

Fernando Pessoa

**XXI — Thought was born blind, but Thought knows what is seeing.**

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Thought was born blind, but Thought knows what is seeing.  
Its careful touch, deciphering forms from shapes,  
Still suggests form as aught whose proper being  
Mere finding touch with erring darkness drapes.  
Yet whence, except from guessed sight, does touch teach  
That touch is but a close and empty sense?  
How does more touch, self-uncontented, reach  
For some truer sense's whole intelligence?  
The thing once touched, if touch be now omitted,  
Stands yet in memory real and outward known,  
So the untouching memory of touch is fitted  
With sense of a sense whereby far things are shown  
So, by touch of untouching, wrongly aright,  
Touch' thought of seeing sees not things but Sight.

s. d.

«35 Sonnets». in **Poemas Ingleses**. Fernando Pessoa. (Edição bilingue, com prefácio, traduções, variantes e notas de Jorge de Sena e traduções também de Adolfo Casais Monteiro e José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Ática, 1974: 176.

1ª ed.: **35 Sonnets** . Fernando Pessoa. Lisbon: Olisipo, 1921.