D. Dinis

Rubrica
The Provençal poets sing well,
and they say they do it with love,
but poets who do their singing
only in the time of flowers
don't know the pain my heart
endures because of my lady.

I know they know how to praise
the ladies they love in song,
and how ardently they sing!
But those who sing only in spring
know not, may God forgive me,
the pain I'm always feeling.

Those who rejoice and make poems
when the flower is full with color
and, once the season is over,
forget their calling as poets,
don't know the hell I am living,
this love that keeps on killing.

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