

Alexander Search
ON THE ROAD

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In a cart.

Here we go while morning life burns
 In the sunlight's golden ocean,
And upon our faces a freshness comes,
 A freshness whose soul is motion.

Up the hills, up! Down to the vales!
 Now in the plains more slow!
Now in swift turns the shaken cart reels.
 Soundless in sand now we go!

But we must come to some village or town,
 And our eyes show sorrow at it.
Could we for ever and ever go on
 In the sun and air that we hit;

On an infinite road, at a mighty pace,
 With endless and free commotion,
With the sun eter round us and on our face
 A freshness whose soul is motion!

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 186.

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