

Alexander Search

FAMILIAR CONVERSATION

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Disappointment, my old friend,
I had forgot thou wert with me.
Forgive me. I did half pretend,
Deceiving ill my misery,
That thou hadst gone. Forgive me thou.
Thou old true friend, thou'rt with me now!

Despair, my old companion sure,
Thou too — though not forgotten quite —
Yet for a moment I had fewer
Thoughts of thee — somewhat of respite.
Entirely to forget thee were
Impossible. Friend, thou art here!

And thou, old comrade, Solitude,
Bare of affection and of hope,
Thou twin with me — I were quite rude
Were I to omit by thee to stop
And play the game of cares and fears?...
Why come ye to shame me, oh tears?

6-8-1908

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 178.

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