

Ô ÂME, COMBIEN LES PAROLES...

A Patricia Joan Jones

«*The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.
My brother, good morning: my sister, good night*”.

*("La lune d'un côté, le matin de l'autre:
La lune est ma sœur, le matin est mon frère.
La lune à ma gauche et le matin à ma droite.
Mon frère, bonjour : ma sœur bonne nuit.")*

Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953),

Early Morning

Ô âme, combien les paroles peuvent être
Timides, timorées, taciturnes
Quand les hautes colonnes éparpillées de l'aurore
Couvrent doucement d'or pourpre les fleuves !

Quel excès de sens au-delà du sens
Cette lumière qui traverse
Notre pusillanime connaissance !

Et cette attirance du savoir, ô mon âme, qui ajoute
Aux phrases élégantes les parfums si frais, frissonnants
Et inattendus de l'humilité!

Ainsi nous vivons dans l'oubli des choses essentielles
Qui n'a plus besoin de pénombre ...
Et, quand, étonnée,
La précision parfaite d'un terme très ancien
Se saisit de notre être tout entier,
Nous nous confondons avec le chant
Des poètes millénaires !

Parfois, un effroi de souvenirs vient près du coeur, tournoie
Et envahit d'un battement de ses cils
Nos paupières fatiguées,
Et l'air, sans jamais se dessaisir de ses fleurs,
Chancelle comme un livre aimé
Et bouge sous la lumière de la lampe hésitante
Que quelqu'un a oublié d'éteindre.

Villes et pays n'ont-ils pas de nous
Que ce que leur donnent la clarté de nos larmes,
La probité de nos gestes et nos caresses enfantines ?

Mais il faut vivre ces tendres espacements de la pensée
Dès lors que la douleur oblige le ciel à trembler
Et tombe avec lucidité parmi les branches
Des pensifs cerisiers !

Ô âme, combien les paroles peuvent être
Eloquentes dans leur claire fugacité
Quand le temps, tel un dieu souriant,
Sans se retourner,
S'éloigne de nos palpitantes cicatrices

En chantant !

Athanase Vantchev de Thracy

A Paris, ce lundi 27 Juin, Anno Domini MMV

Glose :

Belloc (Joseph-Pierre, dit Hilaire – La Celle-Saint-Cloud 1870 – Guilford, Surrey 1953) : Historien, poète et romancier britannique d'origine française. Etudiant à Oxford, il écrivit *Vers et Sonnets* (1895). Il composa des poèmes fantaisistes pleins de charme (*Le Livre de bêtes pour méchants enfants*, 1896), quelques romans et des ouvrages d'érudition historique (*Danton*, 1899 ; *Robespierre*, 1901 ; *Napoléon*, 1832 ; *Cromwell*, 1934). Il figure parmi les représentants les plus typiques du mouvement catholique en Angleterre.

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ENGLISH :

O My Soul, How Words ...

for Patricia Joan Jones

*'The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.
My brother, good morning: my sister, good night.'*

Hilaire Belloc, *'Early Morning'*

O my soul, how words can be
timid, fearful, taciturn,
when the high scattered columns of the dawn
gently cover the rivers with crimson gold!

What a surfeit of meanings beyond meaning
is in the light that passes through
our fainthearted understanding!

And how that urge to know, O my soul, adds
to the elegance of a sentence the fresh, quivering,
unexpected scents of humility!

Thus we live in forgetfulness of the essential,
an oblivion that no longer needs even half-light...
and when we are suddenly surprised to find
that the perfect precision of an ancient phrase
seizes our whole being,
we muddle ourselves with the warning songs
of millennial poets!

Sometimes, a terror of remembering comes whirling into our hearts,
invading our weary eyelids with a
fluttering of eyelashes,
and the air, without losing the flowers it carries,
quivers like a beloved book
and moves in the light of the flickering lamp
that someone forgot to turn off.

Don't we give to towns and homelands
only the brightness of our tears,
the honesty of our gestures and childlike caresses?

But we must live out these tender distances between thoughts
as soon as grief makes the sky tremble
and falls lucidly among the branches
of the thoughtful cherry trees!

O my soul, how words can be
eloquent, bright and fleeting
when time, without turning back,
walks away singing
like a smiling god,
from our still fresh scars!

*translated from the French by **Norton Hodges***

05.07.05.

ISLANDAIS :

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Ó SÁL MÍN, HVE ORÐ... (page 335)

□ *Handa Patricia Joan Jones*

« *Máninn á aðra hönd, á hina er dögun:
Tunglið er systir mín, bróðir mín dögun.
Máninn til vinstri og til hægri er dögunin.
Góðan dag, bróðir minn: góða nótt, systir mín.* »

Hilaire Belloc,
Árla morguns

Ó sál mín, hve orð geta verið

feimin, hrædd, þögul,

þegar háfleygar súlur dögunar

þekja fljótin blíðlega fagurrauðu gulli!

Hvílík offylli meininga ofar meiningum

býr í birtunni sem þýtur um

huglausan skilning okkar!

Og hve þessi þekkingar hvöt, Ó sál mín, eykur

við glæsileik setningar ferskum, titrandi,

óvæntum ilmi auðmýktar!

Þannig lifum við í gleymsku kjarnans,

óminni sem ei lengur þarfnast nema hálfbirtu...

Og þegar við óvænt undrandi finnum

að fullkomin nákvæmni forns frasa

grípur alla veru okkar

ruglumst við af aðvarandi söngvum

skálda frá árpúsundum!

Stundum þyrlast inn í hjörtu okkar ógn þess að muna

ræðst inn fyrir lúin augnlokin með

blaktandi augnhárum,

og loftið, án þess að missa blómin sem það ber með sér,

titrar eins og uppáhalds bók

og fer um í birtu flöktandi lampans

sem einhver gleymdi að slökkva á.

Gefum við ekki borgum og ættjörðum

aðeins birtu tára okkar,

einlægni látbragðs okkar og barnslegra atlota?

En okkur ber að lifa af þessar blíðu fjarlægðir milli hugsana

jafnóðum og sorgin neyðir himininn til að skjálfa

og sígur tær meðal greina

íbygginn kirsuberjatrjána!

Ó sál mín, hve orð geta verið

snjöll, í tærum hverfulleik sínum

þegar tíminn, eins og brosandí guð

án þess að snúa við,

líður burt frá nýfengnum örum okkar

syngjandi!

Athanase Vantchev de Thracy

Traduit en islandais par Hrafn Andrés Hardarson