



Walt Whitman

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[SONG OF MYSELF]

(1855)



[Οὐδλτ Οὐίτμαν]

[ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙ
ΤΟΥ ΕΑΥΤΟΥ ΜΟΥ]*

Πρώτη ἔκδοση: 1855



* Στὴν πρώτη ἔκδοση δὲν ὑπῆρχε τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ ποιητῆ καὶ τὸ ποίημα ἦταν ἀτιτλο.

I CELEBRATE myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease . . . observing a spear of summer grass.

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes . . . the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself, and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume . . . it has no taste of the distillation . . . it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever . . . I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,
Echos, ripples, and buzzed whispers . . . loveroot, silk-thread, crotch and vine,

ΕΟΡΤΑΖΩ τὸν ἑαυτό μου,
Κι ὅ,τι ἀναλογίζομαι θ' ἀναλογιστεῖς κι ἐσύ,
Γιατὶ κάθε μόριο^{*1} δικό μου εἶναι καὶ δικό σου.

Ἄράζω καὶ προσκαλῶ τὴν ψυχή μου,
Ξαπλώνω κι ἀράζω κατὰ τὴ βολή μου . . . παρατηρώντας
μιὰ λόγχη χλόης καλοκαιριάτικη.

Σπίτια καὶ δωμάτια ἀρώματα γεμάτα . . . τὰ ράφια φορ-
τωμένα ἀρώματα,
Ἄναπνέω κι ἐγὼ τὴν εὐωδία, καὶ τὴν ξέρω καὶ μ' ἀρέσει,
Θὰ μποροῦσα κιόλας νὰ μεθύσω μὲ τὸ ἀπόσταγμα ἀλλὰ
δὲν ἀφήνομαι.

Ἡ ἀτμόσφαιρα δὲν εἶναι ἀρωμα . . . δὲν ἔχει ὀσμὴ ὅπως
τὸ ἀπόσταγμα . . . εἶναι ἀσμη,
Ταιριάζει τέλεια μὲ τὸ στόμα μου . . . ἔχω ἔρωτα γι' αὐτή,
Θὰ πάω στὴν ὅχθη δίπλα στὸ δάσος νὰ γίνω ἀπροκάλυ-
πτος καὶ γυμνός,
Τρελαίνομαι νὰ βρεθῶ μαζί της.

Ο καπνὸς τῆς ἀνάσας μου τῆς ἵδιας,
Ἄντιλαλοι, κυματισμοί, βουεροὶ ψίθυροι . . . λεβιστικό,*
μεταξωτὴ κλωστή, διχάλα κι ἀγράμπελη,

1. Οἱ ἀστερίσκοι παραπέμπουν στὰ Σχόλια στὸ τέλος τοῦ βιβλίου.

My respiration and inspiration the beating of my heart
 the passing of blood and air through my lungs,
The sniff of green leaves and dry leaves, and of the shore
 and darkcolored sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,
The sound of the belched words of my voice words
 loosed to the eddies of the wind,
A few light kisses a few embraces a reaching around
 of arms,
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple
 boughs wag,
The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the
 fields and hillsides,
The feeling of health the full-noon trill the song
 of me rising from bed and meeting the sun.

Have you reckoned a thousand acres much? Have you reck-
 oned the earth much?
Have you practiced so long to learn to read?
Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the
 origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun there
 are millions of suns left,
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand
 nor look through the eyes of the dead nor feed on
 the spectres in books,

‘Η ἀναπνοή μου κ' ἡ ἔμπνευσή μου . . . ὁ χτύπος τῆς καρδιᾶς μου . . . τὸ πέρασμα, αἷμα κι ἀέρας, ἀπ' τὰ πνευμόνια μου,

‘Η μυρωδιὰ ἀπὸ πράσινα φύλλα κι ἀπὸ ξερὰ φύλλα, κι ἀπὸ τὴν ἀκρογιαλὶα κι ἀπὸ τοὺς σκούρους βράχους τῆς θάλασσας, κι ἀπὸ τὸ σανὸ στὸν ἀχυρώνα,

‘Ο ἥχος ἀπὸ τὶς θορυβώδεις λέξεις τῆς φωνῆς μου . . . λέξεις ποὺ χύθηκαν στὴ δίνη τοῦ ἀνέμου,

