

Sonnet #2

The lovely Jew whose devout dialect
Evoked grace from the most sublime hearts
Now in the holy fires of heaven's firmament
Sweetly delights the greatest intellects

With strains that grant souls release from great torments,
Ansaldo, and by which you gain the same respect,
Expressing her most chaste love in your account
That holds the worlds, upon your rhymes, intent.

Thus, the immortal God born on Delos
Lends to your glory his glory's content
That can be quenched by neither fire nor ice.

She again who has already made you poet,
Ruling that craft from the Heavenly skies,
Will always give purpose to the poems you write.

Sara Copio Sullam
Translated by Will Wells