What good is it
that your gaze pierces deep into things?
Your heart, your heart is asleep.
And when he came
and you gazed clearly
at him, as at a sun -
what good did it do?
You have to burn three times, like me,
in Hell in the fire of love -
burn long and slowly;
you have to be purified three times
in Hell, like me;
you have to love unwisely, without pride,
love unto death;
then, when you recognize death in love,
then write love-poems!

(Translation by Barnett Zumoff.)