

When spring came

With the arrival of spring,
Returned, also, from oblivion,
All those dreams, and youthful memories,
Which had died for your lips,
They had died, but were born again.

And all those roses have opened,
Which are infused with the scent of your memory,
Imbrued with the blood of your lovers.

And all those torments have returned too –
Regrets and sufferings of the friends,
The drunkenness induced by the embrace of nymphs,
The pain recalled by the mind;
Your and mine.
And all the queries, the replies too,
With the arrival of spring have opened,
Once again all the accounts anew.

Translated by Sain Sucha