



George Gray

He examinat moltes vegades
el marbre que van cisellar per a mi:
un vaixell amb veles calades, descansant a port.
Realment, això no retrata el meu destí
sinó la meva vida.
Car se'm donava l'amor i jo em resguardava dels desenganys;
la tristesa trucava a la meva porta, però jo restava espantat;
l'ambició m'esperonava, però m'aterrien els riscos.
Així i tot, tenia la fam de donar sentit a la meva vida.
I ara reconec que hem d'hissar la vela
i aprofitar els vents del destí
onsevulga que menin el vaixell.
Donar un sentit a la vida pot portar a la follia,
però una vida sense sentit és la tortura
del desassossec i del desig errant:
un vaixell delint-se pel mar, sempre espantat.

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(trad. J. P.)

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I have studied many times
The marble which was chiseled for me—
A boat with a furled sail at rest in a harbor.
In truth it pictures not my destination
But my life.
For love was offered me and I shrank from its disillusionment;

Sorrow knocked at my door, but I was afraid;
Ambition called to me, but I dreaded the chances.
Yet all the while I hungered for meaning in my life.
And now I know that we must lift the sail
And catch the winds of destiny
Wherever they drive the boat.
To put meaning in one's life may end in madness,
But life without meaning is the torture
Of restlessness and vague desire—
It is a boat longing for the sea and yet afraid.

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