**Antologie textů k překladu**

**3. týden**

**Denise Lavertov (1923-1997)**

**The Secret**

Two girls discover

the secret of life

in a sudden line of

poetry.

I who don’t know the

secret wrote

the line. They

told me

(through a third person)

they had found it

but not what it was

not even

what line it was. No doubt

by now, more than a week

later, they have forgotten

the secret,

the line, the name of

the poem. I love them

for finding what

I can’t find,

and for loving me

for the line I wrote,

and for forgetting it

so that

a thousand times, till death

finds them, they may

discover it again, in other

lines

in other

happenings. And for

wanting to know it,

for

assuming there is

such a secret, yes,

for that

most of all.

**O Taste and See**

The world is
not with us enough
**O taste and see**

the subway Bible poster said,
meaning **The Lord**, meaning
if anything all that lives
to the imagination’s tongue,

grief, mercy, language,
tangerine, weather, to
breathe them, bite,
savor, chew, swallow, transform

into our flesh our
deaths, crossing the street, plum, quince,
living in the orchard and being

hungry, and plucking
the fruit.

(*O Taste and See: New Poems.* Copyright © 1964 by Denise Levertov)

**Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967) a Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)**

**Everyone Sang**

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;

And I was filled with such delight

As prisoned birds must find in freedom,

Winging wildly across the white

Orchards and dark-green fields; on - on - and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;

And beauty came like the setting sun:

My heart was shaken with tears; and horror

Drifted away ... O, but Everyone

Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

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**Futility**

Move him into the sun—

Gently its touch awoke him once,

At home, whispering of fields half-sown.

Always it woke him, even in France,

Until this morning and this snow.

If anything might rouse him now

The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds—

Woke once the clays of a cold star.

Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides

Full-nerved, still warm, too hard to stir?

Was it for this the clay grew tall?

—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil

To break earth's sleep at all?

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**She's like the swallow**

Traditional

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She loves her love and love's no more.

'Tis out in the meadow this fair maid did go,
A picking a lovely prim-e-rose,
The more she plucked the more she pulled,
Until she's got her a-per-on full.

It’s out of the roses that she made a bed

A stony pillow for her head.

She laid her down, no word did say

Until this fair maid’s heart did break.

She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She loves her love and love's no more.

Hudba:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=10C3oohGAWU>

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