

Fernando Pessoa

**18 — SUMMER MOMENTS**

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I

The sky is blue,  
    The glad grass green.  
My sad eyes woo  
    The alien scene.

Oh, could my heart  
    Partake of it  
And feel no smart  
    Feeling life flit!

I have no home,  
    No hours save pain.  
Sweet breezes, come  
    Into my brain!

Great river so  
    Quiet and true,  
Teach me to go  
    Through life like you!

I have no rest.  
    My flowers have faded.  
What was that quest  
    My will evaded?

Even what I wish  
    I care not for.

My heart is rich  
And my love poor.

Oh, golden day,  
Come into me  
And my soul ray  
With sunlit glee!

Let me be merely  
A window-pane  
You pass through, clearly  
A warmed no-pain.

I faint and shiver  
Hearing life come.  
O passing river,  
Where is my home?

O happy hours  
That the fields wear,  
Fresh summer showers!  
O my despair!

O glad horizons!  
O happy hills!  
What pain imprisons  
My struggling wills?

What is between  
Myself and me?  
What should have been  
Lest this should be?

My life no more  
Ever to be  
Than a lone shore  
Struck by the sea!

What fate, what power  
Of dark despair  
Makes each fair hour  
Taste as not fair?

Oh, for some rest!  
Give me a home,  
A hope, a nest  
Not to stray from!

Somewhere in life  
Sure there must be  
Something not strife  
Waiting for me.

Lead me to it,  
O happy day!  
Make my heart fit  
Thy going away!

Wake me the hopes  
At least, though false,  
My spirit gropes  
Round prison-walls.

Low voice of streams,  
Sweet summer's wife —  
Why made I dreams  
My only life?

## II

The sun shines.  
Birds pass.  
The path lines  
The grass.

I go through  
    The meads,  
Far from woe  
    And deeds.

There is no hope  
    Now here,  
Nothing to grope  
    For or fear.

Nothing: the sky  
    And the green earth;  
A vague wonder why  
    There was birth.

This and no more,  
    This and my soul  
And the sky o'er  
    This nothing's all.

I am again  
    The child I was,  
Having no pain  
    More than the grass.

I live a life  
    Freed from the morrow  
And forget strife  
    And sorrow.

What were the shapes  
    Of fear and hope?  
Vines show their grapes  
    Down the hill-slope.

This real hour  
    Shall not survive,

Yet shall't endure  
Because I live.

So let the glades  
And the sky's blue  
In vague soul-shades  
My heart come through,

Till I become  
An outward thing,  
Having no home;  
A breath, a wing,

A portionless  
Part of the hour,  
Outside the stress  
Of being more.

Low voices coming  
Out of the day,  
Chirping and humming  
Near and away,

Make me a part  
Of what you are,  
Spill out my heart,  
Shake it afar!

Let my soul be  
A dust thrown up  
To the winds' glee,  
In the sea's cup!

There lost and mixed,  
There selfless made,  
No longer fixed  
And casting shade.

This hour must pass  
Like all I know;  
Yet, while it was,  
Fresh was my brow,

My eyelids drooped  
With final ease,  
I was not cooped  
In thought's disease.

So let me rest  
This while and deem  
That life the best  
That's most like dream.

This hot hour is  
Of that vague size,  
For I see this  
Through no clear eyes,

But in a dim  
Abandonment  
Live in the rim  
Of my thought's bent,

And this thought now's  
A blade of grass  
That not even knows  
Hours pass.

III

A gentle wind hath risen  
Out of the heated day.  
May my soul be forgiven  
Its dreams! O let me pray

That this freshening hour  
    May cling to memory  
And have years after power  
    To live again in me!

'Tis very little, I know,  
    But it is happiness,  
And the hours are but few  
    That we can really bless.

They are hours like this, freed  
    From belonging to thought,  
When we have nought to heed  
    Save a breeze that is nought.

Let me therefore breathe in  
    Into my memory  
This hour, and may it begin  
    Again whenever I see

My heart grow heavy and hot,  
    My thoughts grow close and late  
O soft breeze, fan my thought!  
    O calmness, brush my fate!

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