

Fernando Pessoa

I — Whether we write or speak or do but look

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Whether we write or speak or do but look
We are ever unapparent. What we are
Cannot be transfused into word or book.
Our soul from us is infinitely far.
However much we give our thoughts the will
To be our soul and gesture it abroad,
Our hearts are incommunicable still.
In what we show ourselves we are ignored.
The abyss from soul to soul cannot be bridged
By any skill of thought or trick of seeming.
Unto our very selves we are abridged
When we would utter to our thought our being.
We are our dreams of ourselves, souls by gleams,
And each to each other dreams of others' dreams.

s. d.

«35 Sonnets». 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: 156.

1ª ed.: **35 Sonnets**. Fernando Pessoa. Lisbon: Olisipo, 1921.