

A poem for Irving Pearl on the occasion of his 88th Birthday
by Pablo Neruda with edits by Bill Pearl

"Your Laughter"



Laugh at the night,
at the day, at the moon,
laugh at the twisted
streets of the island,
laugh at this clumsy
son who loves you,
but when I open
my eyes and close them,
when my steps go,
when my steps return,
whatever comes
deny me bread, air,
light, spring,
but never your laughter.

