

Alexander Search

OH, SOLITARY STAR

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Oh, solitary star, that with bright ray
Lookst from the bosom of envolving night,
Loveliest that none contests thy spaceful way
Now when with rivals is the sky not dight.

Vouch safe on me to keep thy tiny stare
Blinking at night as if in sleepy joy,
Or as the sleepy eyes of some young fair
Who chides their closing to her thought's warm toy.

That there are other stars I well do know
And others that may shine more bright and true;
And yet I wish them not, for one doth so
Outwit decision and attention sue.

And if from this thou can no lesson learn.
Much hast thou spurned that Goodness may not spurn

s. d.

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 198.

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