

## **Martim Moxa**

### Rubrica

In my travels, I have gone  
where loyalty and reason,  
courage and wisdom, amount  
to nothing, and  
where a man gains  
by lavish praise alone -  
here, the talk must be sweet,

even when a lord's sown salt.

Whoever, like me, values  
honesty, and knows right  
from wrong - he'll turn away,  
but won't be spurned like others  
(I won't say who or how).

Elsewhere I've known men

who'd not lie, or lose honor.

In this place I dreamed  
a single theme: I saw  
a hoopoe catch an egret,  
and I saw the hoopoe's crest -  
What does the egret mean?  
and how'd the hoopoe best it?

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