MODERN PORTUGUESE POETRY Read by Dr. José Rodrigues Miguéis
Selected and Edited by Dr. Raymond Sayers and Dr. Miguéis / Folkways Records FL9915
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Note on José Rodrigues Miguéis

One of the outstanding Portuguese novelists, José Rodrigues Miguéis was the recipient in 1950 of the Castelo Branco prize, the most important Portuguese literary award. Among his novels are Pescos Pelis and the recently published A Escola do Paraíso. His two collections of short stories are Onde a Noite se Acaba and the prize winning Jôla. He is also the author of a play, O Passegario do Expresso. He has translated Carson McCullers' The Heart is a Lonely Hunter and F. Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby. Mr. Miguéis studied for three years in Brussels. Since 1935 he has lived chiefly in New York, where for many years he was the assistant editor of the Portuguese edition of The Reader's Digest.

Note on Raymond Sayers

Professor Sayers studied Portuguese and Spanish in different universities, including the University of Brasil and Columbia, where he received his doctor of philosophy degree and where he has given graduate courses in Portuguese and Brazilian literature. He is now a member of the Department of Romance Languages of the City College of New York. He is a consulting editor of the Revista Hespanho Moderna and the author, among other things, of The Negro in Brazilian Literature, which was translated into Portuguese under the title of O Negro na Literatura Brasileira.

The reader of Portuguese poetry will notice that by the second half of the nineteenth century it had entered one of its most cosmopolitan phases and that it began to manifest the principal tendencies of the poetry of the other European countries. In the realm of ideas Guerre Juncuere struck a hagonism note of social protest, and Antero de Quental showed the preoccupation of the European intellectual with the loss of faith in traditional religion. The artistic trends embodied in Spanish modernismo and represented in France by the impressionists and the symbolists are reflected in the work of such poets as Gomes Leal, Cesário Verde, Camilo Pessaca and Eugénio de Castro. However, none of these poets may be regarded as a mere disciple of a foreign literary movement. Saturated as they were with European culture, they were also aware of the great lyrical tradition of their own country, and at their best they produced poetry of an intense and powerful originality.

In Teixeira de Pascoaes, Mário de Sá-Carneiro, Fernando Pessoa and Irene Lisboa, whose work belongs to the twentieth century, this originality is so intense that these poets not only differ widely from each other but are also hardly to be classified in any of the important contemporary schools. Yet the pantheon of Pascuaes, the unusual imagery and themes of Sá-Carneiro, the perfection of form of Fernando Pessoa and the rebellious tone of personal affirmation of Irene Lisboa make these writers in their very individuality and independence representative of the diversity and freedom of the great poetry of the age.
NOTES ON THE POETS

ANTÓNIO DE QUENTAL (1842--1891) was important as a poet, philosopher and political thinker. His outstanding poems are his Bonetos, which were written over a period of many years and which form his spiritual autobiography. Composed in a lofty style and noteworthy for their striking images, they embody his main philosophical ideas, which developed from an early pessimism and despair into a positive affirmation of courage and hope. Primaveras Românticas, Obras Modernas, etc.

GOMES LEAL (1842--1921), an anti-clerical and anti-monarchist during the greater part of his life, made his peace with Christianity some years before his death. Although he achieved his early fame through his satires, his reputation rests on his lyrics. Those contained in Claridades do Sul, for example, demonstrate his ability to express with great technical skill emotions of profound sincerity, A Anti-Christo, A História de Jesus, etc.

QUEIJA JUNQUEIRO (1850--1923) not only was the most popular poet of his time but was also an influential figure in politics. Like Gomes Leal, he became famous for his satires, such as A Norte de D. João, which are reminiscent of Victor Hugo in both ideas and style, but his best poems are his lyrics dealing with rural life as, for example, those in Os Simples, A Velhice do Padre Eterno, A Fátima, etc.

CESÁRIO VERDE (1855--1886) is at his best in his sharp, graphic scenes of both urban and rural life. Employing a realistic, colloquial vocabulary, he expresses a conversational faith in the possibilities of human progress and an admiration for the working people of his Lisbon. His poems were published after his death in O Livro de Cesário Verde.

ANTÓNIO NOBRE (1867--1900) published during his lifetime only one volume of verse, Só.

His poetry, which shows the influence of popular ballads in style, is personal and deeply subjective. It is associated with the shore and countryside of northern Portugal, where he spent a large part of his childhood, and the University of Coimbra, where he studied before going to Paris to take his degree. He was the most influential poet of his generation. Despedidas, Primeiros Versos.

CARLOS FESSANHA (1867--1926) spent the greater part of his life in Macau. His one thin volume of poems, Clepsidras, with its strange music and disturbing images, represents Portuguese symbolism at its highest point. Indícios de Ouro, Confissão de Lúcia (novel).

EDUARDO DE CASTRO (1869--1944), the apostle of French symbolism and panacademicism, startled Portugal with his volume Gaiatos, which led the way to the use of new techniques and subject matter in Portuguese poetry. Sagrada e Outros Poemas, Interlúdios, etc.

THERESE DE PASSOS (1878--1952) occupies a rather isolated position among the poets of this century because of the speculative nature of his writing. Attracted by the idea of the absurd and repelled by systems and dogmas, he was at once a pantheist and an agnostic. As is evidenced in his long poem Mortuário, he was strongly influenced by the mountainous scenery of the region in which he lived. Vida Etérea, Represso ao Pesar, etc.

FERDINAND DESSO (1888--1915), the greatest Portuguese poet of this century, was preoccupied with the problem of writing "sincere" poetry, which he considered insurmountable because of the gaps between being and thought and thought and expression. This led him to write not only under his own name but also under three "heteronyms"--Álvaro de Campos, Ricardo Reis and Alberto Caeiro--which he says represent personalities that are very distinct from his own. An intellectual poet, he showed extraordinary verbal skill in his native language and even to a certain extent in English, which he had mastered as a youth in South Africa. During his life he published only one volume, Vógeias de Álvaro de Campos, Poemas de Alberto Caeiro, Obras de Ricardo Reis, etc.

MÁRIO DE SÁ-CASTRO (1890--1916) was a surreal poet and novelist of whom it has been said that he introduced the unconscious into Portuguese literature. In traditional metrical forms and a colloquial vocabulary he manifested his anxiety about life and his inability to cope with it in his native land or in Paris, where he was a student at the time of his suicide. During his life he published only one volume, Dispersos.

