

Fernando Pessoa

## 34 — THE SUNFLOWER

### THE SUNFLOWER

I

All things that shine are God's eyes.  
All things that move are God's speech.  
Every thing has all to teach  
To our awakening surmise.

Green are God's thoughts when they are leaves,  
Yellow when sunflowers they are.  
Yet they shine separate and far  
From the hands wherewith God weaves.

Light are my steps on the ground  
Yet they do echo through space,  
Through terrible abysses that face  
God at the side never found.

II

My dreams are angels' kisses.  
Lightly they touch my heart,  
Tip-toe shadow caresses.  
They are my Godder part.

There is a flower in my hand.  
It is not found in fields.  
God looks and can understand,  
For He is the dreamer who builds.

He knows how dreams are set up,  
He knows how flowers are made glad.  
Look: I hold up my cup  
And God gives me wine to be mad.

I. 11-6-1915; II. 6-5-1915

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 390.

1<sup>a</sup> publ. in **Fontes Impressas da Obra de Fernando Pessoa**. José Galvão. Lisboa, s.d.