

Fernando Pessoa

SPELL

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From the moonlit brink of dreams
 I stretch foiled hands to thee,
O borne down other streams
 Than eye can think to see!
O crowned with spirit-beams!
 O veiled spirituality!

My dreams and thoughts abate
 Their pennons at thy feet,
O angel born too late
 For fallen men to meet!
In what new sensual state
 Could our twined lives feel sweet?

What new emotion must
 I dream to think thee mine?
What purity of lust?
 O tendrilled as a vine
Around my caressed trust!
 O dream-pressed spirit-wine!

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: 204.

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