



E-Philology and Twitterature

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Abstract

This paper presents an original use of Twitter to interpret and rewrite the poems of Francesco Petrarca's *Rerum vulgarium fragmenta* (*Rvf*) implemented within the Oregon Petrarch Open Book (OPOB). This activity was partially inspired by the idea of Twitterature developed by Alexander Aciman and Emmett Rensin; we believe with them that our digital time should develop new and more functional ways of addressing literary texts but at the same time we are convinced that the "burdensome duty of hours spent reading" cannot be eliminated. On the contrary, the new ways of reading in the digital era as we envisage them are the result and consequence of broader and deeper reading activities. We conceived the project of writing 366 tweets, out of the 366 poems that make the last form of Petrarca's *Rvf*, as the result of different philological activities, from reading the texts in the original language to consulting manuscripts, translations, and intersemiotic renderings of the texts. Before writing the 140 characters that make one tweet we also elaborated paraphrases, summaries, and keywords related to the individual poems. Students created the first version of the tweets during a 2011 University of Oregon seminar on Re-reading Petrarca's *Rvf* in the Digital Era. The second version was elaborated in the context of a seminar on the same topic during winter 2014. This paper presents the two versions of the Twitter Edition of Petrarca's *Rvf* now available in the OPOB and focuses on the philology connected to the latest edition that provided an English translation of the original tweets written in Italian. The actual in Italian and English 366 tweets are published in the Appendix to the article.

Introduction

When Alexander Aciman and Emmett Rensin, then 19-year-old freshmen at the University of Chicago, first published *Twitterature* they announced a revolution in the literacy of our time by drawing an ambitious parallelism with the condition of the Holy Scripture at the time of Martin Luther. We are the Martin Luther of our time, they write, because – as Luther understood that the classic Vulgate no longer spoke to the souls of his contemporaries and translated it into the vernacular of his time, – we realize that literature cannot be proposed to the modern-day readers in the same form it has been for centuries and needs to be translated in the language and format of our time. Their book *Twitterature* published by Penguin in 2009 retells some of the world's greatest books through Twitter, reducing all of classic literature into a slim format of 140 characters or

less; a tweet is not simple plot summary but a sort of rewriting of certain episodes that are summarized with an ironic at times sarcastic tone. They claim that the social networking tool with its limit of 140 characters a post (including spaces) “has refined to its purest form the instant-publishing, short-attention-span, all-digital-all-the-time, self important age of info-deluge” (xv). However, from our point of view the translation process from the literature of the past into the agile twitter format as envisaged by Aciman and Rensin appears to be too fast and lacking the necessary philological attention that should not disappear in our digital era if we still want to find nourishment in the classics of all times.

In *Twitterature*, they summarize the plot of famous works, such as Harper Lee’s *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Dante’s *Inferno*, J.D. Salinger’s *Catcher in the Rye*, and Jack Kerouac’s *On the Road*, among others, by recreating them in approximately twenty tweets. Here are a few examples of tweets from Dante’s *Inferno*:

I'm having a midlife crisis. Lost in the woods. Should have brought my iPhone.

(...)

SATAN HAS THREE HEADS, AND THEY ARE TOTALLY EATING DUDES.

The best solution is to climb his big frozen ass. I'm still gonna die. *sighs* :(

MADE IT. SEE YOU NERDS LATER!

Beatrice shall soon make up for a lifetime of my desperate, torrid moods.

Gonna make loooovveeeeeee 2 ya girrrrrllll. DANTE OUT.

I have to climb a mountain now? You got to be kidding me. Is this a joke? Who the hell came up with this story? VIIIIRRRGGGILLLLLLLLLLLLLL! (Aciman-Rensin 38-39)

In these tweets the engagement with the literary text is minimal, mostly at the plot level that is then altered to introduce side comments in the colloquial slang of contemporary youth that eventually follows the typographic features of a smart phone text message. The contrast between the original text that Aciman and Rensin probably had to read at least in the Cliffs Notes version provokes no more than some laughs and entertainment in the presumably acculturated reader. In this process, Dante’s *Inferno* is definitely forgotten and supplanted by a new form of literary *divertissement* that does not believe in the power of the classic literature to cultivate contemporary readers. Even though their operation is performed in the name of the reader what really counts in Aciman’s and Rensin’s tweets is their re-writing that ends up erasing the original text.

On the other hand, the book by Aciman and Rensin had the merit of drawing attention of the Internet users of all kinds to some of the possibilities opened up by Twitter for literary studies. It started a phenomenon that has pedagogic and aesthetic potential even in the academic world. The book came out when the curators of the Oregon Petrarch Open Book (OPOB) were debating the pedagogical usefulness of introducing in the hypertext we are constructing around Petrarca's *Rvf* an educational apparatus that would facilitate the reading of the original poems written by Petrarca in the Italian of the fourteenth century. Our plan was to introduce paraphrases, summaries and key words for each poem. In our vision the writing of such apparatuses had to follow a philological strategy that would have students and contributors to the site read the text in the original and eventually in translation, and then produce in sequence the paraphrase, the summary, and the key words. In this perspective it became natural to add to the list of our apparatuses a Twitter edition of Petrarca's *Rvf*. The idea of translating Petrarca's *Rvf* into Twitterature was developed and implemented for the first time during a seminar on Re-reading Petrarca's *Rvf* in the Digital Era taught at the University of Oregon in winter 2011. This class created the first Twitter Edition of Petrarca's *Rvf* in Italian and focused mostly on the Italian text; students of another seminar on the same topic taught three years later re-elaborated the original tweets written in Italian and provided an English translation of them. Both versions are now available in the OPOB.

1. Tweet philology, hermeneutics, pedagogy and beyond

The most important challenge that the 2011 seminar had to face was the production of pedagogical apparatuses that would facilitate the comprehension of *Rvf* and the creation of the tweets that in our vision had to have primarily a hermeneutic function. The six undergraduate and the four graduate students that made this seminar were motivated to perform this important task for three important reasons. First, as advanced students of Italian, they felt that by creating paraphrases, summaries, key words and tweets for each poem they were improving immensely their knowledge of the language; second, they sought to progressively develop a comprehensive grasp of the individual poems and of the collection as a whole; finally, by actively engaging with the *Rvf*, they intended to incarnate the figure of the *wreader* popularized by George Landow, becoming active readers and contributors to the creation of the hypertext around Petrarca *Rvf*. (Landow *Hypertext* 4-5; *Hyper/text/theory* 14). The instructor provided the general introduction to the *Rvf* and presented in each class a narrative account of the sequence of poems assigned.¹ He divided the class in three groups and coordinated their works performed both in and outside the class; his assistant, Cinzia Capon, helped the students write the paraphrases and provided an edited version of them for each poem.²

¹ As a biographical introduction to Petrarca students read a selection of the *Rerum familiarium libri* (*Letters on Familiar Matters*); and as philosophical introduction to the *Rvf*, students read Petrarca's *De sui ipsius et multorum ignorantia* (*On his own ignorance*). For the general pedagogical concerns of the course see Lollini's article on "Petrarch and the Ethics of Writing and Reading."

² The instructor could afford having a teaching assistant thanks to a 2010 NEH Digital Humanities Award.

The students had to read all the poems but concentrated their weekly work as *wreaders* on the poems assigned to their group. After reading the original text and the paraphrases the different groups had to provide the summaries, keywords and tweets for the poems assigned. It was clear from the start that the sequence of philological and writing activities represented an exceptional tool for reading and comprehending the text. One could argue that this way of “reading” somehow regenerated a reading practice that originated in the early Middle Ages when people started to read in order to write, and to write in order to be read, as it happened in the *compilatio*, the method of composition of scholasticism. As for the early medieval readers described by Cavallo and Chartier for us reading was not exclusively aimed at a simple comprehension of the literal meaning (*littera*) of writing. This first stage consisted of a movement from the original text to the paraphrase. This initial comprehension was followed by the composition of the summary of the general meaning (*sensus*) of the poem. Finally, the individuation of the keywords and the writing of the tweet allowed the students to arrive at a proposition that more nearly captures the profundity of the poem (*sententia*) (Cavallo and Chartier 18).

Each group shared the work done in class so that all the students were learning from each other and participating in a collective endeavor. We discussed at the beginning of the seminar the general tone of the tweets. After a few experiments of various kinds we decided to use in our tweets the first person, to favor an emphatic engagement with the meaning that the author had presumably in mind and to avoid ironic and sarcastic rendering of his voice. In other words, we used the tweet as a creative interpretive tool, something different from the summary and the collection of keywords; ultimately, in our view the tweet had to extrapolate the quintessential element of each poem allowing an immediate and insightful grasp of it. At the end of the course during one memorable session in the Yamada Language Center at the University of Oregon the students alternately read all the 366 tweets edited by the instructor. It was impressive to witness the lively and active reading of the long sequence of tweets that translated one of the masterpieces of Western literature in a format and a language attuned to our contemporary ears. In the general discussion that followed the reading, most students appreciated the sense of continuity from one tweet to the other and the comprehensiveness of our interpretative reading that allowed a complete review of the entire *Rvf* in just three hours. The consecutive reading of all the 366 tweets gave them a sense of the entire *Rvf* better than the one possible through an anthology of poems selected by the instructor.

Elena Cull, a graduate student in the course and a writer herself embraced with passion her role of wreader and the interactive learning that the class prompted. She was particularly enthusiastic about her first tweet from poem 1 of the *Rvf*. When she first read the poem, “Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse il suono/di quei sospiri ond'io nudriva 'l core...” she was deeply touched; she felt that a door was opening and that she was about to meet a real human being with his dreams, hopes and sorrows. This first meeting with the poet induced Elena to conceive the tweet to give expression to his voice and to update his language so that contemporary ears could still hear his message:

*Ehi! Voi ricordate com'era essere giovani e innamorati? Abbiate pietà di me!
Ora mi vergogno e capisco che il mondo è transitorio.*

In the final discussion of the class she emphasized the benefits of rewriting the text in different formats, the discipline of the mind necessary to learn a language while interacting with a great work of literature. Other members of the seminar, Antonio Schiavulli and Michael Lukomski, noted this point as well, underlining the importance of removing the separation between the pedagogical-linguistic elements and the literary dimension of the course. The language, in this way, they added, had not been an ancillary foundation of the literary work: from the start and for the entire duration of the course both the linguistic and literary dimensions interacted in an interdependent relationship, based on a mechanism of understanding and creating, reading and (re) writing. Schiavulli was particularly fond of the creative dimension of the new text, the tweet, as different from the original text in form and content. His tweet from poem 1 was slightly different from Elena's:

*La giovanile ingenuità con cui ho affrontato l'amore ha prodotto questi versi.
Ora, da uomo maturo, comprendo il valore profondo delle cose.*

Gail Gould, a graduate student in the class, further elaborated these ideas by stating that the sequence of philological activities required to read a poem allowed entering the linguistic process at the origin of the poem itself, revealing some of its deep and hidden strata. In the final discussion of the class she presented on the difficulties and rewards of writing a tweet out of a very long poem of 157 verses such as Canzone 360. In this song the poet summons the sweet and cruel Love in front of the court of Reason. Petrarca presents himself as an innocent victim, persecuted for a long time by the love passion, and describes his unhappy life under this merciless master. He accuses Love of having turned him away from God because of a woman, and considers it responsible for his suffering. Love responds by reversing the charges. Petrarca is guilty of failing to take a great opportunity that had been given to him: to imitate the perfection of Laura and rise to heaven with his poetry. At the moment of the verdict the personified Reason takes time: the issue is too complicated, and cannot be easily resolved. Certainly, such a paraphrastic summary of the poem does not do justice to the rhythm and many beautiful poetic nuances of Petrarca's marvellous poem. However, the tweet that Gail helped to write captures the poetic truth, the *sententia* that is at the core of the poem:

Nel processo contro Amore, io ero il testimone di tante sofferenze. Amore si è difeso e la Ragione non ha saputo giudicare.

Nicolò Potesio, an undergraduate student majoring in science, took the course on Petrarca's *Rvf* because he wanted to experience at least one literature course during his college years. In his comments on the class he wrote that composing a tweet was for him fundamental in approaching the world of poetry, which for him was an unknown territory up to that point. He perceived a greater understanding of the poems for which he wrote a summary and a tweet. He admitted consulting not only the original text and paraphrases but also translations before writing the summary and the actual tweet. His choice of

which aspect of the poem to include in the tweet was related in many cases to the structure of the sonnet that is divided in a “fronte” in which the poet introduces the theme of the poem, and in a “sirma” where the poet draws his conclusion or final reflection on the proposed theme. Quite often the clue for the tweet was located precisely in the sirma as Nicolò wanted to achieve an emphatic interpretation, writing in the first person and giving voice directly to the poet.

He found particularly useful the tweet he wrote for poem 19 where the poet compares himself to a moth drawn to the fire that burns. For Petrarca it is impossible to escape the love for Laura in spite of its having a negative effect. Like the moths the poet cannot withdraw; he is bound to be drawn to his flame forever, even when it burns. Compared to the original poem much is absent in the summary and in the tweet. Nicolò decided to omit the discussion in the first quatrain of the different types of animals, focusing on the butterfly for the well-known tendency of these insects to be attracted to the light; he also omitted any part of the first tercet because it was redundant. He included in the tweet the problem (the fire is attractive, but it burns) and resolution announced in the final tercet of the sirma (it is his destiny to be burned). This tweet is therefore Nicolò’s interpretation of the proposition and of the tone presented by the poet in this poem:

Sono una farfalla attratta dalla sua fiamma, incapace di allontanarmi anche quando mi brucia. È mio destino andare dietro a ciò che mi arde.

Robert Belmonte an undergraduate student of Renaissance literature wrote that in the classes he took in the past while studying the texts of the Italian Renaissance he felt disconnected from the poetic work. For him to go through the same creative process as the author has done to write his poems helps students to develop their literary skills as a whole. One of his favorite tweets is the one from the poem 358 where the poet associates the death of Laura to that of Christ. Petrarca is now waiting for death and invokes its arrival because his life has already ended with the death of Laura.

Morte, la tua venuta è dolce, devo superare questa tristezza e l'unica cura sei tu.

The tweet helped Robert not only to understand the poem but also to contextualize it in relation to the others in the sequence and grasp the crucial importance of the death theme for the second part of the *Rvf*.

Emily Anger derived the shortest tweet from poem 138, an invective against the Pope of Avignon, a city deemed by the poet to be false and evil in opposition to virtuous Rome. The church for Petrarca has become a brazen harlot who rebels against Christ and the Apostles. The tweet gives a very succinct and clear idea of the invective:

Ah! Inferno babilonese!

The class discussion elaborated and enriched the tweet that now reads like this in the OPOB web site:

O inferno Babilonese! La sede papale è una meretrice sfacciata che genera il male. Perché Costantino non torna a revocare la sua donazione?

For Cameron Butler it was very important to read Petrarch *Letters* and his philosophical work *On his ignorance* to understand the poems of the *Rvf*. Moreover, the philological activity performed in the class helped him to appreciate the great value of Petrarca's poetry and above all what Cameron considers his unsurpassed ability to express emotions. To learn how to understand and select the data necessary to write a tweet was one of the most satisfactory parts of the course for Cameron; he learned to distinguish between the most important rhetorical elements of poetry and prose, and synthesize them into one unified idea. His favorite tweet was based on poem 313 where the poet laments the death of Laura and cries. He states that she took his heart and brought it with her in heaven. Finally, the poet adds that he would like to be dead, to be near her. Cameron's tweet captures in three brief sentences the core idea of the poem:

La morte di Laura mi fa piangere. Ha portato con sé il mio cuore e la mia anima. Vorrei essere morto.

Butler was very proud of the work done in this course. In the final reflection on the class he wrote that the rewriting of Petrarca's poems in tweet format makes it possible for them to continue living, evolving and remaining relevant to modern and classical poetry. Cameron is convinced that the kind of work done in class and now available in the OPOB helps the reader not only to understand poetry in the *Rvf*, but also to acquire an insightful method to approach poetry in general, the poetry of the world.

