

# Toronto Salutes Dante

## Inferno XXXIII in Italian, English, and Sanskrit

Italian	English	Sanskrit (Transcription)
La bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto quel peccator, forbendola a' capelli del capo ch'elli avea di retro guasto.	That sinner raised his mouth from his fierce meal, then used the head that he had ripped apart in back: he wiped his lips upon its hair.	atha pāpī sa uttāpya bhojanād dāruṇān mukham/ keśena tasya śīrṣasya vikṣatasya mamārja tat//
Poi cominciò: "Tu vuo' ch'io rinovelli disperato dolor che 'l cor mi preme già pur pensando, pria ch'io ne favelli.	Then he began: "You want me to renew despairing pain that presses at my heart even as I think back, before I speak.	tato 'bravīt punar duḥkhaṃ māṃ prāpayitum icchasi/ ugraṃ cintitamātre 'pi yasmin me dūyate manaḥ//
Ma se le mie parole esser dien seme che frutti infamia al traditor ch'i' rodo, parlare e lagrimar vedrai insieme.	But if my words are seed from which the fruit is infamy for this betrayer whom I gnaw, you'll see me speak and weep at once.	yadi tv akīrttibījaṃ syād bhettur asya vaco mama/ tvaṃ drakṣyasi ekakāle māṃ vaktāraṃ rodakaṃ tathā//
Io non so chi tu se' né per che modo venuto se' qua giù; ma fiorentino mi sembri veramente quand'io t'odo.	I don't know who you are or in what way You've come down here; and yet you surely seem- from what I hear-to be a Florentine.	atha kas tvaṃ na jānāmi na vā katham ihāgataḥ/ phyorentīna iti vyaktaṃ vāgbhaṅgyā pratibhāsi me//
Tu dei saper ch'i' fui conte Ugolino, e questi è l'arcivescovo Ruggieri: or ti dirò perché i son tal vicino.	You are to know I was Count Ugolino, and this one here, Archbishop Ruggieri; and now I'll tell you why I am his neighbor.	ahaṃ tu kontugolīno dharmādhyakṣo rujeryayam/ adhunā śṛṇu yenāsmi bhoktāsya pāpinaḥ śiraḥ//
Che per l'effetto de' suo' mai pensieri, fidandomi di lui, io fossi preso e poscia morto, dir non è mestieri;	There is no need to tell you that, because of his malicious tricks, I first was taken and then was killed-since I had trusted him;	vācyam tan na mayānena krūramantreṇa vidviṣā/ viśraddho 'gre 'bhavaṃ baddhaḥ paścād ghāṇīta eva yat/
però quel che non puoi avere inteso, cioè come la morte mia fu cruda, udirai, e saprai s'e' m' ha offeso.	however, that which you cannot have heard- that is, the cruel death devised for me- you now shall hear and know if he has wronged me.	krūro me māraṇo 'pāyo nūnam aśrāvi na tvayā/ yady asāv apacakre māṃ śrutvā tam avadhāraya//
Breve pertugio dentro da la Muda, la qual per me ha 'l titol de la fame, e che conviene ancor ch'altrui si chiuda,	A narrow hole, a window in the cage which takes its name from me, the Cage of Hunger, a tower where still others will be locked,	durbhikṣavalabhīyas tu maddhetor ucyate 'dhunā/ yasmin niyantritā nūnāṃ varākā bahavo 'pare//
m'avea mostrato per lo suo forame più lune già, quand'io feci 'l mal sonno che del futuro mi squarciò 'l velame.	had, through its opening, already showed me several moons, when I dreamed that bad dream which rent the curtain of the future for me.	tasya chidreṇa samdṛṣṭe bahuśaḥ śarvarīśvare/ bhaviṣyaccitram āsīn me yas taṃ svapnaṃ vyalokayam//
Questi pareva a me maestro e donno, cacciando il lupo e ' lupicini al monte per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.	This man appeared to me as lord and master; he hunted down the wolf and its young whelps upon the mountain that prevents the Pisans	ayam īśaḥ patiś ceva babhau me mṛgayan vṛkam/ śāvāṃs tasmin girau yena lukkā dṛśyāsti pīsanaiḥ//
Con cagne magre, studiose e conte Gualandi con Sismondi e con Lanfranchi s'avea messi dinanzi da la fronte.	from seeing Lucca; and with lean and keen and practiced hounds, he'd sent up front, before him, Gualandi and Sismondi and Lanfranchi.	agre sa prerayāmāsa gvālandyādīn samāgatān/ vṛkāribhiḥ parikṛśaiḥ saceṣṭaiḥ śāsitaiḥ saha//
In picciol corso mi parieno stanchi lo padre e ' figli, e con l'agute scane mi pareo lor veder fender li fianchi.	But after a brief course, it seemed to me that both the father and the sons were weary; I seemed to see their flanks torn by sharp fangs.	paramalpāt kramāc chrāntā vṛkaḥ śāvāś ca lakṣitāḥ/ tīkṣṇai radaiś ca tatpakṣā bhidyamānāḥ subhairavam//
Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane, pianger senti' fra 'l sonno i miei figliuoli ch'eran con meco, e dimandar del pane.	When I awoke at daybreak, I could hear my sons, who were together with me there, weeping within their sleep, asking for bread.	ratrau prabhātakalpāyāṃ prabudhaḥ śrutavān sutān/ baddhān mayā saha svapne yācato dīnam abhyuṣam//
Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli pensando ciò che 'l mio cor s'annunziava; e se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?	You would be cruel indeed if, thinking what my heart foresaw, you don't already grieve; and if you don't weep now, when would you weep?	yanmayā śaṃkitaṃ tat tvaṃ jānann api na rodiṣi/ nūnaṃ krūro 'si śoces tvaṃ vada me karuṇaṃ kiyat//
Già eran desti, e l'ora s'appressava che 'l cibo ne solèa essere addotto, e per suo sogno ciascun dubitava;	They were awake by now; the hour drew near at which our food was usually brought, and each, because of what he'd dreamed, was anxious;	athātas te jāgaritāḥ sarve svapnāc ca śaṅkitāḥ/ pratyāsannaś ca nas kālo bhajanasya nirūpitaḥ//
e io senti' chiavar l'uscio di sotto a l'orribile torre; ond'io guardai nel viso a' mie' figliuoi senza far motto.	below, I heard them nailing up the door of that appalling tower; without a word, I looked into the faces of my sons.	adho bhayāvahe dūrge dvārarodhasamudyatam/ nādam akarṇya putrānāṃ tūṣṇīm vaktrāṇy alokayam//
Io non piangēa, sì dentro impetrai: piangevan elli; e Anselmuccio mio disse: "Tu guardi sì, padre! che hai?".	I did not weep; within, I turned to stone. They wept; and my poor little Anselm said: 'Father, you look so ... What is wrong with you?'	sutā me 'rodiṣur nāhaṃ "brūhi te duḥkhakāraṇam/ kim ittham īkṣase tāta" prāhety aṃselmako mama//
Perciò non lagrimai né rispuos'io tutto quel giorno né la notte appresso, infin che l'altro sol nel mondo uscìo.	At that I shed no tears and-all day long and through the night that followed-did not answer until another sun had touched the world.	nāśrūṇy avartayaṃ tasmān na caiva pratyuvāca tān/ punar abhyudayaṃ yāvan mandalasya divāpateḥ//

