

Fernando Pessoa

19 — EMPTINESS

EMPTINESS

The day sickens into the lakes
 The colour that its pallor wears.
A loss of outline overtakes
 The landscape, and the horizon bears
Like a defeated flag the dim
Purposelessness of its dead rim.

Let my heart forsake everything.
 I shall be richer by all I.
Every breath, each passing wing
 Takes me from myself. The whole sky
Eats into my self-consciousness
And detracts from my true distress.

For my true sorrow is not that
 The day is sad as I am sad,
But that no moment can abate
 The pain that I but pain have had
To take with me and see and feel
While life goes by like a mere wheel.

No: vaguer things than skies and plains
 Are dark and lowered o'er in me;
My sorrows are more empty pains
 Than of which plains can symbols be;
And my void weight of life and self
Resembles nothing but itself.

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: 364.

1^a publ. in **O Louco Rabequista**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Presença, 1988.