Andrea DeKonig, in her comments wrote that reading the 366 tweets helped her to understand that there is a dramatic force in the *Rvf* showing a journey of discovery and transformation through the love for Laura. Petrarca's daily feelings and desires are very relevant and the long sequence of tweets help to provide a continuous and unique perception of Petrarca's masterpiece. Andrea's favorite tweet responds to poem 133, in which Petrarca feels dominated by the passion of love from which he can not escape. Love dazzles him and destroys his life that flees away before Laura's angelic song and breath:

Non ho alcuna difesa contro le armi di Laura che conquista la mia vita. Io sono un bersaglio per amore e ho bisogno di misericordia.

Andrea's tweet has been slightly modified in the actual version in the OPOB, which includes direct quotes from the original in the attempt at capturing Petrarca's poetic style:

Amore mi ha trasformato in un bersaglio, come neve al sole, come cera al fuoco. La mia vita fugge senza scampo alla tua dolce aura.

Finally, Brandy Freeman's favorite tweet took inspiration from poem 15. This was the first poem by Petrarca that really struck her. The poet is traveling away from his beloved and reflects on the impossibility of the physical body to live separated from the spirit

represented by Laura, who has remained in her hometown. Love reminds the poet that lovers are exempt from physical rules that usually govern human beings and so the body and spirit can exist in separate states. The resulting suffering is described very vividly and dramatically by Petrarca, who feels he is leaving behind a piece of his soul. Here is Brandy's rendering of the poet's drama:

Mi domando come sia possibile sopravvivere senza lo spirito che mi anima, ma è un dolore che ogni uomo innamorato deve provare.

In the final discussion and in their written comments all the students in the class were convinced that the reading of the tweet cannot substitute for a reading of the actual poem; they would recommend the reader of the OPOB to read the tweet after having read the poem itself. Conversely, the reading of the tweet should trigger an engagement with the original text. Also, they suggest that occasional readers of poetry use the tweets as a reference tool to acquire a basic knowledge of the *Rvf*. Nevertheless, the instructor's basic criterion for editing the tweets created in this course suggests a greater role for the tweet, beyond its use as a hermeneutic and reference tool. This criterion is illustrated by the above-mentioned tweet from poem 133: including direct or indirect quotes from the original in the attempt at capturing Petrarca's poetic style. In this perspective the tweet incorporates a poetic flavor in what otherwise would remain a pure prose rendering of Petrarca's *Rvf*.

The work done by the class is propedeutic for and interconnected with a complex and articulated reading of Petrarca's masterpiece in hypertext format, which is now possible to perform through the [Compare poems and assets](#) tool included in the OPOB. The readers and students of Petrarca's *Rvf* may now retrieve the philological experience of the class, opening in different coordinated small windows on the same web page, the original text, the paraphrase, the summary and the tweet of each poem. Moreover, as we will see in the next section they may add to this basic apparatuses other important tools, which may promote an informed digital reading of Petrarca *Rvf*, like the access to original manuscripts, translations in different modern languages and a visual rendering of the poems. In other words, the OPOB hypertext reproduces the reading wheel that was already known to the Medieval and Renaissance humanist (Cavallo and Chartier "Introduction" 29; Lollini, "Circles or the Reader in the Network"). In this wheel the tweet becomes just a component that acquires sense and value in relation to the others.

2. Translation, philology and interpretation

In the 2011 seminar on Re-reading Petrarca *Rvf* in the Digital Era, students created tweets in Italian for each of the 366 poems. To continue their work in the 2014 seminar on the same topic taught this time in English, a new group of students, Rebecca Rosenberg, Michele Agresta, and Beau Battista, took these tweets and translated them into English as their final project. The initial plan was to follow the class with the progress made in reading the *Rvf*. Each of the three groups in the class had to read 20 poems each week, for an overall total of 60 each week. The Twitter group was supposed to publish 60 poems on Twitter each week by utilizing the tweet publisher Twuffer. This publishing software

would have allowed the members to create a publication schedule for the tweets based on desired time and date. The translation took the entire 10 weeks of the course. As they remained behind at the beginning of the course, Rosenberg decided to publish each tweet by hand on Twitter, not following a regular numbers of tweets per week. The process of translation was very difficult due to the strict limitation of the 140 characters and involved methodological discussion, analysis and revision of the original tweets as well. On the other hand, the difficulties triggered an exciting creative writing process.

For the publication of the tweets, Rosenberg, Agresta, and Battista took the original Italian tweets and translated them into English. Because the translation sometimes took more characters than the limit allowed, they had to cut some of the information originally provided. If the original Italian tweet was not sufficiently clear and efficient in conveying the meaning of the poems, they referred to the resources available in the OPOB. In other words, in the process of translation they continued and enriched the philological work performed by the previous class. We were encouraged to perform these modifications of the original texts by the history of translation. With the exception of the Bible and other sacred texts, translations from one language into another, especially translation into the vernacular, for centuries until the end of nineteenth century in Europe assumed the possibility and right for the translator to alter the original text. Commentaries, glosses, and translations modified the perception of the original texts in Renaissance manuscripts (Zali 68-69). Translation is a rewriting of an original text. Inevitably all rewritings, whatever their intention, reflect a certain ideology and a poetics; they “manipulate” the original texts to function in a given society in a given way (Lefevere xi). Modifications of the original texts in their translations included adding or cutting parts of the original. Language learning represents the site at which the West has traditionally allowed liberties to be taken with translations of Latin and Greek texts. The classical example in this respect goes back to Cicero, who, speaking of translation, addresses the big theoretical problem: should the translation be faithful to the words of the text (literal translation) or the thought contained in the text (free translation or literary)? In the translation of the speeches of Demosthenes and Aeschines Cicero, did not behave as a simple translator, but as a writer, respecting the propositions, thoughts, and figures of the original. He used the words suited to the Latin habits, while not changing the essential meaning and value of the text. The following statement from Cicero’s *De Oratore* (55BC) about his translation from Greek to Latin may apply to our experience in translating the Italian poems and relative tweets into English:

I decided to take speeches written in Greek by great orators and to translate them freely, and I obtained the following results: by giving a Latin form to the text I had read I could not only make use of the best expressions in common usage with us, but I could also coin new expressions, analogous to those used in Greek, and they were no less well received by our people as long as they seemed appropriate (Cicero *De oratore*, qtd. in Lefevere 4 and 47).

Thanks to the work of the previous class in 2014 the OPOB allowed the next set of readers to view simultaneously the original Italian text of the poem, the modern Italian editions, as well as translations in English, paraphrases, summaries, or commentaries. In

this way, the members of the group were able to determine what, from their point of view, was missing in a good number of the Italian tweets. Therefore, they could essentially rewrite them while translating. Finally, as we document in another article of this journal, besides translating the tweets, the 2014 class was encoding a limited number of Petrarca's poems and exposed to the visual interpretation of the poems of the entire collection contained in the 1470 first printed publication of the *Canzoniere*, Inc. Queriniano G V 15 (Lollini-Spagnolo).

On several occasions, the English translation of the Italian tweet was confusing or not very informative. For example, the Italian tweet for Poem 51 states,

C'è mancato poco che, all'avvicinarsi di Laura, non sia rimasto di sasso.

Literally translated, this reads,

By a narrow escape, at Laura's nearing, I was not turned to stone.

Rosenberg felt that this tweet did not provide enough information and that surely there was more to the poem. It was also rather difficult to translate the Italian to English without some form of context. She referred to the original poem, the paraphrased version, the English translation and the summary and found that the original tweet does not capture the sense of the poem. Petrarch wants to be free of passion. In order to accomplish this, he wishes he could turn into stone. The original tweet misleads the reader into thinking that Petrarch does not want to turn into stone, which is the exact opposite of the poet's intended meaning. After consulting OPOB, Rosenberg rewrote the entire tweet to read,

Since I cannot become Laura when she nears, I would become a statue of the hardest stone to be free from passion, as did Atlas for Medusa.

The original tweet lacked any mythological reference that can be found in the original poem and misinterpreted Petrarch's reference to becoming a stone.

Besides translating and creating legible tweets, another point of importance that the group attempted to include in each tweet was grammar. Although Twitter is an informal form of communication, they wanted to maintain a certain degree of academic language for the manner in which they were writing. As has been identified above, Aciman and Rensin chose to utilize a more colloquial tone in their tweets. They do not always use proper grammar and even use acronyms in some of their tweets. The goal as a class was to remain as faithful as possible to the *Rvf*, while still making it accessible to modern readers. Rosenberg, while reading the tweets prior to publication, included the proper punctuation, including periods at the end of the tweets. Only in a couple of cases did she need to omit the final period and this only because she could not find any other way to remain within the number of characters allowed by the tweet. In addition, through the analysis of the tweets, she noticed that many of the tweets in Italian lacked proper grammar, used words mistakenly, or even included misspellings. To highlight these

errors, Rosenberg created a document in which she included a table with all of the tweets. In the left column, she copied each of the 366 Italian tweets and on the right, placed each of the English ones. Then, by means of the tools provided in Microsoft Word, Rosenberg placed comments about the different errors she had found. In order to maintain utmost clarity, she noted whether she had changed a word, added a comma, or rewrote the tweet. Although grammar is important, there were other crucial considerations to keep in mind.

Among the numerous concerns the class had to decide whether to place emphasis on the meaning of the tweet or on the poetic musicality of the tweet as a poetic scheme. It was a challenge for the students to rewrite tweets, whether they were correcting errors or creating new ones. As a class, the students held many discussions as to the relative benefits of according greater importance to this or that aspect of the poem. As the class developed throughout the quarter, the students were asked, as part of their weekly assignments, to read the tweets Rosenberg was continuously publishing, identify two, and comment on whether they liked them, whether they represented the poem in a faithful fashion, and whether they wanted to reformulate the tweet. If they wanted to rewrite the tweet, they had to do it, explain why, and include the tweet in their assignments as well as publish their revisions on Twitter. This became a creative exercise for the students who at the same time were dramatically improving their linguistic and poetic competence in different languages, mostly Italian and English, with one student concentrating Spanish and English. Those students who found the meaning of the poem to be the most important focused on the overall meaning of the poem and decided to place some of the information provided in the poem into the background. Others attempted to include some information from each stanza in the tweet. If the poem was actually a song, it became rather impossible to include all of the information; therefore, students placed meaning in what they considered the *sententia* of the song. As for the poetic musicality of the tweet, some students wanted to remain as faithful to the poetic form as much as possible in 140 characters.

At each class meeting, each student then had to present his/her tweets to the class and listen to any suggestions that others might have had. Although the students only did this exercise for five of the ten weeks of the course, they analyzed numerous tweets based upon these criteria, working and reworking them like puzzles until they found the proper pattern. While the main part of the course focused on encoding the poems based on predetermined criteria, the tweets were more of an exercise in creativity and comprehension. At the same time, given that each student is unique, everyone approached the task with a different perspective, a different method for creating the tweets. Occasionally, students chose to modify the same tweet, an occurrence that happened more than once. For example, Jacob Monzingo chose sonnet 118. His initial interest led him to reread and consider the original poem, tweet and other tools provided by OPOB. The original English tweet, directly translated from Italian read,

I have sighed for sixteen years, but my suffering continues. I have remained always the same and I do not want to change.

Monzingo noted that he did not completely agree with the *sententia* of this tweet and wanted to slightly modify it. Rather than stating that Petrarch did not want to change, he altered it to read,

I have sighed for sixteen years, but my suffering continues. I have always remained the same, wishing to change yet unable.

By making this change, Monzingo emphasizes the fact that Petrarca wanted to change, but could not despite his efforts. For the same poem, Pierpaolo Spagnolo, on the other hand, wrote,

Time passes, and I am still here. I truly wish I were stronger and somewhere else, but here I am, crying, stuck and unable to change and free myself.

Spagnolo, too, noted Petrarca's inability to change instead of his willingness to do so. In addition, he initially noted in the original Italian tweet the lack of passion and poetry. This perception guided his re-writing of the tweet in his translation. Although both Monzingo and Spagnolo emphasize similar points, their differing approaches resulted in two completely different tweets above all in terms of poetic style.

Others students approached the tweets wishing to address the double meanings present in Petrarca's poems. Emily Letcher, one of the undergraduate students, demonstrated this desire through her rewritten tweet for sonnet 107. Originally, the tweet stated,

I cannot manage to escape from her eyes' beauty and Love continues to make me wander in the wood of worldly things.

Although originally attracted by the similarities between the tweet and the beginning of Dante's *Inferno* as well as the tweets' ability to portray the general message of the poem, Letcher felt that the tweet misinterpreted the wood as worldly. She introduced the connection between Laura and the laurel trees, a connection the original tweet misses. As a result, her final tweet reads,

I cannot escape from her eyes' beauty nor turn away from their light, so I wander in the laurel wood as Love leads me through its branches.

By including the laurel trees, Letcher emphasizes the play on words Petrarch creates with the natural element and the woman he loves, "Solo d'un lauro tal selva verdeggia" (*Rvf* 107, 12). Letcher also modified tweet 151, which originally read,

Laura's pleasing eyes dazzle me with arrows of love, but they are the port from which my poetry is born.

The imagery created by the tweet intrigued her; she then discovered that the tweet genuinely represented the poem by including the images of the arrow and the port. She only modified the tweet by changing the word "love" to "Love." In doing so, the tweet

represents not only the emotion, but also the personification of love, Cupid. In that way, the arrows represent both Love the personification and love the emotion.

A common manner in which a number of the students analyzed the poems was through humor. Petrarch's *Canzoniere* also possesses humorous, or playful, elements and these students wanted to include this dimension in the tweets. As an example, Adrian De Leon, another undergraduate student, changed the tweet for sonnet 115. The original literal translation of the Italian tweet read,

If Laura preferred me to the Sun, then perhaps I can hope in her benevolence.

After rereading the poem, he found that the tweet lacked the playful aspect of the poem. Due to this, he changed to reflect the humor by writing,

I fought the sun for Laura's attention and I won! Joy rushed into me as I vanquished my noble adversary and a cloud hid his shamed sad tears.

By adding this element, the tweet not only differs greatly from the original, but also reflects better the poem itself. This was not the only poem found to be humorous. Beau Battista found the hilarity of sonnet 152 to be intriguing. It originally read,

If you continue to keep me in suspense, I will have no choice but to die. My life force is fragile and tired from such uncertainty.

The timeless nature of the tweet, and therefore sonnet, spoke to him. It represents a man led on by a woman who does not return his love, a classic example of unrequited love. Battista altered the tweet so it became,

If you continue to keep me in suspense, I will have no choice but to die.

He found the second sentence of the tweet to be repetitive and deterrent to the forcefulness of the statement, while still adhering to the melodramatic tone originally present both in the sonnet and in the tweet.

Overall, each of the students attempted to improve the poetic and musical quality of the tweets. Poems follow rhythmic pattern and are by nature musical. As a result, the class decided that this poetic element needed to be included in the translation of the tweets. On the other hand, while improving the poetic quality, the tweets still needed to represent the meaning or *sententia* of the poem. To guarantee that each of these elements was present, it became necessary to consult OPOB and the numerous tools available. As Michele Agresta wrote in his comments, the OPOB is not just a digital collection of Petrarca's poems, something that can be easily found in pdf format after a quick search on the internet, it gathers together not only the poems in different formats from manuscripts to incunabula but also intersemiotic renderings and didactic apparatuses that allow the copious philological attention necessary to any serious attempt at translating and re-writing Petrarca's poems.

Of the many tweets rewritten over the five weeks of this exercise, we report here a number of them that stood out as more able to convey both the meaning and poetic aspects of the poems.

