

you, who know

You, who know that thing is love,
Women, do you see, if I love her in my heart.
Women, do you see, if I love it in my heart.
That, what I try, ~~there laughter~~ to your laughter,
is for me new, & understand. — I know,
I feel an affection, full of desire.
What now is delight, what now is pain.

Frost, and then I feel the — — —,
and in a moment I return to freezing.

Demanding the good better part of me,
I do not know who — it;

I don't know what it is.

I sigh and groan without willing;
I throb and tumble without knowing
I do not find peace night nor day
however still my pleasure languishes so.