

Alexander Search

ASPIRATION

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Joyless seeing me to be
Mother Nature asked of me:
 «What desirest thou?
Whence comes this thy misery?
Whence the sadness on thy brow?
 Tell me what thy wish is.»

— «To give it thou art powerless.
Something lovelier than love,
Bluer than the sky above,
Truer than the truth we have
Something better than the grave,
Aught that in the soul has root,
Something that no mistress' kiss
Nor mother's love can substitute.
But I, dreaming, do pollute
With my dream its object's day.»

In the silence absolute
Of my soul I hear it say:

 "Love can make me but to weep,
 Glory maketh me but pine.
 Give the world with my keep,
 And still nothing will be mine.'»

— «But what feelest thou in thee?»

— «Hope and misery the first,

Then despair and misery.

'Oh, it is a desire, a thirst
The limits of my soul to burst,
To spring outside my consciousness,
 I know not how nor why;
A wish with moonlight wings to fly
Past the high walls of distress.
Lifting my most daring flight
Up, far up, beyond all night,
More than eagles fly in air
Would I in that atmosphere.

«Something more near to me in space
 Than my body is. In fine
Something than myself more mine.
Something (in what words to trace
Its nature?) nearer in its bliss
To me than my own consciousness.
The Something I desire is this.
It is further than far away
And yet (its nature how to find?)
 Closer to me than my mind,
 Nearer to me than to-day.»

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 120.