

Alexander Search

What death doth take for wife is

What Death doth take for wife is
What life has of good and of fair;
 The pain of passing's knife is
Not the less that it is everywhere;
 All goes, all flows, all life is
But the wreck of its own self for e'er.

 Yet hope we that this going
A semblance and lie can but be;
 That the river that is flowing
Will find, how far be it, a sea;
 That beyond our frail knowing
A deeper life eternally

Keeps all that seems to wither
All that seems to go wits to-day,
 And that in a way to bother [?]
Our subtlest thoughts to dismay
 Form and matter together
Live e'er in a timeless *Alway*.

3-1906

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 80.