

Fernando Pessoa

D. T.

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The other day indeed,
With my shoe, on the wall,
I killed a centipede
Which was not there at all.
How can that be?
It's very simple, you see —
Just the beginning of D. T.

When the pink alligator
And the tiger without a head
Begin to take stature
And demanded to be fed,
As I have no shoes
Fit to kill those,
I think I'll start thinking:
Should I stop drinking?

But it really doesn't matter. . .
Am I thinner or fatter
Because this is this?
Would I be wiser or better
If life were other than this is?

No, nothing is right.
Your love might
Make me better than I
Can be or can try.
But we never know
Darling, I don't know

If the sugar of your heart
Would not turn out candy...
So I let my heart smart
And I drink brandy.

Then the centipede come
Without trouble.
I can see them well.
Or even double.
I'll see them home
With my shoe,
And, when they all go to hell,
I'll go too.

Then, on a whole,
I shall be happy indeed,
Because, with a shoe
Real and true,
I shall kill the true centipede —
My lost soul!...

1935?

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 504.

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