

Alexander Search

## ADORNED

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Great Venus' statue, as men do conceive,  
Wore it a jewel would all spoiled be;  
Yet beauty's not alone simplicity.  
Thus men with thoughts the eyes of sense deceive.

Oh, on a lake did they never perceive  
A perfect boat, or a sail in the sea  
At night that passes, far, mysteriously,  
And in the heart a pining strange doth leave?

Ah, me! Upon a young and virgin breast  
When it a jewel richly doth adorn,  
Each to the other lends beauty and splendour,

As o'er the tremulous sea the stars at rest,  
As flow'r and dew — but more; my heart is torn  
That neither words nor thoughts that spell can render.

19-6-1907

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 96.

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