IRENE LISBIA (1892--1956) was a writer of essays, short stories and novels as well as verse. In all these genres she gave free play to her theory that the true subject of the writer is the commonplace incident or the ordinary person. The true medium is a language deliberately denuded of "literary" pretensions. A typical collection of her verse is Outo ao Nascer de Vir.

Tableau Qualquer Servo (short stories), Como um Vida (short novel), etc.

FLORES ALFONSO (1894--1930) was one of the most powerful of the women poets. In her sonnets in Charneca in Flor and other collections she displays in strikingly personal images an impressionable spirit that is highly sensitive to the rebuff of fortune and the world. Livro de Páginas, Livro de Soror Saudade, etc.

ANTÓNIO BOUTO (1903--1959) was a writer of great simplicity and naturalness who at times in his Cantigas achieves unusually subtle and delicate effects. Trovas, Cantigas de Saudade, etc.
Recebi o baptismo dos poetas,
e assentado entre as formas incompletas,
para sempre fique pálido e triste.

Nocturno

Espírito que passas, quando o vento
adormece no mar e surge a lua,
filho esquivo da noite que flutua,
tu só entendes bem o meu tormento...

Como um canto longínquo, triste e lento,
que vaga e sutilmente se insinua,
sobre o meu coração, que tumultua,
tu vertex pouco a pouco o esquecimento...

A ti confio o sonho em que me leva
um instinto de luz, rompendo a treva,
buscando, entre visões, o eterno Sen.

E tu entendes o meu mal sem nome,
a febre do Ideal, que me consome,
tu sou, Genio da Noite, e mais ninguém!

Na Mão de Deus

Na mão de Deus, na sua mão direita,
descansou afinal meu coração.
Do palácio encantado de Ilusão
desci a passo e passo a escala estreita.

Como a flora venenosa, com que se entrelaça
a ignorância infantil, depois vão,
depois do ideal e da paixão
a forma transitória e imperfeita.

Como criança, em lombriga jornada,
que a mãe leva ao colo agasalhada
e atravessa, sorrindo vagamente,
selvas, mares, areia e do deserto,...
dorme o teu sono, coração libertado,
dorme na mão de Deus eternamente!

Gomes Leal

A Senhora Duquesa da Brabant

Has a leque of plumas gloriosas
na sua mão macia e cintilante,
de anéis de esmeraldas preciosas
a Senhora Duquesa da Brabant.

Numa cadeira de espaldar dourado,
escola os galantelos dos barões.
— E noite: e, sob o azul morno e calado,

//that is.

I received a poet's baptism
And, placed among the incomplete forms,
I was forever pale and sad.

Nocturne

Spirit that passes by, when the wind
Sleeps on the sea and the moon emerges,
Evade the child of the wandering night,
You alone are aware of my torment...

Like a chant that, distant, sad and
Drifting and subtly penetrates,
Upon my tumultuous heart
Little by little you pour forgetfulness.

To you I entrust the dream on which I am
Born.

By an instinct of light, rending the darkness,
Seeking among visions the eternal God.

And you understand my nameless ill,
The desire for the Ideal that consumes me,
You alone, Genius of Night, and none but you.

In the Hand of God

In the hand of God, in His right hand,

Her Grace, the Duchess of Brabant

She holds a fan of gorgeous feathers
in her soft hand, which scintillates
with rings of fine, of precious stones,
her Grace, the Duchess of Brabant.

In a chair with gilded back
she listens to the barons' gallantries.
It is night, and beneath the warm, silent
concebem os jasmins e os corações.

Recorda o senhor Bispo acções passadas.
Falam damas de jéias e cetins.
Tratam barrões de festas e caçadas
À moda gorda:...às toques de clarins.

Mas a Duquesa é triste.--Oculda mágica
vela seu rosto de um solene véu.
---Ao laurar, sobre os tanques chora a água...---Cantando, os rouxinós lembram o céu...

o que é certo é que a pálida Senhora,
a transcendental Duquesa de Brabante,
tem um filho horroroso...e de quem cura
o pai, no escuro, passando errante.

E um filho horroroso e jamais visto--
Raquiço, enfascado, excepcional,
todo disforme, excêntrico, malquotioso,
---pelos de fera, vivos de animal!

Parece irma dos encantos e dos urusos,
aborto e horror da cruel Natureza...
---Eem vão tentar barrões, com mil discursos,
desencontar a frente da Duquesa.

Sempre a Duquesa é triste.--Oculda mágica
vela seu rosto de um solene véu.
---Ao laurar, sobre os tanques, chora a água...---Cantando, os rouxinós lembram o céu...

Ora o monstro morreu.--Pelos arredores
no palácio retinham festas, hinos.
Riam nobres, vãos, pelas estradas.
O próprio pai se ri, ouvindo os sinais...

Riam-se os monges pelo claustrum antigo.
Riam vilões trigueiros das charmas.
Riam-se os padres junto ao seu jazigo.
Riam-se nobres e peões nas ruas.

Riem aias, bardos, erguendo os braços.
Riem, no pássaro, os truques também.
Passa o duque, rindo, nos terraços...
---Só chora o monstro, em alto chorar,
Na manhã!

Só, sobre o esquife do disforme morto,
chora, sem trégua a misera mulher.
Chama os nomes mais ternos ao abrigo...
---Sem no fogo, a triste mãe o quer!

Só ela chora pelo morto!...A mágica
lhe arranca gritos que a ninguém mais
Auqul!
---Ao laurar, sobre os tanques, chora a
água...---Cantando, os rouxinós lembram o céu...

No Calvário

Maria, com seus olhos morgados,
cuas espiritual, lavava em pranto
as largas chagas de Jesus, enquanto
ria so po um dos três crucificados.

---blue,

Jasmins and hearts conceive.

His Grace, the Bishop, recalls past deeds.
The ladies speak of jewels and satins.
The barons discuss feasts and hunts
in the Gothic style, to bugle calls.

But the Duchess is sad. A hidden grief
clouds her face like a solemn veil.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of Heaven.

Legends say that Satan, dressed
in armor made of a single diamond,
dared once to speak of his flowering love
to her Grace, the Duchess of Brabant!

They say he was heard in the moonlight on the waters,
faier than the sun, marbelike, beautiful,
drawing from his guitar strange lements
in the nights when the carnations unfold.

