

Alexander Search

BUILD ME A COTTAGE

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Build me a cottage deep
In a forest, a simple, silent home,
Like a breath in a sleep,
Where all wish may be never to roam
And a pleasure all smallness may keep.

A palace high then build,
With confusion of lights and of rooms,
A strange sense to yield,
Whither my desire from the cottage's glooms
May go, to return, unfulfilled.

Then dig me a grave,
That what cottage nor palace can give
I at length may have,
That the weariness of all ways to live
May cease like the last of a wave.

20-12-1907

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 138.