

Fernando Pessoa

## LE MIGNON

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Let them speak ill of me. I do not care  
Why shouldst thou care that fairer art than I?  
My lips so oft have rested on thy hair,  
So oft on thy lips, and so oft  
On thy white arms that yet pretend to lie  
On my dreams cushions like a vague thing soft. . .

Let them speak. Life is sweet if thy lips mean  
Life. Love is sweet if thou art love.  
The scorners cannot know what kisses screen  
Our throbbing heart from heart nor prove  
That full possession our mad love can scene  
With perverse actions like an empire's end  
That sinks among the galleys and doth blend  
Its sunset with the landscape's emerald green.

Let them speak. Put thy hand within my hand  
And let us love as maid and boy are said  
To love. But we are none and love is red  
On our hot souls thrill and understand.  
Oh, to thy bed!

Oh to thy bed, fairer than maidens' couches  
And curtained over with strange care for strangeness,  
Let's to thy bed and kiss naked while touches  
Selected from our hotter dreams transcend  
Lust with thought lust acted upon our frames.  
The magic misery of our wedded names  
Shall light the future with impassioned strangeness.

Antinous!

1915

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 468.