



## SONNETS

1

Non havria Ulysse o qualunqu'atro mai  
Più accorto fu, da quel divino aspetto  
Pien di gratie, d'honor et di rispetto  
Sperato qual i' sento affanni e guai.

Pur, *Amour*, co i begli occhi tu fatt'hai  
Tal piaga dentro al mio innocente petto,  
Di cibo et di calor già tuo ricetta,  
Che rimedio non v'è si tu n'el dai.

O sorte dura, che mi fa esser quale  
Punta d'un Scorpio, et domandar riparo  
Contr'el velen' dall'istesso animale.

Chieggo li sol' ancida questa noia,  
Non estingua el desir a me si caro,  
Che mancar non potrà ch'i' non mi muoia.



## SONNETS

### 1 [The Sting]

Not even Ulysses, or someone as wise as he,<sup>37</sup>  
would guess that a face like yours — so full of grace  
and honor and respect — such a divine face —  
could bring suffering like the pain you're causing me.  
Yes, Love, your eyes in all their piercing beauty<sup>38</sup>  
have stabbed my innocent breast in the same place  
once nourished and kept warm in your embrace;  
and still, you are my only remedy.  
Hard destiny makes me act like one who's been  
stung by a scorpion but still hopes to heal,<sup>39</sup>  
taking an antidote of the same poison.  
I am wounded. I ask you only to kill the pain,  
but not to extinguish the burning I crave to feel,  
this desire whose broken life would break my own.<sup>40</sup>

2

O beaus yeus bruns, ô regards destournez,  
O chaus soupirs, ô larmes espendues,  
O noires nuits vainement atendues,  
O jours luisans vainement vainement retournez:

O tristes pleins, ô desirs obstinez,  
O tems perdu, ô peines despendues,  
O mile morts mile rets tendues,  
O pires maus contre moy destinez.

O ris, ô front, cheveux, bras, mains et doigts:  
O lut pleintif, viole, archet et vois:  
Tant de flambeaus pour ardre une femmelle!

De toy me plein, que tant de feus portant,  
En tant d'endroits d'iceus mon cœur tatant,  
N'en est sur toy volé quelque estincelle.

2 [Handsome Brown Eyes]

Ah handsome brown eyes — ah eyes that turn away —  
ah burning sighs; ah tears that stretch so far;  
ah night I wait in vain for, without a star;  
ah luminous and vainly returning day —  
oh sad complaints; oh love's stubborn play;  
oh lost hours; oh wasted pain and war;  
oh thousand deaths, each in a tightened snare;  
oh sullen evils that design against my way.  
Ah laugh, ah forehead, hair, arm, hand, and finger,<sup>41</sup>  
ah plaintive lute, viola, bow, and singer —<sup>42</sup>  
so many flames to engulf one single woman!  
I despair of you; you carry so many fires  
to touch my secret places and desires,  
but not one spark flies back, to make you human.

3

O longs desirs, ô esperances vaines,  
Tristes soupirs et larmes coutumieres  
A engendrer de moy maintes rivieres,  
Dont mes deus yeus sont sources et fontaines:

O cruautéz, ô durtez inhumaines,  
Piteus regards des celestes lumieres:  
Du coeur transi ô passions premieres,  
Estimez vous croitre encore mes peines?

Qu'encor Amour su moy son arc essaie,  
Que nouveaux feus me gette et nouveaux dars:  
Qu'il se despote, et pis qu'il pourra face:

Car je suis tant navree en toutes pars,  
Que plus en moy une nouvelle plaie,  
Pour m'empirer, ne pourrait trouver place.