

Fernando Pessoa

When slattern Time, worn out with toil of wearing,

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With loose-tied pack shall trudge upon my years,
And I shall feel that forced occasion nearing
That despair's self (that must live to be) fears,

I, being beggared of all wealth of hope —
So prodigal have I to wishes been —
Shall with known uselessness for the coin grope
To pay that the hour's ending be serene.

I shall not enter the great silent cave
With curious ardour, or ease out of sun,
But all that with me I shall then still have
Will be a coward rage that all is done.

No hope the cave's a passage shall control
Fear of the immediate night of the shown hole.

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