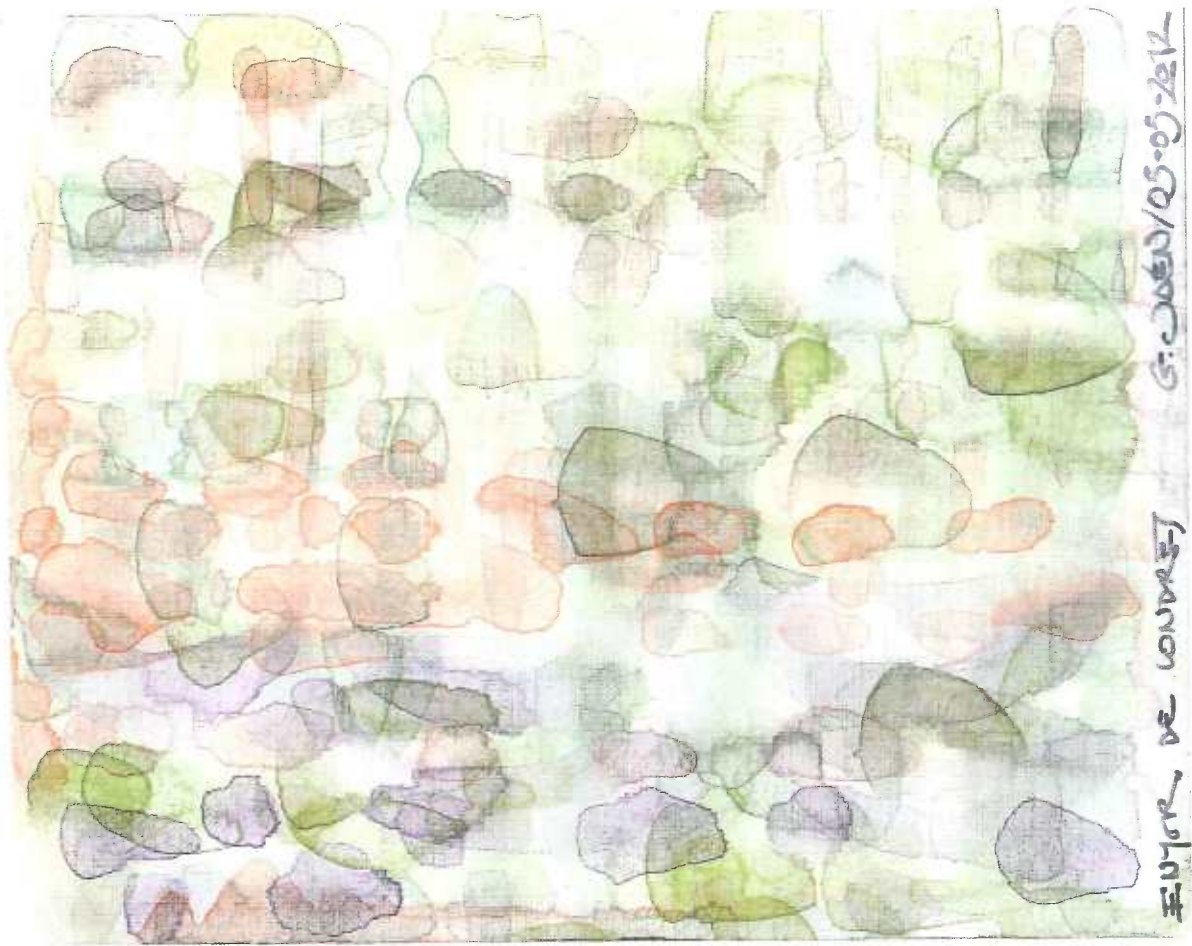


ENYOR DE LONDRES [MISSING LONDON]



18

ENGLISH HOURS

It rains softly, wishing not to disturb,
drops lighting up all the greens of the grass,
joy in the parks, as I while away time
skimming over books and manuscripts
taking refuge inside the library
or among tomes of an old bookseller,
gazing at art of distant countries in
old museums, perhaps in some theatre
or savouring tea or beer in the pubs,
with some good friends. How far, the continent
and the known world! At least here, however,
the flow of time respects certain details:
the black and red of taxis and buses,
the precision of the change of the guard,
and the great house where your people express
ideas to build roads to understanding,
river-level, water flowing as ere
under bridges, the echoing of words,
the bells ringing atop the mighty clock.
And still it rains, wishing not to disturb.

August BOVER (1960), Unpublished (2013)
Translated from Catalan by Kristine Doll (2014)