

Twenty Love Poems & A Song Of Despair

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Tonight I Can Write

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*T*onight I can write
the saddest lines.

Write, for example,
'The night is starry
and the stars are blue
and shiver in the
distance.'

The night wind
revolves in the sky and
sings.



*T*onight I can write the saddest lines.
I loved her, and
sometimes she loved me too.
Through nights like this one I held her in
my arms.
I kissed her again and again under the
endless sky.
She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.
How could one not love her great still
eyes.





*T*onight I can write the saddest lines.
To think that I do not have her. To feel
that I have lost her.
To hear the immense night, still more
immense without her.
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to
the pasture.
What does it matter that my love could
not keep her.
The night is starry and she is not with
me.



*T*his is all. In the distance someone is
singing. In the distance.

My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.
My sight tries to find her as though to bring
her closer

My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.



The same night whitening the same
trees.

We, of that time, are no longer the same.



I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I
loved her.

My voice tried to find the wind to touch her
hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was
before my kisses.

Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.



I no longer love
her, that's certain, but
maybe I love her.

Love is so short,
forgetting is so long.

Because through
nights like this one I
held her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied
that it has lost her.

Though this be the last
pain that she makes me
suffer
and these the last
verses that I write for
her.



