

Enormity - مناعة

By Eden Phillipotts

تعرض العصور هذه القطعة الشعرية لترجمتها شعراً ، والترجمة ترسل لتحرير
مجلة العصور . وسننشر من الترجمات عدداً مناسباً .

Musing on the indiction of the moon,
Whose silver skeleton doth ever bend
Above our feast, foreshadowing the end,
How greatly may we hunger for the boon
And signal truth, our ignorance to mend,
Touching the children of her ancient noon,
Upon whose way we also surely wend,
Since she from us, as Eve from Adam, was hewn.
Did we behold one work of consciousness
If, 'mid her lifeless antres, we could guess
That hand and brain in vanished time of yore
Had left a single mental manifest,
Then might we people space and none protest.

Yet who that's sane shall ever dare feel doubt
With conscious life the universe is filled ?
What mad almighty architect has willed
To shut the galaxies and glories out
And to this petty, minor planet build
The only thing that knew its way about,
And, in some faulty, fruitless sort, fulfilled
A mightier part than all the heavenly rout ?

Was earth alone so rare that for its sake
 Omnipotence must need be crucified ?
 How long, how long shall patient Reason ache,
 Shall common sense deny and wit deride
 The Egoistic Honor of a claim
 To redden every cosmic sum with shame ?

Or is it argued by Theology
 That, when a God willed consciousness to sow
 On myriad mightier worlds than we can know,
 All creatures fell and only saved could be
 By suicide divine, to overthrow
 Dark plots maturing through eternity
 Led by a thing God made, now turned to foe,
 From whom God's death alone could set all free ?
 Shall each new home of life lift up a cry
 And welkin shriek with far-flung frantic call
 For God to visit every star and die,
 Lest conquering Evil Swallow up them all ?
 Oh pitiful dilemma, abject plight
 For him who brought the heavens into light !

Bless ye the day when man no longer broods
 On these unspeakable ineptitudes .

