

Fernando Pessoa

### XIII — When I should be asleep to mine own voice

XIII

When I should be asleep to mine own voice  
In telling thee how much thy love's my dream,  
I find me listening to myself, the noise  
Of my words othered in my hearing them.  
Yet wonder not: this is the poet's soul.  
I could not tell thee well of how I love,  
Loved I not less by knowing it, were all  
My self my love and no thought love to prove.  
What consciousness makes more by consciousness,  
It makes less, for it makes it less itself.  
My sense of love could not my love rich-dress  
Did it not for it spend love's own love-pelf.  
Poet's love's this (as in these words I prove thee):  
I love my love for thee more than I love thee.

s. d.

«35 Sonnets». in **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: 168.

1ª ed.: **35 Sonnets** . Fernando Pessoa. Lisbon: Olisipo, 1921.