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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