

Fernando Pessoa

**28 — ISIS**

ISIS

In the cool pillared portico  
That gives white entrance to her moods  
Start- lovely stand in a mute row  
The statues of her pulchritudes.

Twelve are they and the mind doth gather  
Their separate seen lives to one sense;  
The thirteenth, which is all together,  
Means her soul and its confluence.

Five statues mean the senses five,  
Seven are her mysteries of Thought  
The thirteenth seems somehow to live  
Beside her life and know it not.

The summer lies outside her shades,  
The breezes creep into her halls,  
And from her windowed loss the glades  
Are something that the soul recalls.

She built her house with heavenly types  
Of building in her inner seeing.  
The Sun makes the long pillars stripes  
On the cold, hard floors of her being.

Yet she is absent and despairing,  
Her statues await her New Hour,  
And from the shadows of her hearing  
The whisper of the drones doth flower.

This was not anyhow nor when.  
All was as cool as dreams are cool  
When breezes creep up to our pain  
And we are laid beside a pool,

And a far larger pool arises  
In our restored imagining,  
And all our body's sense despises  
Our innate lack of fin and wing.

Still by her portico I stopped.  
The shadows there were clear and fast.  
Slightly as with a kiss, I hoped,  
And Having, like a swallow, passed.

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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: 378.

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