

Alexander Search

## AN IDYLL OF TO-DAY

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She

If every tear of mine were gold  
    And every sigh a tear,  
Wouldst thou not then with kisses bold  
    Entrap them falling clear?  
If at each word I spoke of love  
    Pearls rained from out the air,  
How pleasant would to thee then prove  
    To hear me speak for e'er!

He

If at each look of love I cast  
    A cheque were signed and made,  
If each tear's ending were the last  
Touch of received and paid;  
If each soft glance were a banknote  
    And the same every sigh.  
Wouldst thou not have me learn by rote  
    Love's shows of misery?

Both

What can we do? What are we both  
    But beings of our time?  
Gold is the meat of living's broth,  
    The vowel of the rhyme.  
Even a token sad and old.

A certain price will woo.  
Our love would but be true as gold  
If we were gold all through.

1905

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