

# If You Forget Me

by Pablo Neruda

I want you to know  
one thing.

You know how this is:  
if I view  
the crystal moon, by the red branch  
of the lingering autumn in my window,  
if I touch  
beside the fire  
the impalpable ash  
or the wrinkled body of the firewood,  
everything brings me to you,  
as if everything that exists,  
aromas, light, metals,  
turns into little ships that navigate  
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

Well now,  
if little by little you stop loving me  
I will stop loving you little by little.

If suddenly  
you forget me  
do not look for me,  
for I will have already forgotten you.

If you consider it long and mad  
the wind of banners  
that passes through my life

and you decide  
to leave me at the shore  
of the heart where I have roots,  
know  
that on that day,  
at that hour  
I will pick up these arms  
and my roots will pull out  
to seek another land.

But  
if each day,  
each hour  
you feel that you are destined for me  
with implacable sweetness.  
If each day there climbs  
a flower to your lips to seek me,  
oh my love, oh my one,  
in me all that fire is repeated,  
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,  
my love is fed by your love, beloved,  
and as long as you live it will be in your arms  
without leaving mine.

*Translated by Alex Sawit*  
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