

Fernando Pessoa

2 — THE ISLAND

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Weep, violin and viol,
 Low flute and fine bassoon.
Lo, an enchanted isle
 Moon-bound beneath the moon!
My dream-feet rustle through it
 Chequered by shade and beam.
Oh, could my soul but woo it
 From being but a dream!

Violin, viol and flute.
 Lo, the isle hangs in air!
Through it I wander, mute
 With too much loss of care.
And the air where't doth float
 No air's, but light of moon.
Its paths are known to each note
 Of viol and bassoon.

Yet is it real, that isle,
 As our clear islands mortal?
Do flute, bassoon and viol
 But ope with sound a portal,
And show, somehow, somewhere,
 To what looks out from me
That pendulous island rare
 In a moon-woven sea?

Maybe 'tis truer than ours.
 How true are these? But lo!

That isle that knows no hours
Nor needeth hours to know,
And that hath truth and root
Somewhere known of the moon,
Fades in the fading of flute,
Violin and bassoon.

s. d.

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 322.