

“The Rime of the ancient Mariner”

The ship driven by a storm toward the South Pole.

“And now the Storm-Blast came, and he
was tyrannous and strong:
he struck with his o’ertaking wings,
and chased us south along.

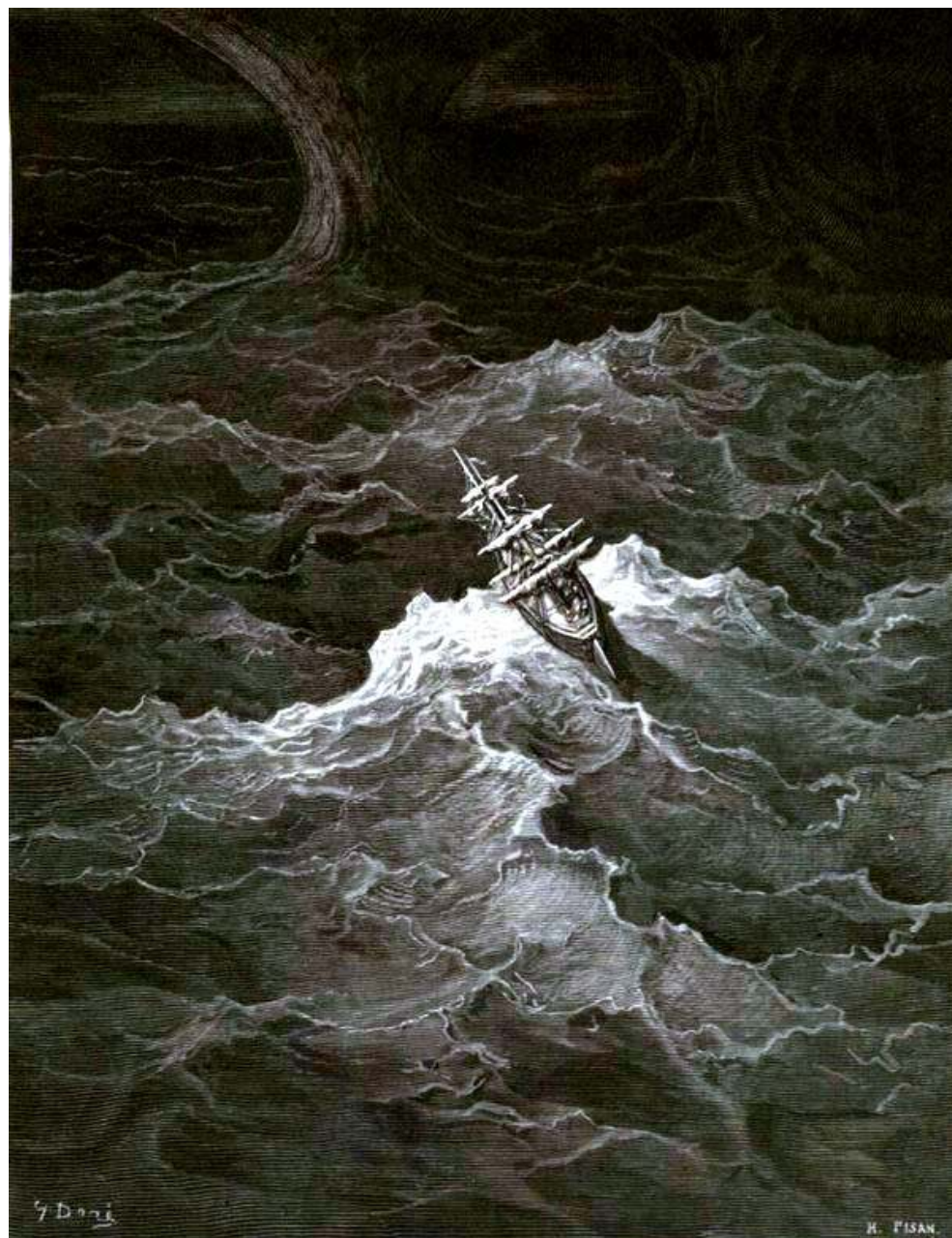
With sloping masts and dipping prow,
as who pursued with yell and blow
still treads the shadow of his foe,
and forward bends his head,
the ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
and southward age we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
and it grew wondrous cold:
and ice, mast-high, came floating by,
as green as emerald.”

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds where no living thing was
to be seen.

“And through the drifts the snowy clifts
did send a dismal sheen:
nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken-
the ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
the ice was all around:
it cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
like noises in a swound!”



Il vascello è spinto dalla tempesta verso il polo Sud.

“E si levò in quel punto la tempesta
furiosa, prepotente;
percossi dalle sue li ci spinse
lungamente nel sud.

Con le antenne inclinate e con la prora,
come chi se inseguito con grandi urla
calpesti ancora l’ombra del nemico,
china avanti la testa,
la nave si rubava alla tempesta
e fuggivamo sempre verso sud.

Poi vennero nel cielo nebbia e neve
e un freddo tanto saldo
che il ghiaccio a blocchi andava galleggiando
verde come smeraldo.”

La terra del ghiaccio e dei rumori sinistri dove non si scorgeva
essere vivente.

“Picchi, di là dal turbine nevosi
mandavano un bagliore
triste -non ombra d’uomo o d’animale-
ghiaccio, soltanto ghiaccio e il suo nitore.

Il ghiaccio era dovunque, era qua, là,
era tutto all’intorno;
crepitava, gemeva ed ululava
come, svenuti, s’ode un vano rombo.”

