

Fernando Pessoa

I love this world and all these men because

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I shall not love them long. That we do die
I believe not, bound fast to higher laws,
But that we lose this world do not deny.

This light that in the sea makes many a light,
This breeze so soft when least we feel it most,
May be replaced by a diviner sight
Or by a truer breeze; but these are lost.

Like some strange trick of childhood that was ill
Yet had the childhood, in it I regret
Perchance in some far world sublime and still,
The childhood that I never shall forget —

No, nor these toys of sense —this world, these men —,
Dear now when had because dear when lost then.

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Pessoa Inédito. Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes).
Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 85.