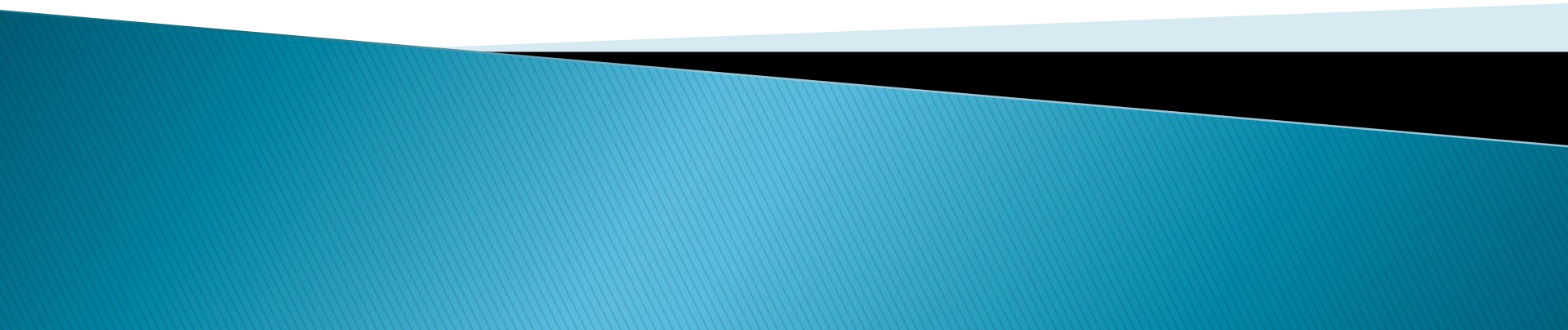


# Pablo Neruda

A MINI-BIOGRAPHY



# Pablo Neruda--Life



- ▶ Born: 1904 in Chile
- ▶ Real Name: Neftali Ricardo Reyes Basoalto
- ▶ Served as a senator and an ambassador for Chile
- ▶ Won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971
- ▶ Died: 1973

# Pablo Neruda—Selected Works

## ▶ Books

- *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*
- *One Hundred Love Sonnets*

## ▶ Poems

- “If You Forget Me”
- “So That You Will Hear Me”

## ▶ Play

- *Splendor and Death of Joaquin Murieta*

# “I Do Not Love You Except Because I Love You” by Pablo Neruda

I do not love you except because I love you;  
I go from loving to not loving you,  
From waiting to not waiting for you  
My heart moves from cold to fire.

I love you only because it's you the one I love;  
I hate you deeply, and hating you  
Bend to you, and the measure of my changing love for you  
Is that I do not see you but love you blindly.

Maybe January light will consume  
My heart with its cruel  
Ray, stealing my key to true calm.

In this part of the story I am the one who  
Dies, the only one, and I will die of love because I love you,  
Because I love you, Love, in fire and blood.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, "The night is shattered  
and the blue stars shiver in the distance,"

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

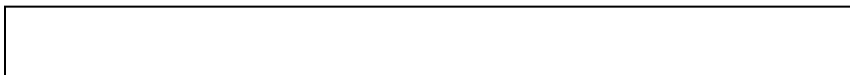
Tonight I can write the saddest lines.  
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I hold her in my arms.  
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.  
How could one not have loved her great still eyes.

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

To hear the immense night, still more immense without her.  
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.



What does it matter that my love could not keep her.  
The night is shattered and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the  
distance.

My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight searches for her as though to go to her.  
My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.

The same night whitening the same trees.  
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.  
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. Like my kisses before.  
Her voice. Her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.  
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms  
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain that she makes me suffer  
and these the last verses that I write for her.

**"Tonight I Can Write the Saddest Lines"**  
by Pablo Neruda