

Fernando Pessoa

18 — SUMMER MOMENTS

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I

The sky is blue,
 The glad grass green.
My sad eyes woo
 The alien scene.

Oh, could my heart
 Partake of it
And feel no smart
 Feeling life flit!

I have no home,
 No hours save pain.
Sweet breezes, come
 Into my brain!

Great river so
 Quiet and true,
Teach me to go
 Through life like you!

I have no rest.
 My flowers have faded.
What was that quest
 My will evaded?

Even what I wish
 I care not for.

My heart is rich
And my love poor.

Oh, golden day,
Come into me
And my soul ray
With sunlit glee!

Let me be merely
A window-pane
You pass through, clearly
A warmed no-pain.

I faint and shiver
Hearing life come.
O passing river,
Where is my home?

O happy hours
That the fields wear,
Fresh summer showers!
O my despair!

O glad horizons!
O happy hills!
What pain imprisons
My struggling wills?

What is between
Myself and me?
What should have been
Lest this should be?

My life no more
Ever to be
Than a lone shore
Struck by the sea!

What fate, what power
Of dark despair
Makes each fair hour
Taste as not fair?

Oh, for some rest!
Give me a home,
A hope, a nest
Not to stray from!

Somewhere in life
Sure there must be
Something not strife
Waiting for me.

Lead me to it,
O happy day!
Make my heart fit
Thy going away!

Wake me the hopes
At least, though false,
My spirit gropes
Round prison-walls.

Low voice of streams,
Sweet summer's wife —
Why made I dreams
My only life?

II

The sun shines.
Birds pass.
The path lines
The grass.

I go through
 The meads,
Far from woe
 And deeds.

There is no hope
 Now here,
Nothing to grope
 For or fear.

Nothing: the sky
 And the green earth;
A vague wonder why
 There was birth.

This and no more,
 This and my soul
And the sky o'er
 This nothing's all.

I am again
 The child I was,
Having no pain
 More than the grass.

I live a life
 Freed from the morrow
And forget strife
 And sorrow.

What were the shapes
 Of fear and hope?
Vines show their grapes
 Down the hill-slope.

This real hour
 Shall not survive,

Yet shall't endure
Because I live.

So let the glades
And the sky's blue
In vague soul-shades
My heart come through,

Till I become
An outward thing,
Having no home;
A breath, a wing,

A portionless
Part of the hour,
Outside the stress
Of being more.

Low voices coming
Out of the day,
Chirping and humming
Near and away,

Make me a part
Of what you are,
Spill out my heart,
Shake it afar!

Let my soul be
A dust thrown up
To the winds' glee,
In the sea's cup!

There lost and mixed,
There selfless made,
No longer fixed
And casting shade.

This hour must pass
 Like all I know;
Yet, while it was,
 Fresh was my brow,

My eyelids drooped
 With final ease,
I was not cooped
 In thought's disease.

So let me rest
 This while and deem
That life the best
 That's most like dream.

This hot hour is
 Of that vague size,
For I see this
 Through no clear eyes,

But in a dim
 Abandonment
Live in the rim
 Of my thought's bent,

And this thought now's
 A blade of grass
That not even knows
 Hours pass.

III

A gentle wind hath risen
 Out of the heated day.
May my soul be forgiven
 Its dreams! O let me pray

That this freshening hour
 May cling to memory
And have years after power
 To live again in me!

'Tis very little, I know,
 But it is happiness,
And the hours are but few
 That we can really bless.

They are hours like this, freed
 From belonging to thought,
When we have nought to heed
 Save a breeze that is nought.

Let me therefore breathe in
 Into my memory
This hour, and may it begin
 Again whenever I see

My heart grow heavy and hot,
 My thoughts grow close and late
O soft breeze, fan my thought!
 O calmness, brush my fate!

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«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 354.

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