

He seems to me equal to gods that man

whoever he is who opposite you

Sits and listens close

To your sweet speaking

And lovely laughing- oh it

Puts the heart in my chest on wings

For when I look at you, even a moment, no speaking

Is left in me

No: tongue breaks and thin

Fire is racing under skin

And in eyes no sight and drumming

Fills ears

And cold sweat holds me and shaking

grips me all, greener than grass

I am and dead – or almost

I seem to me.

But all is to be dare, because even a person of poverty

However meager it may be

Must gamble their remaining strength

And hope to find sustenance

This is all I have to wager

This little bit of courage

Though nothing compared to him

I will risk it all