

Alexander Search

TO ONE PLAYING

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Play on with that music all lonely
Wandering through me like a breeze
Half-lost in the calm of night,
A melody half-heard only
Like the sound of stupendous seas
That in motion feel a delight.

For in thy rhythm soft pealing,
For thou in that meterless rhyme
Awakest in me a spirit stress,
A widening, deadening of feeling
That is to my normal consciousness
As Eternity is to Time.

12-1905

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 56.

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