

Fernando Pessoa

The day is glad and golden.

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Over the sunhit beach
The waves do gladly embolden
Their crisp and clinging reach.

Would I were one as they
With the natural hour,
With the wide sunlit day
And the ancient sea's power.

I would not be here weeping
That I am not aught else,
My waking would be a sleeping
Like this of the sea swells

Not like an outcast from
A home I never knew
Would I be pining for home,
.....

Not like a tossed sea-weed
Between the wave and the wave,
And restless with a mute greed
For something I cannot have.

Something I cannot even dream,
Some spent life I know not...
Oh how fair would nature seem
Were it not for thought!

Dark is the golden day

Unto mine eyes that stare
Brightness and joy away
From sky and shore and here.

Dead is the changing sea,
The wind a monotone,
Oh ever to be he
That never is but alone,

I cannot dream of heaven,
Nor create one in the hour. . .
Pass, day, and ask not even
For my grateful eyes' dower. . .

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