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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