

## CANTO 10

*The Epicureans—Farinata degli Uberti—Guelfs and Ghibellines—  
prophecy of Dante's exile—Cavalcante de' Cavalcanti—Florentine  
hatred of Farinata—foreknowledge of the damned*

- 1           Now my master walks along a secret path,  
between the wall of the city and the torments, and I  
at his back.
- 4           “O highest power, who wheel me through the  
wicked circles as you please,” I began, “speak to me  
and satisfy my desires.
- 7           The people who are lying in the sepulchers, could  
they be seen? for all the covers are lifted, and no one  
is standing guard.”
- 10          And he to me: “All will be closed when from  
Jehoshaphat they return with the bodies they left up  
there.
- 13          Epicurus and his followers have their cemetery in  
this part, who make the soul die with the body.
- 16          Therefore your request will soon be satisfied here  
within, and also the desire you leave unspoken.”
- 19          And I: “Kind leader, I hide my heart from you  
only in order to speak briefly, and you have so  
inclined me, not only just now.”
- 22          “O Tuscan who through the city of fire, alive, walk  
along speaking so modestly, let it please you to stop  
in this place.
- 25          Your speech makes you manifest as a native of  
that noble fatherland to which perhaps I was too  
harmful.”
- 28          Suddenly this sound came forth from one of the  
arks; therefore I shrank, afraid, somewhat closer to  
my leader.

31           And he said: "Turn! What are you doing? See  
there Farinata who has stood erect: from the waist up  
you will see all of him."

34           I had already fixed my eyes in his; and he was  
rising up with his breast and forehead as if he had  
Hell in great disdain.

37           And the spirited, quick hands of my leader  
pushed me among the sepulchers toward him,  
saying, "Let your words be counted."

40           When I stood at the foot of his tomb, he gazed at  
me a little, and then, as if scornful, asked me: "Who  
were your forebears?"

43           I, desiring to obey, did not hide it, but opened it  
all to him; and he raised his brows a little upwards;  
46           then he said: "Fiercely were they opposed to me  
and to my ancestors and to my party, so that twice I  
scattered them."

49           "If they were driven out, they returned from every  
side," I replied, "the first time and the second; but  
your people did not learn that art well."

52           Then a shade rose up, discovered to sight as far as  
the chin, alongside the first one; I think it had risen  
to its knees.

55           It looked around me, as anxious to see whether  
another were with me, and after its peering was  
entirely spent,

58           weeping it said: "If through this blind prison you  
are going because of your high genius, where is my  
son, and why is he not with you?"

61           And I to him: "I do not come on my own: he who  
is waiting over there leads me through here, perhaps  
to one your Guido had in disdain."

64           His words and the manner of his punishment had  
already read to me his name; therefore was my reply  
so full.

67           Of a sudden risen to his feet, he cried: "How did  
you say? 'he had'? Is he no longer alive? Does the  
sweet light no longer strike his eyes?"

70           When he perceived a certain delay I made before  
replying, he fell back supine and appeared no more  
outside.

73           But that other great-souled one, at whose request I  
had stopped, did not change his expression, nor  
move his neck, nor bend his side;

76           but, resuming his earlier speech: "If they have  
learned that art badly," he said, "that torments me  
more than this bed.

79           But not fifty times will be rekindled the face of the  
lady who reigns here, before you will know how  
much that art weighs.

82           And as you hope ever to return to the sweet  
world, tell me: why is that people so cruel against  
mine in all its laws?"

85           Therefore I to him: "The slaughter and the great  
loss that stained the Arbia red, causes such orations  
to be made in our temple."

88           After he had moved his head, sighing, "In that I  
was not alone," he said, "nor certainly without cause  
would I have moved with the others.

91           But I alone, there where all others would have  
suffered Florence to be razed, was the one who  
defended her openly."

94           "Ah, so may your seed at some time rest," I  
begged him, "untie the knot that has entangled my  
judgment here.

97           It seems that you see beforehand, if I hear well,  
what time will bring, but in the present have a  
different mode."

100           "We see, as does one in bad light, the things," he  
said, "that are distant from us: so much the highest  
Leader still shines for us.

103           When they approach or are present, our intellect  
is utterly empty; and if another does not bring news,  
we know nothing of your human state.

106           Thus you can comprehend that our knowledge  
will be entirely dead from that point when the door  
of the future will be closed."

109           Then, as if repentant of my fault, I said: “Now will  
you tell that fallen one his son is still joined with the  
living;

112           and if, earlier, I was silent before replying, make  
him know that I did it because I was already  
thinking in the error that you have untied for me.”

115           And already my master was calling me back;  
therefore more hurriedly I begged the spirit to tell me  
who was there with him.

118           He told me: “Here with more than a thousand I  
lie: here within is the second Frederick and the  
Cardinal; and of the others I do not speak.”

121           Then he hid himself; and I turned my steps  
toward the ancient poet, thinking back on that speech  
which seemed hostile to me.

124           He moved on; and then, walking, he said: “Why  
are you so dismayed?” And I answered his question  
fully.

127           “Let your memory preserve what you have heard  
against you,” that sage commanded me; “and now  
pay attention here,” and he raised his finger:

130           “when you are before her sweet ray whose lovely  
eye sees all, from her you will know the journey of  
your life.”

133           Then he moved his foot toward the left: we turned from  
the wall and walked toward the center, along a path that  
cuts straight to a valley

136           whose stench was displeasing even up there.

