

Fernando Pessoa

## 43 — THE BRIDGE

### THE BRIDGE

Kisses on me like dew  
    Pour, and it shall be morn  
My waked spirit through.  
    My bowed, greyed head adorn  
With bays, that I may view  
    My shadow crowned and smile even as I mourn

Although my head is bent,  
    Thy feet, sandalled with hope,  
Pass and are eloquent  
    I' th' way they do not stop.  
Somewhere i' th' grass they are blent  
    With that of me that does for meanings grope

Let us be lovers aye,  
    Out of all flesh agreeing,  
Lovers in some new way  
    That needs not words nor seeing.  
Thus abstract, our love may  
    Not ours, be but a vague breath of Pure Being

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: 408.