

# Your Hands

By Pablo Neruda

When your hands go out,  
love, toward mine,  
what do they bring me flying?  
Why did they stop  
at my mouth, suddenly,  
why do I recognize them  
as if them, before,  
I had touched them,  
as if before they existed  
they had passed over  
my forehead, my waist?

Their softness came  
flying over time,  
over the sea, over the smoke,  
over the spring,  
and when you placed  
your hands on my chest,  
I recognized those golden  
dove wings,  
I recognized that clay  
and that color of wheat.

All the years of my life  
I walked around looking for them.  
I went up the stairs,  
I crossed the roads,  
trains carried me,  
waters brought me,  
and in the skin of the grapes  
I thought I touched you.  
The wood suddenly  
brought me your touch,  
the almond announced to me  
your secret softness,  
until your hands  
closed on my chest  
and there like two wings  
they ended their journey.