

Fernando Pessoa

She lives on the cover

She lives on the cover
Of a chocolate-box.
Her wide hat comes over
Her too golden locks.

Near her many a blossom
Of a bad green tree
Her hand's on her bosom
And she looks past me.

Haply she is like
Someone I ne'er knew,
And can memory strike
In a way untrue.

A vague maiden made
Of bad printing work,
Of colours ill-laid
.....

Haply she's someone,
Real, person, and true
In a world, or none,
Our thoughts can construe.

Somehow she is there
And that means something
Real, but not near
Our imagining.

Why was she made that

There and thus, if she
Is not God-known. What
Is reality?

Nothing that we can
Interpret or dream
Quite exhausts the span
Of what she can seem.

God is very complex.
Life is very wide.
Who knows? She resembles
Much that is denied.

This is idle, but
Perhaps out of here
Its sense may abut
On some notion clear.

Life is shallow water,
Dreams are ripples gone.
To think is to falter
What's known is unknown.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 474.