

Fernando Pessoa

29 — ENNUI

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Under a low and sullen sky,
Frowned on by lone winds that moan by
And palely sick for light from high
Till the landscape's soul doth sigh forever,
 Forever sigh,
A black and calmness-haunted river,
That doth a town from itself sever,
Runs with an inner fear and shiver
Like a dim fate forever nigh,
 Nigher forever.

Ay, through that landscape lapsed from dream
Into a horrid truth doth gleam
That self-absorbed, self-empty stream
That bears a dream of dreams' emotion
 To emotion's dream!
Runs from a land whence is no motion
Towards a possible far ocean;
And they, whose eyes anguished sans motion
Bathe in it, take emotion's dream
 For dreams' emotion.

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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: 382.

1ª publ. in **O Louco Rabequista**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Presença, 1988.