

Fernando Pessoa

## XXVIII — The edge of the green wave whitely doth hiss

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The edge of the green wave whitely doth hiss  
Upon the wetted sand. I look, yet dream.  
Surely reality cannot be this!  
Somehow, somewhere this surely doth but seem!  
The sky, the sea, this great extent disclosed  
Of outward joy, this bulk of life we feel,  
Is not something, but something interposed.  
Only what in this is not this is real.  
If this be to have sense, if to be awake  
Be but to see this bright, great sleep of things  
For the rarer potion mine own dreams I'll take  
And for truth commune with imaginings,  
Holding a dream too bitter, a too fair curse,  
This common sleep of men, the universe.

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: 184.

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