

Fernando Pessoa

MEANTIME

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Far away, far away,
 Far away from here. . .
There is no worry after joy
 Or away from fear
Far away from here.

Her lips were not very red,
 Nor her hair quite gold.
Her hands played with rings.
 She did not let me hold
Her hands playing with gold.

She is something past,
 Far away from pain.
Joy can touch her not, nor hope
 Enter her domain,
 Neither love in vain.

Perhaps at some day beyond
 Shadows and light
She will think of me and make
 All me a delight
 All away from sight.

s. d.

Poemas Ingleses. Fernando Pessoa. (Edição bilingue, com prefácio, traduções, variantes e notas de Jorge de Sena e traduções também de Adolfo Casais Monteiro e José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Ática, 1974: 202.

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