

Fernando Pessoa

Do not think of me. Love me.

Do not think of me. Love me.
That shall somehow suffice.

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Let us be purposeless
Sedately and for a task.
We can be nothing this
Dashes not with the mask
Of being anything...
Be we eer on the wing...

And towards nowhere flying,
Maybe we shall obtain
A thought of what our dying
May steal from life and pain...

1-10-1914

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 450.