

Fernando Pessoa

**45 — THE LOOPHOLE**

## THE LOOPHOLE

I shall not come when thou wilt call,  
For when thou call'st I am with thee.  
When I think of thee, within me  
Thyself art, and thy thought self's all.

Thy presence is thy absence drest  
In thy body that hides thy soul.  
Tis in me that thou art possessed,  
'Tis in my thoughts that thou art whole.

Outside thee, given to time and space,  
Thy body, thy mere loss to me,  
Partakes of change and age and place?  
Belongs to other laws than thee.

In my dream of thee nothing changes  
Thyself to other than thou art.  
Thy corporal presence is that part  
Of thee that thee from thee estranges.

Therefore call me, but await not.  
Thy voice, summed to my dreaming thee,  
Shall put new beauty on that thought  
Of thy body that dwells in me.

Thy voice heard from afar shall bring  
Nearer to me thy presence dreamed.  
Brighter and clearer than it seemed  
It grow'th in my imagining.

Then call no more. Thy voice twice heard  
    Along the real space would be  
    Too near now to reality.  
Thy second voice were thy first blurred.

Call me but once. I close mine eyes  
    And let the second call be dreamed,  
    Thy body's vision lightly gleamed  
On my seeing memory of thy cries.

The rest, eyes shut lest thou appear.  
    Shall be thy clear continuance  
    In my dream's constancy askance.  
Keep far, keep silent, come not here,

For thou wouldst come too near for sight  
    And out of my thoughts step to thee,  
    Putting on thy dreamed body in me  
    (Thy body's form-dream infinite)  
    Thy limit, visibility.

s. d.

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 412.