

Fernando Pessoa

## 5 — GOBLIN DANCE

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First there was but the moon  
    And the black-travelled trees  
In the lunar lagoon  
    Of the forgotten breeze.

Then some unseen thing stirred  
    Where the moon-silence snowed  
And a vague whirl unheard  
    Vacantly tip-toed.

Slowly, idly, alone,  
    Beyond the eyes of sight,  
Somewhere invisibly shown,  
    They danced their delight.

Their far vagueness wound  
    Round the heart a pain,  
A phantom fear found  
    Voluble and vain.

The heart remembered lives  
    Before loves and homes,  
Whose rare memory revives  
    Only when this dance comes.

A wish for a vague thing soon,  
    A loosened sense of selves,  
A thing in the soul like moon,  
    Aught in the hopes like elves —

Tip-toe aerial gliding  
Shadow-lunar blent,  
Bending, mingling, hiding,  
To and fro they went.

Left and right, belonging  
To no place, they swayed.  
A low pipe, like longing,  
To their dancing played.

There, in the silence dropped  
Like a thing on the ground,  
Whirled they awhile, then stopped,  
Then renewed their round,

Till with their slowing turns  
The cold air grows more bare.  
Then the mere moonlight returns  
And there had been nothing there.

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: 326.