

Fernando Pessoa

I have outwatched the Lesser Wain, and seen

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The remnant stars grow pale; but the used night
Has to the thought that used it sterile been,
Nor lost that use by pressure of delight.

My fixed, impatient thought no reason read;
What I scarce read my unthought thought made stray;
My soul between the living and the dead
Was a blown vapour, without place or way.

What the morn brought or took I cannot tell,
That had no use to bring or use to find.
All night I lay under the barren spell.
The day cannot dispel what the void wind

Ruinous built in the shorn night: its glow
Can but the night's made desert brightly show.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 498.