

Alexander Search

## RAGE

### RAGE

I feel a rage — ay, a rage!  
At time that passes, passes away,  
A thirst of life nought can assuage,  
    An anger that nothing can stay.  
And every hour that passes by  
    And merges into night a day  
Makes, when I think, my soul to cry:  
«Torture eternal, torture without end!  
    All days pass and not a deed!  
    A desire strong as a greed  
By an ill of will — oh, misery!  
To be a dream of pain condemned!»

I feel a rage! 'tis to feel  
Mystery and sadness at one time,  
    Till the maddened brain doth reel,  
Looking on that bodiless curse.  
The passing of the world, as one  
Paralytic at a deed of blood  
Which he hath no power to avert.  
I feel a stranger before the sun,  
    A weeper before field and flood,  
    A cynic before dirt,  
    A revolt before God.

3-12-1907

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 132.

Destinado ao volume «Agony».