

Fernando Pessoa

VII — Now is she risen. Look how she looks down,

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Now is she risen. Look how she looks down,
After her slow down-slid night-gown,
On her unspotted while of nakedness
Save where the beast's difference from her white frame
Hairily triangling black below doth shame
Her to-day's sight of it, till the caress
Of the chemise cover her body. Dress!
Stop not, sitting upon the bed's hard edge,
Stop not to wonder at by-and-bye, nor guess!
List to the rapid birds i'th' window ledge!
Up, up and washed! Lo! she is up half-gowned,
For she lacks hands to have power to button fit
The white symbolic wearing, and she's found
By her maids thus, that come to perfect it.

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: 134.

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