

Fernando Pessoa

## 27 — THE BROKEN WINDOW

### THE BROKEN WINDOW

My heart is silent as a look.  
    There is a home beyond the hills.  
My heart is silent as a look.  
    My home is there, beyond the hills.

I bear my heart like an old curse.  
    There is no reason for regret.  
I bear my heart like an old curse.  
    Why should we reason or regret?

My heart dwells in me like a ghost.  
    Beyond the hills my hope lies dead.  
My heart dwells in me like a ghost.  
    Beyond my hope the hills lie dead.

They took away my heart like weeds.  
    It was not true that I should live.  
They took away my heart like weeds.  
    I could not think it true to live.

Now there are great stains in my heart.  
    They are like blood-stains on a floor.  
Now there are great stains in my heart.  
    And my heart lies upon the floor.

The room is closed for ever now.  
    My heart is now buried alive.  
My heart is closed for ever now.  
    The whole room is buried alive.

1915

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 378.

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