

Fernando Pessoa

## 35 — THE HOURS

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The hours are weary of being hours.  
Oh, to be aught else! they say.  
Their task's to age children, hopes and flowers,  
Paint lips cold and hairs gray.

They sicken and sadden and deaden beauty.  
When they pass and look behind,  
Lining the path of their ended duty  
They only weeping find.

So, Oh, to be something else! they say,  
For they think they know  
That the things and thoughts they take away  
Really fade and go.

But they do not know, blind misers screening  
A robber-changed false self,  
That everything has Another Meaning —  
Ay, even God Himself

s. d.

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 392.