

Darkness

Lord Byron

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up

Trevas

Lord Byron

Traduzido por Tiago Rosa*

Tive um sonho, que não foi ele todo um sonho.
O sol luzente extinguiu-se, e as estrelas
Vagueavam, no escuro, pelo eterno espaço,
Obductas, sem rumo, e a gelada terra
Girava cega, enegrecendo-se no ar sem lua;
A manhã veio, e foi-se – e veio, mas dia não trouxe,
E os homens esqueceram as suas paixões no temor
Desse seu desamparo; e todos os corações
Se gelavam numa egoísta súplica por luz:
E junto a fogueiras viviam – e os tronos,
Os palácios de reis cingidos de coroa – as cabanas,
Todos os sítios habitáveis,
Tornados ignescentes atalaias; cidades foram consumidas,
E os homens juntaram-se em redor de casas em chamas,
Para olhar uma vez mais o rosto uns dos outros;
Felices aqueles que habitavam o olho
Dos vulcões, a sua luz alpestre:
O mundo inteiro em temerosa esperança contido;
Incendiaram-se florestas – mas, de hora a hora,
Tombavam e morriam – e os crepitantes troncos
Extinguiam-se com um estrondo – e tudo tornava ao escuro.
As fronteiras dos homens, à desesperante luz,
Ganhavam um aspecto medonho, bruxuleantes
As labaredas iluminavam-nos; alguns prostravam-se
E tapavam os olhos e choravam; outros

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With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,

Os punhos cerrados no queixo pousavam, e sorriam;
Outros, ainda, de um lado para o outro corriam, alimentando
As piras funerárias, e olhavam,
Loucos de inquietude, para o céu irrito,
Mortalha de um mundo que se finara; e,
Praguejando, de novo se lançaram ao pó,
Rangendo os dentes e gemendo: os pássaros selvagens guinchavam,
E, aterrados, prostravam-se no solo,
Agitando as inúteis asas; mansas e receosas
As mais ferozes feras; víboras rastejavam
E enroscavam-se no meio da multidão,
Sibilando, mas inermes – eram mortas para alimento:
E a Guerra, que por momentos não mais era,
De novo se fartava; ? uma refeição comprava-se
Com sangue, e cada um se mitigava soturnamente só,
Saciando-se na escuridão: nada restava do amor;
A Terra inteira encerrava um só pensamento – morte,
Imediata e inglória; e a tortura
Da fome as entranhas de todos consumia – homens
Morriam, e os ossos, como a carne, insepultos ficavam;
O descarnado pelo descarnado devorado,
Até os cães os donos atacavam, todos excepto um,
Fiel a um cadáver, mantendo afastados
Pássaros e bestas e homens esfaimados,
Até que a fome os definhasse, ou que os mortos, estendidos,
Tentassem as famulentas mandíbulas; ele comida nenhuma procurou,
E com um triste e contínuo lamento,
E um choro vago e desolado, lambendo a mão
Que com um afago não respondeu – morreu.
A turba gradualmente se esfaimava; mas dois
De uma enorme cidade sobreviveram,
E eram inimigos; encontraram-se junto
Ao rescaldo de um altar comburido,
Onde tinha sido acumulado um monte de coisas sacras
Para uso sacrílego; remexeram-nos,
E, tiritantes, com as frias mãos esqueléticas, juntaram
As ténues brasas, e com os seus ténues fôlegos
As avivaram, ateando uma chama
Assaz irrisória; depois, com o crescer da luz, ergueram

Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful—was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

M. H. Abrams (ed.), *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, Nova Iorque e Londres, W. W. Norton & Company, 2000, p. 559.

Os olhos, e contemplaram
O aspecto um do outro – viram, guincharam e morreram –
Justamente da mútua hediondez eles morreram,
Desconhecedores um do outro, em cujas fronteiras
A fome escrevera Demónio. O mundo estava vazio
Da população e dos poderosos – era uma massa incompta,
Sem estações, sáfia, desflorestada, sem humanos, defunta –
Uma incompta massa de morte – caos de bruto barro.
Flumes, lagos e oceanos, todos imotos permaneceram,
E sem sinais de vida as suas taciturnas profundezas;
Navios sem navegadores no mar jaziam, apodrecendo,
E os seus mastros aos bocados caíam; logo
Repousaram no dormente pego?
As ondas estavam exaustas; as marés sepulcrais,
A lua, sua senhora, já antes expirara;
Os ventos murcharam no ar estagnante,
E as nuvens dissiparam-se; a Treva não carecia já
Do auxílio delas – Ela era o universo.