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JORIE GRAHAM  
ESTAMPIDA

Traducció de Núria Busquet Molist

Pròleg de D. Sam Abrams

**LaBreu**  
Edicions

Amb el suport del Departament de Cultura



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Correcció: Rudolf Ortega

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labreuedicions@gmail.com

labreuedicions.com

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RUNAWAY

ESTAMPIDA

*For Samantha Lorraine Almanza*

*Per a Samantha Lorraine Almanza*



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*The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.*

TENNYSON

*Ni els mateixos Déus poden retirar el que han concedit.*

TENNYSON

I

I

ALL

*Or if then thou gavest me all,  
All was but all.*

DONNE

After the rain stops you can hear the rained-on.  
You hear oscillation, outflowing, slips.  
The tipping-down of the branches, the down, the  
exact weight of those drops that fell

over the days and nights, their strength, accumulation,  
shafting down through the resistant skins,  
nothing perfect but then also the exact remain  
of sun, the sum

of the last not-yet-absorbed, not-yet-evaporated  
days. After the rain stops you hear the  
washed world, the as-if-inquisitive garden, the as-if-perfect beginning again  
of the buds forced open, forced open—you

cannot not unfurl  
endlessly, entirely, till it is the yes of blossom, that end  
not end—what does that sound sound like  
deep in its own time where it roots us out

completed, till it is done. But it is not done.  
Here is still strengthening. Even if only where light  
shifts to accord the strange complexity which is beauty.  
Each tip in the light end-outreaching as if anxious

TOT

*O si llavors m'ho vas donar tot,  
tot era només tot.*

DONNE

Quan la pluja s'atura sents sobre què ha plogut.  
Sents oscil·lació, vessament, relliscades.  
El degoteig de les branques, la baixada, el  
pes exacte de les gotes que van caure

durant els dies i les nits, la seva força, acumulació,  
que es clava i travessa les pells resistents,  
res perfecte, però també la resta exacta  
de sol, la suma

dels últims dies encara-no-absorbits, encara-no  
evaporats. Quan la pluja s'atura sents el  
món netejat, el jardí com-si-fos-inquisitiu, l'inici com-si-fos-perfecte altra vegada  
dels borrons forçats a obrir-se, forçats a obrir-se; tu

no pots desplegar-te  
infinítament, completament, fins que sigui el sí de la florida, aquell final  
no final. ¿Com sona aquest so  
en les profunditats del propi temps on ens arrenca d'arrel

complets, fins que s'acaba? Però no s'acaba.  
Aquí encara s'enforteix. Encara que sigui allà on la llum  
es desplaça per avenir-se amb l'estranya complexitat que és la bellesa.  
Cada punt de llum sobrepassa el final com si estigués ansiós,



but not. The rain stopped. The perfect is not beauty.  
Is not a finished thing. Is a making  
of itself into more of itself, oozing and pressed  
full force out of the not-having-been

into this momentary being—cold, more  
sharp, till the beam passes as the rain passed,  
tipping into the sound of ending which does not end,  
and giving us that sound. We hear it.

We hear it, hands  
useless, eyes heavy with knowing we do not  
understand it, we hear it, deep in its own  
consuming, compelling, a dry delight, a just-going-on sound not

desire, neither lifeless nor deathless, the elixir of  
change, without form, we hear you in our world, you not of  
our world, though we can peer at (though not into)  
flies, gnats, robin, twitter of what dark consolation—

though it could be light, this insistence this morning  
unmonitored by praise, amazement, nothing to touch  
where the blinding white thins as the flash moves off  
what had been just the wide-flung yellow poppy,

the fine day-opened eye of hair at its core,  
complex, wrinkling and just, as then the blazing ends, sloughed off as if a  
god-garment the head and body  
of the ancient flower had put on for a while—