

Alexander Search
THE CURTAIN

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A curtain hides the mystery
That in the world is known to be,
Mute-horrid as impending thunder,
From eyes unsensual that would see
Behind it things for more than wonder —
A curtain past whose *living* folds
His court of shadows Horror holds.

And he that curtain who shall part
But in his mind, will feel the heart
Grow weak before the irony
That Nothingness pains more the heart
Than things that are or seem to be,
That Nothingness can give a fear,
A sorrow nothing can give here.

26-8-1907

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 110.

Destinado ao volume «Delirium» e ao conjunto «Documents of Mental Decadence».