

Poëzie2019 vertaalwedstrijd

ON A MEMORY OF BEAUTY

How can the heart for sea and stone
Be cumbered, and forget a face
That moved it once to fret and moan---
Forget the woman, see the place?

But was it one or was it two,
Was it a statue or a girl?
Might every spring her form renew,
And the white sea-froth be her curl?

Beauty but for a moment shone,
The likeness of a cloud or wave
Whose momentary aspect, gone,
The sieve of memory cannot save.

Right at the back of my head I know
Incredible wild things
Struggle like swans half-blind with snow---
And the dying swan sings.

Uit: The traveller has regrets (1948)

George Sutherland (G.S.) Fraser
1915 (Glasgow) – 1980 (Londen)