

Alexander Search

DEATH IN LIFE

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Another day is past, and while it past,
What have I pondered or conceived or read?
Nothing! Another day has gone to waste.
Nothing! Each hour as it is born is dead.

I have done nothing. Time from me has fled,
And unto Beauty not a statue raised!
By thought's firm power no creed nor lie debased
By this young useless and wearied.

Is it my lot then ever to remain
Like a grain of sand upon the beach,
A thing at will of wind, at will of sea?

Alas, that aught that wishes and has pain,
Because e'er fall'n from what its power should reach
Less than a thing inanimate should be!

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 92.

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