## Too Many Names, by Pablo Neruda

Monday is tangled up with Tuesday and the week with the year: time canâ $€^{T M} t$ be cut with your tired scissors, and all the names of the day are rubbed out by the waters of the night.

No one can be named Pedro no one is Rosa or Maria, all of us are dust or sand, all of us are rain in the rain. They have talked to me of Venezuelas, of Paraguays and Chiles, I donâ $€^{\text {TM }}$ t know what theyâ $€^{\text {TM }}$ re talking about:
 and I know it doesnâ $€^{T M t}$ have a name.

When I lived with the roots I liked them more than the flowers, and when I talked with a stone it rang like a bell.

The spring is so long that it lasts all winter: time lost its shoes: a year contains four centuries.

When I sleep all these nights, what am I named or not named? And when I wake up who am I If I wasnâ $\epsilon^{\text {TMt }}$ I when I slept?

This means that we have barely disembarked into life, that weấ ${ }^{T M}$ ve only now just been born, letâ $€^{T M}$ s not fill our mouths with so many uncertain names, with so many sad labels, with so many pompous letters, with so much yours and mine, with so much signing of papers.

I intend to confuse things, to unite them, make them new-born, intermingle them, undress them, until the light of the world
has the unity of the ocean,
a generous wholeness,
a fragrance alive and crackling.

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