

<p>Obrajii tăi mi-s dragi Cu ochii lor ca lacul, In care se-oglesc Azurul si copacul.</p> <p>Surâsul tau mi-i drag, Căci e ca piatra-n fund, Spre care-noată albi Pești lungi cu ochi rotund.</p> <p>Și capul tău mi-i drag, Căci e ca malu-n stuf, Unde paianjeni dorm, Pe zori făcute puf.</p> <p>Făptura ta întreagă De chin si bucurie, Nu trebuie sa-mi fie, De ce să-mi fie dragă?</p>	<p>Your cheeks are dear to me With their eyes like the lake, In which its mirrored The azure and the tree.</p> <p>Your smile is dear to me, For it's like a stone in the lake, To which swim White, long, round-eyed fish.</p> <p>And your head is dear to me For it's like a shore in the reed, Where spiders sleep At fluffy dawn.</p> <p>Your whole being Of torment and joy, It doesn't have to be mine, Why should it be dear to me?</p>
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by TUDOR ARGHEZI