento músiques que vénen de lluny.  
Val més que et fiquis a dins d'una escala.  
Són els soldats que s'en van cap al front,  
amb els fusells i una tendra rialla.  
A matar moros, esclaus i jueus?,  
crido, poruc, desviant la mirada.  
Cent ulls de fera s'em claven ardents  
i el cos em pesa de tanta metralla.

6

*Unreal city.* Cold white palace.  
Ivy consuming ancient shipyards.  
Tigers leaping among bamboos,  
Fleeing the eyes of a distant moon.  
Beside the river soldiers are walking.  
Some, sitting beneath frail acacias,  
Are riding love letters, in the sun,  
While the afternoon lazily stretches out.  
At the end of the bridge a cyclist has stopped;  
When I approach him, he has turned to marble.  
I go and take off his velvet jacket,  
Sadly I look at his statue's limbs.  
I kiss his lips still warm.  
I run away before a policeman comes.  
Where will you go to avoid the fools?  
What pass of light will take you to the  
other side?

Do you want to hide in the convent garden?  
It is open now and bells are ringing.  
I climb the bank, clinging to the scrub,  
There is a biting wind which freezes the ponds.  
I look to see if I'm watched and see all frozen  
The memorial to those who fell for  
their country.

I hear music coming from the distance.  
Better to go inside some staircase.  
They are the soldiers going to the front,  
With the rifles and gentle laughter.  
To kill Moors, Slavs and Jews?,  
I cry fearfully, turning aside my gaze.  
A hundred wild beast's eyes burn through me  
And all the shrapnel weighs my body down.

*Que Paris était beau à la fin de septembre.*  
 Corria un aire tebi com de final d'etapa  
 i ens estàvem, xerrant, a la llum del migdia  
 Aviat cadascú fugiria content  
 pel seu camí secret, irreal de tants somnis.  
 Ah, dolor, contingut lleopard,  
 endormiscat al redós dels til·lers.  
 Aquell món s'esfumava. Potser tots ho sabíem  
 i ens estàvem tranquils, somrient mansament  
 immortals dins l'instant que fixàvem per sempre  
*Que Paris était beau à la fin de septembre.*  
 Quin és el teu secret, quin és el teu  
 secret?, m'anaves repetint. Traçàvem  
 figures a la sorra, teoremes  
 tan antics com nosaltres. Jo callava.  
 Qui sap quines tempestes s'amagaven  
 dins d'aquell caparró, quins desitjos incerts,  
 quins viatges remots saltant d'un arbre a l'altre  
 amb el teu cos elàstic. Quin secret?  
*Am Brunnen vor dem Thore,*  
*Da steht ein Lindenbaum.*  
*Ich träumt`in seinem Schatten*  
*So manchen süssen Traum.*  
 Ah, dolor meu, sempre a l'aguait, pantera  
 aquell món s'esfumava, s'esfumava.  
 Quin és, el teu secret?, només vas dir-me.  
 Corria un aire tebi com de final d'etapa.  
*Que Paris était beau à la fin de septembre.*  
 Hauríem perseguit junts la Balena Blanca?

*Que Paris était beau à la fin de septembre.*  
 There was a warm breeze like the end of a season  
 And there we were, chaiting, in the light of noon.  
 Soon each would flee quite happily  
 Down his secret road, unreal with so many dreams.  
 Ah, grief, discreet leopard  
 Sleeping in the shelter of the limes.  
 That world was fading. Perhaps we all knew it  
 And took it calmly, smiling gently,  
 Immortal within the instant we fixed for ever.  
*Que Paris était beau à la fin de septembre.*  
 What is your secret, what is your secret?  
 You repeatedly said. We traced  
 Figures in the sand, theorems  
 As old as ourselves. I was silent.  
 Who knows what storms were hidden  
 Inside that little head, what uncertain desires,  
 What remote journeys leaping from tree to tree  
 With your elastic body. What secret?  
*Am Brunnen vor dem Thore,*  
*Da steht ein Lindenbaum.*  
*Ich träumt`in seinem Schatten*  
*So manchen süssen Traum.*  
 Ah, my grief, panther always on the alert,  
 That world was fading, fading.  
 What is it, your secret? you simply said to me.  
 There was a warm breeze like the end of a season.  
*Que Paris était beau à la fin de septembre.*  
 Would we, together, have hunted the  
 White Whale?.



