

Alexander Search

THE VULTURES

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Oh, vultures that this bleak land shows
Where, the wild wind with fury blows,
What are those bones beneath your wing?
— They are Hermagoras, the king.

His queen to another court hath gone,
Another king sits on his throne,
His riches all are in the East,
Elsewhere his courtiers dance and feast.

We have made his rotting flesh our food,
His gentle skin to tear was good;
For his mantle black and his fair array
His servants took as here he lay.

The sun hath bleached his skeleton
And ants and worms do breed thereon,
And those he loved if they go by
Disdain his bones beneath the sky.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 39.

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