

Fernando Pessoa

13 — SUSPENSE

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I dream, and strange dim powers
 My shining sleep assist;
A sound as of coming showers
 Creeps towards me, loudly hist;
And lo! all my forgotten hours
 Lie round me like a mist.

The ghosts of my dead selves
 Weave round me a false mesh;
My undreamed dreams, pale elves,
 Are now part of my flesh;
And all I am my unselfing shelves
 On dreams, out of my reach.

I touch impalpable things;
 I am sunny with past days;
Remote sounds, like near wings,
 Flank my blind spirit's ways;
And from the other side of the big hill rings
 A bell that summons to praise.

But I am sick of dreaming,
 Weary of being the same
Over desert spaces of seeming,
 Unwilling player of a game
With life, far star but gleaming
 On dead earths without name.

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«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 338.

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