



Now if you'd leave me in peace.  
Now if you'd get on without me.

I am going to close my eyes

And I only want five things,  
five favorite roots.

One is love without end.

Second is to see autumn.  
I cannot be without leaves  
flying and returning to earth.

Third is grave winter,  
the rain I loved, the caress  
of a fire in a wilderness of cold.

In fourth place is summer  
round like a watermelon.

The fifth thing is your eyes,  
Matilde, my love, my beloved,

I would not sleep without your eyes,  
I don't want to be without your seeing me:  
I'd trade springtime  
for your gaze still upon me.



What a beautiful thing not to be.  
Please go on and be a person.