Pablo Neruda (1904-1973)

**If you forget me**

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.