

Fernando Pessoa

30 — L'INCONNUE

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Let thy hand set
 My hair back. Look
 Into mine eyes.
There runs a brook
 Right through the heat
 Of my hushed cries.

Let thy hand rest
 Upon my brow.
 Let thine eyes smile
Into the unrest
 Of mine eyes now
 Thine for a while.

Ay, forget not
 To let that touch
 Be felt by me,
Light like a thought
 Of it, and such
 As hope can be.

Let thy hand sweep
 Over my hair
 One little while.
I seem asleep
 But cannot bear
 To feel me smile.

All things have failed.

All hopes are dead.
All joys are brief.
Ay, let thy hand,
As if it quailed
From feeling sad,
Give me relief!
No matter if
None understand.

Ay, on my brow
Let thy hand be.
What life is now
Is worth so little
That pain seems brittle
And thought a slough.

Put my hair back
From my brow's pain.
There runs a track
Of lightness through
My heavy brain.

What does this mean?
These are words set
To an idle tune.
What I regret
Hath never been.
Lest my rest fret,
True rest, come soon!

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: 382.

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