Poem	Author	Original Italian Tweet	Original English Tweet	Rewritten English Tweet
89	Beau Battista	Sono fuggito, ma poi Amore mi ha di nuovo ingannato con le sue astuzie, e mi sono trovato nuovamente avvolto nelle sue catene.	I escaped, but then Love tricked me again with her guile and I found myself wrapped in her chains once again.	I escaped but that traitor Love tricked me again and I found myself wrapped in her chains once more.
132	Adrian De Leon	Se non è amore, cos'è allora quello che sento? Sono in alto mare, in una fragile barca senza timone.	If it is not love, then what is it that I feel? I am on the high seas in a fragile boat without a helm.	What is love? What is right? What is wrong? I am on a fragile boat with no helm with unceasing winds pushing me every which way.
135	Miriam Muccione	Sono come la fenice: mi distruggo di passione ma poi rinasco sempre e questo solo contemplando i vostri occhi.	I am like a phoenix; I burn with passion, but then I am always reborn, and this only admiring your eyes.	I am like a phoenix, my Love; I burn with passion, but then I am reborn, through the same fire that just consumed me.
145	Rebecca Rosenberg	Mettimi tra i fiori e l'erba o sui ghiacci e la neve, maturo o adolescente, non cambierò mai e continuerò a sospirare d'amore.	Place me between flowers and grass or on ice and snow. Mature and adolescent, I will never change and I will continue to sigh with love.	No matter where I am placed, whether it be in Heaven or on Earth, with or without fame, I will, as a mature and adolescent man, always love.
146	Jacob Monzingo	Anima nobile e virtuosa, vorrei che tu fossi regina in tutto il mondo. Ma io	Noble and virtuous soul, I would that you were queen of the world. I am not, however, so famous;	Noble and virtuous soul, flame, rose, and delight; I would that all recognized your name, but I am

		non sono così famoso: il tuo nome si udirà solo in Italia.	your name will be heard only in Italy.	not so famous. Only Italy will know you.
149	Rebecca Rosenberg	Quando il suo sguardo si addolcisce, la passione si riaccende più forte che mai in una guerra continua accesa dalla speranza.	When her gaze sweetens, the passion reignites, stronger than ever, in a continuous war heated by hope.	When her gaze sweetens, the passion reignites, stronger than ever, in a continuous war heated by hope; thus, my suffering continues.
153	Pierpaolo Spagnolo	Lo ripeto: se non mi soccorri, ne morirò. Ma non dispero e continuo ad inviare i miei sospiri e dolci pensieri.	I repeat: if you do not help me, I will die for it. I do not, however, despair and I continue to send my sighs and sweet thoughts.	Go, fly, oh my sweet verses; our bad luck may finish this time because Love is with us. If she or destiny interferes, our hope will end.
165	Miriam Muccione	L'incedere onesto, lo guarda soave, le dolcissime parole e l'atto mansueto sono le quattro faville che hanno acceso il fuoco dell'amore.	The honest gait, the pleasing gaze, the sweet words and the gentle posture are the four sparks that lit the fire of love.	The honest gait, the pleasing gaze, the sweet words and the gentle posture sparkle. They nurture the fire in me.
176	Peter Kinzig	Amo la solitudine: nel silenzio di questi boschi, al fruscio delle fronde, sento la vostra presenza.	I love the solitude: in the silence of these woods with the rustle of the fronds, I feel your presence.	This shady wood consumes me with her sounds: breeze, birds, branches, grass, water. Where armed men dare not tread, I am at peace.
176	Rebecca Rosenberg	Amo la solitudine: nel silenzio di questi boschi, al fruscio delle fronde, sento la vostra presenza.	I love the solitude: in the silence of these woods with the rustle of the fronds, I feel your presence.	Here in the silent, shadowy woods, no fear can haunt me except that of the amorous sun. Her presence surrounds me and yet, she is so far.
188	Rebecca	Io e il sole	The Sun and I admire	O Sun, do not take

	Rosenberg	ammiriamo la stessa dolce fronda, ma il sole fugge e l'ombra nasconde il luogo beato dove il grande lauro fu piccolo virgulto.	the sweet foliage, but the Sun escapes and the shade hides the blessed place where the great laurel was a small sapling	the light of day! The shadow reaches even the blessed place where the inimitable, beloved laurel stands with my heart.
193	Pierpaolo Spagnolo	Non c'è cibo più nobile dell'immagine della mia amata. Grazie a lei comprendo il valore di ogni cosa terrena e celeste.	There is no food nobler than the image of my beloved. Thanks to her, I comprehend the value of all things earthly and heavenly.	I nourish my mind with nectar sweeter than ambrosia. Men can admire the fruit of Heaven, Nature and Earth's genius unified in one creature.
194	Miriam Muccione	L'aura gentile della mia amata rigenera la natura, mi rasserena e mi abbaglia. Il cielo non mi dà ali per fuggire da lei.	The gentle breeze of my beloved regenerates nature and both soothes and blinds me. Heaven does not give me wings to escape her.	She is my sun: she gives me light and she gives me darkness. I want to escape from her sometimes. But I can't. She is my destiny.
195	Beau Battista	Il mare rimarrà senz'acqua e il cielo senza stelle prima che io smetta di amarti. Solo la morte guarirà la ferita del mio cuore.	The sea will be waterless and the sky starless before I stop loving you. Only death will heal my wounded heart.	My strength wanes yet my passion doesn't. The sea will be waterless and the sky starless before I stop loving you. Only death will heal my heart.
215	Adrian De Leon	Laura potrebbe esaurire le risorse mentali di un poeta sommo. La sua bellezza, il suo amore e la sua onestà possono trasformare il mondo.	Laura could consume the mental resources of a great poet. Her beauty, her love and her honesty can transform the world.	Her humble life and high intellect, pure heart and youthful wisdom are enough to inspire every poet. She can change the world with a glance.
218	Peter Kinzig	Amore sembra dirmi che il mondo è più	Love seems to tell me that the world is more beautiful	The beauty of the world is at risk of loss with the

		bello grazie a Laura. Certo se lei dovesse mancare il mondo diventerebbe un luogo oscuro e desolato.	thanks to Laura. If she were to be missing, the world would become dark and desolate.	departing of the most lovely of women. Death will close our eyes to Nature.
352	Steven Packard	Ti ho visto camminare come un angelo tra l'erba e le viole ma ora dopo il tuo ritorno al Creatore tutto è solo ricordo e oscurità.	I saw you walk like an angel in the grass and violets, but now, after your return to the Creator, everything is only memory and obscurity.	I saw you walk like an angel in the grass and flowers, but now, after your return to the Creator, the sun has gone and everything is dead.

As these tweets variously demonstrate, the students focused their re-writing and translations on meaning, poetic flavor, and musicality. Their gratification and sense of fulfillment were apparent at the end of the class when they read in group the entire *Rvf* in the 366 tweets that they had re-written and translated.

The technologies and the hypertexts created in our digital era, such as the OPOB, should be seen as a service to literature, something that enhances, renews and deepens our understanding of it. Conversely, the study of literature as a philologically-oriented humanist endeavor may help the refinement and improvement of the digital tools we have at our disposal. Our approach and relationship with literature is changing under our eyes as the encounter between digital technology and literature has opened a wealth of new possibilities. Our article on a humanist use of Twitter in re-reading and re-writing Petrarca's poems may inspire other projects to approach literature with a renewed sense of wonder, triggering readers' ability to interact directly with the poetic word itself by rewriting stories and poems.

We believe that it is important to remember the past and that our exercise of translating and re-writing must be based on philology, passion and imagination. In this way, in our perspective, re-tweeting is no less than re-actualizing the medieval reader that was looking for the *sententia* in the text. This seems to be a very appropriate way of reading in a time that is witnessing an unprecedented proliferation of textualities that we need to remember and transmit to the future generations of readers. In a certain sense, re-tweeting is also similar to what epic poets, such as Homer, were doing by retelling and actualizing the stories and the myths they inherited from the past. The Homeric poems were open texts and created by multiple authors, an idea that has been lost since the advent of alphabetic writing as described by Plato (*Phaedro* 278 DE), according to which the text becomes stabilized and closed, and delivered by the author to the reader, who then loses the ability to ask questions and interact with the author. To take this comparison

somewhat further, such refashioning is the way the film industry has always, and necessarily, related to literature. Directors make films based on books, or even other movies, retelling and personalizing the narrative. A conscientious, humanistic use of Twitter gives back this ability, this sense of challenge to readers of literary works. These new ways of dialoguing with the masterpieces of world literature may help us regain a sense of orality in our written world. Creativity once again regains its vital importance in education. Literature once again is accessible with all its vital energy and power to the modern digital age reader.

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APPENDIX

	Italian Tweet	English Tweet
1	La giovanile ingenuità con cui ho affrontato l'amore ha prodotto questi versi. Ora, da uomo maturo, comprendo il valore profondo delle cose	The juvenile ingenuity with which I affronted Love has produced these verses. Now, as a mature man, I understand the deep value of things.
2	Ora hai compiuto la tua vendetta, Amore, ed io sono in tuo potere.	Now you have taken your revenge, Love, and I am in your power.
3	Sono stato colpito da Amore il giorno in cui ero più debole e indifeso. Laura invece è rimasta indifferente agli assalti del cuore.	I was hit by Love on the day in which I was most weak and helpless. Laura, instead, has remained indifferent to the assaults of the heart.
4	Come Dio ha scelto un luogo umile per mostrarsi agli uomini, così ha scelto un piccolo borgo per donare agli uomini la bellezza di Laura.	As God chose a humble place to show himself to men, he similarly picked a small hamlet to offer Laura's beauty to men.
5	Il vostro stesso nome mi spinge a una LAUta lode e a una REgale riverenza, ma insieme esso impone una TAcita contemplazione	Your own name pushes me to a lavish praise and a regal reference, but at the same time, it imposes a tacit contemplation.
6	Il mio desiderio è talmente folle che quanto più cerco di tenerlo a freno, tanto più diventa incontrollabile.	My desire is so foolish that as much as I try to constrain it, it becomes that much more uncontrollable.
7	Non lasciarti traviare dalle abitudini peggiori e, attraverso la poesia, persegui la via del sapere lontano dalla volgarità diffusa.	Do not be led astray by the worst habits, but rather, through poetry, pursue the path of knowledge far from the diffuse vulgarity.
8	L'amore ci dà pace e libertà, ma ora, ci sta dando solo paura. Abbiamo una consolazione: un giorno si realizzerà la sua vendetta.	Love gives us peace and liberty, but now it is giving us only fear. Thus, we have one consolation: one day it will realize its revenge.
9	Quando i pianeti sono allineati, ci danno il frutto della vita e l'umore terrestre, ma per me la primavera non arriverà mai.	When the planets are aligned, they give us the fruit of life and the terrestrial humor, but for me, spring will never come.
10	O amico l'ira del potere non ti allontanò dalla retta via. La bellezza della natura eleva ispirazione e pensieri amorosi, ma tu non sei qui.	The ire of power did not distance you from the right path. Nature's beauty elevates inspiration and amorous thoughts, but you are not here.
11	Da quando conoscete il mio desiderio il vostro capo è coperto e un velo nasconde impietosamente gli occhi meravigliosi che vorrei ammirare.	Since learning of my desire, your head is covered and a veil unmercifully hides the wonderful eyes I would like to admire.

12	Vorrei vedere Laura da vecchia, con i capelli d'argento e le rughe intorno agli occhi: quel giorno mi basterà un suo sorriso!	I wish I could see Laura in old age, with silver hair and wrinkled eyes: that day, her smile will be enough!
13	Ogni volta che vedo il volto divino di Laura in lei vedo il sommo bene.	Every time I see Laura's divine face, I see in her the greatest good.
14	Sto preparando i miei occhi e i miei pensieri per la dolorosa sfida di amore che prima o poi dovrò affrontare.	I am preparing my eyes and thoughts for the painful challenge of love that I will have to face sooner or later.
15	Mi domando come sia possibile sopravvivere senza lo spirito che mi anima, ma è un dolore che ogni uomo innamorato deve provare.	I ask myself how it is possible to survive without the spirit that enlivens me, but it is a pain that every man in love must experience.
16	Quando cerco il volto Laura in altri volti, mi sento come un vecchio pellegrino in cerca dell'immagine vera del volto di Cristo.	When I seek Laura's face in others, I feel like an old pilgrim in search of the true image of Christ's face.
17	La donna che amo è l'unica persona che può farmi piangere e sorridere. Quando se ne va, la mia anima vuole seguirla.	The woman I love is the only person who can make me cry and smile. When she leaves, my soul wants to follow her.
18	Penso al volto di Laura ma il desiderio per lei evoca dolore e il pensiero inquieto della morte. Non voglio parlarne e piango in solitudine.	I think of Laura's face but this desire evokes pain and the restless thought of death. I do not want to talk about it and cry in solitude.
19	Sono una farfalla attratta dalla fiamma, incapace di allontanarmi anche quando brucia. Il mio destino è andare dietro a ciò che mi arde.	I am a butterfly attracted to the flame, unable to distance myself even when it burns. My destiny is to chase that which sings me.
20	La sua bellezza è così elevata che è impossibile descriverla tramite la voce, la penna o i pensieri.	Her beauty is so great that it's impossible to describe it by means of the voice, the pen or the thoughts.
21	Ho offerto il mio cuore a voi, ma non lo accoglierete. Il mio cuore non appartiene ad altra donna perciò non rimane che la morte.	I offered my heart but you wouldn't accept it. My heart doesn't belong to any other woman, therefore all that remains is death.
22	Il mio desiderio per Laura non conoscerà mai pace. Voglio passare la notte con lei, ma è più probabile che le stelle brillino di giorno.	My desire for Laura will never know peace. I want to spend the night with her, but it is more likely that the stars will shine at day.
23	L'amo così profondamente che la mia anima vive una metamorfosi non umana. Quando mi ritrovo umano, il pensiero rimane elevato.	I love her so profoundly that my soul lives a non-human metamorphosis. When I find myself human again, the thought remains noble.
24	Ho perduto la gloria poetica per il troppo amore. Non mi rimane che il pianto. Per questo ti consiglio una vita	I lost the poetic glory due to too much love. All that remain are tears. For this I recommend a more tranquil life.

