

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 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 fragrance,  
risen darkly 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 and I fall asleep.

-Pablo Neruda