

## **Martim Moxa**

Rubrica

This I'd like to know:  
Two men die of love,  
which one suffers more?  
Is it the lover living  
where he'll never see  
his lady, or the neighbor  
who dares not speak?

The first prays that God  
reveal his love, or take  
his life, and swears his pain  
is like no other:  
he can't regard her; his mind  
can't even wander,  
or find new pleasures.

About the man  
who loves his lady,  
but balks at speech:  
he's stuck, having all  
he needs before him  
but courage, language.  
Longing – that's how he dies.

My lot was to bear  
both men's pain  
for I left my lady  
[...]:  
I never dared to speak –  
I mourned our love,  
craved my death,

and then I parted.  
How to rank my sufferings –  
I don't know. But this

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