

ode to age

by Pablo Neruda

I don't believe in age.
All old people carry in their eyes,
a child, and children, at times
observe us with the
eyes of wise ancients.
Shall we measure life in meters

or kilometers or months?
How far since you were born?
How long must you wander until
like all men
instead of walking on its surface
we rest below the earth?
To the man, to the woman
who utilized their energies, goodness, strength,
anger, love, tenderness,
to those who truly alive
flowered, and in their sensuality matured,
let us not apply the measure of a time
that may be something else,

a mineral mantle, a solar bird, a flower,
something, maybe, but not a measure.
Time, metal or bird, long
petiolate flower, stretch
through man's life, shower him
with blossoms and with
bright water or with hidden sun.
I proclaim you road, not shroud,
a pristine ladder
with treads of air, a suit lovingly
renewed through springtimes
around the world.

Now, time, I roll you up,
I deposit you in my bait box
and I am off to fish with your long line
the fishes of the dawn!

translated from the Spanish by Margaret Sayers Peden



Love is ageless by H Vali