

Alexander Search

HEART-MUSIC

HEART-MUSIC

Leaning almost upon thy breast
I heard thy heart's life — made unrest. . .

And thy heart's beating has a sound
That reminds me of aught I heard long ago,
Long before this life, but what
I do not know, I do not know. . .
'Twas something going round and round
Something of terrible and of strange
That even now doth shake my soul.
I strive to remember — I fail, I fail
The unmemoried memory doth shake my soul.
'Twas something terrible and strange,
Going round and going round,
And it had a sound like thy heart's beat. . .
The memory hangs on my soul's darkness
But notion from my mind doth fleet.
I remember but this: it went round and round
And now thy heart hath such a sound.

12-1905

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 58.

1ª publ. in **Fernando Pessoa: o Amor, a Morte, a Iniciação.** Yvette K. Centeno. Lisboa: Regra do Jogo, 1985.