

Fernando Pessoa

6 — DREAM

DREAM

It was somewhere secluded
 In silence and moon.
 All like a lagoon.
No cares there intruded
 Save the vague wind's swoon.

Landscape intermediate
 Between dreams and land.
 The wind slept, calm-fanned.
The waters were weedy at
 Where we plunged our hand.

We let the hand wander
 In the water unseen.
 Our eyes were with th' sheen
Of the moonlit meander
 Of the forest scene.

There we lost the spirit
 Of our still being we.
 We were fairy-free,
Having to inherit
 Nothing from to be.

The fairies there and the elves
 Damasked their moonlit train.
 There we shall awhile gain
All the elusive selves
 We never can obtain.

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: 328.

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