

EXCERPT FROM 100 LOVE SONNETS by Pablo Neruda

I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz, or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off. I love you as certain dark things are to be loved, in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers; thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance, risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where. I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride; so I love you because I know no other way

than this: Where "I" does not exist, nor "You", so close that your hand on my chest is my hand, so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.