

Fernando Pessoa

10 — THE POEM

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There sleeps a poem in my mind
That shall my entire soul express.
I feel it vague as sound and wind
Yet sculptured in full definiteness.

It has no stanza, verse or word.
Ev'n as I dream it, it is not.
'Tis a mere feeling of it, blurred,
And but a happy mist round thought.

Day and night in my mystery
I dream and read and spell it over,
And ever round words' brink in me
Its vague completeness seems to hover.

I know it never shall be writ.
I know I know not what it is.
But I am happy dreaming it,
And false bliss, although false, is bliss.

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«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Fernando Pessoa Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 334.

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