

Fernando Pessoa

## All my heart weeps for

All my heart weeps for  
Is a cottage left  
By some one before  
Time into space crept,  
A small cottage left  
Near a silent shore.

There the constant waves  
Murmur like vain rest.  
There the soft raves  
Like a soul possessed  
Of rest that not saves.

There the shore-winds breathe  
Possibilities  
Of less cares than wreath  
Round our lives their cries  
From up and beneath.

Where that cottage is  
Rests with wishing it.  
Is therewhere is bliss?  
No, nor does bliss fit  
Into that strange place.

Why desire it then?  
Ah, it's different  
From the homes of men.  
There perhaps are blent  
Dreams and what we ken.

There at least alone,  
Alone by the sea,  
We shall cease to moan...  
To moan need not be  
Where we are alone...

These are words. Let sleep  
Close our eyes to find  
That small cottage, deep  
In Farness. We are blind  
And life is to weep.

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