Fernando Pessoa
# ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA

Still Arethusa keeps her course,
For, though the corporal dark of earth
Stifle, like an unconscious nurse,
The impulse for her second birth,
Yet her true will must ever be
These captive waves that shall be free.

So the forgotten water ever
With withdrawn life and hid emotion
Moves on in darkness, still a river,
Towards a sun upon an ocean;
And the found place there will not cease
To be the river's, not the sea's.

So keeps she, under the void dark
Of her oppressed seclusion still
Her careful self, whose soul shall work
Towards the outlet from the hill,
Past hived vaults and humid walls
And her dropped noise of waterfalls.
Uncaught throughout the spell of caves,
Forlorn under the mother stone,
Still the great destined river craves
Its purpose, liquid and alone,
And more, yet less, under the hills
Its unresisting motion wills.

And ever, while time frets the rocks
And space shuts dark the godless flow,

She runs, a will in waves that flocks
Around a darkness for a glow;
And onward still, because it is
What shall be, and the Gods are this.

And, still remembering to forget,
Still onward because Fate inclines,
Veiled Arethusa still doth wet
With purpose the weird cavern shrines,
Where, past their blind, dead, solid being,
Her watery will moves on to seeing.

Dim under phosphorescent zones
Of darkness wronged and stalactites,
Or complete darkness, where the moans
Of waters wail for destined sights,
Her course, that knows no day, doth still
Work out to day its nightly will.

Till, bright at last in the aired arms
Of the lone rocks laid in the sea,
Bare Arethusa free her charms
To light and to its panic glee,
And the sea clasp her, as she were
Venus there born and mistress there.

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