

Fernando Pessoa

31 — HORIZON

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I

Unheard-of fathoms in the deep sea,
 In cool caves deep
(The spoils of battle are not for thee)
 For ever sleep.

No upward vision or shining mount
 Rewards thy pain.
The secret angel keepeth no count
 Of thy lost gain.

On the sphynx's mouth the tale is dead,
 The path grass grown.
Our sorrow shall follow where thou hast led,
 Through the Unknown.

Waitest thou hidden, or quiet rest
 What silence forbids?
Give us at least thy unobtained quest
 And the flowered meads.

II

Already the sea is a whitening line
 Along my wish,
And the wind is coming shadowy and fine
 With its eerie reach

To touch my common despair and pain,
My wonder and night,
The subtle sense of the coming rain
And my lost delight.

The missing reason for having love
Is quiet with these,
The secret vision, the shining grove
And the final trees.

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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: 386.

N. do A.: «A sensacionist poem». 1ª publ. in **O Louco Rabequista**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Presença, 1988.