

Fernando Pessoa

**Mother of things impossible,**

Mother of things impossible,  
Sister of what can never be,  
Thou whose closed lips will never tell  
The words whose lack is misery  
Sit by my side while I ignore.  
Smile by my ignorance of thee,  
And my lost solitude restore.

Oh, life is sad as things unwilled,  
Love is the day that never comes  
To those blind as my soul, and filled  
With that pressage of coming drums  
When the city shall fall, that haunts  
The inner vision whose night hums  
In us while death startingly chaunts.

O interpret my soul to me!  
Give me no truth, no sight, no road,  
But take from me the misery  
Of consciousness and the unseen goal  
Of seeking ever what doth seem.  
Lighten with being-near my load!  
O let me hold thy hand and dream!

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**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 472.

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