

*The Grave of the Slave**

Sarah Louisa Forten

The cold storms of winter shall chill him no more,
His woes and his sorrows, his pains are all o'er,—
The sod of the valley now covers his form,
He is safe in his last home, and fears not the storm.

The poor slave is laid all unheeded and lone,
Where the rich and the poor find a permanent home;
No master can raise him, with voice of command,
He knows not, he hears not, his cruel demand.

Not a tear, not a sigh, to embalm his cold tomb,
No friend to lament him, no child to bemoan;
Not a stone marks the place, where he peacefully lies,
The earth for his pillow, his curtain the skies.

Poor slave! shall we sorrow that death was thy friend?
The last, and the kindest, that Heaven could send:—
The grave to the weary is welcomed and blest;
And death, to the captive, is freedom and rest.

*Young, Kevin, ed. *African American Poetry: 250 Years of Struggle & Song*. New York: The Library of America, 2020. 24-25. (The poem was originally published in the January 22, 1831, issue of the newspaper *The Liberator*, in Philadelphia.)

La tumba del esclavo

Sarah Louisa Forten

No lo helarán de invierno más las frías tormentas,
ya todo ha terminado, dolor, cuitas y penas,
esta tierra del valle hoy cubre su figura,
sin miedo a la tormenta, en su morada última.

El pobre esclavo yace todo ignorado y solo,
donde ricos y pobres hallan un hogar propio;
ningún amo, en su voz de mando, alzarlo puede,
él no sabe ni escucha más su demanda cruel.

Ni llanto, ni un suspiro guardan su helada tumba,
ni amigo que lamente o algún niño que sufra;
ni una piedra que marque el lugar donde yace,
la tierra como almohada, como mortaja, el aire.

¡Pobre esclavo! ¿Nos duele que la muerte sea amiga?
La final, más amable que el Cielo enviar podría:
La tumba del cansado es bienvenida y gozo,
y al cautivo la muerte es licencia y reposo.

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