

Fernando Pessoa

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Though't be of that which opens men's desire
(Being of thy beauty), from desire is free.
My flame upon thine altars has no fire.

Beauty should beauty mate, lest by addition
It do subtraction suffer. So I name
Thy true mate beautiful. Thus my perdition
Myself desire and mine own love disclaim.

That this renouncement of the very thought
Of thy possible love, were't such or no,
Gives pain, is sure; yet the pain given does not
From the renouncement, but its reason, flow.

The gods that fated me not beautiful
Fated this just renouncement possible.

5-10-1921

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 496.