

Alexander Search

THE CLOWN

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Through this mad mind relentless vaults
A grim ides weird and wild
With a meaning wilder than human fears
A clown in grotesque somersaults;
And I weep at him as a child
 In a man's hard tears.

There is no roof, there is no floor;
Horror! no space is known in all!
— Relentlessly I see he vaults! —
There is the clown and nothing more,
Who ceaselessly doth rise and fall —
The clown in grotesque somersaults.

Relentless, how relentlessly
In me, who seek what means each thing,
This spaceless vision neatly vaults!
My legs to vault almost forget me.
What awful meaning can this bring
 The clown in grotesque somersaults.

1-1906

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 68.