

Alexander Search  
**WOE SUPREME**

WOE SUPREME

A friend said once to me: «All that thou writest,  
Surely 'tis fancy, and pretence, and feigned;  
Surely the moaning wherewith thou affrightest  
The healthy mind is preconceived and strained!

'In all the songs and tales that thou indictest  
Why's there no word that is not hard or pained?  
Why in good things and true thou not delightest,  
But even in youth by thee joys are disdained?»

Because, dear friend, thought to be mad is sweet  
Sometimes, and though at others nameless woe,  
Yet never human pain the pain can meet

Of the mad brain that doth its madness know;  
Because my science learn'd has made complete  
The knowledge of an ill that cannot go.

8-6-1907

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 94.

Destinado ao volume «Agony». 1ª publ.: «Fernando Pessoa e a Loucura». Georg Rudolf Lind. in **Estudos sobre Fernando Pessoa.** Lisboa: Imprensa Nacional-Casa da Moeda, 1981.