

Fernando Pessoa

50 — SONNET

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God made my shivering nerves His human lyre,  
    A lyre whose curves in angels' faces end.  
When God doth sing the song's invisible fire  
    And half-visible wings over it bend.  
Fountain of incorruptible desire!  
    Gold-misted green isle where my bark doth tend!  
My soul, rich with electedness, doth tire  
    My sense of me with aches with God to blend.

But lo! to live is to be blent with God  
    Already. We need nought but life, all life.  
Pain, evil, hate, lust, treachery, the rod  
    Of custom, the bypath of dreams, the knife  
Grief hideth till it cut her, the delight  
    Of death — all these are God's willed spite.

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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: 424.

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