

Fernando Pessoa

24 — EPISODE

EPISODE

No matter what we dream,
 What we dream is true.
No matter what doth seem,
 God doth it view
And therefore it is
Real as all this.

No matter what we wish,
 We have it elsewhere
Now, e' er now, and rich
 Are we here of there.
Inside our felt I
God we self-descry.

Sometimes I think hope
 May make this come true,
But I stop, I grope,
 And life, fear and woe
Is all that remains.
Wherefore then these pains,

This unrest that thrills
 With a possible joy
All the pain that fills
 Our hope till it cloy?
Wherefore this, wherefore
If all is unsure?

Oh, give me a breeze

On a meadow land,
And let that breeze please
Nor I understand.
For all anguish is
A vague wish for bliss.

1916

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 372.

1ª publ. in **O Louco Rabequista**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Presença, 1988.