

Fernando Pessoa

## XXVII — How yesterday is long ago! The past

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How yesterday is long ago! The past  
Is a fixed infinite distance from to-day,  
And bygone things, the first-lived as the last,  
In irreparable sameness far away.  
How the to-be is infinitely ever  
Out of the place wherein it will be Now,  
Like the seen wave yet far up in the river,  
Which reaches not us, but the new-waved flow!  
This thing Time is, whose being is having none,  
The equable tyrant of our different fates,  
Who could not be bought off by a shattered sun  
Or tricked by new use of our careful dates.  
This thing Time is, that to the grave will bear  
My heart, sure but of it and of my fear.

s. d.

«35 Sonnets». in **Poemas Ingleses**. Fernando Pessoa. (Edição bilingue, com prefácio, traduções, variantes e notas de Jorge de Sena e traduções também de Adolfo Casais Monteiro e José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Ática, 1974: 182.

1ª ed.: **35 Sonnets** . Fernando Pessoa. Lisbon: Olisipo, 1921.