**Minister**:   Our next reading is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

and will be read by \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

***Sonnet XVII* by Pablo Neruda**

You have become mine forever.

I do not love you as if you were salt-rose,

or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.

I love you as certain dark things are to be loved, in secret,

between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms

but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;

thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,

risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when or from where.

I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;

so I love you because I know no other way than this:

Where 'I’ does not exist, nor 'You,'

so close that your hand on my chest is my hand,

so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.