

Fernando Pessoa

**There is no peace save where I am not,**

There is no peace save where I am not,  
The woods are gay where I never pass,  
Nothing but shadows are where my thought  
Plunges its feet in the moist dead grass.

Nothing save shadows and day elsewhere  
Waiting for those that await and hope.  
A horror lays its wind on my hair,  
And a cold hand does for my cold hand grope.

Yet nothing in me save pain merits this,  
Nothing in me save this merits pain.  
Oh, Mother of Shadows, whose ice-dead kiss  
Is madness, hasten towards my brain!

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**Pessoa Inédito.** Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes).  
Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 80.