

Alexander Search

## REGRET

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I would that I were again a child  
    And a child you sweet and pure,  
That we might be free and wild  
    In our consciousness obscure;  
That we might play fantastic games  
    Under trees silent and shady,  
That we might have fairy-book names,  
    I be a lord, you a lady.

And all were a strong ignorance  
    And a healthy want of thought,  
And many a [prank?], many a dance  
    Our unresting feet had wrought;  
And I would act well a clown's part  
    To your childish laughter winning,  
And I would call you my sweetheart  
    And the name would have no meaning.

Or sitting close we each other would move  
    With tales that now gone are sad;  
We would have no sex, would feel no love,  
    Good without fighting the bad.  
And a flower would be our life's delight  
    And a nutshell boat our treasure:  
We would lock it in a cupboard at night  
    As in memory a pleasure.

We would spend hours and days like a wealth  
    Of goodness too great to cloy,

We would deep enjoy innocence and health  
    Knowing not we did enjoy...  
Ah, what bitterest is is that-alone  
    Now one feeling in me I trace —  
That knowledge of what from us hath gone  
    And of what it left in its place.

29-5-1907

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

Destinado ao volume «Agony». 1ª publ. in **Fernando Pessoa: o Amor, a Morte, a Iniciação.** Yvette K. Centeno. Lisboa: Regra do Jogo, 1985.