

Fernando Pessoa

XX — But these are thoughts or promises or but

XX

But these are thoughts or promises or but
Half the purpose of rut,
And this is lust thought-of or futureless
Or used but lust to ease.
Do ye the circle true of love pretend,
And, what Nature, intend!
Do ye actually ache
The horse of lust by reins of life to bend
And pair in love for love's creating sake!
Bellow! Roar! Stallions be or bulls that fret
On their seed's hole to get!
Surge for that carnal complement that will
Your flesh's young juice thrill
To the wet mortised joints at which you meet
The coming life to greet,
In the tilled womb that will bulge till it do
The plenteous curve of spheric earth renew!

1913

«Epithalamium». in **Poemas Ingleses**. Fernando Pessoa. (Edição bilingue, com prefácio, traduções, variantes e notas de Jorge de Sena e traduções também de Adolfo Casais Monteiro e José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Ática, 1974: 150.

1ª ed. in **English Poems III**. Fernando Pessoa. Lisbon: Olisipo, 1921.