

Fernando Pessoa

23 — MEANTIME

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Far away, far away.
Far away from here. . .
There's no running after joy
Or away from fear,
Far away from here.

Her lips were not very red
Nor her hair quite gold.
Her hands played with rings.
She did not let me hold.
Her hands playing with gold.

She is somewhere past,
Far away from pain.
Joy can touch her not, nor hope
Enter her domain,
Neither love in vain.

Perhaps at some day beyond
Shadows and light,
She will think of me and make
All me a delight,
Far away from sight.

15-3-1917

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 372.

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