

Alexander Search

THE GIANTESS

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I saw a comic giantess
At a tremendous feast alone,
Striving to eat some gorgeous mess
That formed a hard whole, as a stone.
But for her mouth it was too much
That, her avidity being such,
It doubled her void wish's hell;
And her mouth's wide, impotent clutch
Would have made laugh, did it not quell
Laughter with being horrible.
At her impossible, void feast
I saw her and, seeing her despair,
«What's that too large thing that to eat
You idly strive?» I asked of her ;
And I laughed out serene and rude.

She wept wild tears and said, «This meat
That by its greatness doth elude
My constant gaping, wild and sore,
 Is Beauty whole and complete.»
I looked at her and laughed no more,
But I wept, for I understood.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 136.

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