Λίγα πεταχτὰ φιλιά . . . λίγα ἀγκαλιάσματα . . . μιὰ ἀναζήτηση τῶν χεριῶν,

Τὸ παιχνίδι μὲ τὸ φῶς καὶ τὴ σκιὰ στὰ δέντρα καθὼς τὰ λυγερὰ κλαδιὰ ἀναστατώνονται,

‘Η ἀπόλαυση μόνος ἢ στὴ βιασύνη τῶν δρόμων, ἢ μακριὰ στὰ χωράφια καὶ στὶς πλαγιές τῶν λόφων,

Τὸ αἴσθημα τῆς ὑγείας . . . οἱ τρίλιες τοῦ καταμεσήμερου . . . τὸ τραχούδι τοῦ ἔαυτοῦ μου καθὼς σηκώνομαι ἀπὸ τὸ κρεβάτι κι ἀπαντῶ τὸν ἥλιο.

Θαρρεῖς πώς χίλια στρέμματα εἶναι πολλά; Θαρρεῖς πώς ἡ γῆ εἶναι πολὺ μεγάλη;

“Εχεις προσπαθήσει καιρὸ πολὺ νὰ μάθεις νὰ διαβάζεις;

“Εχεις νιώσει περήφανος πολὺ ποὺ πιάνεις τὸ νόημα ἀπὸ ποιήματα;

Στάσου μαζί μου τὴ μέρα καὶ τὴ νύχτα αὐτὴ καὶ θὰ κατέχεις τὴν ἀπαρχὴν ὅλων τῶν ποιημάτων,

Θὰ κατέχεις τὰ καλὰ τῆς γῆς καὶ τοῦ ἥλιου . . . ἔχουν ἀπομείνει μυριάδες ἥλιοι,

Δὲ θὰ δέχεσαι πιὰ πράγματα ἀπὸ δεύτερο ἢ τρίτο χέρι . . . δὲ θὰ κοιτᾶς μέσα ἀπὸ τὰ μάτια τῶν νεκρῶν . . . οὔτε θὰ τρέφεσαι ἀπὸ τὰ φαντάσματα στὰ βιβλία,

You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things
from me,

You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.

I have heard what the talkers were talking the talk of
the beginning and the end,
But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now;
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.

Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world.

Out of the dimness opposite equals advance Always
substance and increase,
Always a knit of identity always distinction always
a breed of life.

To elaborate is no avail Learned and unlearned feel
that it is so.

Sure as the most certain sure plumb in the uprights,
well entretied, braced in the beams,
Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,
I and this mystery here we stand.

Ούτε μέσα ἀπ' τὰ μάτια μου θὰ κοιτᾶς, ούτε θὰ δέχεσαι
πράγματα ἀπὸ μένα,

Θ' ἀκοῦς μὲ προσοχὴ δλες τὶς πλευρὲς καὶ θὰ τὶς περνᾶς
ἀπὸ κόσκινο μέσα σου.

"Εχω ἀκούσει τί ἔλεγαν οἱ ὄμιλητές . . . οἱ ὄμιλίες γιὰ τὴν
ἀρχὴ καὶ τὸ τέλος,

'Αλλὰ ἐγὼ δὲ μιλῶ γιὰ τὴν ἀρχὴ ἢ τὸ τέλος.

Ποτὲ δὲν ὑπῆρξε μεγαλύτερο ξεκίνημα ἀπὸ τώρα,
Ούτε περισσότεροι νέοι ἢ μεγάλοι ἀπὸ τώρα·
Καὶ ποτὲ δὲ θὰ ὑπάρξει μεγαλύτερη τελειότητα ἀπὸ τώρα,
Ούτε πιὸ πολὺ παράδεισος ἢ κόλαση ἀπὸ τώρα.

'Ορμὴ καὶ ὅρμὴ καὶ ὅρμή,
Πάντα ἡ γεννήτρα ὅρμὴ τοῦ κόσμου.

Μέσα ἀπὸ τὴν σκοτεινὰ προχωροῦν ἀντίθετες ἴσοτητες . . .

Πάντα οὐσία καὶ αὔξηση,
Πάντα ἔνα πλέξιμο ταυτότητας . . . πάντα διαφορά . . .
πάντα μιὰ μορφὴ ζωῆς.

