

Alexander Search

SONNET — Lady, believe me ever at your feet,

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Lady, believe me ever at your feet,
When all the Venus in you you condense
Unto a gesture natural and sweet,
Full-filled with purity's white eloquence.

Your sentient arm so softly did incense
The love of beauty in my soul complete,
That I had given the dearest things of sense
For that your gesture natural and sweet.

Genius and beauty, and the things that mar
The love of life with Love's own purest glow,
Out of all thinking, all unconscious are;

And even you, sweet lady, may not know
How much that gesture was to me a star
Leading my bark upon a sea of woe.

3-1907

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 90.