

Alexander Search

WAS...

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The wave hath burst white upon the beach.

Speak no more of it.

The leaf hath rotted. No more can it teach

But a moral for joy unfit.

The day hath ended. Who speaks of its morn

But must think of its night?

The old corpse is rotting. That it was once born

Seems a lie to the sight.

The heart hath broken; no more can it throb

With deep love or care.

Its voice hath vanished; no more can it sob

In its deep despair.

Thus all things do crumble and all doth pass,

But not always forgot:

For we feel it deep, and in the heart «was»

Meaneth but «is nob».

27-12-1907

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 140.