	più tranquilla.	
25	Io non ho mai abbandonato l'amore come invece voi avete fatto, amico poeta. Ma Dio indica il ritorno all'amore per quanto difficile sia.	I've never abandoned love like you did, my poet friend. But God indicates the return to love, as difficult as it is.
26	Caro amico dovete sentirvi come chi evita il naufragio o come un prigioniero liberato. L'errore è finito: siete tornato alla poesia d'amore.	My dear friend, you must feel as one who avoids the shipwreck or is a freed prisoner. The error's finished: you returned to love's poetry.
27	L'Italia piange l'assenza del Papa di Avignone. Ma il Papa ritornerà nella sua giusta sede a Roma e una crociata sconfiggerà gli infedeli.	Italy laments the absence of the Avignon Pope. But the Pope will return to his rightful seat in Rome and a crusade will defeat the infidels.
28	L'amore non è solo eros per una donna, ma anche caritas per una causa grande e nobile. Ben venga la crociata contro gli infedeli.	Love is not eros for a woman, but also caritas for a grand and noble cause. We welcome the crusade against the infidels.
29	Donna, la tua bellezza è astrale, splendente e calda, ma mi ferisce come un'ustione. Sono come Didone che si uccise vedendo partire Enea.	Woman, your beauty is astral, shining and warm, but it hurts me like a burn. I'm like Dido who killed herself watching Aeneas leave.
30	Quando io realizzerò il mio sogno vedrò ghiacciarsi il fuoco e ardere la neve. Da sette anni vago pallido e infuocato nell'animo per lei.	When I realize my dream I'll see fire ice over and snow burn. For seven years I've wandered pale and inflamed for her.
31	Peccato che questa donna stia per morire. Almeno sarà l'anima più gradita e bella in cielo. La sua luce offuscherà tutte le altre stelle.	Pity that this woman is to die. At least hers will be the most appreciated soul in heaven. Her light will outshine all the other stars.
32	Avvicinandomi alla morte mi rendo conto che non parlerò più per molto d'amore e troverò così pace in cose di più alto valore.	As I approach death, I realize that I won't speak of love much longer and thus I'll find peace in more valuable things.
33	Nella luce dell'alba mi sei apparsa alla mente e mi hai detto: "Non temere: la mia malattia è finita e i tuoi occhi mi vedranno ancora."	In the light of dawn, you appeared in my mind and told me: "Don't fear: my illness has passed and your eyes will see me again".
34	Apollo, dio della poesia e della medicina, tu conosci l'amore per il lauro. Difendi Laura e goditi con me la meraviglia della sua salute.	Apollo, god of poetry and medicine, you know the love for the laurel. Defend Laura and enjoy with me the magnificence of her health.
35	Mi aggiro solo nei campi. Vorrei trovare un luogo selvaggio, dove Amore non possa trovarmi ma lui viene sempre a ragionar con me.	I wander alone in the fields. I'd like to find a wild place, where Love can't find me, but he always comes to reason with me.
36	Ho pensato che la morte potesse	I thought that death would liberate my

	liberare la mia anima dalle pene d'amore. Ora sono pieno di dubbi e invoco l'aiuto di Amore e della morte.	soul from the pains of love. Now I'm full of doubt and I invoke the help of Love and death.
37	La vita passa rapida, la morte si avvicina e Laura è lontana, anche la speranza mi abbandona. Ma voglio ancora raggiungerla dovunque sia.	Life passes quickly, death arrives and Laura is far, even hope has abandoned me. But I still want to reach her wherever she may be.
38	Nessuna barriera naturale sembra importuna più del velo che copre gli occhi di Laura. Ma anche la bianca mano ostacola la mia vista.	No natural barrier seems to be more obtrusive than the veil that covers Laura's eyes. And yet the white hand also obstructs my sight.
39	Temo la forza dello sguardo di Laura e il rimprovero che può venire dai suoi begli occhi. Posso essere scusato se ho tardato a guardarla.	I dread the strength of Laura's gaze and the reproach that may come from her beautiful eyes. I can be excused if I delayed to observe her.
40	Se amore o morte non mi interrompono scriverò un'opera straordinaria, classica e moderna. Ma un libro mi è necessario.	If love or death don't interrupt me, I'll write an extraordinary work, classic and modern. But a book is necessary to me.
41	Da quando Laura ha lasciato il suo luogo, gli influssi maligni dei pianeti e i venti imperversano sulla terra e nel mare.	Since Laura left her place, the evil influences of the planets and winds rage on the land and the sea.
42	Laura è tornata e l'influsso negativo delle stelle si è dissolto. Il suo bel viso fa innamorare, riporta la primavera e i fiori nei prati.	Laura is back and the bad influence of the stars dispelled. Her beautiful face brings back love, the spring and the flowers in the meadows.
43	Il sole non tornava a causa della tua mancanza. È stato il pianto che mi ha impedito di vedere il tuo ritorno.	The sun did not return because of your absence. It was weeping that impeded me from seeing your return.
44	Cesare ha avuto pietà per Pompeo e Davide per Golia, ma i begli occhi per me non versano nemmeno una lacrima, solo sdegno!	Caesar had pity for Pompey and David for Goliath, but the beautiful eyes do not have even one tear for me, only disdain!
45	Laura, il tuo amato specchio è il mio nemico. Non posso stare con te perché ami troppo te stessa, sei una vera narcisista.	Laura, your beloved mirror is my enemy. I cannot be with you because you love yourself too much, you are a true narcissist.
46	Sono gli specchi in cui contempi la tua divina bellezza che mi tormentano di più, perché a causa loro ti allontani da me.	The mirrors in which you contemplate your divine beauty are those that torment me the most: because of them you distance yourself from me.
47	Lo spirito vitale mi abbandona se non vedo i vostri occhi sereni. Ora capisco che è il desiderio che mi mantiene in vita.	The vital spirit will abandon me if I do not see your serene eyes. I now understand that it is that desire that keeps me alive.
48	Il fragore del Nilo assorda; la luce del	The roar of the Nile deafens; the light

	Sole acceca e la forza dell'amore che non può esprimersi perde vigore con la perseveranza.	of the sun blinds and the power of love that cannot express itself loses vigor with time.
49	Ingrata lingua, non mi rendi onore, più ho bisogno di te per esprimere il mio amore e più mi deludi e diventi incomprensibile.	Ungrateful tongue, you don't bring me honor, the more I need you to express my love, the more you disappoint me and become incomprehensible.
50	Quando il sole tramonta, la pace si diffonde ovunque: solo io rimango prigioniero della mia passione.	When the sun sets, peace spreads everywhere: only I remain prisoner of my own passion.
51	Non posso diventare Laura, vorrei diventare una statua della pietra più dura per liberarmi dalla passione come fece Atlante con Medusa.	Since I cannot become Laura when she nears, I would become a statue of the hardest stone to be free from passion, as did Atlas for Medusa.
52	Quando l'ho vista bagnare il velo, era estate. Eppure ho avuto un brivido tremando d'amore.	When I saw her soaking her veil it was summer. Nonetheless I shivered, trembling of love.
53	Solo Cola di Rienzo può riportare Roma e l'Italia agli antichi splendori con l'aiuto del Cielo.	Only Cola di Rienzo can bring Rome and Italy back to their ancient splendor with the help of God.
54	Mi sono ritratto appena in tempo dalla selva oscura in cui stavo per perdermi con la pellegrina che aveva colpito il mio fragile cuore.	I recoiled just in time from the dark forest in which I was about to get lost with the pilgrim who had struck my fragile heart.
55	Non riesco a superare l'amore per Laura e ogni volta che cerco di dimenticarla, finisco per innamorarmi di lei ancora di più.	I cannot get over my love for Laura and every time I try to forget her, I end up more in love with her.
56	Quale ombra sovrasta il frutto delle mie speranze, quale belva ruggisce nel mio cuore? È vero: nessuno è felice prima della morte.	Which shadow looms over the fruit of my hopes, which beast roars in my heart? It is true: no one is happy before death.
57	La neve diventerà tiepida e nera, l'oceano senza onde e i pesci andranno sulle montagne prima che io trovi la pace.	The snow will become tepid and black, the ocean without waves and the fish will climb the mountains before I can find peace.
58	Bevo il magico infuso di Amore. Il primo sorso è amaro, ma poi diventa sempre più dolce.	I sip the magic infusion of Love. The first drop is bitter, but then it becomes sweeter and sweeter.
59	Amore nascose fra le trecce bionde i lacci con i quali mi avvinse. Nemmeno la morte li scioglierà.	Love hid between the blonde braids, the laces of which she bound me. Not even death will untie them.
60	Sono stato innamorato di un dolce albero, ma ora il suo legno si è indurito. Ora maledico lui e le sue foglie verdi!	I was in love with a sweet tree, but now its wood has hardened. Now I curse it and its green leaves.
61	Ogni cosa che ha a che fare con Laura	Everything related to Laura must be

	deve essere benedetta	blessed.
62	Dopo anni passati pensando a Laura, vorrei dedicare la mia vita a Dio.	After many years spent thinking about Laura, I would like to dedicate my life to God.
63	Uno sguardo di Laura può darmi la vita o la morte perché lei è la padrona del mio cuore e ogni cosa che viene da lei è dolce onore.	A look from Laura can give me life or death because she is the owner of my heart and everything that comes from her is sweet honor.
64	Anche se la terra dove pianto il mio amore è arida, il destino non mi lascia far altrimenti.	Even though the land on which I plant my love is arid, destiny does not allow me to do otherwise.
65	Non sono capace difendermi dal potere di Amore, che ha incendiato il mio cuore per Laura. Spero che anche lei abbia la sua parte di foco.	I am not capable of defending myself from the power of Love that set fire to my heart for Laura. I hope she has her part of the fire too.
66	Finiscono le nebbie e il ghiaccio—non finisce mai la nebbia che nasconde gli occhi di Laura e fa piovere i miei per sempre!	Fog and ice finish – but the fog that hides Laura’s eyes and makes mine rain never does.
67	Povero me! Pensando a Laura sono caduto in un ruscello. Almeno sono bagnati i piedi invece degli occhi.	Poor me! While thinking about Laura I fell into a creek. At least my feet are wet instead of my eyes.
68	Cosa devo fare? Stare dove trovo l’ispirazione spirituale o tornare a vedere Laura? Discuto con me stesso e chissà cosa succederà!	What should I do? Be where I find spiritual inspiration or return to see Laura? I argue with myself and who knows what will happen!
69	Eccomi in viaggio al largo della costa, cercando di scappare da Laura, ma Amore mi troverà e non potrò evitare il destino!	Here I am travelling at sea, trying to escape from Laura, but Love will find me and I will not be able to avoid my destiny.
70	Laura non può essere la causa del mio male. La mia capacità di comprendere è limitata e sono abbagliato dalla bellezza che adorna il mondo.	Laura cannot be the cause of my pain. My capacity to comprehend is limited and I am dazzled by the beauty that adorns the world.
71	Se solo riuscirò a reggere la luce dei vostri occhi, la mia felicità sarà senza tempo.	If I only can hold up against the light of your eyes, my happiness will be endless.
72	Non merito i vostri occhi ma non copriteli, sono faville angeliche beatrici e solo in loro può essere la fine delle mie sofferenze.	I do not deserve your eyes, but do not cover them for they glimmer with angelic bliss and only in them can be the end of my suffering.
73	I tuoi occhi sono fonte d’ogni salute e comunicano una pace simile a quella che nel cielo è eterna, il loro splendore eccede la mia vista.	Your eyes are the source of all health and they transmit a peace similar to that which in heaven is eternal, their splendor exceeds my view.
74	Sono stanco di pensare come il mio	I am tired of thinking that my love has

	amore non abbia fine ma la mia passione è più forte delle mie parole e mi impone di scrivere.	no end but my passion is stronger than my words and forces me to write.
75	I tuoi occhi sono più potenti di qualunque magia, sono disposto a seguirli, finché il mio cuore ne avrà la forza.	Your eyes are stronger than any magic, I am willing to follow them as long as my heart has enough strength.
76	In realtà non potrò mai stancarmi di pensare a voi. Dopo tutto, solo i vostri occhi possono guarire la mia pena.	In reality I will never be able to get over thinking about you. After all, only your eyes can cure my pain.
77	Solo Simone ha saputo ritrarre la vostra immagine celeste e vera.	Only Simone could portray your celestial and true image.
78	Simone, tu sei stato in paradiso, così hai potuto ritrarre tutta la sua bellezza anche se non hai potuto darle la parola per rispondermi.	Simone, you have been in Heaven, so you could portray all of her beauty, although you could not provide her the words with which to respond.
79	Non potrò durare a lungo in questo crescente desiderio. La morte si avvicina, e la vita fugge sotto il giogo dei suoi occhi.	I will not last long in this growing desire. Death is coming and life flees under the yoke of her eyes.
80	La mia vita è una nave in piena tempesta. Il vento gonfia troppo le vele e mi trascina fra gli scogli. Dio mi indichi un porto sicuro.	My life is a ship in the peak of a storm. The wind inflates the sails too much and drags me into the rocks. May God show me a safe harbor.
81	Sento il peso del mio corpo e vorrei avere ali di colomba per sollevarmi da così in basso.	I feel the weight of my body and I wish I had the wings of a dove to lift me from these lows.
82	Sulla mia tomba non sarà scritto che voi siete stata la causa della mia morte, ma promettetemi almeno la vostra pietà.	On my tombstone there will not be written that you were the cause of my death, but at least promise me your pity.
83	Forse quando sarò vecchio non potrete più fare strazio di me, e mi resterà solo il vostro languido ricordo.	Maybe when I am old you will no longer torment me, and only your weak memory will remain.
84	I miei occhi e il mio cuore non hanno scuse: entrambi aprendo le porte al mio desiderio amoroso sono stati la causa mia rovina.	My eyes and heart have no excuses: by opening the doors to my loving desire, both have been the cause of my ruin.
85	Io amai sempre e amo il luogo e l'ora del primo incontro, il desiderio cresce e con esso la speranza.	I always have and still do love the place and time of our first encounter, the desire grows and my hope with it.
86	Soffro infinitamente a causa della mia fragilità. Vorrei morire e odio gli occhi di Laura per avermi ferito in modo non mortale.	I suffer infinitely because of my fragility. I wish I could die and hate Laura's eyes for wounding me in a non mortal way.
87	Laura, sai che le tue frecce hanno centrato il mio cuore. So che mi farai	Laura, you know that your arrows have pierced my heart. I know you will make

	soffrire sempre di più, senza uccidermi.	me suffer more and more without ever killing me.
88	Nonostante le ferite che Amore mi ha inferto, cerco di fuggire. Ma solo uno su mille si salva e anche Laura rimase ferita al cuore.	Despite the wounds inflicted upon me by Love I try to flee. Yet only one in a thousand saves himself and even Laura's heart was wounded.
89	Sono fuggito, ma poi Amore mi ha di nuovo ingannato con le sue astuzie, e mi sono trovato nuovamente avvolto nelle sue catene.	I escaped, but then Love tricked me again with her guile and I found myself wrapped in her chains once again.
90	Ricordo i capelli sparsi al vento e il viso colorato di pietà. Era un'illusione? Mi innamorai di quello che sembrava uno spirito celeste.	I recall her hair in the wind and her face colored with pity. Was it an illusion? I fell in love with that which seemed a celestial spirit.
91	Piangi la morte dell'amata ma liberati da quella passione e pensa a salire verso il cielo con la tua anima pellegrina.	Cry for the death of the beloved, but free yourself from that passion and think of rising toward Heaven with your pilgrim soul.
92	Tutti sulla terra devono piangere la morte del grande poeta Cino. Piangono Pistoia e anche le sue rime. Il cielo invece deve rallegrarsi.	Everyone on Earth must cry for the great poet Cino's death. Pistoia and his rhymes also cry. The sky, instead, rejoices.
93	Ero impegnato in altre opere e mi sono allontanato da Amore; ma gli occhi di Laura possono ancora farmi piangere.	I was busy with other works and I distanced myself from Love, but Laura's eyes can still make me cry.
94	Quei due giovani sembrano innamorati. Hanno perso ogni vitalità, e sono pallidi come morti. Io mi sento come loro.	Those two youths seem to be in love. They have lost every vitality and they are as pale as death. I feel like them.
95	Vorrei scrivere quello che sento, provocando la pietà di tutti. Ma lei mi può leggere come un libro: non serve che io scriva versi	I would like to write what I feel, provoking everyone's pity. But she can read me like a book: I do not need to write verses.
96	Sono così stanco di aspettare un segno d'amore che ora odio il mio desiderio. Laura, il tuo viso nel mio cuore è un segno della mia servitù.	I am so tired of waiting for a sign of love that now I hate my desire. Laura, your face in my heart is a sign of my servitude.
97	Amore mi sprona e tutte le strade portano a lei. Da quando i suoi occhi mi hanno ferito ho perduto la mia libertà e ripeto il suo nome.	Love pushes me and all the streets bring me to her. Since the moment her eyes wounded me, I lost my freedom and I repeat her name.
98	Orso, sì, questa volta non puoi combattere, ma non lamentarti troppo, e non sospirare! Il pubblico sa quanto sei valoroso.	Orso, yes, this time you can not fight, but do not complain too much, and don't sigh! The public knows how valiant you are.

