

Fernando Pessoa
3 — LYCANTHROPY

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Somewhere dreams will be true.

 There is a lonely lake
 Moonlit for me and you
 And like none for our sake.

There the dark white sail spread
 To a vague wind unfelt
Shall make our sleep-life led
 Towards where the waters melt

Into the black-tree'd shore,
 Where the unknown woods meet
The lake's wish to be more,
 And make the dream complete.

There we will hide and fade,
 Emptly moon-bound all,
Feeling that what we are made
 Was something musical.

2-5-1915 e 8-4-1917

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 324.

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