They say, too, that in the silken ribs
of her ducal fan with its thousand shades,
Satan sang her black tresses and
her eyes that were deeper than roots.

But the Duchess is sad; a hidden sorrow
clouds her face like a solemn veil.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of Heaven.

The truth is that the pallid Lady,
the most excellent Lady of Brabant,
has a monstrous child, for whom the father
blushes as he wonders about in the darkness.

He is a freakish child, unlike all others,
rechit, shriveled, abnormal,
while disfigured, strange, hated,
with beastlike tristises, animalike howls.

A brother he seems of bears and bears,
cruel nature's freak and fright.
In vain the nobles try with a thousand speeches
to smooth the Duchess' wrinkled brow.

The Duchess is always sad. A hidden sorrow
clouds her face like a solemn veil.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of Heaven.

The monster has died. The arcades
of the palace ring with feasts and hymns.
Nobles and peasants laugh along the roads.

The father laughs as he hears the bells.
The monks laugh in the ancient cloister.
Swarthy peasants laugh over their plows.
The priests laugh beside the coffin.
Nobles and peas laugh in the streets.

Ladies-in-waiting and barons laugh with arms
raised high.
The jesters laugh in the courtyards, too.
Along the terraces the Duke stroll and laughs.
Only the mother weeps cloud for the monster.

Alone, over the coffin of the dead, deformed
child,
ceaselessly weeps the wretched woman.
She calls the monster tender names.
Ugly, as he was, the sad mother loved him.

She alone weeps for the dead...Her sorrow
makes her lament as never before.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of Heaven.

On Calvary

Mary, her sorrowing eyes
like spiritual skites, washed in tears
Jesus' broad wounds, while beside her
laughed one of the three that were crucified.
Semblantes de mulher mortificadas escondiam a dor no casto manto.
Uma mulher de homem chorava a um canto.
Jogavam sobre a túnica os soldados.

Marta, os pingos de sangue, alva aquém, dir-se-a no bom seio recolhê-los.
Algumas riam, brutais, daquela pena.

Salomé tinha um mar nos olhos belos.
João fitava a urna.—Mas Maddalená limpava a Orísto os pés com seus cabelos.

**Band 2:**

**GUERRA JUNQUEIRO**

**Préstimo Fontes**

Que alegrias virgens, campesinas, fremem neste incalculado, limpo arrebol!
Como os galos cantam... como as noras /crescem... Nos olhos brancos, cujas folhas /crescem,
refulgente e novo passarinhas o sol.

Pela estrada, que entre carajás ondeia, uma pequerrucha—trê-la-rê-la-rê— vai cantando e guiando o carro para a /silêncio...
São os boi enormes, e a carruagem com um castanheiro apodrecido já.

Nortified faces of women
hid their grief in chaste mantles.
A woman of Hanon wept in a corner.
The soldiers threw dice on His garment.

Martha, that white lily, caught in her /wind breast,
now would say, the drops of blood.
There was brutal laughter at such grief.

Salome held a sea in her beautiful eyes.
John watched the cross. But Maddalen
dried Christ's feet with her hair.

**Band 2:**

**GUERRA JUNQUEIRO**

**Funeral Procession (Selection)**

What virgin, rural joys quiver
in this immaculate, limpid morning—gloam!
How the cocks crow... how the waterwheels /goum!

In the white, leaf-trembling elms
a young, refugent sun rustles.

Along the road that winds through cherry /orchards
a child—trê-la-rê-la-rê—sings as she drives the ox-cart to the /village...
The oxen are enormous; the whole cartload,
a decaying chestnut tree.

Oh, that damaírosa, Linda boletinha!
Grandes olhos gêmeos, sorriminho arisco...
De aguilhada em punho, lúgida esmigalha com a graça aérea de ave rastejinha, verdinho, arvórea, toutinegra ou pisco.

Loira, mas de loiro fulvo das abalhas,
freaca como os cravos pelo amanhecer;
brancas como as folhas das orquídes,
na boquiaberta rósea três canções vermelhas, na aguilhada, ao sol, uma estrelinha a /brilhar!

Descalçinhas e pobre, mas sem ar mendigo,
em mais esbelto, mais encantador;
Vaste-se de trigo e glória do bos sol...

O chapéu de palha que inda há um nas deus /brigo,
a safa e linho ainda há bem pouco em /flor.

E os dois bois enormes, colossais,
em alpendre imenso, triunfã de aurora,
ão como bondosos monstros enigmáticos,
almas porventura de ermitões estáticos
ruminando biblias pelos campos foral...

Ao arado e ao carro presos, noite e dia,
como dois grilhetas, quer de inverno ou /verão!

E submissos, uma pequerrucha os guia!
E nos sulcos que abrem cante a cotovia,
as bonitas riam-se, e amadura o pão.
Levam as serenas frontes majestosas
enrasalhadas como dois altas;
medrassilvas, loiros, pântanos, mimosas,
abalações ardentes desflorando rosas,
borboletas claras em noivoado, aos pares...

E eis no carro morto o castanheiro,
enquanto... melros assobiarmos nos trigais alêm...
Heras amortalharmo em seu verde manto...
Deu-lhe a terra o leite, dá-lhe a aurora /o pranto...

Que falsa cadência, que até cheira bem
músicas, líquens, fetos—químicos

fases montões de almas dessa podridão.
Já no esqueleto seco de gigante,
sob a luz vermelha, num festim radiante,
mil milhões de vidas pululando estão.

Sempre à fortaleza casa-se a doçura:
como o leão da Bíblia morto num vergel,
do seu tronco ainda na caverna escura,
um enxame de olho rutilo murmurando,
construindo um feio cíngulo de mel!

In the furrows that they cut a lark sings,
the daisies laugh, the grain ripens.

Their serene, majestic heads
are like twin altars adorned with flowers:
with honeysuckle, laurel, vineleaves,

with ardent bumblebees deflowering roses,
with bright, courting butterflies in pairs.

And there on the cart the dead chestnut tree
lies, while blackbirds whistle in the wheatfields
beyond.
Ivy enrobs it with a green cloak.
The earth gave it milk and the dawn, tears.
Happy this sweet-smelling corpse!

Roses, lichens, ferns—an incessant chemistry—change this decay into hills of souls.
Now in this dry, giant skeleton
beneath the coral red light, in radiant

pullulate millions of lives.
Strength is always united with sweetness:
like the biblical lion, dead in the orchard,
From its trunk's dark cavern
a golden swarm of bees hums
and builds a pure honeycomb.