99	Stai attento! La vita è come un prato e c'è un serpente fra l'erba! Avviati per una strada più sicura, non come ho fatto io.	Careful! Life is like a field and there is a snake in the grass! Go for the safer road, not like I did.
100	Questa finestra, questa sedia di pietra e la Primavera mi addolorano perché mi parlano di te.	This window, this stone chair and Spring pain me because they speak to me about you.
101	Che perdita di tempo è Amore! E' impossibile liberarsi di lui, è più forte di una magia. Potrà la ragione vincere la forza del desiderio?	What a waste of time is Love! It is impossible to get rid of it and it is stronger than magic. Will reason be able to overcome this desire?
102	Cesare pianse invece di sorridere; Annibale sorrise per rassicurare coloro che piangevano; così rido io per nascondere il pianto!	Caesar cried instead of smiling; Hannibal smiled to reassure those who cried; in this way, I laugh in order to hide the weeping.
103	Caro Signore, gli Orsini sono arrabbiati come un'orsa per l'assassinio dei suoi figli; dovete mantenere onore e fama con la spada!	Dear Lord, the Orsini's are as angry as a bear for the assassination of her cubs. You must maintain honor and fame with the sword!
104	Caro Pandolfo, il tuo valore e la tua virtù mi spingono ad immortalarti nei miei versi che sono più potenti del marmo.	Dear Pandolfo, your valor and your virtue push me to immortalize you in my verses, which are stronger than marble.
105	Amore e Gelosia mi hanno tolto il cuore e l'hanno privato dei segni del bel volto che possono condurmi ad una vita migliore.	Love and Jealousy have removed my heart and deprived it of signs of the beautiful face that could guide me to a better life.
106	Come un angelo venuto dal cielo, Laura è scesa per legarmi a sé con la luce dei suoi occhi e per illuminare il mio cammino.	Like an angel from Heaven, Laura descended in order to bind me to her with the light of her eyes and to illuminate my path.
107	Non riesco a sfuggire alla bellezza dei suoi occhi e Amore continua a farmi vagare per la selva delle cose mondane.	I can not manage to escape from her eyes' beauty and Love continues to make me wander in the wood of worldly things.
108	Non mi scordo mai il momento in cui Laura si volse verso di me in Valchiusa: o Sennuccio, aiutami a rievocarlo.	I never forget the moment in which Laura turned toward me in Valchiusa. O Sennuccio, help me to evoke it again!
109	Di nulla mi importa quando penso all'aura soave che muove dal viso luminoso di Laura e mi dà conforto e sollievo.	Nothing is important to me when I think of the pleasing aura that emanates from Laura's luminous face and gives me comfort and relief.
110	Ho visto Laura in sogno, era un'ombra. Ma quando ho visto i suoi occhi, è diventata un raggio di sole.	I saw Laura in a dream; she was a shadow. When I saw her eyes, however, she became a ray of sunshine.
111	Il mio incontro con Laura oggi mi ha	My encounter with Laura today struck

	colpito così forte che da un pò di tempo non sento ricolmo di piacere e lontano dal dolore.	me so strongly that it has been some time since I have not felt filled with pleasure and far from pain.
112	Sennuccio voglio che tu sappia che Laura domina ogni momento della mia vita ed io non posso che pensare a lei.	Sennuccio, I want you to know that Laura dominates every moment of my life and I can not help but to think about her.
113	O Sennuccio, davanti alla casa di Laura si è riaccesa la mia passione e spenta la paura. Cosa succederebbe se potessi vedere i suoi occhi?	Sennuccio, at Laura's house, Love rekindled the fire in my soul and spent the fear. What if I could look into her eyes?
114	Nella solitudine di questo luogo, ma lontano dalla corruzione di Avignone e dalla folla, mi dedico alla poesia, all'amore e all'amicizia.	In the solitude of this place, but far from Avignon's corruption and from the crowd, I dedicate myself to poetry, to love and to friendship.
115	Se Laura ha preferito me al Sole, forse posso sperare nella sua benevolenza.	If Laura preferred me to the Sun, then perhaps I can hope in her benevolence.
116	Il mio unico pensiero è lei. Trovo conforto in questa valle protetta, senza donne, solo con i miei pensieri d'amore.	She is my only thought. I find comfort in this protected valley, without women, alone with my thoughts of love.
117	I miei sospiri per Laura avrebbero più agevole strada se il monte che chiude Valchiusa si piegasse verso Roma disdegnando Avignone.	My sighs for Laura would have an easier path if the mountain that closes Valchiusa were to bend toward Rome scorning Avignon.
118	Ho sospirato per sedici anni, ma la mia sofferenza continua, sono rimasto sempre uguale e non voglio cambiare.	I have sighed for sixteen years, but my suffering continues. I have remained always the same and I do not want to change.
119	L'amicizia della Gloria mi fa vedere una donna ancora più bella che si chiama Virtù. Così mi trovo sul capo una ghirlanda di lauro.	Glory's friendship makes me see a woman even more beautiful called Virtue. In this way, I find a laurel wreath on my head.
120	Rispondo con affetto, amico mio, alle vostre condoglianze premature. Sappiate che sono giunto alle porte della morte, ma non era ancora il tempo.	I respond with affection, my friend, to your premature condolences. You know that I had arrived at death's door, but it was not yet my time.
121	Vendicami, Amore, perché questa donna non ha pietà di me, né rispetta voi. Voi potete colpirla con il vostro arco.	Avenge me, Love, for this woman has no mercy for me or respect for you! You can strike her with your bow.
122	I miei capelli diventano grigi, i miei sensi declinano, ma la fiamma accesa 17 anni fa rimane. Si spegnerà mai?	My hair becomes gray, my senses decline, but the flame lit seventeen years ago remains. Will it ever go out?
123	Ho capito in quel momento, dal suo sguardo turbato e dal suo angelico	I realized, in that moment, from her dismayed gaze and from her angelic

	pallore, che le sarei mancato.	pallor, that she would miss me.
124	Tormentato dalla malinconia amorosa, non ho più speranza nel futuro: le mie attese si infrangono come vetro.	Tormented by amorous melancholy, I have no more hope in the future; my expectations shatter like glass.
125	Se solo trovassi le parole giuste per esprimervi la mia passione! Rivolgo il mio canto all'amica riva ove spero trovare traccia di voi.	If only I could find the right words to express my passion! I address my song to my shore friend, where I hope to find traces of you.
126	Vorrei giacere per sempre in questi luoghi e aspettare il vostro arrivo. La vostra pietà potrebbe allora aprire alla mia anima le porte del paradiso.	I would like to lie forever in these places and wait for your arrival. Your pity could then open Heaven's gates for my soul.
127	Cerco di esprimere in questi versi l'immensità della mia ammirazione, ma è come svuotare il mare e contare le stelle.	I attempt to express through these verses the immensity of my admiration, but it is like emptying the sea and counting the stars.
128	Superate la vostra cupidità, signori d'Italia. La porta del cielo sarà aperta se ascolterete le parole di questa canzone: pace, pace, pace.	Overtake your cupidity, lords of Italy! Heaven's door will be open if you listen to these lyrics: peace, peace, peace.
129	La mia immaginazione disegna dovunque il vostro viso e non riesco fermare i miei passi. Per voi scalerei le montagne più alte.	My imagination paints your face everywhere and I can not stop my steps. I would climb the highest mountains for you.
130	Nel mio esilio non posso che piangere ma le lacrime mi sono dolci. Non penso che alla sua immagine dipinta nel mio cuore da Amore.	In my exile, I can not but cry, but the tears are sweet to me. I only think of her image painted in my heart by Love.
131	Mi chiedi cosa fare in questo vivere greve? Posso dirti solo che canterei l'amore per colei che rende lieta la mia vita.	You ask me what to do in this heavy life. I can only tell you that I would sing of the love for she who makes my life happy.
132	Se non è amore, cos'è allora quello che sento? Sono in alto mare, in una fragile barca senza timone.	If it is not love, then what is it that I feel? I am on the high seas in a fragile boat without a helm.
133	Amore mi ha trasformato in un bersaglio, come neve al sole, come cera al fuoco. La mia vita fugge senza scampo alla tua dolce aura.	Love transformed me into a target, like snow to the sun or wax to a fire. My life runs away without salvation from your sweet breeze.
134	Donna per voi temo e spero, ardo e son di ghiaccio, nulla stringo e abbraccio tutto il mondo. Odio la vita e la morte allo stesso modo.	Woman, I fear and hope for you; I burn and I am ice. I clasp nothing and I hug the whole world. I hate life and death in the same way.
135	Sono come la fenice: brucio di passione ma poi rinasco sempre e questo solo contemplando i vostri occhi.	I am like a phoenix; I burn with passion, but then I am always reborn, and this only admiring your eyes.

136	Voglia Dio punire la curia di Avignone in cui sembra concentrarsi tutto il male del mondo.	May God punish the Avignon curia in which it seems all the evil of the world is concentrated.
137	La curia papale di Avignone ha colmato la misura della corruzione e venera gli idoli della lussuria e dell'incontinenza. Ma sarà distrutta.	The Avignon papal curia has filled the measure of corruption and venerates the idols of desire and incontinence. It will be destroyed.
138	O inferno Babilonese! La sede papale è una meretrice sfacciata che genera il male. Perché Costantino non torna a revocare la sua donazione?	O Babylonian hell! The papal seat is a brazen harlot that generates evil. Why does Constantine not come to revoke his gift?
139	Vorrei rimanere nella pace del convento dei monaci di Montrieux. La ragione però non ascolta il cuore e mi spinge all'esilio.	I would like to remain in the peace of the Montrieux monk's convent. Reason does not, however, listen to the heart and pushes me to exile.
140	Anche Amore è intimorito dagli sguardi ritrosi di Laura. Io non posso che stare con lui fino alla morte.	Even Love is intimidated by Laura's bashful gazes! I can not help but to stay with him until death.
141	Sono abbagliato dai tuoi occhi e li seguirò, anche se vedo la mia anima in catene andare spontaneamente verso la morte.	I am dazzled by your eyes and I will follow them to spontaneously go toward death, even if I see my soul in chains.
142	Una luce fantastica mi spingeva a cercare il lauro. Ma tutto nella natura è destinato a cambiare e un'altra luce mi dice ora cosa fare.	A fantastic light pushed me to search for the laurel. Everything in nature is destined to change and now another light tells me what to do.
143	La poesia d'amore mi riaccende un desiderio così forte che potrebbe infiammare i morti. Pensando a lei tremo e non riesco a parlare.	Love poetry reignites in me a desire so strong that it could inflame the dead. Thinking of her, I tremble and I am unable to speak.
144	Il cielo più terso, il sole più bello e l'arcobaleno più variopinto li ho visti quando ti ho incontrato. Tutto riceve luce dai tuoi occhi.	I saw the clearest sky, the most beautiful sun and the most colorful rainbow when I met you. Everything receives light from your eyes.
145	Mettimi tra i fiori e l'erba o sui ghiacci e la neve, maturo o adolescente, non cambierò mai e continuerò a sospirare d'amore.	Place me between flowers and grass or on ice and snow. Mature and adolescent, I will never change and I will continue to sigh with love.
146	Anima nobile e virtuosa, vorrei che tu fossi regina in tutto il mondo. Ma io non sono così famoso: il tuo nome si udirà solo in Italia.	Noble and virtuous soul, I would that you were queen of the world. I am not, however, so famous; your name will be heard only in Italy.
147	I tuoi occhi possono essere un freno potente alla mia passione eccessiva, ma si rasserenano quando ritrovo la moderazione.	Your eyes can be a powerful brake to my excessive passion, but they brighten when I find moderation again.

148	I grandi fiumi e gli alberi non possono mitigare il fuoco ardente del cuore. Solo il Sorga piange con me, e l'ombra del lauro mi consola.	The great rivers and trees can not mitigate the ardent fire of the heart. Only the Sorgue cries with me and the laurel's shadow consoles me.
149	Quando il suo sguardo si addolcisce, la passione si riaccende più forte che mai in una guerra continua accesa dalla speranza.	When her gaze sweetens, the passion reignites, stronger than ever, in a continuous war heated by hope.
150	Anima mia avremo mai pace? Laura provoca questa guerra con me stesso, non lascia grandi speranze per il futuro.	My soul, will we ever have peace? Laura provokes this war with myself. She does not leave great hopes for the future.
151	Gli occhi soavi di Laura mi abbagliano con gli strali dell'amore ma sono il porto da cui nasce la mia poesia.	Laura's pleasing eyes dazzle me with arrows of love, but they are the port from which my poetry is born.
152	Se continuerai a tenermi in sospeso non potrò che morire: la mia forza vitale è fragile e stanca di tanta incertezza.	If you continue to keep me in suspense, I will have no choice but to die. My life force is fragile and tired from such uncertainty.
153	Lo ripeto: se non mi soccorri, ne morirò. Ma non dispero e continuo ad inviare i miei sospiri e dolci pensieri.	I repeat: if you do not help me, I will die for it. I do not, however, despair and I continue to send my sighs and sweet thoughts.
154	Non posso che lodare i tuoi occhi come ispiratori di virtù e l'aria attraversata dalla loro luce la rende manifesta.	I can only praise your eyes as promoters of virtue and the air crossed by their light makes it evident.
155	Il tuo pianto è per me fonte di dolore e sospiri tanto intensi che rimane scolpito nel mio cuore.	Your weeping is for me a source of such pain and intense sighs that it remains carved into my heart.
156	Il tuo pianto è la più dolce musica che si possa udire al mondo e persino la natura si raccoglie ad ascoltarlo.	Your weeping is the sweetest music that may be heard in the world. Even nature gathers to hear it.
157	La mia mente torna spesso all'immagine di Laura, una dea dai capelli d'oro, il viso di neve, gli occhi di stelle e le lacrime di cristallo.	My mind returns often to Laura's image: a goddess with golden hair, a snow-white face, celestial eyes and crystal tears.
158	La vedo dappertutto, la sua bellezza e la pena che esprime con dolce tono dolente e belle lacrime sono incomparabili ad ogni cosa terrena.	I see her everywhere. Her beauty, her pain expressed with sweet, painful tones, and her beautiful tears are unmatched by anything earthly.
159	Da dove viene tanta bellezza? La sua origine non può che essere divina.	From where does such beauty come? Its origin can only be divine!
160	La tua celestiale bellezza risplende sull'erba e tra i fiori della primavera, che formano una ghirlanda per i tuoi riccioli d'oro.	Your celestial beauty shines on the grass and between the Spring flowers, which form a wreath for your golden curls.

161	O atroce e seducente passione, stai devastando la mia vita! C'è qualche anima nobile che può capirmi?	O atrocious and seductive passion, you are destroying my life! Is there any noble soul that can understand me?
162	Invidio la terra su cui si muove la mia cara Laura. Questi fiori, questi fiumi e questi boschi sono parte di lei!	I envy the ground on which my dear Laura wanders. These flowers, these rivers and these woods are part of her!
163	Come posso seguire il ritmo dell'Amore? Non riesco a scalare le montagne così velocemente! Mi basta che a lei non dispiacciono i miei sospiri.	How can I follow the rhythm of Love? I cannot climb the mountains that fast! For me, it is enough that she does not dislike my sighs.
164	La notte è serena e il mare giace senza onde ma io penso, ardo d'amore e piango. Tu sola sei la fonte della mia gioia e del mio dolore.	The night is serene and the sea lies without waves, but I think, burn with love and cry. Only you are the source of my joy and of my pain.
165	L'incedere onesto, lo sguardo soave, le dolcissime parole e l'atto mansueto sono le quattro faville che hanno acceso il fuoco dell'amore.	The honest gait, the pleasing gaze, the sweet words and the gentle posture are the four sparks that lit the fire of love.
166	La mia vena poetica si è inaridita! Solo la grazia di Dio mi può soccorrere, o Firenze non avrà il suo poeta.	My poetic vein is now dry! Only God's grace can assist me or Florence will not have its poet.
167	Vivo e muoio allo stesso tempo. La sua voce ha questo potere su di me. Lei è la sirena che controlla la mia vita.	I live and die at the same time. Her voice has this power over me. She is the siren who controls my life.
168	Amore mi dice che non sono mai stato così vicino ai miei desideri. Devo credergli? Lo specchio mi dice che intanto sto solo invecchiando.	Love tells me that I have never been so close to my desires. Must I believe him? The mirror, meanwhile, tells me that I am only aging.
169	Mi sento solo al mondo e cerco solo voi, solo un po' di pietà nei vostri occhi potrà riportarmi alla poesia.	I feel alone in the world and I seek only you. Only some pity in your eyes can bring me back to poetry.
170	Vorrei dirti solo qualche parola ma la passione mi paralizza, come succede solo agli innamorati veri.	I would like to tell you only a few words, but my passion paralyzes me, as happens only to true lovers.
171	Stretto tra le vostre braccia che mi tormentano, non riesco a scalfire il vostro cuore gelido, ma non perderò mai le mie speranze.	Wrapped in your arms that torment me, I can not scratch your frozen heart, but I will never lose my hopes.
172	L'invidia si è impossessata del tuo cuore e mi stai uccidendo mille volte al giorno. Ma amore mi rassicura ed io continuerò ad amarti.	The envy has taken possession of your heart and is killing me a thousand times a day. Love does, however, reassure me and I will continue to love you.
173	La mia anima stanca, desiderando raggiungervi, si separa dal cuore. Amore la rende felice e triste al tempo stesso.	My tired soul, desiring to reach you, separates itself from my heart. Love makes me happy and sad at the same time.

