

Fernando Pessoa

48 — A SUMMER ECSTASY

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Beside a summer's day
 I lay me down and dreamed.
The light from far away
 In my withinned self gleamed,
An unreal true glow,
Spiritually somehow.

I saw the inner side
 Of summer, earth and morn.
I heard the rivers glide
 From Within. I was borne
To see, through mysteries,
How God everything is.

The motes of sun that dance
 Are audibly whispered.
All is an utterance.
 The sight may hear. I shed
Vision of things as things.
My thoughts are angels' wings.

The corpses of known hours
 In barks unsteered and left
Float, covered with mute flowers,
 Down my dream that is cleft
In banks of mystery —
This summer day and I.

And something like a greed

And yet unlike a wish,
The power to have a need
Which doth not needing reach,
But is dissolved again
Ere its sad joy reach pain,

A shadowy lightness woven
Of the day and of me,
Like sparkling water driven
Never but where we see,
A gap, a pause, a dim
Looking over things' rim,

Starts like a sudden flute
Pastoral with tuneless notes
Out of the unseen root
Of all my being denotes,
Spreads, till I feel it not,
O'er my lost sense of thought.

And lo! I am another.
My senses taste not-mine.
A hand my sight doth smother
To a blind sight divine.
I am a lost tune, a mood
Of the finger-tips of God.

So, like a child-king crowned,
I feel new with fear-pride.
I am robed with sky and ground.
My inmost soul's outside
Is sunlit seas and lands.
My dreams are seraphs' hands.

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 418.