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## Secret

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*Secret*

Poetry is ineffable.  
Leave it twisted in its corner.  
Don't love.

I hear there's shooting  
within our range.  
Is it the revolution? Love?  
Say nothing.

Everything is possible; I'm not.  
The sea overflows with fish.  
There are men who walk on the sea  
as though they were walking on the street.  
Don't tell it.

Suppose an angel of fire  
swept the face of the earth  
and the sacrificed  
were begging for mercy.  
Don't beg.

*Carlos Drummond de Andrade*

*Translated by Stan Rose*