174	Continuerò ad amarvi, anche se non siete ancora sazia del mio dolore, e vorreste che le mie ferite fossero ancora più profonde.	I will continue to love you, even if you are not yet satisfied with my pain and would like that my wounds were deeper.
175	Il ricordo del tempo e del luogo accende il mio cuore come allora: il nodo che mi stringe a voi non potrà mai sciogliersi.	The memory of the time and of the place ignites my heart as it did before: the knot that ties me to you can never be loosened.
176	Amo la solitudine: nel silenzio di questi boschi, al fruscio delle fronde, sento la vostra presenza.	I love the solitude: in the silence of these woods with the rustle of the fronds, I feel your presence.
177	La mia impresa è audace, ma per voi attraverserei mari e monti, anche senza guida.	My endeavor is daring, but for you I would cross seas and mountains, even without a guide.
178	La mia passione per voi è un difficile viaggio fra fiducia e timore. Il mio spirito è stanco e vorrei seguire la ragione, ma non ci riesco.	My passion for you is a difficult voyage between trust and fear. My spirit is tired and I would like to follow reason, but I can not.
179	Geri, rispondi con umiltà allo sdegno della tua donna, e lei ti ascolterà; perché fuggire non serve.	Geri, respond with humility to the scorn of your woman and she will listen to you, for escape is futile.
180	Immenso Po, le tue potenti acque trasportano solo il mio corpo; il mio cuore sta già tornando libero da lei.	Immense Po, your powerful waters transport only my body; my heart is ready to be free again.
181	Laura mi ha catturato in una rete di fili d'oro e perle: nessun uomo ha mai visto occhi così luminosi e mani così candide.	Laura captured me in a net of gold threads and pearls; no man has ever seen eyes so bright or hands so snow white.
182	Amore incendia i cuori di passione e di gelosia. Io credo in voi, quindi non sono geloso, ma condannato ad ardere giorno e notte.	Love sets fire to hearts of passion and jealousy. I believe in you; therefore, I am not jealous, but rather condemned to burn day and night.
183	Il mio cuore trema: la donna è mutevole per natura, e so che potreste privarmi della luce del vostro sguardo.	My heart trembles; woman is by nature fickle and I know that you could deprive me of the light of your eyes.
184	Sento che la vostra forza viene meno: se Morte dovesse privarmi di voi, ogni mia speranza sarebbe dissolta.	I feel you growing weaker: if Death were to deprive me of you, all of my hope would be lost.
185	Siete la mia fenice e per voi potrei ardere anche alla più algida brina.	You are my phoenix and for you, I could burn even the iciest frost.
186	Se Virgilio e Omero avessero visto Laura si sarebbero impegnati a celebrarla. Spero solo che lei non disprezzi il mio modesto canto.	If Virgil and Homer had seen Laura, they would have committed themselves to celebration. I only hope that she does not scorn my modest song.
187	La mia Laura si merita lo stile di Omero, Orfeo e Virgilio: la sua luce	My Laura deserves the style of Homer, Orpheus, and Virgil: her light resonates

	risuona ben poco nel mio debole stile.	too little in my weak style.
188	Io e il sole ammiriamo la stessa dolce fronda, ma il sole fugge e l'ombra nasconde il luogo beato dove il grande lauro fu piccolo virgulto.	The Sun and I admire the sweet foliage, but the Sun escapes and the shade hides the blessed place where the great laurel was a small sapling
189	La mia vita è come una nave governata dalla passione. Una tempesta continua segna un percorso di errori e ignoranza, e non vedo il porto.	My life is like a ship ruled by passion. A continuous storm marks a course of errors and ignorance and I do not see the port.
190	Vidi una candida cerva dalle corna dorate in un'alba di primavera. Ma era destinata alla libertà e in pieno sole scomparve.	I saw a white doe with golden horns in the spring dawn. She was destined, however, for freedom and in the full sun disappeared.
191	Sono al colmo della beatitudine: cosa potrei desiderare di più di fronte a questa immagine beatrice?	I am at the height of bliss; what more could I want in front of me than this blessed image?
192	Amore mio, dalla tua bellezza celeste scende una pioggia di dolcezza. I fiori ti cercano e il cielo gioisce della luce dei tuoi occhi.	My love, from your celestial beauty falls a rain of sweetness. The flowers search for you and the sky rejoices in the light of your eyes.
193	Non c'è cibo più nobile dell'immagine della mia amata. Grazie a lei comprendo il valore di ogni cosa terrena e celeste.	There is no food more noble than the image of my beloved. Thanks to her, I comprehend the value of all things earthly and heavenly.
194	L'aura gentile della mia amata rigenera la natura, mi rasserena e mi abbaglia. Il cielo non mi dà ali per fuggire da lei.	The gentle breeze of my beloved regenerates nature and both soothes and blinds me. Heaven does not give me wings to escape her.
195	Il mare rimarrà senz'acqua e il cielo senza stelle prima che io smetta di amarti. Solo la morte guarirà la ferita del mio cuore.	The sea will be waterless and the sky starless before I stop loving you. Only death will heal my wounded heart.
196	L'aura serena che muove le fronde intrecciava così armoniosamente i capelli d'oro di Laura che ne rimasi turbato. Lo sarò fino alla morte.	The serene breeze that moves leaves so harmoniously wove Laura's hair that I was left upset. I will remain so until my death.
197	Un'aura celeste muove il lauro, ha ferito Apollo e mi ha fatto perdere la libertà. È come Medusa: il suo sguardo può trasformarmi in marmo.	A heavenly breeze moves the laurel, hurts Apollo, and makes me lose my freedom. It is like Medusa: one glance can turn me into marble.
198	L'aura soave fa vibrare i suoi capelli al sole; io non riesco a descrivere la sua bellezza: non la comprendo e sono stanco per la dolcezza.	The gratifying breeze shakes her hair in the sun; I can not describe her beauty: I do not comprehend it and am tired for the sweetness.
199	Mano perfetta, come mi stringi. Le tue unghie feriscono il mio cuore. Quanto	Perfect hand, how you hold me! Your nails hurt my heart. Precious glove, you

	preziosissimo, presto mi toglierai il tesoro che ho ammirato.	will soon take away from me the treasure I have admired.
200	Le due mani rivestite dal guanto provocano il mio dolore, ma Amore tende mille altri lacci, con le vostre mirabili e innocenti bellezze.	The two hands covered by the glove cause my pain, but Love sets a thousand other traps, with your wonderful and innocent beauty.
201	Non voglio pensare a quel giorno in cui avevo tra le mani il guanto di Laura, perché gliel'ho restituito senza fuggire da lei.	I do not want to think of that day in which I had Laura's glove between my hands because I returned it to her without running away from her.
202	Amore mi uccide. Solo la vostra pietà potrebbe salvarmi, ma nel vostro viso non ne trovo traccia.	Love kills me. Only your pity could save me, but in your face, I do not find any trace of it.
203	Com'è possibile che Laura non sia commossa da poesie che farebbero innamorare tutte le altre? Anche dopo la morte sarà la mia unica stella.	How is it possible that Laura is not moved by poetry that would make all the others fall in love? Even after death she will be my only star.
204	Sforzati, anima mia, di seguire quella luce divina che si trova in lei. Hai voluto incontrarla. Ora seguila fino al paradiso.	Force yourself, my soul, to follow that divine light that can be found in her. You wanted to meet her. Now follow her to Heaven.
205	Che onore dire a Laura che mi piace. Mi domando se nel futuro sarò ammirato per il mio amore o invidiato perché ho visto la sua bellezza.	What an honor to tell Laura that I like her. I ask myself if in the future I will be admired for my love or envied because I saw her beauty.
206	Che il cielo mi fulmini se ho detto qualcosa contro di lei. Io non potrei dirlo per tutto l'oro del mondo né saprei vivere con un'altra.	Heaven strike me down if I said something against her. I could not say it for all the gold in the world nor could I live with another one.
207	Possibile che dopo tanti anni di fedele amore debba ancora invocare uno sguardo furtivo? Ma le mie pene sono il bene più grande che ci sia.	Is it possible that after many years of faithful love I have yet to invoke a furtive gaze? Nonetheless, my pains are what are best in life.
208	Magari potessi correre come il Rodano! Così potrei raggiungerla. Ma sono stanco e il fiume può baciarla per me.	If only I could flow like the Rhône. In this way, I could reach her, but I am tired and the river can kiss her for me.
209	Parto ma non posso mai partire dal bel giogo d'amore. Sono un cervo ferito dalla saetta: quanto più lotto tanto più mi faccio male!	I leave, but I can never part from that beautiful yoke of love. I am a deer wounded by the arrow: the more I fight, the more I hurt myself!
210	La tua dolcezza potrebbe colmare di gioia chiunque, ma non si accorge di me e io invecchio vedendo davanti a me un fato ostile.	Your sweetness could fill anyone with love, but it does not take notice of me and I grow old seeing before me a hostile fate.
211	Dal mio desiderio nasce solo altro desiderio. Sono in questo labirinto	From my desire is born only more desire. I have been in this labyrinth of

	d'amore dal 6 aprile 1327 e non ho scampo.	love since April 6, 1327 and I have no way out.
212	Da venti anni vivo nei sogni e scrivo nel vento! Innamorato sotto una cattiva stella mi sono dedicato alla mia distruzione.	For twenty years I have lived in dreams and written in the wind. Falling in love under an unlucky star, I have dedicated myself to my ruin.
213	Laura è così perfetta da racchiudere in sé la bellezza di tutte le donne! Sono avvinto dalla sua magia.	Laura is so perfect that she holds within herself the beauty of all women! I am enthralled by her magic.
214	Ecco, ancora una visione del mio amore per Laura. La mia anima è prigioniera nel bosco ombroso della passione. Che Dio mi aiuti!	Here, another vision of my love for Laura. My soul is imprisoned in the shaded woods of passion. God help me!
215	Laura potrebbe esaurire le risorse mentali di un poeta sommo. La sua bellezza, il suo amore e la sua onestà possono trasformare il mondo.	Laura could consume the mental resources of a great poet. Her beauty, her love and her honesty can transform the world.
216	Per te vivo nel tormento e nell'afflizione, ma rimani la mia sola passione, e mi duole che mi rifiuti il tuo soccorso.	For you, I live in torment and distress, but you remain my only passion and it hurts me that you deny me your assistance.
217	Ho cessato i lamenti, ora canto solo la sua bellezza divina e la mia poesia dirà quanto è dolce questo morire d'amore.	I ceased the laments. Now I sing only of your divine beauty and my poetry will say how sweet it is to die of love.
218	Amore sembra dirmi che il mondo è più bello grazie a Laura. Certo se lei dovesse mancare il mondo diventerebbe un luogo oscuro e desolato.	Love seems to tell me that the world is more beautiful thanks to Laura. If she were to be missing, the world would become dark and desolate.
219	Saluto l'Aurora al canto degli uccelli. Ma il sole che cancella le stelle è oscurato dalla luce solare della mia amata.	I salute Dawn in harmony with the birds' song, but the solar light of my beloved obscures the sun that obfuscates the stars.
220	Amore dove hai trovato una bellezza così divina e un canto così celestiale? Da dove viene la luce sublime che mi brucia e raggela?	Love, where did you find a beauty so divine and a song so celestial? From where does the sublime light that burns and freezes me come?
221	Nel campo di battaglia dell'amore sono sempre sconfitto. I suoi occhi mi feriscono con una dolcezza che rende inermi le mie parole.	On the battlefield of love, I am always defeated. Her eyes wound me with a sweetness that makes my words defenseless.
222	Ditemi o liete donne dov'è Laura? Invidia e gelosia ci privano della sua compagnia: l'anima non si limita ma l'ira paralizza il corpo.	O happy women, where is Laura? Envy and jealousy deny us of her company. The soul does not limit itself, but ire paralyzes the body.
223	Quando il sole sprofonda nel mare comincia il mio tormento. Solo il sole	When the sun sinks into the sea, my torment begins. Only the sun that burns

	che brucia e alletta il cuore può alleviare il mio dolore.	and allures my heart can alleviate my sorrow.
224	Amandovi io mi strazio e mi distruggo. La colpa è vostra, ma il danno è tutto mio.	By loving you, I torment and destroy myself. It is your fault, but the damage is all mine.
225	Ho visto dodici donne felici, poi le stesse donne in un carro trionfale con al centro Laura. Vorrei essere stato alla guida di quel carro.	I saw twelve happy women, then the same women in a triumphant cart with Laura at the center. I would like to have been driving that cart.
226	Le verdi rive e le ombrose colline dove Laura vive sono il solo luogo che amo. Lontano da lei ogni attimo è pena.	The green banks and the shaded hills where Laura lives are the only place that I love. Far from her, every moment is suffering.
227	Felice aura che muovi le sue chiome bionde, tu sei negli occhi che mandano gli strali amorosi che mi colpiscono anche da lontano.	Happy breeze that moves her blonde hair, you are in the eyes that send the amorous arrows that strike me even from afar.
228	Il lauro che cresce nel mio cuore è pieno di bellezza e virtù: è il mio amore per Laura, che io considero sacro.	The laurel that grows in my heart is full of beauty and virtue: it is my love for Laura that I consider sacred.
229	Cantai, ora piango, ma la radice della mia amarezza è così dolce che non c'è condizione più nobile della mia.	I sang; now I cry, but the root of my bitterness is so sweet that there is no condition nobler than my own.
230	Piansi, e ora canto: gli occhi di Laura non nascondono più il loro splendore e Pietà mi manda un ulivo in segno di pace.	I cried, and now I sing; Laura's eyes no longer hide their splendor and Pity sends me an olive branch as a sign of peace.
231	Ero felice del mio fato. Ma ora una scura foschia copre i tuoi occhi bellissimi! O Natura O Dio come potete distruggere tanta bellezza?	I was happy with my fate. A fog now covers those beautiful eyes! O Nature, O God, how can you destroy such beauty?
232	L'ira travolse anche Alessandro Magno. Diffidate dell'ira perché è una condizione di pazzia che può portare alla morte.	Ire overwhelmed even Alexander the Great! Distrust it, for it is a condition of madness that can lead to death.
233	La tua malattia agli occhi mi ha contagiato: il Cielo e l'Amore mi sono più favorevoli! Natura e Pietà seguono il loro corso.	Your sore eyes infected me: Heaven and Love were more favorable to me! Nature and Mercy follow their course.
234	Camera mia, testimone dei miei tormenti, non sei più rifugio ai miei penosi travagli. Ora cerco conforto fra il volgo.	O my room, witness of my torments, you are no longer refuge to my sorrowful anguishes. I now seek comfort in the crowd.
235	Navigo in questo tempestoso mare senza controllo. Le lacrime e i venti d'infiniti sospiri mi spingono verso la	I navigate in this tempestuous sea without control. The tears and the winds of infinite sighs push me onward toward