Νὰ ἔξηγήσω εἶναι μάταιο . . . μορφωμένοι κι ἀμόρφωτοι
νιώθουν ὅτι ἔτσι εἶναι.

Πιὸ σίγουρος κι ἀπὸ σίγουρος . . . δλόισιος στοὺς στύλους,
γερὸς στὰ δεσμάτα, ἵσχυρὸς στὰ δοκάρια,
Δυνατὸς σὰν ἄλογο, στοργικός, ὑψηλόφρων, ἡλεκτρικός,*
'Εγὼ κι αὐτὸς τὸ μυστήριο ἐδῶ στεκόμαστε.

Clear and sweet is my soul . . . and clear and sweet is all
that is not my soul.

Lack one lacks both . . . and the unseen is proved by the
seen,
Till that becomes unseen and receives proof in its turn.

Showing the best and dividing it from the worst, age vexes
age,
Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things, while
they discuss I am silent, and go bathe and admire myself.

Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of any man
hearty and clean,
Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile, and none shall
be less familiar than the rest.

I am satisfied . . . I see, dance, laugh, sing;

As God comes a loving bedfellow and sleeps at my side all
night and close on the peep of the day,
And leaves for me baskets covered with white towels bulging
the house with their plenty,
Shall I postpone my acceptation and realization and scream
at my eyes,
That they turn from gazing after and down the road,
And forthwith cipher and show me to a cent,
Exactly the contents of one, and exactly the contents of two,
and which is ahead?

Καθαρὴ καὶ γλυκιὰ εῖν' ἡ ψυχή μου καὶ καθαρὰ καὶ
γλυκὰ εῖν' ὅσα δὲν εἶναι ἡ ψυχή μου.

Χάνεις τὸ ἔνα χάνεις καὶ τὰ δυό καὶ τ' ἀόρατο ἀπο-
δεικνύεται ἀπ' τὸ ὁρατό,

“Ωσπου αὐτὸν νὰ γίνει ἀόρατο καὶ νὰ λάβει ἀπόδειξη μὲ τὴ
σειρά του.

Δείχνοντας τὸ καλύτερο καὶ διαλέγοντάς το ἀπ' τὸ χειρό-
τερο, δ ἔνας αἰώνας σπρώχνει τὸν ἄλλο,

Γνωρίζοντας τὴν ἀπόλυτη ἀρμονία καὶ γαλήνη τῶν πραγ-
μάτων, δσο συζητοῦν εἴμαι σιωπηλός, καὶ πάω νὰ κο-
λυμπήσω καὶ νὰ θαυμάσω τὸν ἑαυτό μου.

Καλόδεχτο κάθε μου ὄργανο καὶ γνώρισμα, καὶ κάθε ἀν-
θρώπου καλόκαρδου καὶ τίμιου,

Οὕτε δεῖγμα οὔτε τοσοδά δὲν εῖν' αἰσχρό, καὶ τίποτα δὲ θὰ
’ναι λιγότερο οἰκεῖο ἀπὸ τὰ ὑπόλοιπα.

Εἴμαι ἵκανοποιημένος βλέπω, χορεύω, γελῶ, τραγουδῶ.

Καθὼς δ Θεὸς ἔρχεται σὰν ταίρι ἀγαπημένο καὶ κοιμᾶται
πλάι μου ὀλονυχτίς κι ὡς τὸ ξεμύτισμα τῆς μέρας,

‘Αφήνοντάς μου καλάθια γεμάτα μὲ πετσέτες ἀσπρες πλη-
μυρίζοντας τὸ σπίτι μὲ τὴν ἀφθονία τους,

Πρέπει ἄραγε ν’ ἀναβάλω τὴν ἀποδοχὴ καὶ τὴν πραγμά-
τωσή μου καὶ νὰ φωνάξω δυνατὰ στὰ μάτια μου,

Νὰ μὴν κοιτᾶνε κάτω τὸ δρόμο ἀκολουθώντας τον,

Κι ἀμέσως νὰ ὑπολογίσουν καὶ νὰ μοῦ δείξουν σ' ἔνα νόμισμα,
Ποιά ἀξία ἔχει ἀκριβῶς τὸ ἔνα, καὶ ποιά ἀξία ἔχει ἀκριβῶς

τὸ ἄλλο, καὶ ποιό ἔχει μεγαλύτερη;

Trippers and askers surround me,
People I meet the effect upon me of my early life
 of the ward and city I live in of the nation,
The latest news discoveries, inventions, societies
 authors old and new,
My dinner, dress, associates, looks, business, compliments,
 dues,
The real or fancied indifference of some man or woman I
 love,
The sickness of one of my folks—or of myself or
ill-doing or loss or lack of money or depressions
 or exaltations,
They come to me days and nights and go from me again,
But they are not the Me myself.

Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,
Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary,
Looks down, is erect, bends an arm on an impalpable cer-
 tain rest,
Looks with its sidecurved head curious what will come next,
Both in and out of the game, and watching and wondering
 at it.

Backward I see in my own days where I sweated through fog
 with linguists and contenders,

Μὲ τριγυρίζουν ἀργόσχολοι καὶ συζητητές,
"Ανθρωποι ποὺ συναντῶ . . . ἡ ἐπιρροὴ τῶν παιδικῶν χρό-
νων πάνω μου . . . τῆς γειτονιᾶς καὶ τῆς πόλης ὅπου
ζῶ . . . τοῦ ἔθνους,
Τὰ πιὸ πρόσφατα γεγονότα . . . ἀνακαλύψεις, ἐφευρέσεις,
σύλλογοι . . . συγγραφεῖς παλαιοὶ καὶ νέοι,
Τὸ δεῖπνο μου, τὸ ντύσιμο, οἱ συνάδελφοι, ἡ ἐμφάνιση, οἱ
ἐπιχειρήσεις, τὰ κομπλιμέντα, οἱ δόφειλές,
Ἡ πραγματικὴ ἡ φανταστικὴ ἀδιαφορία ἀπὸ ἀντρα ἡ γυ-
ναίκα ποὺ ἀγαπῶ,
Ἡ ἀσθένεια κάποιου κοντινοῦ μου ἡ δική μου . . . ἡ ἀδι-
κία . . . ἡ ἀπώλεια ἡ ἔλλειψη χρημάτων . . . ἡ κατα-
βαραθρώσεις ἡ ἔξαρσεις,
Τοῦτα ἔρχονται σὲ μένα μέρες καὶ νύχτες καὶ φεύγουν ἀπὸ
μένα πάλι,
Ομως αὐτὰ δὲν εἶναι 'Εγώ ὁ ἴδιος.

Χώρια ἀπὸ τὸ σπρώξιμο καὶ τὸ τράβηγμα στέκει αὐτὸ ποὺ
εῖμαι,
Στέκει διασκεδάζοντας, ἵκανοποιημένο, σπλαχνικό, νωθρό,
ἀκέραιο,
Κοιτάζει κάτω, εἰν' ὀλόρθο, ἡ λυγᾶ ἔνα χέρι σὲ μιὰν ἀνε-
παίσθητη ἀνάπαυλα,
Κοιτάζοντας μὲ τὸ κεφάλι γυρτὸ στὸ πλάι περίεργος γιὰ
τὸ τί θὰ συμβεῖ μετά,
Μέσα κι ἔξω ἀπ' τὸ παιχνίδι, καὶ θωράντας το καὶ θαυμά-
ζοντάς το.

Βλέπω πίσω τὶς μέρες μου ποὺ ἰδροκοποῦσα μέσα στὴ θο-
λούρα μὲ γλωσσογνῶστες κι ἀνταγωνιστές,

I have no mockings or arguments . . . I witness and wait.

I believe in you my soul . . . the other I am must not abase
itself to you,
And you must not be abased to the other.

Loafe with me on the grass . . . loose the stop from your
throat,
Not words, not music or rhyme I want . . . not custom or
lecture, not even the best,
Only the lull I like, the hum of your valved voice.

I mind how we lay in June, such a transparent summer
morning;
You settled your head athwart my hips and gently turned
over upon me,
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged
your tongue to my barestriped heart,
And reached till you felt my beard, and reached till you held
my feet.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and joy and
knowledge that pass all the art and argument of the
earth;
And I know that the hand of God is the elderhand of my
own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the eldest brother of my
own,