

Alexander Search

INSOMNIA

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Last night I had not the blessing
Of a deep or a quiet slumber,
For thoughts most wild and distressing
Every woe and fear expressing
My drowsy sense did encumber.

And the clock, with its curst possession
Of night with its monotone,
Is a madman mad with a word-obsession,
Sorrowfully lone.

A thousand times a reeling
Of reason around my world,
And around reason feeling
The very darkness wheeling
In a blacker darkness hurled.

And the clock! Ah, its curst possession
Of night with its monotone!
How it treasured well its word-obsession
Dolorously lone!

If I slept awhile, without number
Came the dreams, and I had not the grace
Of the shade of a shadow of slumber.
I fell in descent from reason steep,
In consciousness pale disgrace;
There was a fall half-senseless and deep
And I woke with a start from sleep

For I struck the bottom of space.

And I woke to the clocks's possession
Of night with its monotone,
Chuckling a meaning past its obsession,
Maniacally lone.

1-1906

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 70.