

Alexander Search

PITY? NO!

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Pity? No! I wish not pity.
That were but a bitterer scorn,
Disdain ruthlessly made witty
With a serious look to strain
Its awful joke. No; let me mourn
In peace. Pity me not again!

Pity? No! Let more scorn come,
More indifference, more disdain:
These are the comforts of my home.
To change their look to pity were too far
To make me feel a direr pain.
Pretend not good: it cannot be.
Let evils all seem as they are.
To mask them were a mockery
Heartless and evilly rare.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 180.

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