

Love (Luís Vaz de Camões - Camoens)

**Love is a fire that burns without being seen;
It is a wound that hurts yet is not felt;
It is a discontented contentment;
It is a pain that maddens without hurting;**

**It is not wanting more than wanting well;
It is walking alone in a crowd;
It is never being content with being content;
It is believing you win when you lose;**

**It is wanting to be captive by choice;
It is the winner serving those he defeated;
It is having loyalty towards those who kill us.**

**But how can its favour cause
Friendship in human hearts,
If Love is really so contrary to itself?**

Tr. Alison Barbara Burrows