

Poetry - Pablo Neruda

And it was at that time... Poetry came
to find me. Don't know, don't know from where,
it leapt, winter or the river.
Don't know how or when
no, not words, not
voices, not silence,
but I was called from the street,
from the branches of the night,
suddenly, from the others,
in violent flames,
or coming back alone,
I, without a face,
it touched me.

I did not know how to say, my mouth
no names,
my eyes
were blind,
and something began in my soul,
fever or lost wings,
and I made it alone,
deciphering,
that fire,
and I wrote the first, vague line,
vague, without a body, pure
nonsense,

pure knowledge,
of he who knows nothing,
and suddenly saw
the sky
unlock

and open,
planets,
pulsating spaces,
perforated shadows,
riddled
with fires, flowers, flights,
the revolving night, the universe.
And I the smallest thing,
made drunk by the great void,
starred,
in the image, likeness
of mystery,
felt myself pure part
of abyss,
turned with the starlight,
my heart broken loose in the wind

Neruda 1904-1973

Pablo Neruda was born in Parall, Chile. From 1927 to 1945 he was the Chilean consul in Rangoon, in Java, and then in Barcelona. He joined the Communist Party after the Second World War. Between 1970 and 1973 he served in Allende's Chilean Government as ambassador to Paris. He died shortly after the coup that ended the Allende Government.

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