

Fernando Pessoa

26 — FEVER-GARDEN

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I

Red living flakes of demon snow
 Poison-relate the sinning air
To atom-clear red sick flowers who
 Rootless jut out of Night and There

Relation being itself a clutch
 Upon the throbbing veins in seeing
So the surviving over-much
 Is not contiguous to being

Yet philter-aureole or lay
 Sung round the rites of altared vice
The poppies of o'er-memory may
 Spin cobweb-circles lusting thrice

Around the phallic selfness stood
 Midway from intellect to sense
Round whose void a tongued mist thrust-dense
 To the cut lips gives conscious blood

II

She the despised communion owes
 To vice of tainting holy things
And making eucharists of throes
 When lust thickens with pin-soft wings

For her mouth red till purple is black
Supplies a space in the lost rites
And intermits our heart-beats' track
Senseward to demon infinites

Till on the point of the spasm cast
Like a mantle on consciousness
The veil is rent in temple waste
And the tongue-flowers remouth from Space

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«The Mad Fiddler», in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 376.

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