

Alexander Search

FLASHES OF MADNESS — II

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II.

When thou seeëst me spend hours
Holding in a feverish glance
Thy mouth or teeth, or thy hand,
And notest how my soul devours
With a sleepness like to trance
The commonest things that stand

And askest what in them I see
That into each my spirit delves
As if each had a mystery,
Thou err'st in thy conjecturings,
For what ever obsesses me
Is not things in their weary selves
But the being there of things.

2-1906

Pessoa Inédito. Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes). Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 64.

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