

Fernando Pessoa

## 8 — ELSEWHERE

### ELSEWHERE

Let us away, my child,  
    Away to Elsewhere.  
There days are ever mild  
    And fields are ever fair.

The moon that shines on whom  
    There wanders happy and free  
Hath woven its light and gloom  
    Of immortality.

Seeing things there is young,  
    Told tales sweet as untold,  
There real dream-songs are sung  
    By lips we may behold.

Time there's a moment's bliss,  
    Life a being-slaked thirst,  
Love like that in a kiss  
    When that kiss is the first.

We need no boat, my child,  
    But our hopes while still  
No rowers but fancies wild.  
    O let us seek Elsewhere!

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: 332.

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