

Alexander Search

THE GAME

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Come, let us play a game, little boy,
To while the world away.
What shall be — tell me — our harmless toy?
At what shall we play?

Shall we play — shall we? — at being great?
No, nor at being grand
Shall we believe that we are Fate
And make up lives out of sand?

No, little boy, we will play that we are
Happy, and that we are gay;
Let us pretend we are dreams, very far
From the world in which we play.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 144.

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