

Fernando Pessoa

VI — Sing at her window, ye heard early wings

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In whose song joy's self sings!
Buzz in her room along her loss of sleep,
O small flies, tumble and creep
Along the counterpane and on her fingers
In mating pairs. She lingers.
Along her joined-felt legs a prophecy
Creeps like an inward hand.
Look how she tarries! Tell her: fear not glee!
Come up! Awake! Dress for undressing! Stand!
Look how the sun is altogether all!
Life hums around her senses petalled dose.
Come up! Come Up! Pleasure must thee befall!
Joy to be plucked, O yet ungathered rose!

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: 132 / 134.

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