

My mistress' soul is nothing like the light
The daystar gleams and afterwards lessens
My dame's genius sparkles in her sight
And never ceases to stun who listens

My treasure speaks her superb mind
Her thoughts blossom like undying wildflowers
There I know my inspiration is to find
There bards, inferior to her, cower

Nothing more than a loyal servant, I
Cherish her reflections, dear to me
Such genius, time, wasteful, shall not defy
Hence I write hopeful memory won't flee

Human transience holds no matter to me
Brave, I will not allow it to touch thee

Lucia Censori