

Fernando Pessoa

A low, sad wind fills the lone night

A low, sad wind fills the lone night
With its one solitary sound.
I have forgotten what delight
Delight has. In the vague around
All sleep is consecrated ground.

Alas for all I ever hoped!
The sheep crop what it lies beneath.
Its grave is where the mountain sloped
When mountains were, but now the heath
Is all the life above its death.

Moan, solitary wind that wakes
When the day sleeps! Moan vague and low!
That which I never was now slakes
Its thirst where reeds cluster round lakes
Of silence, or mute rivers go.

To-morrow shall be yesterday
Lest life forget what it is ever.
I shall myself cast this away
That I am now, and myself sever
From what of me weeps by this river.

This river of the haunted night
That under stars I do not see
Has neither purpose nor delight,
Moan, solitary wind, and be
This life's unchanging, shoreless sea!

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1^a publ. in **Os Dois Exílios — Fernando Pessoa na África do Sul.** H. D. Jennings. Porto: Centro de Estudos Pessoaanos, 1984.