

Fernando Pessoa

O heavy day that comes with so much glee

O heavy day that comes with so much glee
Out of the East.
It turquoises the silence of the sea
And makes a feast
Of blueness of the waves that shiver and flee.

O heavy day because my love hath gone
And taken away
His white arms and his lips like poppies grown
Athwart that day
When I first saw him and felt my heart moan.

My hands are stretched towards his coming, and
He cometh not.
He seems a woman and his gesturing hand
Too oft bath wrought
Dreams of strange vice with him through my heart's sand.

He is scarce more than a child. His body is white,
His arms lie bare
Across my neck and cling like a delight
Of which my share
Is painful like a far sail in the night.

Oh, love, return! All this is dreams of thee
Return and wake
My trembling frame to that vile misery
That love doth take
For his body when the lovers are such as we.

Golden-haired boy that cannot love me so

As I love him,
Look, life is short, our lips fade. . . Ay, I know
I am ugly and dim
But love a little or seem. . . Love me and go
Yet love ere going, and then let me dream
On what was real while life fades and goes slow. . .

15-7-1915

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 466.