

Fernando Pessoa

25 — NOTHING

NOTHING

The angels came and sought her.
They found her by my side,
There where her wings had brought her.
The angels took her away.
She had left their home, their God-bright day
And come by me to abide.

She loved me because love
Loves but imperfect things.
The angels came from above
And bore her away from me.
They bore her away for ever
Between their luminous wings.

'Tis true she was their sister
And near to God as they.
But she loved me because
My heart had not a sister.
They have taken her away,
And this is all there was.

1914

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 374.

1ª publ. in **O Louco Rabequista**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Presença, 1988.