

Fernando Pessoa

39 — CHALICE

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Chalice of my communion
 With the lost thing that gleams!
Communion-bond of union
 Between me and my dreams!
O chalice of love's most!
In thy wine, earth's wine's ghost
 To lips that are God's flowers,
My soul has dipped the host
 Of my diviner hours.

My lips are as lips kissed.
 My sad soul happy sings.
O shining through the mist
 Of tremulous angels' wings!
I feel me God's moon's node,
A child again, outside life's road,
 Remembering how I found me
When I awoke from God
 And felt the world around me.

10-1-1913

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 396.