

Fernando Pessoa

**IV — I could not think of thee as piecèd rot,**

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I could not think of thee as piecèd rot,  
Yet such thou wert, for thou hadst been long dead;  
Yet thou liv'dst entire in my seeing thought  
And what thou wert in me had never fled.  
Nay, I had fixed the moments of thy beauty —  
Thy ebbing smile, thy kiss's readiness,  
And memory had taught my heart the duty  
To know thee ever at that deathlessness.  
But when I came where thou wert laid, and saw  
The natural flowers ignoring thee sans blame,  
And the encroaching grass, with casual flaw,  
Framing the stone to age where was thy name,  
I knew not how to feel, nor what to be  
Towards thy fate's material secrecy.

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: 160.

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