Come un poco di raggio si fu messo  
nel doloroso carcere, e io scorsi  
per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso,

ambo le man per lo dolor mi morsi;  
ed ei, pensando ch'io 'l fessi per voglia  
di manicar, di subito levorsi

e disser: "Padre, assai ci fia men doglia  
se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti  
queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia".

Queta' mi allor per non farli più tristi;  
lo di e l'altro stemmo tutti muti;  
ahi dura terra, perché non t'apristi?

Poscia che fummo al quarto dì venuti,  
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,  
dicendo: "Padre mio, ché non m'aiuti?".

Quivi morì; e come tu mi vedi,  
vid'io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno  
tra 'l quinto dì e 'l sesto; ond'io mi diedi,

già cieco, a brancolar sovra ciascuno,  
e due dì li chiamai, poi che fur morti.  
Poscia, più che 'l dolor, poté 'l digiuno".

Quand'ebbe detto ciò, con li occhi torti  
riprese 'l teschio misero co' denti,  
che furo a l'osso, come d'un can, forti.

Ahi Pisa, vituperio de le genti  
del bel paese là dove 'l sì suona,  
poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,

muovasi la Capraia e la Gorgona,  
e faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,  
sì ch'elli annieghi in te ogne persona!

Che se 'l conte Ugolino aveva voce  
d'aver tradita te de le castella,  
non dovei tu i figliuoi porre a tal croce.

Innocenti facea l'età novella,  
novella Tebe, Uguiccone e 'l Brigata  
e li altri due che 'l canto suso appella.

Noi passammo oltre, là 've la gelata  
ruvidamente un'altra gente fascia,  
non volta in giù, ma tutta riversata.

