

# Poem XX

by Pablo Neruda

I can write the saddest lines this night.

Write, for example: "The night is starry,  
and they shiver, blue things, the stars, in the distance."

The night wind circles in the sky and sings.

I can write the saddest lines this night.  
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

On nights like this I held her in my arms.  
I kissed her so many times under the infinite sky.

She loved me, and sometimes I loved her too.  
How could I not have loved her vast unwavering eyes.

I can write the saddest lines this night.  
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.

To hear the immense night, more immense without her.  
And the line of poetry falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.

What does it matter if I know that my love could not keep her.  
The night is starry and she is not with me.

That is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the distance.  
My soul is not content with having lost her.

My gaze looks for her as if to bring me close to her.  
My heart searches for her, and she is not with me.

The same night that whitens the same trees.  
We, from back then, we are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that is certain, but how I loved her.  
My voice used to look for the wind to touch her ear.

To another. She will belong to another. Like she did to my kisses before.  
Her voice, her vivid body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that is certain, but maybe I love her.  
Love is so short, and letting go is so long.

Because on nights like this I held her in my arms,  
my soul is not content with having lost her.

Though this is the last pain that she causes me,  
and these the last lines for her that I write.

*Translated by Alex Sawit*  
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