

Fernando Pessoa

9 — Go: thou hast nothing to forgive

Go: thou hast nothing to forgive.
To dream is better than to live.

But he shall see the rising sun
Who leaveth everything undone;
Whose mind from his attention's task
Strays like the shifting of a mask.

He only shall through greener vales
Than even those that shine right through
The window-panes of children's tales
Wander, who thinks the world anew.

Only for him who sits and sings
On the stiles and forgets his road
Does the fairies' bird spread her wings
And the fairies' flowers grow more broad.

He shall not find a hand to feed
The silent sources of his need.
No one shall point the rill where he
May slake the thirst of infancy.

But greener valleys than To-Day
And dearer thoughts than Far Away
Shall tap at his window and wake
His freshness other thirsts to slake.

So, like a seamstress sitting still
At a window in the sunset
Of a village no steps have met,

He shall belong to nothing ill.

But incorporeal, like a wish,
His soul shall like a rainbow cross
The rain-green pastures of his loss
And earth shall blossom into speech.

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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: 332.

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