

THE AUTHOR'S IMAGE (OF HIMSELF)

A translation by A. M. Juster¹

You handled me without much violence, I confess,
and your voice kept providing voiceless guidance.

Your higher spirit has engulfed me as it passed
and led me with its sacred hush in vain.

I was a deaf, dumb flint; you grant (how tenderly
you tend your own!) I somehow saved myself.

You change the plan, claim fiercely now that Love is useless,
prepare to fend off forces with your force,

grow closer, smash to bits my stony heart's great weight,
and that which was once stone transforms to flesh.

Behold the laceration as the fragments scorch
your skies at last, and cheeks shed diamond tears!

You once would make rocks stream and mountains gush this
way,
O you who are so prudent for your people!

Your hand amazes me. Through death I live once more,
and, with my riches shattered, I am richer.

1. This is a translation of a Latin poem by Henry Vaughan (ca. 1622–1695). Juster is a poet, translator, and critic. His most recent book is a translation of Petrarch's *Canzoniere* (New York: Liveright, 2026).

AUTHORIS (DE SE) EMBLEMA

*Tentasti, fateor, sine vulnare saepius, et me
Consultum voluit Vox, sine voce, frequens;*

*Ambivit placido divinior aura meatu,
Et frustra sancto murmure praemonuit.*

*Surdus eram, mutusque Silex: Tu (quanta tuorum
Cura tibi est!) alia das renovare via,*

*Permutus curam: iamque irritatus Amorem
Posse negas, et vim, Vi, superare paras,*

*Accidis propior, molemque, et saxeae rumpis
Pectora, fitque Caro, quod fuit ante Lapis.*

*En lucerum! Coelosque tuos ardentia tandem
Fragmenta, et liquidas ex Adamante genas.*

*Sic olim undantes Petras, Scopulosque vomentes
Curasti, O populi providus usque tui!*

*Quam miranda tibi manus est! Moriendo, revixi;
Et fractas jam sum ditior inter opes.*

