**“If You Forget Me,” Pablo Neruda**

I want you to know
one thing.
You know how this is:
if I look
at the crystal moon, at the red branch
of the slow autumn at my window,
if I touch
near the fire
the impalpable ash
or the wrinkled body of the log,
everything carries me to you,
as if everything that exists,
aromas, light, metals,
were little boats
that sail
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.
Well, now,
if little by little you stop loving me
I shall stop loving you little by little.
If suddenly
you forget me
do not look for me,
for I shall already have forgotten you.
If you think 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,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off
to seek another land.
But
if each day,
each hour,
you feel that you are destined for me
with implacable sweetness,
if each day a flower
climbs up to your lips to seek me,
ah my love, ah my own,
in me all that fire is repeated,
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
my love feeds on your love, beloved,
and as long as you live it will be in your arms
without leaving mine.

**SONNET 18**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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| Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? | Shall I compare you to a summer's day? |
| Thou art more lovely and more temperate: | You are more lovely and more constant: |
| Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, | Rough winds shake the beloved buds of May |
| And summer's lease hath all too short a date: | And summer is far too short: |
| Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, | At times the sun is too hot, |
| And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; | Or often goes behind the clouds; |
| And every fair from fair sometime declines, | And everything beautiful sometime will lose its beauty, |
| By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd; | By misfortune or by nature's planned out course. |
| But thy eternal summer shall not fade | But your youth shall not fade, |
| Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; | Nor will you lose the beauty that you possess; |
| Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade, | Nor will death claim you for his own, |
| When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st; | Because in my eternal verse you will live forever. |
| So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, | So long as there are people on this earth, |
| So long lives this and this gives life to thee. | So long will this poem live on, making you immortal. |

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| Shall I compare you to a summer's day? |
| You are more lovely and more constant: |
| Rough winds shake the beloved buds of May |
| And summer is far too short: |
| At times the sun is too hot, |
| Or often goes behind the clouds; |
| And everything beautiful sometime will lose its beauty, |
| By misfortune or by nature's planned out course. |
| But your youth shall not fade, |
| Nor will you lose the beauty that you possess; |
| Nor will death claim you for his own, |
| Because in my eternal verse you will live forever. |
| So long as there are people on this earth,So long will this poem live on, making you immortal. |

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| Mixed-up-line-by-line Translation – Sonnet XVIIIYou are more lovely and more constant:By misfortune or by nature's planned out course. |

Rough winds shake the beloved buds of May

At times the sun is too hot,

But your youth shall not fade,

Nor will you lose the beauty that you possess;

So long as there are people on this earth,

Or often goes behind the clouds;

Nor will death claim you for his own,

And summer is far too short:

Because in my eternal verse you will live forever.

So long will this poem live on, making you immortal.

Shall I compare you to a summer's day?

And everything beautiful sometime will lose its beauty,