Lo pianto stesso li pianger non lascia,  
e 'l duol che truova in su li occhi rintoppo,  
si volge in entro a far crescer l'ambascia;

ché le lagrime prime fanno groppo,  
e sì come visiere di cristallo,  
riempion sotto 'l ciglio tutto il coppo.

E avvegna che, sì come d'un callo,  
per la freddura ciascun sentimento  
cessato avesse del mio viso stallo,

già mi pareva sentire alquanto vento;  
per ch'io: "Maestro mio, questo chi move?  
non è qua giù ogne vapore spento?".

Ond'elli a me: "Avaccio sarai dove  
di ciò ti farà l'occhio la risposta,  
veggendo la cagion che 'l fiato piove".

E un de' tristi de la fredda crosta  
gridò a noi: "O anime crudeli  
tanto che data v'è l'ultima posta,

levatemi dal viso i duri veli,  
sì ch'io sfoghi 'l duol che 'l cor m'impregna,  
un poco, pria che 'l pianto si raggeli".

As soon as a thin ray had made its way  
into that sorry prison, and I saw,  
reflected in four faces, my own gaze,

out of my grief, I bit at both my hands;  
and they, who thought I'd done that out of hunger,  
immediately rose and told me: 'Father,

it would be far less painful for us if  
you ate of us; for you clothed us in this  
sad flesh-it is for you to strip it off.'

Then I grew calm, to keep them from more sadness;  
through that day and the next, we all were silent;  
O hard earth, why did you not open up?

But after we had reached the fourth day, Gaddo,  
throwing himself, outstretched, down at my feet,  
implored me: 'Father, why do you not help me?'

And there he died; and just as you see me,  
I saw the other three fall one by one  
between the fifth day and the sixth; at which,

now blind, I started groping over each;  
and after they were dead, I called them for  
two days; then fasting had more force than grief."

When he had spoken this, with eyes awry,  
again he gripped the sad skull in his teeth,  
which, like a dog's, were strong down to the bone.

Ah, Pisa, you the scandal of the peoples  
of that fair land where sì is heard, because  
your neighbors are so slow to punish you,

may, then, Capraia and Gorgona move  
and build a hedge across the Arno's mouth,  
so that it may drown every soul in you!

For if Count Ugolino was reputed  
to have betrayed your fortresses, there was  
no need to have his sons endure such torment.

O Thebes renewed, their years were innocent  
and young-Brigata, Uguiccone, and  
the other two my song has named above!

We passed beyond, where frozen water wraps-  
a rugged covering-still other sinners,  
who were not bent, but flat upon their backs.

Their very weeping there won't let them weep,  
and grief that finds a barrier in their eyes  
turns inward to increase their agony;

because their first tears freeze into a cluster,  
and, like a crystal visor, fill up all  
the hollow that is underneath the eyebrow.

And though, because of cold, my every sense  
had left its dwelling in my face, just as  
a callus has no feeling, nonetheless,

I seemed to feel some wind now, and I said:  
"My master, who has set this gust in motion?  
For isn't every vapor quenched down here?"

And he to me: "You soon shall be where your  
own eye will answer that, when you shall see  
the reason why this wind blasts from above."

And one of those sad sinners in the cold  
crust, cried to us: "O souls who are so cruel  
that this last place has been assigned to you,

take off the hard veils from my face so that  
I can release the suffering that fills  
my heart before lament freezes again."

alpe 'tha bhānukiraṇe praviṣṭe tāṃ rujāvahāṃ  
kārāṃ teṣāṃ caturṣv eva nirīkṣya vadaneṣu vai//

matsādrśyaṃ dadaṃśāhaṃ duḥkhenobhau karau mama/  
te tu matvā mayā sarvaṃ kṛtaṃ tad dhi bubhukṣayā//

āhuḥ prāñjalayaṃ "tāta pīḍālpā khalu no 'tsi cet/  
tvatta eva hi no māṃsaṃ tṛpyataṃ tena tad bhavān"//

tadāśāmyam ahaṃ teṣāṃ bālānāṃ śāntaye dine/  
tasminn āsma vayaṃ sarve paryeḍyā cāpi mauninaḥ/  
re 'tīva niṣṭhure kṣoṇi, kuto na tvam abhidyathāḥ//

atha caturthe divase vartamāne papāta hā/  
gaddo matpadayos "tāta paritrāyasva mām" iti//

so 'mṛyata tathāpaśyaṃ patato 'nyān sutān kramāt/  
prāk ṣaṣṭhāhāt tataḥ kleśādandhībhūtaḥ pracakrame//

spraṣṭuṃ teṣāṃ śarīrāṇi cukrośa tridinaṃ ca tān/  
śokaś cakāra tat paścāt kṛtaṃ yan na bubhukṣayā//

