

Alexander Search  
**RESOLUTION**

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Why do I waste in dreams fruitless and vain  
The substance of my youth in idle tears?  
Why do I count with feverish eye the years  
And number with sad heart the ways of pain?

Why should I weep thus, since there is no gain  
To me, to men from sighings and from fears?  
Since from afar at me the future sneers,  
The while the past with me cannot remain.

High Heaven, that errs not and that wills not wrong  
To each on earth doth give a work to do,  
A distant recompense and rest remote;

I'll to my work then, so God make me strong  
To bring the Demons of mine own self to  
Their knees, and take the Devil by the throat.

7-5-1905

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 52.

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