

# Finale

By Pablo Neruda

Translated by William O'Daly

Matilde, years or days  
sleeping, feverish,  
here or there,  
gazing off,  
twisting my spine,  
bleeding true blood,  
perhaps I awaken  
or am lost, sleeping:  
hospital beds, foreign windows,  
white uniforms of the silent walkers,  
the clumsiness of feet.

And then, these journeys  
and my sea of renewal:  
your head on the pillow,  
your hands floating  
in the light, in my light,  
over my earth.

It was beautiful to live  
when you lived!

The world is bluer and of the earth  
at night, when I sleep  
enormous, within your small hands.

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