How enormous the oxen, yet soft as ermine,
Oh, os bois enormes, manos como armadilhos, meditando estranhas facções de luz, eles encontram uma lenda, uma travesseira, uma passagem, e por sobre os longos, tórridos caminhos, dos seus olhos saem bençãos e perdas!

Chorar é o velho castanheiro ingênuo, sob o qual dormiram estas estrelas? Almas do arvoredo, o seu olhar plangente saberá acaso, misteriosamente, traduzir as línguas em que você falou?

Castanheiro morto que é da vida estranha que no ovário exílio uma flor nasceu, e criou raízes, e se fez castanha, que trazem os anos sobre uma montanha seus tristes braços de colosso erguer?

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**Band 41**

CESÁRIO VERDE

**Ave-Marias**

Nas nossas ruas, ao amanhecer, há tal sombria, há tal melancolia, que as sombras, o bulício, o Tejo, e a maresia, despertam-se um desejo absurdo de sofrer.

---

rumia strange, brooding visions! See how the birds come to perch on their perches, how along the torrid, endless lanes blessings and forgiveness flow from their leaves. Do they mourn the old, mighty chestnut tree, in whose shade they took their summer naps? Oh, souls of the woods, can their plangent glance perchance mysteriously translate the tongues you speak?

Dead chestnut tree Where is that strange life which was born in a flower’s narrow ovary, took root, and grew so great that for three hundred years on a mountain it held aloft its mighty arms?

---

**Band 41**

CESÁRIO VERDE

**Ave-Marias**

in our streets at nightfall, there is such melancholy, that the shadows, hubbub, Tagus, sea smell, all arouse in me an absurd desire to suffer. The sky seems low and misty;

---

O céu parece baixo e de neblina, e o gênio estravasando enxoa-me, perturba; e os edifícios, com as chaminés, e a torre, tornam-se duma cor monótona e londrina.

Batem os carros de aluguer, ao fundo, levando à visa-fé ras as que se vão. Felizes!

Ocorrem-se em revista exposições, países, Madrid, Paris, Berlim, São Petersburgo, ou mundo!

Sapem-se a gaiolas, com víveres, as edificações somente amarelecidas; como morcegos, ao caír das beiraladas, saltam de viga em viga os mestres carpinteiros.

Voltem os calafetes, as magotes, de jaqueção ao ombro, enfuracados, secos; embrenho-me, a cíliar, por boqueirões, por becos, ou erro pelos cais a que as estrançam botes.

E evoc, então, as crônicas nuais: murmuros, baixios, heroías, tudo ressuscitado! Luta Camões no mar, salvando um livro a cada páginas!

Singram soberbas naus que eu não verei jamais.

---

Dingdongs set out from an English man-of-war. And on land, the tinkling of dishes and silver. Fashionable hotels glitter at dinner hour. In a horsecab two dentists hold forth. A stumbling harlequin struggles on a pair of stilts. Household darlings float about their balconies. Hatless shopkeepers stand bored at their doors.

The arsenals and machine shops are emptying out. The viscous river glitters; working women hurry by. Herculane, mocking, like a black school of fish, the fishwives frantically rush up.

Up they come, shaking their opulent hips. Their virile trunks remind me of pillars, and some carry in baskets on their heads the sons that some day will be lost in storms at sea.

Barefooted! They unload coal from morn to night about the lighters. And they crowd together in a district where cats cry and rotten fish are sources of infection.
De Tarde

Naquele 'pic-nic' de burguesas
houve uma coisa simplesmente bela,
e que, sem ter história nem grandezas,
et todo o caso dava uma aguarela.

Foi quando tu, descendo do burro,
foste colheir, sem imposturas teclas,
a um granzal azul de grão de bico,
um ramalhete rubro de papoulas.

Pouco depois, em cima duma penhasco,
ños acampámos, ainda o sol se via;
e houve talhadas de melão, damascos,
po de lô molhado em melavellas.

Mas todo párpado, a sair da renda
do teus dois seios como duas rolas,
era o supremo encanto da merenda
um ramalhete rubro das papoulas!

---

ANTÓNIO NOBRE

Memórias

Ora isto, senhores, deu-se em Trás-os-Montes,
etem de Borba, com torres e pontes.

---

In the Afternoon

At that ladies' picnic there was one really beautiful thing which, though neither great nor worthy of a story, would still have made a nice watercolor.

It was when you got off your donkey and went without fuss or airs to a field of blue-flowered chicory to pick a bunch of crimson poppies.

A little later we camped on some boulders.
The sun was still up,
and we had slices of melon and apricots and sponges dipped in Malmaison wine.

But all red, emerging from the lace that covered your two dovelike breasts was the real delight of the picnic: that red, red bunch of poppies.

---

ANTÓNIO NOBRE

Memórias

Now, gentlemen, this happened in Trás-os-Montes,
in the land of Borba with its towers and bridges.

A Portuguese of old, of the time of the wars,
was taken by destiny far from home.
The years passed, and to Borba he returned.
What a charming maiden he met there one day!

How noble her figure, how brown her eyes!
One day in the church the banns were read.

Later, beneath an unlucky star,
at the new moon, a child was born.

Oh, the mothers of poets, as they smile in their rooms,
who are virgins before and after their travail?

In his cradle of silver he lay asleep.
Three Moorish fairies came to read his fortune.

(And the child opened wide his sweet eyes):
"You will be a Prince...it were better you were not!"

But then it happened that Autumn came,
and one day she decided to ride forth in her carriage.

She put on her sandals, her head garlanded with flowers.

---

Oh homem agrégio de estirpe divina,
de alma de bronze e coração de menina!

Em vão corri mundos, não vos encontrei.
Por vales que fôr, por eles voltei.

E assim se criou um anjo, o Diabo, o lua;
ai corre o seu fado a culpa não é sua!

Sempre ô agradável ter um filho Virgílio,
ouvir estes carmes que eu compus no exílio.

Oh, excellent man, of godlike lineage,
Your soul was of bronze, your heart a maiden's.

In vain I have traveled. I have never found you.
I have journeyed through valleys, through valleys returned.

And thus grew an angel, the Devil, the Moon:
Such was his destiny! no blame was his!

It is always a fine thing to father a Virgil.
Listen to the songs that I wrote in my exile.

