

Alexander Search

## FLASHES OF MADNESS — IV

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#### IV.

##### 1.

When thou didst speak but now I felt  
    A terror mad and strange.  
Conceive it thou. I could have knelt  
To thy lips, to their curve, to its change.  
    The talking curve of thy lips  
    And thy teeth but slightly shown  
Were my delirium's waking whips.  
    I felt my reason overthrown.

A super-sensual fetichism  
    Haunts my deep-raving brain.  
Greater than ever grows the abysm  
Of my reason's and feeling's schism,  
    Cut with the pickaxe of pain.

More than they show all things contain.

##### 2.

Something not of this world doth lie  
    In thy smile, in thy lips live turn;  
A figure, a form I know not why  
That wakes in me — without a sigh  
    But with terror I cannot spurn  
    With terror wild and mute —  
Is it remembrances, is it  
    Desires so vague half-known they flit

And not in thought nor sentiment take root?

My mind grows madder and more fit  
In everything to catch and find  
Meanings, resemblances defined  
By not a form that thought can hit.

Smile not. Thou canst not comprehend!  
What is this? What truth doth sleep  
In these ravings without end  
And beyond notion deep?

Laugh not. Know'st thou what madness is?  
Wonder not. All is mysteries.

Ask not. For who can reply?  
Weep for me, child, but do not love me  
Who have in me too much that is above me,  
Too much I cannot call «I».

Weep for the ruin of my mind  
Weep rather, child, that things so deep should move me  
To lose the clear thoughts that could prove me  
One worthy of mankind.

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**Pessoa Inédito.** Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes).  
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