

Alexander Search

## A CRIME

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Do you know the crime I committed  
    Nearly twenty years ago?  
At that crime my heart is torn.  
    What my crime was do you know?  
'T was the crime of being born.

And every day another crime  
    I commit, and ever have done  
Up to now in the face of Time.  
    Do you know what crime this is?  
'Tis the crime of living on.

Do you know what evil's disgrace  
    Has made an outcast's my lot  
And sundered me from my race?  
    Do you know what crime is that?  
'Tis the crime of having thought.

11-1-1908

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 164.

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