

Fernando Pessoa

## 41 — TO ONE SINGING

### TO ONE SINGING

O voice the angels kissed when unbreathed yet!  
O lips made spiritual with uttering it!  
O eyes wild with the lust of the divine  
In thy felt presence, making thee its shrine!  
O that this moment of thee were Thyself!  
That thou ne'er fell'st from this Thou, and the pelf  
Of gathered days with avarice of living,  
Touched thee not from this moment of God's giving!  
O eternal actuality of thee!  
O by thy voice sculptured immutably  
In some stone-flesh of spirit! O set free  
From being all contained in being seen!  
O firmament of joy purely serene  
With spaciousness of soul and stars of song  
Above thyself, God's human heights among!

Sing on, and let thy singing be a couch  
To that of me which to my soul doth vouch  
Of God as of a self and of a home!  
Dissolve me to thy notes! Make me become  
An outside of myself, and have in me  
Nought but a selfless sense of hearing thee!  
Let me pertain to the sounds thou dost voice!  
Let me be other than I and rejoice  
Hearing time like a breeze pass by the place  
Thy song imprisons in its halcyon grace!

Thy voice compels to parapets from heaven  
Dim winged happinesses whence is woven

To our souls such a glamour, spirit-fair,  
That, feeling it, all life becomes despair  
And all the sense of life to wish to die.  
Sing on! Between the music's human cry  
And thy song's meaning there is interposed  
Some third reality, less life-enclosed,  
Some subtler tenderness than music makes  
Or words sung, and its moonless moonlight takes  
Our visionary moods by their child-hand  
And our tired steps begin to understand.

Sing, nor stop singing till bliss ache too much!  
O that I could, without moving my hand,  
Stretch forth some hand imaginary and touch  
That body of thine thy singing giveth thee!  
That kiss-like touch would wake eternity  
In me again, and, as by a great morn,  
The night my body makes of me were torn  
Away from being, and my unbodied shape  
Would, like a ship doubling the final cape,  
Come to that sight of port and shiver of coming  
That God allows to those whose bliss of roaming  
Is no more than the wish to find His peace  
And mingle with it as a scent with the breeze.

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: 404.