

Fernando Pessoa

33 — THE LOST KEY

THE LOST KEY

Set out from sight of shore!
 Grow tired of every sea!
All things are ever more
 Than most they seem to be.
What steps are those that pass outside my door?

Fail out from shape and thought!
 Let sense and feeling fade!
O sadness overwrought
 With joy till bliss is strayed!
What birds are those that my swift window shade?

But be those steps no steps,
 And be those birds dreamed wings,
Still one ache oversteps
 The life to which it clings,
Though to know what ache no step in me helps
And what this pang is no bird in me sings.

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: 388.