

Fernando Pessoa

4 — SPELL

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From the moonlit brink of dreams
 I stretch foiled hands to thee,
O borne down other streams
 Than eye can think to see!
O crowned with spirit beams!
 O veiled spirituality!

My dreams and thoughts abate
 Their pennons at thy feet.
O angel born too late
 For fallen man to meet!
In what new sensual state
 Could our twined lives fell sweet?

What new emotion must
 I dream to think thee mine?
What purity of lust?
 O tendrilled as a vine
Around my caressed trust!
 O dream-pressed spirit-wine!

s. d.

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 324.

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