

I'm not robot  reCAPTCHA

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Though you may hear me holler,  
And you may see me cry—  
I'll be dogged, sweet baby,  
If you gonna see me die.

—  
LIFE IS FINE  
Langston Hughes

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## **The Question**

Love, a question  
has destroyed you.

I have come back to you  
from thorny uncertainty.

I want you straight as  
the sword or the road.

But you insist

on keeping a nook  
of shadow that I do not want.

My love,  
understand me,  
I love all of you,  
from eyes to feet, to toenails,  
inside,  
all the brightness, which you kept.

It is I, my love,  
who knocks at your door.  
It is not the ghost, it is not  
the one who once stopped  
at your window.  
I knock down the door:  
I enter your life:  
I come to live in your soul:  
you cannot cope with me.

You must open door to door,  
you must obey me,  
you must open your eyes  
so that I may search in them,  
you must see how I walk  
with heavy steps  
along all the roads  
that, blind, were waiting for me.

Do not fear,

I am yours,  
but  
I am not the passenger or the beggar,  
I am your master,  
the one you were waiting for,  
and now I enter

*Pablo Neruda*

## Absence

I have scarcely left you  
When you go in me, crystalline,  
Or trembling,  
Or uneasy, wounded by me  
Or overwhelmed with love, as  
when your eyes  
Close upon the gift of life  
That without cease I give you.

My love,

We have found each other  
Thirsty and we have  
Drunk up all the water and the  
Blood,  
We found each other  
Hungry  
And we bit each other  
As fire bites,  
Leaving wounds in us.

But wait for me,  
Keep for me your sweetness.  
I will give you too  
A rose.

*Pablo Neruda*



