

Fernando Pessoa

My heart was trembling in the breeze

My heart was trembling in the breeze
Like a flag half-furled and at rest. . .
My heart was trembling in the breeze
And all was restless in my breast. . .

My heart was lonely, sick and pale,
Silent like rocks in a calm sea. . .
My heart was lonely, sick and pale.
It seemed not to belong to me. . .

It sounded in me like a stone
Falling within a rivulet. . .
It sounded in me like a stone
That doth a silent river fret. . .

Oh, heart too sick for life like this.
Oh, peace that sleeps among the hills.
O heart too sick for life like this.
Oh rest at last for all my ills.

1914

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