

Alexander Search

PERFECTION

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Perfection comes to me in fevered dreams,
Beauty divine by earthly senses bound,
And lulls mine ear with slow, forgetful sound,
Her full heart's voice, burst forth in mindful gleams,

Such as I ne'er can grasp. Her soft hair streams
On to her lustless breast, wherein confound
The real and the ideal interwound,
And aught of earthly joy that heaven beseems.

Then day invades, and all is gone away;
I to myself return, and feel such woe
As when a ship-wrecked sailor waked from sleep

From the bright dreams of a sweet village day
Lifts up his throbbing head, to hear below
The weighty, sunken rumble of the deer.

10-1904

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 38.

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