

Fernando Pessoa

XXX — I do not know what truth the false untruth

XXX

I do not know what truth the false untruth
Of this sad sense of the seen world may own,
Or if this flowered plant bears also a fruit
Unto the true reality unknown.
But as the rainbow, neither earth's nor sky's,
Stands in the dripping freshness of lulled rain,
A hope, not real yet not fancy's lies
Athwart the moment of our ceasing pain.
Somehow, since pain is felt yet felt as ill,
Hope hath a better warrant than being hoped;
Since pain is felt as aught we should not feel
Man hath a Nature's reason for having groped,
Since Time was Time and age and grief his measures,
Towards a better shelter than Time's pleasures.

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: 186.

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