Listen, oh all you good Portuguese, listen,
at the time of falling leaves, in the best of months.

But take heed lest they hurt you,
for it is the saddest of books in all Portuguese.
Telégrafo

Não repararam nunca? Pela aldeia,
nos fios telegráficos da estrada,
cantam as aves desde que o sol nado,
e, à noite, se fes sol a lua cheia.

No entanto, pelo arame que se tente,
quanta tortura vai, numa fina alada!
O ministro que joga uma cartada,
álma que às vezes d'além-mar anseia:

--Revolução--imortal--cem feridos,
setenta mortos.--Beija-tei--Feridos! --Enfim, Felix--?--Desesperado.--Vem...

E as boas aves, bem se importam elas!
Continuam cantando, tagorares;
Assim, António, deve ser também.

Soneto

Ainda como os passarinhos,
e vem logo direita á minha cama.

Salomé

Grácia, curvada sobre os feixes
de junco verde a que se apoia,
Salomé deita de comer aos peixes,
que na piscina são refúgios de jóia.
Frotes de diamante, em cúspides luminosas,
todos correm febril, ao cair das migalhas,
armando rústicas balstras
de pedras preciosas...

Como replende a filha de Heródias,
do seu jardim entre as vermelhas flores!
Corre por toda ela um suor de pedrarias,
um murmúrio de cores...

Sua faustososa túnica esplendente,
és uma tarde de triunfo; em fundo cor de brasas,
cobram soldados
irradiantes tropel de áureos dragões com asas.
Sobre as jóias, sobre as lhamas, sobre o
suo,
tão vivo bate o sol, que a princesa franzina,
sendo desviada-se mais, julga ver um tesouro
a sutilizar, a arder no fundo da piscina...

Sal do jardim a infanta; o calor a sufocar.
Não pode mais sofrer do sol as ignes setas...
Com um ramo de jasminas secede as borboletas
que lhe pousem na boca...
E-a subindo a escadaria na luz doura,
que um velário tenebro; e-lá parando
junto das jaulas, onde estão sonhando,
come os presos,
o leões da Nubia...

Erguem-se trêulos os leões, ouvindo passos,
mas, vendo Salomé, aparam seu furor
beside the cages in which dream,
like captive kings,
the lions of Nubia.
The lions rise, angered, hearing the steps,
but as they see Salome their rage dies away,
and moving wearily
they roar with love.

The dragons on the tunic seem to defend her.
And Salome, divinely beautiful,
stretches through the bars her silvered hands,
which the lions sniff in languid dalliance,
thinking little of them.

The princess ascends the stairs. Svelte
with melodious motions that shed a thousand
perfumes,
she caresses the mane of her favorite lion
as the others roar with love and jealousy.

Ibises fly through the skies, and rising
brilliant
from the lake where the Nile flowers swim,
the singing fountains
acclaim Salome as she enters the peristyle.

She wakes with the birds
and comes right over to my bed.
Sacode-me com jeito, por mim chama,
e abre-me os olhos com os seus dedinhos.

Extremunhado zango-me: Beijinhos!
Não quer beijinhos? com vos de ouro exalam.
Da minha ira empalidece a chama,
e acarinhando-a pago os seus carinhos.

Senhor, que amor de filha tu me deste?
Dá-lhe um caminho brando e sem abrolhos,
Dá-lhe a virtude por espada e guia.

E destina também, ó Pai celeste,
que a mão com que ella agora me abre os olhos,
seja a que há-de curvarem algum dia.

Gastelos doidos! Tão cedo caíaste...
Onde vamos, alheio o pensamento,
de mãos dadas? Teus olhos, que um momento
perseguiram nas meus, como vão tristess...
E sobre nós caiuçal a neve,
surda, em triunfo, petals, de leve
juncando o chão, necrópole de gelos...
Em redor do teu vulto é como um vêu!
Quem as esparrama—quantas flor—do céu,
sobre nós dois, sobre os nossos cabelos?

Soneto:
Quem polui, quem rasgou os meus lençóis de
linho,
onde esperei morrer, meus tão castos lençóis?
Do meu jardim afligiu os altos girassóis,
quem foi que os arrancou e lençou no caminho?
Quem quebrou (que furor cruel e animado)
a mesa de eu cear, tábuas tosca de pinho?
E me espreitou a leme, e me entornou o vinho?
--Eu minha vinha o vinho acidulado e fresco...

O minha pobre mãe! Não te ergas mais da cova.
Olha a noite, olha o vento. Em ruína a casa
nova...
Dos meus ossos o lume a extinguir-se breve.

Não venhas mais ao lar. Não vagabunde mais,
alma da minha mãe...Não andes mais à neve,
de noite, a mendigar às portas dos casais.

Ao longe, os Barcos de Flores
Só, incessante, um som de flauta chora,
vitvo, cóncil, na escuridão tranquila,
--perdida vos que de entre as mais se exila,
--restões de som dissimulando a hora.
Na orgia, ao longe, que em clarões cúntil,
e os lítios, brancos, do carmim desfiora...
Só, incessante, um som de flauta chora,
vitvo, cóncil, na escuridão tranquila.

E a orquestra? E os beijos? Tudo a noite, fora,
cauda, detém. Só modulada trilha
a flauta flúbil...Quem há-de remi-la?
Quem sabe a dor que sem razão deplora?

Só, incessante, um som de flauta chora...

Floriram por engano as rosas breves
no inverno: veio o vento desfolhá-las...
Em que climas, meu bem? Porque ao das vossas com que há pouco me enganavas?

Artfully she shakes me, calls me,
and with her tiny fingers opens up my eyes.

Startled, I get angry. "A kiss!"
Don't you want a kiss?" she exclains in a
/golden voice.
The flame of my anger pales,
and I repise caress with caress.

Lord God! What a lovely daughter you have
/given me.
Grant her a smooth and thornless road.
Grant her virtue as a guide and support.

And grant also, oh heavenly Father,
that the hand with which now she opens my
/eyes
may be the one to close them, too, some day.

Floriram por engano as rosas breves
no inverno: veio o vento desfolhá-las...
Em que climas, meu bem? Porque ao das vossas com que há pouco me enganavas?

Where are we going--lost in thought--
hand in hand? Your eyes that for a moment
Scanned mine, how sad they are!

And over us falls the snow, nuptial,
deaf, triumphant; its petals lightly
strewing the ground, an icy necropolis.

