

Alexander Search

## HERE AND THERE

### HERE AND THERE

Here is the same as there, my friend,  
All places in this world are like.  
If doomed thy life in grief to spend,  
What change can then thy fate amend,  
What from thy soul the pain can strike?

When pain doth wound the tired heart  
And grief doth tie the fevered eye,  
Some joy indeed the world's great art  
May to thy pained soul impart —  
What's this if joy in thee not lie?

When on my restless couch I lie  
And count the throbbing of my breath,  
I see the joy of earth and sky  
Yet hate it all; why should not I  
So keep my coward mind from death?

True joy comes not from outward show  
But in our deepest soul doth rest.  
What matter if the sun can glow  
And stars at night look sweetly so  
When hearts are by their grief opprest?

For when the darkness weighs thy thought,  
And night doth fall upon thy soul,  
Are not again thy sorrows brought?  
Is not thy mind in shadows caught?  
Do fears not back upon thee roll?

I cannot do but hope; as mine  
Thy mind I see to hopes doth bend;  
I in my land and thou in thine  
We suffer both — our griefs entwine.  
Here is the same as there, my friend.

1904

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 42.