

Fernando Pessoa

## 46 — THE ABYSS

### THE ABYSS

Between me and my consciousness  
Is an abyss  
At whose invisible bottom runs  
The noise of a stream far from suns,  
Whose very sound is dark and cold —  
    Ay, on some skin of our soul's deeming,  
Cold and dark and terribly old,  
    Itself, and not in its told seeming.

My hearing has become my seeing  
    Of that placelessly sunken stream.  
Its noiseless noise is ever freeing  
    My thought from my thought's power to dream.  
Some dread reality belongs  
To that stream of mute, abstract songs  
That speak of no reality  
But of its going to no sea.

Lo! with the eyes of my dreamed hearing  
I hear the unseen river bearing  
Along to where it goes not to  
    All things my thought is made of — Thought  
Itself, and the World, and God, who  
    On that impossible stream float.

Ay, the ideas of God, of World,  
    Of Myself and of Mystery,  
As from some unknown rampart, hurled,  
    Go down with that stream to that sea

It has not and shall never reach  
    And belong to its night-bound motion.  
Yet oh for that sun on the beach  
Of that unattainable ocean!

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«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 414.

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