

Alexander Search

TOWARDS THE END

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To-day I sought to write, and found I had
With expectation my worn mind abused,
Yet deemed I not so choked and so confused
My thoughts already should be. I grow mad.

Bare of ideas, lame in my o'er-used
Uselessly tired reason, feeling bad
Before the light sun, I stand lone and sad,
Friendship and kinship by mankind refused.

I labour but to think. I cannot think.
My thinking raves or sickens into dream
As I of some deep-witched brew did drink.

That did strange horrors in my soul reveal.
A storm approaches. All grows dark. I feel
My reason leave me like a last sunbeam.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 176.

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