

Alexander Search

INACTION

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A thousand hearts are labouring for the good
Of poor mankind ill-civilized and chill;
A thousand minds are making war to ill
With thought or feeling ponderate or rude.

And I alone, as if not understood
By me the suffering that the sense doth fill,
Am sunk in an abeyance deep of will
In a wild, crazy somnolence of mood.

Thus show I mute and cold to misery
Yet not suspected thoughts like dim clouds float,
The presages of horrors, in my mind.

Thus am I miserable and my soul in me,
A skilful helmsman in a helmless boat,
Is like one loving beauty yet born blind.

23-9-1907

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 114.

Destinado ao volume «Agony».