

```
[vc_row type="in_container" full_screen_row_position="middle" column_margin="default"
column_direction="default" column_direction_tablet="default" column_direction_phone="default"
scene_position="center" text_color="dark" text_align="left" row_border_radius="none"
row_border_radius_applies="bg" overflow="visible" overlay_strength="0.3"
gradient_direction="left_to_right" shape_divider_position="bottom"
bg_image_animation="none"][[vc_column column_padding="no-extra-padding"
column_padding_tablet="inherit" column_padding_phone="inherit" column_padding_position="all"
column_element_spacing="default" background_color_opacity="1"
background_hover_color_opacity="1" column_shadow="none" column_border_radius="none"
column_link_target="_self" column_position="default" gradient_direction="left_to_right"
overlay_strength="0.3" width="1/2" tablet_width_inherit="default" tablet_text_alignment="default"
phone_text_alignment="default" animation_type="default" bg_image_animation="none"
border_type="simple" column_border_width="none" column_border_style="solid"]][vc_column_text
css_animation="fadeInLeft" css=".vc_custom_1643052842492{margin-bottom: 35px !important;}"
el_class="poemes_encarats"]]El mussol
```

*Què va passar, tant de temps fa
que els mateixos arbres han oblidat?
En la foscor, en la solitud,
escodrinyan com un ancià
entre antics manuscrits,
alguna cosa que anheles saber
t'esquiva, i formules
una pregunta que ningú respon, i ningú pot.*

*Si no fos per tu i el teu llarg esgarip,
podria oblidar
com de vell és el món, i quant de temps,
cant rere cant,
s'ha esvanit com una fletxa d'argent cap a la llum,
de rosa i de porpra tenyit al trenc
del dia i de la nit.*

Louise Driscoll

(trad. J. P.)[/vc_column_text][/vc_column][vc_column column_padding="no-extra-padding"
column_padding_tablet="inherit" column_padding_phone="inherit" column_padding_position="all"
column_element_spacing="default" background_color_opacity="1"
background_hover_color_opacity="1" column_shadow="none" column_border_radius="none"
column_link_target="_self" column_position="default" gradient_direction="left_to_right"
overlay_strength="0.3" width="1/2" tablet_width_inherit="default" tablet_text_alignment="default"
phone_text_alignment="default" animation_type="default" bg_image_animation="none"
border_type="simple" column_border_width="none" column_border_style="solid"]][vc_column_text

css_animation="fadeInRight" el_class="poemes_encarats"]**The owl**

What happened, so long ago
The very trees have forgotten?
In darkness, in loneliness,
Cercaing like some old man
Among old manuscripts,
Something you wish to know
Eludes you, and you ask
A question no one answers, for none can.

If it were not for you and your long cry
I might forget
How very old the world is, and how long
Song after song
Has gone like a silver arrow toward the light
Tinted with rose and purple at the breaking
Of the day and night.

Louise Driscoll[/vc_column_text][/vc_column][/vc_row][vc_row type="in_container" full_screen_row_position="middle" column_margin="default" column_direction="default" column_direction_tablet="default" column_direction_phone="default" scene_position="center" text_color="dark" text_align="left" row_border_radius="none" row_border_radius_applies="bg" overflow="visible" overlay_strength="0.3" gradient_direction="left_to_right" shape_divider_position="bottom" bg_image_animation="none"] [vc_column column_padding="no-extra-padding" column_padding_tablet="inherit" column_padding_phone="inherit" column_padding_position="all" column_element_spacing="default" background_color_opacity="1" background_hover_color_opacity="1" column_shadow="none" column_border_radius="none" column_link_target="_self" column_position="default" gradient_direction="left_to_right" overlay_strength="0.3" width="1/2" tablet_width_inherit="default" tablet_text_alignment="default" phone_text_alignment="default" animation_type="default" bg_image_animation="none" border_type="simple" column_border_width="none" column_border_style="solid"] [vc_row_inner content_placement="middle" column_margin="default" column_direction="default" column_direction_tablet="default" column_direction_phone="default" text_align="left" row_position="default" row_position_tablet="inherit" row_position_phone="inherit" overflow="visible" pointer_events="all"] [vc_column_inner column_padding="no-extra-padding" column_padding_tablet="inherit" column_padding_phone="inherit" column_padding_position="all" column_element_spacing="default" background_color_opacity="1" background_hover_color_opacity="1" column_shadow="none" column_border_radius="none" column_link_target="_self" gradient_direction="left_to_right" overlay_strength="0.3" width="1/1" tablet_width_inherit="default" animation_type="default" bg_image_animation="none" border_type="simple" column_border_width="none" column_border_style="solid"] [vc_column_text]

el_class="font_14px" css=".vc_custom_1643053016447{padding-right: 40px !important;}"]La biografia de Louise Driscoll [no apareix al Google](#), o jo no l'he sabuda trobar. [Qui és Louise Driscoll?](#) És potser agosarat qualificar-la de "poeta oblidada", però sembla que un oblit la ronda. Si teniu ganes, [en aquest enllaç](#) se'n parla una mica. [Si no pots olvidar un jardí, podries olvidar un poeta?](#) Ulls de mussol de dia i de nit: tenim tot l'oblit ple d'esgarips.[/vc_column_text][/vc_column_inner][/vc_row_inner][/vc_column][vc_column column_padding="no-extra-padding" column_padding_tablet="inherit" column_padding_phone="inherit" column_padding_position="all" column_element_spacing="default" background_color_opacity="1" background_hover_color_opacity="1" column_shadow="none" column_border_radius="none" column_link_target="_self" column_position="default" gradient_direction="left_to_right" overlay_strength="0.3" width="1/2" tablet_width_inherit="default" tablet_text_alignment="default" phone_text_alignment="default" animation_type="default" bg_image_animation="none" border_type="simple" column_border_width="none" column_border_style="solid"][/vc_gallery type="nectarslider_style" images="14150" image_loading="default" hide_arrow_navigation="true" bullet_navigation_style="see_through" onclick="link_image" img_size="300×300"][/vc_column_text]css_animation="fadeInUp" el_class="font_12px"]Fotografia de [Dan Behm](#)[/vc_column_text][/vc_column][/vc_row][vc_row type="in_container" full_screen_row_position="middle" column_margin="default" column_direction="default" column_direction_tablet="default" column_direction_phone="default" scene_position="center" text_color="dark" text_align="left" row_border_radius="none" row_border_radius_applies="bg" overflow="visible" overlay_strength="0.3" gradient_direction="left_to_right" shape_divider_position="bottom" bg_image_animation="none"][/vc_column column_padding="no-extra-padding" column_padding_tablet="inherit" column_padding_phone="inherit" column_padding_position="all" column_element_spacing="default" background_color_opacity="1" background_hover_color_opacity="1" column_shadow="none" column_border_radius="none" column_link_target="_self" column_position="default" gradient_direction="left_to_right" overlay_strength="0.3" width="1/1" tablet_width_inherit="default" tablet_text_alignment="default" phone_text_alignment="default" animation_type="default" bg_image_animation="none" border_type="simple" column_border_width="none" column_border_style="solid"][/vc_column_text]el_class="font_14px" css=".vc_custom_1643053009777{padding-right: 40px !important;}"][Escoltar](#)

«Owl waltz», de [Seabear](#)