

## I LOVE YOU

I love you  
for the silk pleat bending in the dusk of your smile  
when the sun drops off

I love you as well  
for the silence that your lips draw  
when your Voice hurtles into sobs

I love you moreover besides  
for the uncertain drifting around that your fingers freeze  
in the night of my sorrows

I love you in the end  
for your adolescence's bouquet of mint  
in my memory

I love you  
you know  
for nothing  
or maybe  
for everything.

Pepa Úbeda  
Self-translation from Catalan