

Fernando Pessoa

52 — SUMMERLAND

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One day, Time having ceased,
 Our lives shall meet again,
From Place and Name released.
 Only that shall remain
Of each of us that may
Seem natural to that Day.

There we will newly love,
 Wondering at the old mood
With which love did us move,
 When pain and solitude
Were what each soul had got
For its contingent lot.

There, heaven being between us
 And touch a real thing,
The texture luminous
 Of our true lives will bring
God into our love like breath.
Nowhere will there be death.

The need to suffer and sigh,
 The inevitable cares,
The awaiting and the cry
 That goes from joy to tears —
These have no need to be
In love's eternity.

The hours shall make our love

Grow younger, not more old.
Some trick of time shall move
 Wont even to truer gold,
Regret shall not be aught
Possible there to thought.

That region light-suspended
 Under truer blue skies
Shall let our souls feel blended,
 Yet be true unities.
Nought shall have power to fret
Our hearts to tire of it.

A golden land where God
 Stayed a Day of His Time,
Not as the world, where not
 A moment did he abide,
And where His passing left
The sense of aught bereft.

My heart, that thinks of this,
 Pines, for it is nowhere,
And she that meets my bliss
 With her new old love there —
She is unreal as all
That to this verse I call.

Yet who knows? Perhaps this
 Is not wishing, but seeing.
Perhaps this love, this bliss,
 This conscious glad not-being
Is some reality
Through fancy seen by me.

Perhaps it casts a spell
 From where it can be found.
What is impossible?

Where is God's bourne and bound?
Why, if I dream this, may
Not this be mine one day?

Who knows what our dreams are?
Who knows all that God makes?
Perhaps life doth but mar
The immediate truth that takes
Its beauty from being dreamed.
Nothing eter merely seemed.

Somewhere where God is nearer
These things are een now true.
Oh, let me be no fearer
That this may not be so!
All is more strange than that
Small glimpse of it we get.

Mine eyes are wild with joy
Because I have these thoughts.
They cannot tire nor cloy
Because God ever allots
To each high thing the power
To weigh not on its hour.

My flower garden is
Full of new flowers now.
My lips are kissed by bliss
Because I know not how.
My heart fails and I swim
Within a luminous rim.

A halo of hope comes round
My soul. I am that child
That cries: Lo! I have found
This flower strange and wild.
The unknown flower I have

Grew on my dead dreams' grave.

A trembling sense of being
 More than my sense can hold,
A bird of feeling seeing
 The great, earth-hidden gold
Of the approaching dawn,
A breath, a light, a swoon,

A presence interwoven
 With rays of other light,
A spell, a power untroven
 Of my more clear delight,
I faint, I fade, I seem
Myself to be my dream.

And if this be not so,
 Oh, God, make it now be!
Let me not find more woe
 Because I so dreamed Thee!
Let aught for which I pine
Merit being divine.

Let this resemble heaven
 And be my home for e'er,
Even if for e'er mean living
 But this hour really fair.
An hour in God shall be
Enough eternity.

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: 426.