

Alexander Search

THE ACURSED POET

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Here the accursed poet lies,
Hid far from the pure blue skies;
Mixed with mud filth he lies
At the bottom of the stream.
He dreamed many a strange dream.
He loved mankind but he did nought
For mankind's good. Vain was his thought.
He would be loved and he was not.
The sun in morn or evening glow
Can reach him not where deep he lies
With mud and filth far from the skies.
He ached to feel, he ached to know.
He did aspire to what should last
Beyond the time that did it show.
Full of the giant city's waste
The river over him doth flow.
Dark over him flows the river.
Down to him no light can go.
 Damn'd be he for ever!

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 178.

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