sa evam ukvāśu punar jagrāha vikṛtekṣaṇaḥ/  
ghṛṇitaṃ karparaṃ dantaiḥ śvadantaniśitair dṛḍhaiḥ//

pīse nindyāsi lokānāṃ cāru-sī-taṭavāsināṃ/  
na pīḍayanti yena tvāṃ sāmantās tava tena hi//

itāṃ kaprayagorgoṇa āstāṃ cārṇvāvarodhake/  
naśyantu ca prajāḥ sarvās tavāmbhasi pariplotāḥ//

tattvataḥ kontugolīnaḥ parahasteṣu yadyapi/  
durgāṇy arpitavāṃs tena hantavyā nābhavan sutāḥ//

ugoccono brigātaś ca bālakatvena nirmalau/  
idānīntani re thebe, pūrvoktau cāpi tāv ubhau//  
(iti divye nāṭake śrīdantāligyeriviracite  
kontugolīnamaraṇam//)

Per ch'io a lui: "Se vuo' ch'i' ti sovvegna,  
dimmi chi se', e s'io non ti disbrigo,  
al fondo de la ghiaccia ir mi convegna".

Rispuose adunque: "I' son frate Alberigo;  
i' son quel da le frutta del mal orto,  
che qui riprendo dattero per figo".

"Oh", diss'io lui, "or se' tu ancor morto?".  
Ed elli a me: "Come 'l mio corpo stea  
nel mondo sù, nulla scienza porto.

Cotal vantaggio ha questa Tolomea,  
che spesse volte l'anima ci cade  
innanzi ch'Atropòs mossa le dea.

E perché tu più volontier mi rade  
le 'nvetriate lagrime dal volto,  
sappie che, tosto che l'anima trade

come fec'io, il corpo suo l'è tolto  
da un demonio, che poscia il governa  
mentre che 'l tempo suo tutto sia vòlto.

Ella ruina in sì fatta cisterna;  
e forse pare ancor lo corpo suso  
de l'ombra che di qua dietro mi verna.

Tu 'l dei saper, se tu vien pur mo giuso:  
elli è ser Branca Doria, e son più anni  
poscia passati ch'el fu sì racchiuso".

"Io credo", diss'io lui, "che tu m'inganni;  
ché Branca Doria non morì unquanche,  
e mangia e bee e dorme e veste panni".

"Nel fosso sù", diss'el, "de' Malebranche,  
là dove bolle la tenace pece,  
non era ancora giunto Michel Zanche,

che questi lasciò il diavolo in sua vece  
nel corpo suo, ed un suo prossimano  
che 'l tradimento insieme con lui fece.

Ma distendi oggimai in qua la mano;  
aprimi li occhi". E io non gliel'apersi;  
e cortesia fu lui esser villano.

Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi  
d'ogne costume e pien d'ogne magagna,  
perché non siete voi del mondo spersi?

Ché col peggiore spirto di Romagna  
trovai di voi un tal, che per sua opra  
in anima in Cocito già si bagna,

e in corpo par vivo ancor di sopra.

To which I answered: "If you'd have me help you,  
then tell me who you are; if I don't free you,  
may I go to the bottom of the ice."

He answered then: "I am Fra Alberigo,  
the one who tended fruits in a bad garden,  
and here my figs have been repaid with dates."

"But then," I said, "are you already dead?"  
And he to me: "I have no knowledge of  
my body's fate within the world above.

For Ptolomea has this privilege:  
quite frequently the soul falls here before  
it has been thrust away by Atropos.

And that you may with much more willingness  
scrape these glazed tears from off my face, know this:  
as soon as any soul becomes a traitor,

as I was, then a demon takes its body  
away-and keeps that body in his power  
until its years have run their course completely.

The soul falls headlong, down into this cistern;  
and up above, perhaps, there still appears  
the body of the shade that winters here

behind me; you must know him, if you've just  
come down; he is Ser Branca Doria;  
for many years he has been thus pent up."

I said to him: "I think that you deceive me,  
for Branca Doria is not yet dead;  
he eats and drinks and sleeps and puts on clothes."

"There in the Malebranche's ditch above,  
where sticky pitch boils up, Michele Zanche  
had still not come," he said to me, "when this one-

together with a kinsman, who had done  
the treachery together with him-left  
a devil in his stead inside his body.

But now reach out your hand; open my eyes."  
And yet I did not open them for him;  
and it was courtesy to show him rudeness.

Ah, Genoese, a people strange to every  
constraint of custom, full of all corruption,  
why have you not been driven from the world?

For with the foulest spirit of Romagna,  
I found one of you such that, for his acts,  
in soul he bathes already in Cocytus

and up above appears alive, in body.

