

Alexander Search

## THE WORLD

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The world, as far's I understand,  
Which is no further than the blind  
Of colour and of shade can find  
In that obscurity of theirs,  
    This world sunlit and grand,  
    Of which we are the heirs  
    With a proud unconsciousness,  
Is worth as much as all our rhymes,  
As all our things, its gilded slimes —  
Nothing, and that's the most I'll say  
Ere on he bed of nothingness  
I turn myself the other way.

7-1907

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 104.

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