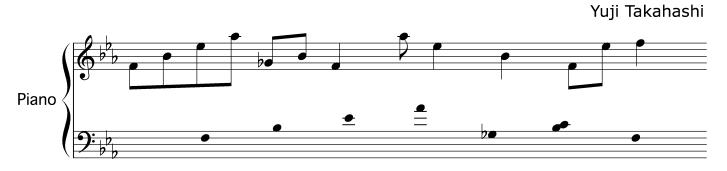
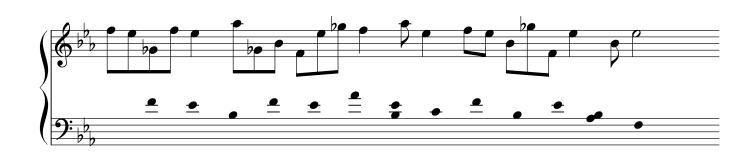
The Planet on the Table

(1988 rev.2002, 2009)

高橋悠治







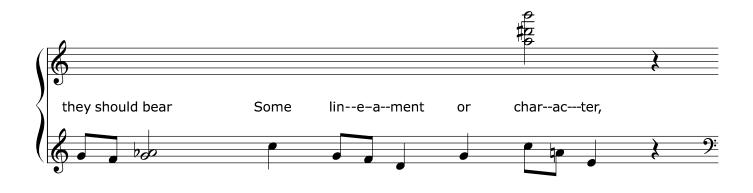


















The Planet On The Table (1953) Wallace Stevens

Ariel was glad he had written his poems. They were of a remembered time Or of something seen that he liked.

Other makings of the sun Were waste and welter And the ripe shrub writhed.

His self and the sun were one And his poems, although makings of his self, Were no less makings of the sun.

It was not important that they survive. What mattered was that they should bear Some lineament or character,

Some affluence, if only half-perceived, In the poverty of their words, Of the planet of which they were part.

> テーブルの上の惑星(1953) ウォレス・スティーヴンス

エアリエルは詩を書いたことをよろこんだ 思い出に残る時間や 見て気に入ったものの詩だった

そのほかに太陽がつくったのは 浪費と混乱 しげった灌木がのたうっていた

自分と太陽は一つだった 詩は 自分でつくったとはいえ 太陽がつくったのではないとは言えなかった

詩は生き残らなくてもよかった だいじなのは 詩がこの惑星の一部であって ある輪郭や性格を

あるゆたかさを ことばの貧しさのなかで いくらかでも はらんでいなければならないことだった