

Alexander Search

THOUGHT

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How great a thing is thought! as through the gloom
Of stormy skies the sudden lightning curls,
As slow the storm in patience grim unfurls
Its mighty volume of resounding boom,

Thought comes, more bright than Reason's sun which hurls
Its constant beams around till verge of doom —
Or as the silver-chequered shades which loom
'Neath Fancy's moon in windy queerest whirls.

Thought comes, but blinds the glaring mental sight,
But shakes our mind with echoes of its roar
And bears its force beyond our visual scope;

Horrible beauty and unpitying might
That often kills and tears, to rise no more,
The frailest fabric of a dreary hope.

1904

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 46.