अथ पापी स उताप्य भोजनाद् दारुणान् मुखम् ।  
केशेन तस्य शीर्षस्य विक्षतस्य ममार्ज तत् ॥६॥

ततोऽब्रवीत् पुनर्दुःखं मां प्रापयितुमिच्छसि ।  
उग्रं चिन्तितमात्रेऽपि यस्मिन्मे दूयते मनः ॥७॥

यदि त्वकीर्त्तिबीजं स्याद् भेत्तुरस्य वचो मम ।  
त्वं द्रक्ष्यस्येककाले मां वक्तारं रोदकं तथा ॥८॥

अथ कस्त्वं न जानामि न वा कथमिहागतः ।  
फ्योरेन्तीन इति व्यक्तं वाग्भङ्ग्या प्रतिभासि मे ॥९॥

अहं तु कोन्तुगोलीनो धर्माध्यक्षो रुजेर्ययम् ।  
अधुना शृणु येनास्मि भोक्तास्य पापिनः शिरः ॥१०॥

वाच्यं तन्न मयानेन क्रूरमन्त्रेण विद्विषा ।  
विश्रब्धोऽग्रेऽभवं बद्धः पश्चाद् घानीत एव यत् ॥११॥

क्रूरो मे मारणोऽपायो नूनमश्रावि न त्वया ।  
यद्यसावपचक्रे मां श्रुत्वा तमवधारय ॥१२॥

दुर्भिक्षवलभीयस्तु मद्देतोरुच्यतेऽधुना ।  
यस्मिन् नियन्त्रिता नूनां वराका बहवोऽपरे ॥१३॥

तस्य छिद्रेण संदृष्टे बहुशः शर्वरीश्वरे ।  
भविष्यच्चित्तमासीन् मे यस्तं स्वप्नं व्यलोकयम् ॥१४॥

अयमीशः पतिश्चैव बभौ मे मृगयन् वृकम् ।  
शावांस्तस्मिन् गिरौ येन लुक्का दृश्यास्ति पीसनैः ॥१५॥

अग्रे स प्रेरयामास ग्वालन्द्यादीन् समागतान् ।  
वृकारिभिः परिकृशैः सचेष्टैः शासितैः सह ॥१६॥

परमल्पात् क्रमाच्च छान्ता वृकः शावाश्च लक्षिताः ।  
तीक्ष्णै रदैश्च तत्पक्षा भिद्यमानाः सुभैरवम् ॥१७॥

रत्रौ प्रभातकल्पायां प्रबुधः श्रुतवान् सुतान् ।  
बद्धान् मया सह स्वप्ने याचतो दीनमभ्युषम् ॥१८॥

यन्मया शंकितं तत् त्वं जानन्नपि न रोदिषि ।  
नूनं क्रूरोऽसि शोचेस्त्वं वद मे करुणं कियत्? ॥१९॥

अथातस्ते जागरिताः सर्वे स्वप्नाच्च शङ्किताः ।  
प्रत्यासन्नश्च नस्कालो भजनस्य निरूपितः ॥२०॥

अधो भयावहे दूर्गे द्वाररोधसमुद्यतम् ।  
नादमकर्ण्य पुत्रानां तूष्णीं वक्राण्यलोकयम् ॥२१॥

सुता मेऽरोदिषुर्नाहं “ब्रूहि ते दुःखकारणम् ।  
किमित्थमीक्षसे तात” प्राहेत्यंसेल्मको मम ॥२२॥

नाश्रूण्यवर्तयं तस्मान् न चैव प्रत्युवाच तान् ।  
पुनरभ्युदयं यावन् मन्दलस्य दिवापतेः ॥२३॥

अल्पेऽथ भानुकिरणे प्रविष्टे तां रुजावहाम् ।  
कारां तेषां चतुर्ध्वेव निरीक्ष्य वदनेषु वै ॥२४॥

मत्सादृश्यं ददंशाहं दुःखेनोभौ करौ मम ।  
ते तु मत्वा मया सर्वं कृतं तद्धि बुभुक्षया ॥२५॥

आहुः प्राञ्जलयं “तात पीडाल्पा खलु नोऽत्सि चेत् ।  
त्वत्त एव हि नो मांसं तृप्यतं तेन तद् भवान्” ॥२६॥

तदा शाम्यमहं तेषां बालानां शान्तये दिने ।  
तस्मिन् आस्म वयं सर्वे परेद्युश्चापि मौनिनः ।  
रेऽतीव निष्ठुरे क्षोणि, कुतो न त्वमभिद्यथाः ॥२७॥

