

# Pablo Neruda

## The Eighth of September

**Today, this day was a brimming cup,  
today, this day was the immense wave,  
today, it was all the earth.**

**Today the stormy sea  
lifted us in a kiss  
so high that we trembled  
in a lightning flash  
and, tied, we went down  
to sink without untwining.**

**Today our bodies became vast,  
they grew to the edge of the world  
and rolled melting  
into a single drop  
of wax or meteor.**

**Between you and me a new door opened  
And someone, still faceless,  
Was waiting for us there.**