

Fernando Pessoa

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My thoughts are something my soul fears.

I tremble at my very glee.

Sometimes I feel arrive in me

A dim, a cold. a sad, a fierce

A lust-like spirituality.

It makes me one with all the grass.

My life takes colour at all flowers.

The breeze that seemeth loth to pass

Shakes off red petals from my hours

And my heart sulters without showers.

Then God becomes a vice of mine

And divine feelings an embrace

That sinks my senses in its wine

And leaves no outline in my ways

Of seeing God flower, grow and shine.

My thoughts and feelings mingle and form

A vague and hot soul-unity.

Like a sea that expects a storm,

A lazy ache and fret make me

A murmur like a coming swarm.

My parched thoughts mix and occupy

Their interpresences and swell

To each others' places. I descry

Nought in me save impossible

Mixtures of many things all I.

I am a drunkard of my thoughts.
My feelings' juice o'erruns my soul.
My will becomes soaked in them all.
Then life stagnates a dream and rots
To beauty in my verses' dole.

29-7-1915

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 422.