

Petrarch, Rima 189 (cs. 14<sup>th</sup> century)

A Modern Prose Translation

My ship laden with forgetfulness passes through a harsh sea, at midnight, in winter, between Scylla and Charybdis, and at the tiller sits my lord, rather my enemy;

each oar is manned by a ready, cruel thought that seems to scorn the tempest and the end; a wet, changeless wind of sighs, hopes, and desires breaks the sail;

a rain of weeping, a mist of disdain wet and loosen the already weary ropes, made of error twisted up with ignorance.

My two usual sweet stars are hidden; dead among the waves are reason and skill; so that I begin to despair of the port.

“My Galley” (ca. 1557)

Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder

My galley charged with forgetfulness  
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass  
‘Tween rock and rock; and eke mine enemy, alas,  
That is my lord, scteereth with cruelty:  
(5) And every oar a thought in readiness,  
As though that death were light in such a case.  
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace  
Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.  
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,  
(10) Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance;  
Wreathed with error and eke with ignorance.  
The stars be hid that led me to this pain.  
Drowned is reason that should me consort,  
And I remain despairing of the port.