

Ode (in ancient meter)

Hardly had I thought I should learn to perish;
Ever young, enwrapped in my robe I wandered,
Raising dreamy eyes to the star styled often
Solitude's symbol.

All at once, however, you crossed my pathway -
Suffering - you, painfully sweet, yet torture...
To the lees I drank the delight of dying -
Pitiless torment.

Sadly racked, I'm burning alive like Nessus,
Or like Hercules by his garment poisoned;
Nor can I extinguish my flames with every
Billow of oceans.

By my own illusion consumed I'm wailing
On my own grim pyre in flames I'm melting...
Can I hope to rise again like the Phoenix
Bird from the ashes?

May all tempting eyes vanish from my pathway
Come back to my breast, you indifferent sorrow!
So that I may quietly die, restore me
To my own being!



Mihai Eminescu (1883, Translated by Andrei Bantas)