

Fernando Pessoa

The sky is a great turquoise shining glee

The sky is a great turquoise shining glee,
All the earth is gathered up in the blue sea
Ev'n the green fields tend thereto in their joy,
The whole day playeth like a happy boy
Among the dales the hours build with their glee.

How happy, had I no cares, would I be!

But there is too much sorrow in mere seeing
The feminine disease of consciousness
Eats like a worm into the source of being.
The very thought I live gives me distress.
My heart is felt by me like some heavy place.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 464.