

Fernando Pessoa

Let us rest. Every hour is not the next.

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May this wreath round with more than emptiness
The meaning of the ciphered living text
We owe to living and to thought confess.

Let us rest. Every hour is not the last.
A consolation comes from being late
Even at happiness, lest near winds blast
The present flower and fate still follow fate.

Let us rest. Power is useless and life vain.
To ask means to be answered with not giving.
To move towards pleasure is to walk on pain,
And having to live takes life out of living.

So there is no true thought nor just behest,
Nor pomp worthing having. Let us rest.

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Pessoa Inédito. Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes).
Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 83.