

THE ALBATROSS

Ch. Baudelaire

Sometimes, for fun, the sailors catch giant albatross
Among the birds that follow the ship in her long way,
They fly fast to and fro, the waves of sea across,
In effortless endeavour and search for food and pray.

But scarcely touching down the wetted planks on board
The huge bird loses forces and looks extremely weak,
His power is no more, he is no more a lord –
Enslaved by mean shipmates, he is deprived and sick.

Unbeaten master ever, now he endures the jokes
Of cruel human creatures without soul and heart!
One tries to imitate him with jerky steps, and mocks,
Another with a hot pipe attempts his bill to hurt.

The Poet during his life is just so princely crowned,
He owns all the heaven and every thunder stroke,
However when he is put down on the ground,
His wings – so big and mighty, allow him not to walk.

(Translated from French by Stefan K. Robev)