	rovina.	ruin.
236	Io sbaglio e vedo il mio errore ma non posso resistere l'attrazione di questa fiamma. La disperazione rende ardita la mia anima.	I err and I see my mistake, but I can not resist the attraction of this flame. Desperation makes my soul brave.
237	Vago al chiarore della luna, cercando il conforto del silenzio. Se fossi con me vorrei che non arrivasse mai l'alba.	I wander in the moonlight, seeking the comfort of silence. If you were with me, I would like that dawn would never arrive.
238	La vostra, caro principe, è celeste saggezza! Fra tante avete saputo scegliere! Come invidio il bacio sulla fronte che le avete dato.	Yours is a celestial wisdom, dear prince: among many women, you knew whom to choose! How I envy the kiss you gave her forehead.
239	Siete insensibile come un'aspra rupe e la mia poesia sembra voler trattenere il vento con una rete o conservare i fiori nel ghiaccio.	You are insensitive like a rugged cliff and my poetry seems to want to hold the wind with a net or conserve flowers in ice.
240	Il piacere ha vinto la ragione ma non potevo contrastare l'influsso delle stelle e ho chiesto perdono per questo.	Pleasure beat reason, but I could not oppose the influence of the stars and I asked forgiveness for this.
241	Il mio cuore è già ferito mortalmente e come se non bastasse ora vi vedo soffrire: la compassione accende il mio desiderio.	My heart is already mortally wounded and it is as if it was not enough, I now see you suffering: compassion ignites my desire.
242	Solo ora capisco che partendo le ho lasciato il mio cuore.	Only now do I understand that in leaving, I left her my heart.
243	Sono come un sasso perché il mio cuore ti segue ovunque per ricordarti le mie lacrime e il mio tormento amoroso.	I am like a rock because my heart follows you everywhere in order to remind you of my tears and of my amorous torment.
244	Caro amico, il mio delirio è simile al tuo. Raccogliamo le forze e rivolgiamo l'anima al cielo perché il nostro cammino è lungo e impervio.	Dear friend, my delirium is like yours. Let us collect our forces and direct the soul to the sky, for our path is long and inaccessible.
245	Chi sarà quel vecchio saggio che dona due rose a quella coppia di giovani amanti e li guarda con tanta dolcezza?	Who will be that old wise man who gifts two roses to that couple of young lovers and looks at them with such sweetness?
246	Laura rapisce ogni anima, con la sua grazia sorprendente. Non posso rimanere nel mondo senza di lei: Dio fammi morire prima di perderla.	Laura fascinates every soul with her surprising grace. I can not remain in the world without her: God let me die before losing her.
247	Lingua umana non può lodare la divinità di Laura, ma Amore spinge i poeti a descrivere le cose divine per destino.	Human language can not praise Laura's divinity, but Love pushes poets to describe divine things for destiny.
248	La morte incombe sulle creature piene	Death looms over the creatures full of

	di grazia e virtù come Laura. Deve affrettarsi chi vuole vederla o piangerà per sempre.	grace and virtue, like Laura. He who wants to see her must hurry, or he will cry forever.
249	L'ultimo incontro mi ha turbato. Laura non era serena come prima. Temo per lei. Dio mi assista.	The last encounter unsettled me. Laura was not as serene as before. I fear for her. God help me.
250	La donna dei miei sogni adesso è un incubo: sembra dirmi che se ne andrà per sempre.	The woman of my dreams is now a nightmare: she seems to tell me that she will leave forever.
251	Che visione! È possibile che Laura debba morire così presto? Se non posso più vedere il suo bel viso, voglio subito morire anch'io!	What a vision! Is it possible that Laura must die so soon? If I can not see her beautiful face anymore, I want to die immediately as well!
252	Devo piangere o cantare? Temere o sperare? Laura era il nostro sole. Senza lei sono diverso, vivo in perpetua guerra e vago senza meta.	Must I cry or sing? Fear or hope? Laura was our sun. Without her, I am different; I live in perpetual war and I wander without purpose.
253	Come mi manca Laura! Che inganno è l'amore! La Fortuna la allontana da me e ogni piacere è dissolto senza di lei.	O how I miss Laura! What a trick is love! Fortune distances her from me and every pleasure is dissolved without her.
254	Laura è morta o no? Il mio cuore è lacerato. Posso capire perché Dio la vuole con Sé, ma ora anche la mia vita è finita.	Is Laura dead or not? My heart is lacerated. I can understand why God wants her with Him, but now my life is finished as well.
255	Agli amanti piace la sera; a me piace l'aurora quando posso contemplare due soli, uno risplende in cielo e l'altro nel mio cuore.	Lovers like the evening; I, however, like the dawn when I can contemplate the two suns, one shining in the sky and the other in my heart.
256	Di notte sono un leone che ruggisce nella passione. L'anima staccata dal corpo raggiunge Laura: se almeno riuscisse per vendetta a svegliarla!	At night, I am a lion that roars with passion. The soul separated from the body reaches Laura. If only it could, for revenge, wake her!
257	Con la mia immaginazione sono in grado di ammirare il tuo volto anche se lo nascondi, tanto è forte la passione che anima il mio cuore.	With my imagination, I am capable of admiring your face even if you hide it; the passion that animates my heart is that strong.
258	Laura sa essere anche nobile e benevola con me. Finalmente la mia anima può riprendersi dopo tante pene.	Laura knows to be also noble and benevolent with me. My soul can finally recover after such pains.
259	Cerco la solitudine dei boschi, delle pianure e dei fiumi per fuggire la corrotta Avignone. Almeno oggi ho potuto stringere la vostra mano!	I seek the solitude of the woods, the plains and the rivers in order to escape from corrupt Avignon. At least today I could shake your hand.
260	Perché una bellezza così eccelsa e impareggiabile è giunta così tardi sulla terra e se ne va così presto?	Why has such a lofty and unique beauty come on Earth so late only to leave so soon?

261	Laura è un modello di perfezione ed eccellenza per tutte le donne. Ma la sua bellezza divina è inimitabile	Laura is a model of perfection and excellence for all women. Her divine beauty is, however, inimitable.
262	L'essenziale per una donna è l'onestà: solo l'onestà è più importante della vita e apre le porte del cielo. I filosofi dovrebbero capirlo.	Essential for a woman is honesty: only honesty is more important than life and opens Heaven's doors. The philosophers should understand it.
263	La tua onestà sarà simbolo di una dignità ed eccellenza diversa e migliore di quella che speravo dalle fronde del lauro.	Your honesty will be a symbol of a dignity and a different, better excellence than that for which I hoped from the branches of the laurel.
264	Penso alla morte e mi rivolgo a Dio ma non riesco a liberarmi dalla gloria e dall'amore. Vedo il meglio ma mi attacco al peggio.	I think of death and I turn to God, but I can not free myself from glory and love. I see the best, but I attach myself to the worst.
265	Una volontà così ferrea, un cuore così freddo non si sono mai visti. Ho buoni motivi per lamentarmi della mia sorte, ma continuo a sperare.	A will so strong and a heart so cold have never been seen. I have good motives to lament about my fate, but I continue to hope.
266	Caro amico, da anni ormai non c'è niente di peggio per me che non vedere né voi né Laura: siete i legami più forti della mia vita.	Dear friend, for years already there is nothing worse for me than not seeing you or Laura; you both are the strongest ties of my life.
267	Sono costretto ad ardere per Laura e a vivere di lei, anche se la morte mi ha privato di lei: di tutto il resto mi importa ben poco.	I am forced to burn for Laura and to live on her, even if death has deprived me of her: for the rest, I care very little.
268	Dovrei uccidermi per il dolore che provo per la sua morte. Ma se voglio rivederla in cielo, devo continuare a celebrarla in terra.	I should kill myself for the pain I feel due to her death. If I want to see here in Heaven, however, I must continue to praise her on Earth.
269	Ho perso Laura e l'altra colonna della mia vita. Devo rassegnarmi al mio destino. La vita appare bella ma puoi perdere tutto in un attimo.	I lost Laura and the other column of my life. I must resign to my destiny. Life appears beautiful, but you can lose everything in a moment.
270	La morte mi ha sciolto, Amore, da ogni tua legge; quella che fu la mia donna è fuggita in cielo, lasciando triste e libera la mia vita.	Death has released me, Love, from every one of your laws; she who was my woman has escaped to Heaven, leaving my life sad and vacant.
271	La morte ha sciolto il nodo ardente che stringeva il mio cuore, Amore ci sta riprovando, ma la Morte ha vinto ancora.	Death has loosened the burning knot that gripped my heart. Love is trying again, but Death has still won.
272	Sono stanco di navigare in questo mare sempre in tempesta: non c'è guida o porto sicuro per il mio cuore.	I am tired of navigating this ever-tempestuous sea: there is no safe guide or port for my heart.

273	Le sue parole gentili e gli sguardi dolci sono scomparsi, voglio dimenticarmi di loro. Qui nulla mi piace, ora voglio guardare il cielo.	Her gentle words and sweet gazes have disappeared; I want to forget them. I do not like anything here, now I want to look at the sky.
274	O cuore sleale, scorta dei miei nemici mortali, come puoi ancora ospitare i messaggi segreti di Amore e le sue illusioni?	O disloyal heart, escort of my mortal enemies, how can you still host the secret messages of Love and his illusions?
275	Piedi miei non potete più raggiungerla. Occhi ed orecchie, non potete più vederla e udirla. Quindi perché mi procurate tanto affanno?	My feet, you can never reach her again. Eyes and ears, you can never see or hear her again. Why then do you provoke such grief?
276	O Morte, avete tolto l'unica fonte di luce della mia vita, lasciandomi cieco e sconsolato. Con la poesia cerco di alleviare il dolore.	O Death, you have taken my life's only source of light, leaving me blind and disconsolate. With poetry, I seek to alleviate the pain.
277	Naufrago in questo desolato mare, non vedo più la mia guida, anche se la sento nel cuore dove mi appare dal cielo.	Shipwrecked in this desolate sea, I can not see my guide anymore, although I feel her in my heart where she appears from the sky.
278	Come pesa la vita, un tempo vivace e lieta, ora fredda ed affannosa per la sua morte. Sarebbe stato meglio morire con lei tre anni fa.	How heavy is life, once lively and happy, now cold and troubled due to her death. It would have been better to die with her three years ago.
279	Solo e pensoso sulla riva, vi sento nel vento estivo e nel mormorio delle onde. I miei occhi vedranno la vostra luce di nuovo dopo la morte.	Alone and pensive on the shore, I hear you in the summer wind and in the murmur of the waves. My eyes will see your light again after death.
280	La natura parla di amore eterno, ma senza Laura sulla terra per me non è più possibile essere felice e lei mi chiama in cielo.	Nature speaks of love eternal, but without Laura on earth, for me it is no longer possible to be happy. She calls me to Heaven.
281	Ho finalmente visto Laura vicino al fiume: era una ninfa benevola e sembrava bella come una donna viva.	I finally saw Laura near the river: she was a benevolent nymph and she seemed as beautiful as a living woman.
282	Anima beata le tue apparizioni nei miei sogni rallegrano i miei giorni tristi. Ti riconosco, questo mi conforta.	Blessed soul, your apparitions in my dreams made my sad days happy. I recognize you and this comforts me.
283	Laura mi consola mentre piango. Quando il suo spirito torna, la mia vita risplende della sua bellezza, e vorrei esprimerla nelle mie rime.	Laura comforts me while I cry. When her spirit comes back, my life shines from her beauty and I would like to express it through my rhymes.
284	La morte mi ha preso tutto ma benedico l'istante in cui Amore è entrato nel mio cuore. L'immaginazione mi restituisce Laura, ma non basta.	Death has taken everything from me. I bless the moment in which Love entered my heart. Imagination gives Laura back to me; it is not enough.

285	L'anima soffre senza di lei l'esilio terreno. Le sue visite brevi confortano il mio cuore afflitto con la pietà di una madre e una sposa.	The soul suffers terrestrial exile without her. Her brief visits comfort my afflicted heart with the mercy of a mother and of a bride.
286	Nei miei sogni lei ritorna e con grande dolcezza e compassione mi invita a non abbandonare la retta via.	In my dreams, she comes back and with great sweetness and compassion, she invites me not to abandon the right path.
287	O Sennuccio mio! Ora sei felice nella sfera di Venere e ti prego di salutare la mia signora e i poeti d'amore che sono beati con te.	O my Sennuccio! Now you are happy in Venus's sphere and I beg you to greet my lady and the poets of love that are blessed with you.
288	Ho riempito l'aria di sospiri dalla sua improvvisa partenza. Non c'è niente in questi monti che non sappia quanto è amara la mia pena.	I filled the air with sighs since her sudden departure. There is nothing in these mountains that does not know the bitterness of my anguish.
289	Ora capisco che lei si oppone al mio desiderio per la mia salvezza, e le sono grato. Quindi continuerò a onorarla con i miei versi.	Now I understand that she opposed my desire for my salvation; I am grateful to her. I will continue, therefore, to honor her with my verses.
290	Ora mi rende felice ciò che prima mi faceva soffrire. Il suo soave sdegno ha frenato il mio ardore e mi ha salvato.	What used to make me suffer now makes me happy. Her pleasing scorn held my ardor back and saved me.
291	Dopo la morte di Laura vorrei essere come Titone, che ogni notte ritrovava la sua Aurora!	After Laura's death, I wish to be like Tithonus, who found his Aurora again every night!
292	Per lei ho dimenticato me stesso, ma ora non mi resta che polvere e un interminabile pianto.	For her, I forgot myself, but now there is nothing for me, only dust and endless weeping.
293	Il mio unico intento era cantare la tua bellezza, ma dopo tua morte che senso ha la poesia?	My only intent was to sing your beauty, but after your death what sense does poetry have?
294	Soleva essere bella e viva nel mio cuore e ora non c'è più. Veramente siamo polvere e ombre, veramente ogni speranza è illusione.	She used to be beautiful and alive in my heart and now she is not anymore. We are truly dust and shadow; every hope is only illusion.
295	I miei pensieri solevano parlare di te che meriti di essere in cielo per la tua Virtù, mentre io rimango in terra con la mia passione.	My thoughts used to talk about you who deserves to be in Heaven for your Virtue, whereas I stay on Earth with my passion.
296	Ero solito accusarmi di essere in questa prigione. Adesso sono fiero di quanto ho sofferto e canterò per sempre ciò che ho perduto.	I used to accuse myself for being in this prison. Now I am proud of how much I have suffered and I will always sing that which I have lost.
297	Mentre tardo a raggiungerla in cielo proverò a rendere immortale il suo nome con la mia stanca poesia.	While I delay to reach her in Heaven, I will try to make her name immortal through my tired poetry.

