

Alexander Search

**Many an evil, many a bliss**

Many an evil, many a bliss  
Go to make existence' hell,  
But the greatest evil of all is this:  
To live and to know it *well*.

Since this from life at once we see  
Thus simply gathered,  
Must not the greatest bliss then be  
To die and know oneself dead?

That's true, as far as I guess,  
That's true and impossible,  
As far as I know and tell.  
So much for happiness!

10-1-1908

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 160.