

Fernando Pessoa

**20 — MONOTONY**

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Each hot and shaded ember  
    Includes the outer wet.  
Let us, my life, dismember  
    Our thoughts into regret.

The meaning wind blows colder  
    Upon the wetted pane.  
Our hearts, alas!, feel older  
    In seeking to live again.

The night hurts. Each red ember  
    To hotter redness fret!  
Alas! When I remember  
    I wish I could forget.

What vague and cold gusts enter  
    My soul as by a door!  
My soul is the living centre  
    Of dreams that are no more.

Startle yet more each ember!  
    Make the fire nearer yet!  
How easy it is to remember  
    When memory means regret!

The wetting wind is higher  
    All round my senses lone.  
My eyes leave not the fire,  
    My lips a vague name moan.

Shift uselessly each ember!  
All our soul is regret.  
We regret what we remember  
And regret what we forget.

Oh, colder and wilder blowing  
The wind through the wet gloom!  
On the grave of my past is glowing  
A red rose in full bloom.

A darkness takes each ember.  
I stir them not, yet fret.  
Our life is to remember  
And our wish to forget.

My mystery comes to touch  
My shoulder till I dread.  
The red rose is dead. Such  
As I was is now dead.

Could I wish to forget, pale ember,  
Without pining or regret!  
Or could I wish to remember  
Without wishing to forget!

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: 366.

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