Around your form they are like a veil
Who scatters them—oh so many flowers--
from the heavens,
on us two, on our hair?

Sonnet:
Who defiled, who rent the linen sheets
in which I hoped to die—my chaste sheets?
And the tall sunflowers of my narrow garden,
who tore them up and cast them on the road?

Who broke (what cruel, what simian fury?)
my supper table, a rough pine board?
And who threw my logs about and spilled my
wine?
--The cool, acidulous wine of my own
vineyard...

Oh, my poor mother! Rise no more from your
/grave.
See the night! See the wind! The new house
/in ruins...
das tardes outonais,
en que fomos os dois,
abrimos, passar
para longe do povo
alegre e dos casais,
onde já Jesus podesse
ouvir-nos conversar?
Tu voias na mão
um lírio ensorrecido,
e dava-me o teu braço;
e eu, triste, meditava
na vida, em Jesus, em ti...
E, além, o sol doirado
morria, conhecendo
a noite que deixava.
Harmonias astrais
beijavam teus ouvidos;
um crepúsculo terno
e doce dulzura,
na sombra, o teu perfil
e os montes doloridos...
Enraízes, pelo sol
canções do fim do dia.
Canções que, de tão longe,
o vento vagabundo
traiza na memória...
Assim o que partiu
em frágil caravela,
e andou por todo o mundo,
trás no seu coração
a imagem do que viu.
Olhavas para mim,

em que fomos, posinhas,
fallidas, através
da aldeia muda e calma,
mãos dadas, a sonhar,
so longo dos caminhos...
Tudo, em volta de nós,
tinha um aspecto de alma.
Tudo era sentimento,
amor e piedade.
A folha que tombava
era alma que subia...
E sob os nossos pés,
à terra era saudade,
a pedra componha
e o pó melancólico.
Palavras duma estrela
e deste bosque em flor;
dos cegos sem pão,
dos pobres sem mantos.
Em cada tua palavra,
havia eternidade;
por isso a tua voz
me impressionava tanto!
E punha-me a cismar,
que eras tão boa e pura,
que muito em breve, sim,
te chomarias a cá!
E soluçava, ao ver-te
alguma sombra escura
na frente, que o luar
cobria como um vêu.
A tua palidez

the autumn afternoons
when we two,
alone, went walking
far from the happy
village and the homesteads
where only God could
hear us speak?
In your hand you held
a lily that was in love.
I held your arm
and sadly meditated
about life, about God, about you.
And beyond, the gilded sun
died away, acknowledging
the night it left behind.
Star harmonies
kissed your ears;
twilight, tender
and sweet, diluted
with shadows your profile
and the mourning mountains.
Through the blue,
evening songs wandered,
songs that from far away
the easterly wind
carried in its memory,
as one who has set out
in a fragile caravel
and roamed the world
bears in his heart
the image of the things he has seen.
You gazed at me

abently, at times,
like one who in the evening gazed
at the sea from the cliffs.
And I remained dreaming
like a sleeping mist
when the wind also sleeps
in the groves.
You gazed at me...
by rude and brutish body
vibrated like a wave
that soars into the mist.
You gazed, carelessly,
sadly...And today I still
hear the ideal music
of your first gaze.
I hear your voice well,
I see your face better
in the endless silence,
in the complete darkness.
I hear you in my pain,
I hear you in my grief
and in my eternal
poet's hope.
The sun faded in the distance,
and the shadow of sadness
veiled with love
our aching foreheads.
The hour when the flower meditates
and the stone weeps and prays
and the crystalline springs
faint in sorrow.
The holy, perfect hour

when happily we walked
alone, through
the mute, calm village,
hand in hand, dreaming
along the roads.
Every ring around us
had a quality of soul.
All was feeling,
love and pity.
The falling leaf
was an ascending soul...
And under our feet
the earth was nostalgia;
the stone, tenderness;
and the dust, melancholy.
You spoke of a star
and of the flowering wood;
of blind beggars who had no bread,
of the naked poor.
In your every word
there was ethereal pain.
Therefore your voice
impressed me so.
And I began to dream,
sweet and hurtful at once.
That good, indeed,
heaven would take you away.
And I sobbed as I saw
a dark shadow
on your forehead, which the moonlight
covered like a veil.
How your pallor
que medo me causava!
Teu corpo era tão fino,
e leve (oh, meu desgosto!)
que eu tremia, ao sentir
o vento que passava!
Caía-me na alma
a neve do teu rosto.
Como eu ficava triste
e mudo, sobre a terra!
E uma vez, quando a noite
amortalhava a aldeia,
tu gritaste de susto,
oclhando para a serra:
"Que incêndio!"—e eu, a rir,
disseste: "Se a lua cheia..."
E sorrieste também
do teu engano. A lua
ergueu a branca fronte
acima dos pinheiros,
ão menina de esplendor,
ão menina da tua
que eu beijei, sem querer,
suas raízes virginais.
E a lua, para nós,
os braços estendeu.
Uniu-nos num abraço
espiritual, profundo;
e levou-nos assim,
com ela, até ao céu...
Mas ai, tu não voltaste,
e eu regressei ao mundo.

Fernando Pessoa

Band 31

O Menino de sua Mãe

No plano abandonado
que a morna brisa aquece,
de balas trespassado
—duas, de lado a lado—
jaz morto e arrepende.

Reia-lhe a face o sangue.
De braços estendidos,
alvo, louro, exangue,
fixa com olhar lúgubre
e cego, os céus perdidos.

Tão jovem! Que jovem era!
(Agora que idade tem?)
Filho único, a mãe lhe dera
um nome, e o mantivesse:
"O Menino de sua mãe".

Caí-lhe da almeixa
a cigarreira breve.
Dera-lhe a mãe. Está inteira
o botão da cigarrilha.
Ele é que já não serve.

De outra almeija, alada
ponta a roçar o solo,
a branquice embriagada

Fernando Pessoa

Band 31

His Mother's Boy

On the deserted plain
that the tepid breeze beats,
shot through by bullets,
—two, from one side to the other,—
he lies dead, grown cold.

His blood stripes his uniform.
With arms outspread,
white, blot bloodless,
he starves with languid gaze
and blind at the lost skies.

So young, so young he was!
(What is he now?)
An only child he was. His mother's name
for him, the name she always called him, was
"His mother's boy."

