

1994

From 1914-1915

Giuseppe Ungaretti

John Rodenbeck

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Out of that unaccustomed, unhappy night
And from the depth of my own estranged blood
I have brought to light the stuff of which
I shall make my own arcana.
[1929]

from 1914–1915

I have seen you, Alexandria
Crumbling on your ghostly foundations
Become a memory for me
In a half-completed embrace of lights.

Not long since, you eluded me; and I've no regrets
For the seawrack thrown up by your tepid surf,
Passing upon the sexes its sentence of frenzy,
Nor the limitless and deaf full moon
Of the dry nights that lay seige to you,
Nor, amidst the howling dogs,
Under a taut canopy,
Cupids and dreams sprawling across the carpets.

I belong to another blood and have not missed you,
But in this shipboard solitude
More than usually the melancholy
Delusion has come back, stranger,
That you might be the city where I was born.
[1932]