

Alexander Search

## A DAY OF SUN

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I love the things that children love  
    Yet with a comprehension deep  
That lifts my pining soul above  
    Those in which life as yet doth sleep.

All things that simple are and bright,  
    Unnoticed unto keen-worn wit,  
With a child's natural delight  
    That makes me proudly weep at it.

I love the sun with personal glee,  
    The air as if I could embrace  
Its wideness with my soul and be  
    A drunkard by expense of gaze.

I love the heavens with a joy  
    That makes me wonder at my soul,  
It is a pleasure nought can cloy,  
    A thrilling I cannot control.

So stretched out here let me lie  
    Before the sun that soaks me up,  
And let me gloriously die  
    Drinking too deep of living's cup;

Be swallowed of the sun and spread  
    Over the infinite expanse,  
Dissolved, like a drop of dew dead  
    Lost in a super-normal trance;

Lost in impersonal consciousness  
And mingling in all life become  
A selfless part of Force and Stress  
And have a universal home;

And in a strange way undefined  
Lose in the one and living Whole  
The limit that I call my mind,  
The bounded thing I call my soul.

17-3-1908

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 172.

Destinado ao volume «Delirium».