



Vertaling

Vertaling van 'Als een wilde', gedicht van H el ne Swarth t.b.v artikel over Swarth

Like a savage

Like a savage who presents
The crooked, cruel white man
With treasures of his blooming isle
And calls him lord and master;
For a handful of glass beads
Barters solid gold,
Gladly, slings the worthless necklace
Around his unfettered neck;
Licks the dust of the stranger's feet,
On his own neck plants it,
Meekly kisses the selfsame hand that
White may drip of blood;
 Woe! So did I – offering treasures
Of my lonely blooming isle,
Solid gold and precious pearls,
All – for a handful of glass:
Smoothly polished, large and round,
Pretty beads, red and blue,
Loosely threaded, airily,
On elastic string.
In fact I fancied, in my naivety
To have made a good exchange,
Nature's simple child I was
On my unspoilt isle!
Jubilantly I knelt down
Kissed the open hand
Meekly took his foot and placed it
On my proud, unfettered neck.

He – the lord of my small isle,
Me – piling treasures,
Solid gold and precious pearls,
At my master's feet –
 And the brittle gaudy necklace
Breaks, the glass beads
Roll in the sand – the elastic string
 Is flung in my face.

Oh, I'll get a new choker,
Even prettier perhaps,
Now surely I know its true worth
And – my treasures, they are lost.