298	Gli anni hanno distrutto tutto! Ho disperso i pensieri d'amore, e sono la più miserevole creatura della terra.	The years have destroyed everything! I wasted thoughts of love and I am the most miserable creature on Earth.
299	Dov'è la bellezza che mi ha condotto? Dov'è colei che ebbe in mano la mia vita? Quanto manca in questo mondo di lacrime!	Where is the beauty that guided me? Where is the woman who had my life in her hands? How much she is missed in this world of tears!
300	Provo invidia per la terra, il cielo, le anime che sono in tua dolce compagnia. Perché la morte ancora non mi chiama?	I feel envy for Earth, the sky and the souls that are in your sweet company. Why does death not yet call me?
301	Torno ai luoghi del mio amore, sono rimasti gli stessi ma io ora vedo solo il paese da cui è salita in cielo.	I go back to the places of my love. They have remained the same, but all I can see now is the place from which she ascended to Heaven.
302	Il pensiero mi ha portato da Laura tra i beati. L'intelletto non può capire la sua beatitudine ma lei mi ha detto che mi aspetta proprio lì.	My thought brought me to Laura among the blessed. The intellect can not understand her bliss, but she told me she waits for me there.
303	Eccomi ancora nei luoghi di un tempo. La morte di Laura li ha resi cupi ed oscuri. Non c'è più luce nei miei giorni.	Here I am again in the places of one time. Laura's death made them gloomy and cloudy. There is no light in my days anymore.
304	Non era colpa di Amore, allora non ero saggio come adesso e il mio canto era inadeguato; ma con Laura è morta anche la poesia.	It was not Love's fault: at those times, I was not as wise as now and my song was inadequate. With Laura, the poetry died too.
305	Oh, Anima Bella che riposi in pace, guardami dal cielo, l'insano desiderio è dissolto e ora puoi ascoltare sicura i miei sospiri.	Oh, Beautiful Soul that rests in peace, look at me from Heaven. The insane desire is dissolved and you can now listen to my sighs.
306	Mentre cammino come un animale selvatico in un deserto oscuro, le tue orme luminose continuano ad indicarmi la strada verso la beatitudine.	While I walk like a wild animal in a dark desert, your bright footprints continue to indicate the path toward bliss.
307	Ho chiesto troppo alla poesia: chi troppo vuole nulla stringe e non si può riuscire in ciò che è superiore alle proprie forze.	I asked too much of poetry: I am more fragile than I thought I was and no one can succeed in that which is superior in strength.
308	Ha tramutato in amarezza la sua angelica dolcezza e il mio stile è inadeguato a comunicare la bellezza della sua anima.	She turned her angelic sweetness into bitterness and my style is inadequate to communicate the beauty of her soul.
309	Amore mi concede tanta bellezza. Forse però solo il silenzio della contemplazione ha il potere di coglierla.	Love grants me so much beauty, but perhaps only the silence of contemplation has the ability to grasp it.
310	Nemmeno Zefiro e il bel tempo	Not even Zephyrus and the fair weather

	primaverile possono farmi sentire felice. I campi in fiore per me sono un deserto aspro e selvaggio.	of spring can make me feel happy. To me, the blooming fields are a harsh and wild desert.
311	Non immaginavo che la morte potesse toccare una dea, ora capisco che niente è sicuro, e piango con l'usignolo.	I did not imagine that death could touch a goddess, now I realize that nothing is certain, and I cry with the nightingale.
312	Tutta la bellezza e i piaceri del mondo non potrebbero riempire il vuoto nel mio cuore. La vita per me è così penosa e senza senso.	All the beauty and the pleasures of the world could not fill the emptiness in my heart. For me, life is so pitiful and senseless.
313	La morte di Laura mi fa soffrire, lei ha portato con sé il mio cuore e la mia anima. Potessi morire e raggiungerla!	Laura's death makes me suffer. She took my heart and my soul with her. If only I could die and reach her!
314	Perché non mi sono reso conto che quella era l'ultima volta che l'avrei vista? Forse la mia anima e la mia mente erano distratte.	Why did I not realize that was the last time I would have seen her? Maybe my soul and my mind were distracted.
315	Laura mi ha cambiato, ma poi la Morte me l'ha portata via troppo presto. Era certamente gelosa della mia felicità.	Laura changed me, but then Death took her away from me too early. He was certainly jealous of my happiness.
316	La Morte ha rovinato il mio futuro di pace con Laura, ma so che lei mi vede dal cielo e piange.	Death ruined my peaceful future with Laura, but I know she sees me from Heaven and cries.
317	Ero sul punto di vivere un rapporto sereno e maturo con lei, ma la morte non me ne ha concesso il tempo.	I was about to live a serene and mature relationship with her, but Death did not give me enough time.
318	L'alloro divelto e caduto è ormai in cielo, la sua immagine vive nella mia poesia e continuo a chiamarla pur rimanendo senza risposta.	The wrecked and fallen laurel is already in Heaven. Her image lives in my poetry and I continue to call her although she never responds.
319	Non riporre fiducia nelle cose del mondo, instabili e crudeli! Ciò che più conta è la beatitudine dell'anima.	Do not put your trust in the unstable and cruel things of the world! The bliss of the soul is what counts more.
320	Cerco rifugio dove lei nacque, ma anche la natura sembra respingermi. La passione era un signore crudele e ora piango le sue ceneri	I seek shelter where she was born, but nature also seems to ward me off. Passion was a cruel lord and I now cry for his ashes.
321	Quanto è misero il mio stato! Potessi almeno trovare conforto dove la mia fenice volò via dal nido, tenendo sotto le sue ali il mio cuore	How pitiful is my condition! I wish I could find comfort where my phoenix flew away from the nest, keeping my heart under her wings.
322	Quanto mi manchi, mio nobile amico! Piango per i tuoi versi e perché non potrai leggere i miei! Quale astro ci ha diviso?	How I miss you, my noble friend! I cry for your verses and because you will not be able to read mine! Which star has divided us?
323	Ho visto morte e distruzione di una	I saw the death and destruction of a

	fiera, una nave, un lauro, una fonte e una fenice. Solo la donna morsa dal serpente era serena e sicura.	beast, a ship, a laurel, a spring and a phoenix. Only the woman bitten by the snake was safe and calm.
324	Si sarebbero realizzate le mie speranze se non fosse intervenuta la morte, sommergendomi di dolore.	My hopes would have been realized if Death had not intervened, immersing me in pain.
325	O Morte crudele! Non avresti potuto uccidere un corpo più bello! Ma la nobile anima era prigioniera del bel corpo e ora si è liberata.	O cruel Death! You could not have killed a more beautiful body! The noble soul was, however, trapped in the body and has now been liberated.
326	O Morte crudele! Hai offeso Amore portando Laura in cielo e lasciando sulla terra solo il suo ricordo. Non hai pietà di me!	O cruel Death! You offended Love by bringing Laura to Heaven and leaving only her memory on Earth. You have no mercy for me!
327	O Morte crudele! Hai svuotato il mondo; ora ti combatto con la poesia, lasciando le mie parole a consacrare Laura.	O cruel Death! You have emptied the world; now I fight you with poetry, leaving my words to consecrate Laura.
328	O morte crudele! Hai rubato gli ultimi giorni felici della mia vita, lasciandomi ad aspettare di raggiungere Laura in paradiso.	O cruel death! You stole the last happy days of my life, leaving me to wait to reach Laura in Heaven.
329	O giorno fatale! Le stelle hanno congiurato contro la mia felicità e non me ne sono accorto, tanto ero abbagliato dalla sua bellezza.	O fatal day! The stars have conjured against my happiness and I did not realize it because I was so blinded by her beauty.
330	Non ho visto in quel dolce, vago sguardo l'imminente termine della sua vita mortale. I suoi occhi mi placano: aspetterò il mio tempo.	I did not see in that sweet, vague gaze the imminent end of her mortal life. Her eyes placate me. I will wait for my time.
331	In vita di Laura era la mia luce, se avessi capito la sua fine imminente avrei potuto andarmene prima di lei per aspettarla io in cielo.	In life, Laura was my light. If I had understood her imminent death, I would have been able to leave before her to wait for her in Heaven.
332	La sua morte ha trasformato me e il mio stile: passo le mie notti nel pianto, pensando ai ricordi lieti e invoco la morte.	Her death transformed both my style and myself. I spend my nights crying, thinking of the happy memories and I invoke death.
333	Non vedo più il tuo sembiante mortale, nascosto in luogo basso e oscuro. Mi attira la tua condizione beata: aspettami, non posso tardare!	I can not see your mortal countenance, hidden in a low and dark place. Your blessed condition attracts me. Wait for me! I can not be late!
334	Un tempo la mia incrollabile lealtà verso di voi vi spaventava. Ora però riconoscete l'onestà del mio desiderio. Accoglietemi in paradiso.	One time, my steadfast loyalty toward you scared you. Now, however, you recognize the honesty of my desire. Greet me in Heaven.

335	Fra mille donne, eravate l'unica simile in vista agli spiriti celesti. Questo era troppo per me, per questo mi avete lasciato indietro.	Among a thousand women, you were the only similar in sight to the celestial spirits. This was too much for me; for this, you left me behind.
336	Ricordo il nostro primo incontro ma so bene che nel milletrecentoquarantotto, il sesto giorno di Aprile, nell'ora prima siete morta.	I remember our first encounter, but I know well that in 1348, on the sixth day of April, in the first hour, you died.
337	Dio ha voluto adornare il cielo con il profumo di Laura che estasiava il mondo. Il mio desiderio per lei mi faceva tremare al fuoco.	God wanted to adorn the sky with Laura's perfume that delighted the world. My desire for her made me tremble at the fire.
338	Non la conobbe il mondo finché visse. Ora il cielo si gioisce della sua presenza e si avvantaggia del mio pianto.	The world did not know her while she lived. Now, in Heaven, it rejoices in her presence and takes advantage of my torment.
339	La mia debole vista umana non sopporta la visione dell'infinito che sento in Laura. La scrittura non è che una goccia nel mare senza fine.	My weak human sight does not stand the infinite vision that I feel in Laura. Writing is only a drop in the endless sea.
340	Mi mancano le dolci visioni di Laura nei miei sogni. Vorrei che lei lasciasse il cielo e venisse a confortare il mio tormento sulla terra.	I miss the sweet visions of Laura in my dreams. I wish she would leave Heaven and would come to comfort my torment on Earth.
341	Come un angelo pietoso porti conforto alla mia angoscia e mi fai rinascere. Sei beata perché sai rendere beati gli altri.	Like a merciful angel, you bring comfort to my anguish and you revive me. You are blessed because you bless others.
342	Con le tue parole mi porti conforto nelle mie notti, mi trasmetti una dolcezza che nessun mortale sentì mai.	With your words, you bring me comfort at night and you transmit to me a sweetness that no mortal has ever felt.
343	Laura mi appare in sogno verso l'alba e io sfogo il mio dolore; poi torna in cielo con gli occhi pieni di lacrime.	Laura appears to me in my dream toward dawn and I vent my pain; then, she returns to Heaven with eyes filled with tears.
344	Un tempo l'amore era dolce, ora è molto amaro. La tua morte mi ha privato di ogni bene.	Once, love was sweet. Now, it is incredibly bitter. Your death has denied me of everything.
345	Sono confortato di non vederti in questa prigione terrestre: ti vedo in volo insieme agli angeli per raggiungere il tuo e mio Signore.	I am comforted to not see you in this terrestrial prison. I see you flying together with the angels in order to reach our Lord.
346	Quando lei è arrivata in cielo gli altri spiriti eletti si sono fatti incontro pieni di stupore. Ora mi sussurra di arrivare in fretta.	When she arrived in Heaven, the other chosen spirits approached, filled with wonder. Now she whispers to me to hastily arrive.

347	Ora che vedi il mio amore nella mente di Dio, che sa ogni cosa, ti puoi fidare: prega che possa raggiungerti presto.	Now that you see my love in God's mind, that is omniscient, you can trust. Pray that I will be able to join you soon.
348	Tanta perfezione non si era mai vista al mondo. Ora la tua bellezza diletta Dio ed io sono rimasto qui senza di te. Prega che arrivi presto.	Such perfection had never been seen in the world. Now, your beauty delights God; I have remained here without you. Pray that I arrive soon.
349	Vorrei sapere quando arriverà il giorno felice in cui lascerò questa prigione terrena e vedrò il mio Signore e la mia donna.	I would like to know when the happy day in which I will leave this terrestrial prison will arrive and I will see my Lord and my woman.
350	Mai c'è stata, né c'è, né ci sarà sulla terra una bellezza come la tua! Vorrei essere in cielo per continuare a contemplarti eternamente.	A beauty such as yours did not, does not, and will not exist on Earth! I would like to be in Heaven in order to admire you for eternity.
351	Quegli sguardi crudeli che fanno innamorare si sono opposti alla mia passione, ma ora capisco che devo a loro la mia salvezza.	Those cruel gazes that make me fall in love were opposed to my passion, but only now do I realize that I owe them my salvation.
352	Ti ho visto camminare come un angelo tra l'erba e le viole, ma ora dopo il tuo ritorno al Creatore tutto è solo ricordo e oscurità.	I saw you walk like an angel in the grass and violets, but now, after your return to the Creator, everything is only memory and obscurity.
353	Vieni usignolo, c'è abbastanza spazio per tutti e due, condividiamo le nostre pene e ricordiamo assieme i nostri cari.	Come nightingale, there is enough space for both to share our sufferings and together remember our loved ones.
354	Amore, dammi la facoltà di celebrare la lode somma di Laura e le sue virtù che tanto piacciono al cielo.	Love, give me the authority to praise Laura's eulogy and her virtues that so please Heaven.
355	Ho tenuto i mie occhi fissi su ciò che mi danneggia. È tempo di rivolgere i pensieri al cielo anche se l'anima non si allontana dall'amore.	I kept my eyes fixed on what damages me. It is time to direct my thoughts to Heaven, although the soul does not distance itself from love.
356	L'aura celeste soffia sul mio sonno inquieto. Le esprimo il mio dolore e lei piange e sospira e io sono vinto dal dolore fino al risveglio.	The celestial breeze blows on my tormented sleep. I express my pain and she cries and sighs. The pain overwhelms me until my awakening.
357	Nulla più mi trattiene in questa vita: seguirò la luce del cielo che si riflette così intensamente nel profondo del mio cuore.	Nothing holds me in this life anymore. I will follow the light of Heaven that is so intensely reflected deep within my heart.
358	Com'è dolce per me la Morte dalla morte di Laura! Cristo mi è di esempio e lei mi mostra la via che porta al cielo.	How sweet Death is to me since Laura's death! Christ is my example and she shows me the path that leads to heaven.
359	Laura, la tua bella apparizione che	Laura, your beautiful appearance that

	viene a consolarmi di notte mi mostra la giusta direzione, ma mi priva totalmente dal riposo.	comes to console me at night shows me the right direction, but it totally deprives me of rest.
360	Nel processo contro Amore, io ero il testimone di tante sofferenze. Amore si è difeso e la Ragione non ha saputo giudicare.	In the trial against Love, I was the witness of much suffering. Love defended himself and Reason did not know how to judge.
361	Il mio specchio dice che sono vecchio, così vuole la Natura. Il tempo vola e il sogno è finito. Ma lei è ancora nel mio cuore.	My mirror says that I am old, as Nature intended. Time flies and the dream is over. Yet, she is still in my heart.
362	Con le ali del pensiero sono salito al cielo. Laura ama il mio cambiamento, mi porta a godere della vista del suo volto e di quello di Dio.	On the wings of thought, I ascended to Heaven. Laura loves my change and she brings me to enjoy the sight of her face and God's.
363	Laura è polvere, il mio lauro è spento. Libero da Amore, stanco di vivere, torno al mio Signore.	Laura is dust. My laurel is lifeless. Freed from Love and tired of living, I return to my Lord.
364	Ho perso molti anni nella follia amorosa, ora chiedo a Dio di salvarmi perché conosco il mio errore e non lo giustifico.	I lost many years in mad love. Now, I ask God to save me because I understand my error and I do not justify it.
365	Potevo essere caro al cielo, ma sono rimasto a terra smarrito. Dio, prendimi con te, affinché possa morire in pace.	I could have been beloved to Heaven, but I have remained misplaced on Earth. God, take me with you so that I may die in peace.
366	Vergin bella vieni a salvarmi, fammi la grazia. Vergine non mi lasciar sull'estremo passo! Sostienimi, raccoglimi in pace.	Beautiful Virgin, save me, grant me the grace. Virgin, do not leave me during this ultimate step! Support me, gather me to you in peace.