"One Hundred Love Sonnets: XVII" by Pablo Neruda (Translated by Stephen Tapscott)

1. Interpretation

I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;
thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,
risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.
I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;
so I love you because I know no other way
than this: where I does not exist, nor you,
so close that your hand on my chest is my hand,
so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.

1: People can say things are beautiful (can be admired)
Love that can't be seen

2: Love is not superficial
It's what's inside — not what looks like

3: Narrator doesn't think about being
(line breathing)
Knows person "she" is

4: Like sharing the same body
* mature — intense

Pablo b. 1914-1973 Chile

Spanish Civil War / WWII
Communism outlawed — inspired many types of his poetry
Women — minimal rights
Older life — write about wife
1st book published @19

Sonnet: Defined
Poem 14 lines (Verses)
Use any number of formal rhyme schemes

Shakespearean Sonnet
3 Quatrains (4 lines)
1 Couplet (3 lines)
Rhyme Scheme = ABAB CDCD EEFF GG

lang. device — Repetition
Imagery
Symbol
Simile
Hyperbole
Tone / Mood

Tone: passionate
Mood: passionate

Touch
Imagery

* P.N. wrote about wife