Sylvia Plath: MAD GIRL'S LOVE SONG / Zakochanej wariatki pieśń miłosna (tł. Ela Binswanger)

Sylvia Plath: ZAKOCHANEJ WARIATKI PIEŚŃ MIŁOSNA

Zamykam oczy i cały świat - hen;
Otwieram - świat rodzi się od nowa.
(Myślę, stworzyła cię moja głowa.)

Gwiazdy walcują w mrok raz blue raz red
I absolutna mnie ogarnia czerń:
Zamykam oczy i cały świat - hen.

Śniłam, jak wabiłeś mnie do łóżka
miłą pieśnią, czarując jak wróżka.
(Myślę, stworzyła cię moja głowa.)

Bóg wypadł z nieba, ogień piekieł zgasł:
Hej, serafini, hej, szatani miot:
Zamykam oczy i cały świat - hen!

Zdało mi się, wrócisz, jak mówiłeś,
Lecz zestarzałam się, zapomniałam.
(Myślę, stworzyła cię moja głowa.)

Nie ty, mej miłości wart jest Ptak-Grzmot;
One wracają wiosną, z nimi grom.
Zamykam oczy i cały świat - hen.
(Myślę, stworzyła cię moja głowa.)

(tł. Ela Binswanger)

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Sylvia Plath: MAD GIRL'S LOVE SONG

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,
And arbitrary blackness gallops in:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed
And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:
Exit seraphim and Satan's men:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I fancied you'd return the way you said,
But I grow old and I forget your name.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

I should have loved a thunderbird instead;
At least when spring comes they roar back again.
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

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"Mad Girl's Love Song", przepiękna interpretacja Natalie Clark z muzyka w tle dla Radio Theatre Group:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fLSn29TnFAg&NR=1&feature=endscreen

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"Mad Girl's Love Song", recytacja:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nTSh-8Kqdus&NR=1&feature=endscreen

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"Mad Girl's Love Song", śpiew:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3aULjunOor0

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In September of 1956, a newly married Mr. & Mrs. Ted Hughes traveled to Yorkshire, where they stayed for the month with Hughes' mother and father.

List Sylvii do matki Aurelii Plath z podróży:

September 11, 1956, Yorkshire

Dearest Mother,

[…] I never thought I could like any country as well as the ocean, but these moors are really even better, with the great luminous emerald lights changing always, and the animals and wildness. Read Wuthering Heights again here and really felt it this time more than ever.

[…] I can't for a minute think of [Ted] as someone "other" than the male counterpart of myself, always just that many steps of me intellectually and creatively so that I feel very feminine and admiring.

There is an animal farm across the street where we've been seeing baby pigs, calves, kittens and puppies. I really want my children to be brought up in the country, so you must get a little place, too, somewhere in the country or

by the sea (we'll buy it when we are rich) where we can alternate leaving our…children with you and Mrs. Hughes while we take vacations or travel. Our life will be constant adventure. […] This year will be a tough discipline, but I need it and so does Ted. We've talked much about our wedding in June and both of us are determined to have it. We both long for a kind of symbolic "town" ceremony, and it may be the last time I see my friends and relatives together for many, many years. So plan on it definitely…

Want simple ceremony with gala reception for all, lots of food and plenty of drink. Ted wants that, too, very much. […] Can't wait to get to American and cook for him.

Am sending three stories to Mlle, with fingers crossed—my stories. We are full of projects, plans and love. […] VIVE THE 1957 WEDDING OF THE WRITING HUGHESES! All is perfectly quiet on the British front. Ted's family's dear. We both love you; can't wait to share our life and times with you in America. Life is work and joy.

Much much love to you and Warrie —

Sivvy