

Alexander Search

BE IT SO!

BE IT SO!

Be it so; we are sundered for ever —
I and life's happy and sane.
My nature and theirs did us sever;
Nought can unite us again.

Again? We were never unparted,
Differently destined and born —
They born to be light and stout-hearted,
I to be pained and worn.

Be it so; we for ever are sundered!
What would the normal with me?
My own inner reason hath wondered
Trembling at its misery.

I give me all over to terror
All unto madness and woe;
I yield up my thoughts unto error.
'Twas to be so; be it so!

Of my thoughts I no longer am master,
Ceasing is now all control.
My mind doth decay: take your pasture
Ravings, ye worms of the soul!

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 174.

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