From his pocket has fallen
his brief cigarette case.
His mother gave it to him. It is intact
and usable, the cigarette case.
He no longer is of any use.

From another pocket, its winged
point touching the ground,
the hemmed whiteness

of a handkerchief... he had it from the old
servant who carried him in her arms.

Far off at home they pray:
"Let him come back soon and well." (The web's the Empire weaves)
He lies dead and rots,
his mother's boy.

Fernando Pessoa

Band 31

Autopsicografia

O poeta é um fingidor.
Finge tão completamente,
que chega a fingir que é dor,
a dor que deveras sente.

E os que lêem o que escreve,
na dor lida sentem bem
não as duas que ele teve,
mas só a que eles não têm.

E assim nas calhas de roda
gira, a entretêr a razão,
esse comboio de cordas
que se chama o coração.

Ela Canta, Pobre Ceifeira

Ela canta, pobre ceifeira,
jugando-se feliz talvez;
caife, e ceife, e a sua voz, ceife
de algeme e anônima viuves,
ondula como um canto de ave,
o ar limpo como um límir,
e há curvas no enredo suave
do som que ela tem a cantar.

Ouvi-la alegre e entristece;
as suas vozes o campo e a lida,
e canta como se tivesse
mais rações pra cantar que a vida.

Ah, canta, canta sem risonho,
o que em mim sente está pensando.
Derrama no meu coração
a tua incerta voz ondeandola.

Ah, poder ser tu, sendo eu!
Ter a tua alegre inconsciência,
e a consciência dissolto ó céu!
O campo e o canção à ciência.

Pesa tanto e a vida é tão breve!
Entrai por mim dentro! Tornai
minha alma a vossa sombra leve!
Depois, levando-me, pessa!

Ode (Ricardo Reis)

Não só quem nos odeia ou nos inveja
nos limita e oprimi: quem nos ama
não nos menos nos limita.
Que os deuses me concedam que, despido

undulates like a bird’s song
in the threshold-clean air,
and there are curves in the soft web
of the song that she must sing.

To hear her is to be cheered and saddened.
In her voice are the fields and her work,
and she sings as if she had
other reasons to sing than life itself.

Ah, sing, sing without reason!
All that in me feels is thinking.
Four undulating over my heart
your quavering voice.

Ah, that I might be you, being II
That I might have your guany unconsciousness,
and consciousness thereof! Oh sky!
Oh fields! Oh song! Knowledge

Weighs no heavy and life is so brief!
Enter all of you within me! Make
my soul the light shadow of yourselves.
Then take me and pass on.

Ode (Ricardo Reis)

Not only those who hate or envy us
Limit and oppress us; those who love us
limit us no less.
May the gods grant that stripped

of all affections I shall have the chill
freedom
of the possessionless peaks.
Who wants little has all; who wants naught
is free; who has naught and naught desires
is a man, the equal of the gods.

Another Ode (Ricardo Reis)

I know not whether it is true love or feigned
that you give me. You give me it. It suffices.
Since I am not young in time,
let me be young by error.
Little the gods give, and that little is
false.
But if they give it, false though it be,
the gift
is true. I accept it
and close my eyes. It is enough.
What more do I want?

Rattlerlap

Ah, let me be laid between blankets
and let nothing else be done to me!
Let the door of my room be forever closed,
or even be opened to you if you come to it.

que não se abra mesmo para ti se tu lá forest
Lá vermelha, leito solto. Tudo bem salafestado...
Nenhum livro, nenhum livro à cabeceira.
Façam apenas com que eu tenha sempre a meu
lábio
bolos de ovos e uma garrilha de Kadeira.

Não, não estou para mais; não quero mesmo
brigudas.
Pra quê? Até se nos desse não saberia
Que querem fazer de mim com estes enfeitos e
medos?
Não fui feito pra festas. Larguem-me!
Deixem-me sossegar!

Noite sempre p’lo meu quarto. As cortinas
e eu adormecendo, bem quantinho--que
Sim: ficar sempre na cama, nunca mexer,
Ficar bajaran
p’lo menos era o sossego completo...História!
Gra a melhor das vidas...
Se me doem os pés e não sei andar direito,
p’ra que hei-de teimar em ir para as salas
de lord?
Vamos, que a minha vida por uma vez se acorde
com o meu corpo, e se resigne a não ter jant.

Red wool, soft bed. Everything well-sealed.
No book, no book at all at my bedside.
Just see that I always have within reach
candies and a bottle of ouzo.

No, I am fed up. I don’t even want games.
What for? Even if I were given them, I would
not know how to play.
What do you want to do to me with these
fears?
I wasn’t born to be made a fuss over. Leave
me alone! Let me rest.

Night always in my room. The curtains drawn,
with me snuggling down to sleep, nice and
warm--how delightful!
Yes: always to be in bed, never to move. To
stare.

At least there would be complete rest...
Nonsense, it would be the best sort of life.

Since my feet hurt and I can’t walk right,
why should I insist on going to drawing rooms
like a lord?
Why, once and for all let my life fit
my body and become resigned to its
lumpsiness.
De que me vale sair, se me consti tuyo logo?
E bem passou eu esperar, com a minha
Deixa-te de ilusões, Mário! Bom adegado,
De boa fogo... e não penses no resto. E já bastante, com
Frenesia...
Desistamos. A nenhuma parte a minha fêmea
Me levará.
Pra que hei de andar aos tombos, numa
Freal, corroerás?
Tenho de mim. Cois bracsal leme-me
Pra enfermerastar...
isto é, pra um quarto particulár que o
meu pai pagarás.

Justo. Um quarto de hospital, higiénico,
Todo branco, moderno e tranquilo;
ou Paris, é preferível, por causa da legenda...
De aqui a vinte anos e a minha literatura
volve-se se entende;
e depois, estar manequim em Paris fica bem,
Temo certo estilo...

Quanto a ti, meu amor, podes vir às
jantares-feiras,
se quiseres ser gentil, perguntar como eu
estou.
Agora no meu quarto é que tu não entras,
mesmo com as melhores nomeiras...
Nada a fazer, minha rica. O menino dorme.

Fim
Quando eu morrer batem em latas,
rompem aos saltos e aos pontas,
fecham estalar na ar chichota,
chamam palhaços e acrobatas.

Que o meu caído vá sobre um burro,
ajaezado à andalusa...
A um morto nada se recusa,
e eu quero por força ir de burro!


