

Fernando Pessoa

11 — LOOKING AT THE TAGUS

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She led her flocks beyond the hills,
Her voice backs to me in the wind,
And a thirst for her sorrow fills
All that in me is undefined.

Spiritual lakes walled round with crags
Sleep in the hollows of her song.
There her unbathing nudeness lags
And looks on its pooled shadow long.

But what is real in all this is
Only my soul, the eve, the quay
And, shadow of my dream of this,
An ache for a new ache in me.

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: 336.

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