

Alexander Search

## THE GAME

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Come, let us play a game, little boy,  
To while the world away.  
What shall be — tell me — our harmless toy?  
At what shall we play?

Shall we play — shall we? — at being great?  
No, nor at being grand  
Shall we believe that we are Fate  
And make up lives out of sand?

No, little boy, we will play that we are  
Happy, and that we are gay;  
Let us pretend we are dreams, very far  
From the world in which we play.

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**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 144.

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