

Fernando Pessoa

## IV — Let the wide light come through the whole house now

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Let the wide light come through the whole house now  
Like a herald with brow  
Garlanded round with roses and those leaves  
That love for its love weaves!  
Between her and the ceiling this day's ending  
A man's weight will be bending.  
Lo! with the thought her legs she twines, well knowing  
A hand will part them then;  
Fearing that entering in her, that allowing  
That will make softness begin rude at pain.  
If ye, glad sunbeams, are inhabitèd  
By sprites or gnomes that dally with the day,  
Whisper her, if she shrink that she'll be bled,  
That love's large bower is doored in this small way.

1913

«Epithalamium». 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: 130 / 132.

1ª ed. in **English Poems III**. Fernando Pessoa. Lisbon: Olisipo, 1921.