Band 51
IRENE LISBOA

Pequeno Poema mental
Quem não saí da sua casa,
Não atravessa povos, montes, vales,
Não vê as cenas bíblicas das eiras,
Nem mulheres de infusa, equilibradas,
Nem carros lentos chideores,
Nem homens suados;
Quem vive como o inseto cativo no seu
redondel,
cria mil olhos para nada...
Mil olhos implacáveis...

E um dia diz ovelho o que ouvem amarav,
sentindo inúdios ódios.

E diz de pois: «tempo vazio, vazio,vazio...
sem amor nem ódio, terrivelmente pobre.
E ainda volta a dizer: «nas eu que sei, que
vou?
Nunca sei nem sou, não me reconheço...
Nunca ninguém, sequer, me deteve, me falou,
me interrogou.
Sou uma sombra, ou menos.

E o insecto,
o quer que é como o inseto no seu
redondel, pêra...
Pêra circunvolando os mil olhos desgostosos,
pela paisagem pobre, irrenovada.

Outro Pequeno Poema mental
Cai um pássaro do ar, devagar, muito devagar.
E as árvores soturnas não se mexem.
Estatu
Não se vêem bulir as árvores, em bloco, ou
aos arcos, estampadas...

Elegante Lapa, sol tosco, paisagem da manhã.
A gente do sitio, pobreza e riqueza, ainda
recoberta.
Aqui, uma jornada discreta que se abra, preta,
Alí, outra fechada.

E esta alternância, bastante irregular, vai-se
Repetindo, repete-se...
E eu, aí sinto prisioneira, sempre prisioneira;
Nunca entredado.

What good does it do me to go out if I catch
No cold right away?

And whom can I expect with this sensitiveness
Drop your illusions, Mário. A good quiet, a
Good fire—and forget all else. Frankly, it's enough.

Let's give up. Longing will get me nowhere.
Why, then, should I stumble about in this
good race?
Be sorry for me. The hell with it. Take me
to the hospital ward,
to a private room, I mean, that father will
say for!

Right. A hospital room, hygienic, all white,
in Paris, preferably, for the sake of the
modern and quiet;
Perhaps in twenty years my writing will be
understood,
and then, to be crazy in Paris looks good. In
a way it's elegant.

As for you, my dear, you may come every
Thursday, if you want to be nice, to ask how I am.
But in my room you shall not set foot, no
matter how politely you act.
Nothing doing, my pet. The child's asleep.
All the rest is over.

The End
When I die, bang on pots and pans.
Leap and dance for joy.
Snap whips in the air.
Send for clozyn and acrobats.

Let my coffin be placed on a donkey,
harnessed in the Andalusian way.
Nothing can be denied a dead man,
and I simply must ride on a donkey.

Band 51
IRENE LISBOA

Little Mental Poem
He who does not leave his home
does not cross towns, mountains, valleys,
does not see biblical scenes of threshing
floors,
or women balancing pitchers,
or slow ox carts with creaking wheels,
or sweating men.
He who lives like a captive insect in its
king
breeds a thousand eyes for nothing...
A thousand implacable eyes.

And he says one day: "I hate what yesterday
was loved",
and he nourishes unmovable hatred.

And then he says: "Uh, empty, empty,
empty time...
Loveless and hateless, terribly poor.

And again he says: "But what do I know,
what am I?"
I know not who I am, I do not recognise
myself...
Never has anyone at all stopped me, spoken
to me, questioned me.
I am a shadow, or less."

And the insect,
or whatever it is that is like an insect
in its ring, stops.
It stops, moving its thousand clawing eyes
about the poor, unrenewed landscape.

Another Mental Poem
A bird falls from the air, slowly, very
slowly.
And the sullen trees do not stir.
Summer.
The trees, in clusters, pressed into arches,
look motionless.
The select Lapa district, the dull sun, the
morning landscape.
The neighborhood people, the poverty and
wealth, are still indoors.
Here, a discreet window opening black, blind.
There, another one, still closed.
And this quite regular alternation is
repeated, repeated.

And I, alas, as a prisoner, always a prisoner
or; so bored and irritated.
Tu és talvez um sonho que passou,
que se fundiu no horizonte...
Talvez seja a alma, alma doente,
de alguém que quis amar e nunca amou!

Toda a noite choraste... e eu chorei
porque, ao ouvir-te, adivinhei
que ninguém é mais triste do que nós.

Conteste tanta coisa à noite calma,
que eu pensei que tu eras a minha alma
que chorasse perdida em tua voz!

Se passares pelo adro
no dia do meu enterro,
dize à terra que não comia
o anhelo do meu cabelo.

Se não digo que viesses
cobrir de rosas meu rosto,
ono que num choro dessestas
a qualquer desaio desgesto;
em te lembro que beijasses
meu corpo delgado e belo,
mas que sempre me guardasses
os anseios do meu cabelo.

A terra floresce
num halo de flores e folhas verdes.

Ao longe, a canção de alguém que perdeu
no amor o sentir:
de alguém que a saudade transformou em choro
e canta a chorar...

Minha primavera, primavera azul
brinando nas relvas
e nos arvorados
de folhagem tenra,
maiada e verdeminha.

You are, perhaps, a spent dream
that has dissolved gently into sorrow...
(Perhaps it is the soul, the sick soul,
of one who longed to love and never did.)

All night you wept—and I wept,
perhaps because on hearing you I sensed
that none there is more sorrowful than we.

You said so many things to the calm night
that I thought you were my soul
that wept, lost within your voice.

The earth blooms
in a breath of flowers and green leaves.

In the distance—the song of one who has
lost
his senses to love.
Of one transformed by nostalgia into tears,
of one who smiles as he sings.

My spring! Blue spring
playing on the grass patches
and in the groves
with foliage
tender, small, and delicately green,

where the light scintillates,
gilding my eyes open to life.

Crystal dew drops descend from space,
and there is a subtle sound of divine prayer
hovering motionless
in the face of things.

Worlds change—
and human malice holds its place.

From my breast rises the brightness of a
dream,
and hot tears roll down my cheeks.

If you pass the churchyard
on the day of my burial,
tell the earth not to eat
the ringlets of my hair.

I do not ask you to come
and cover my face with roses,
or in tears to tell
someone or other about your sorrow.
Nor do I remind you to kiss
my delicate, beautiful body—but always to keep for me
the ringlets of my hair.