

Alexander Search

## TO MY DEAREST FRIEND

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When I am dead you'll write — I know you will —  
A thoughtful sonnet on my early death,  
In which, stating that life but wearieth,  
You'll notice how I lie pale, cold, and still.

This in the quatrains, which likewise you'll fill  
With some reflections on how soon goes breath  
And how the cold and heavy earth beneath  
There is an end to living, good or ill.

After this, in the tercets, you will say  
That death's a mystery, that nought doth stay,  
Perhaps that immortality is true.

Then you will sign and put the date to it.  
And, having read again the sonnet, you  
Will be content, seeing it is well writ.

25-2-1909

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 186.

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