

## Elegy of Love

I

Do you remember, my love,  
The Autumn afternoons  
When we would both go,  
Alone, walking  
Away from the happy  
People and the couples,  
Where only God could  
Hear us talk?  
You held in your hand  
An enchanted lily,  
And gave me your arm;  
And I, sad, pondered  
On life, God, and you...  
And, in the distance, the golden sun  
Was dying, knowing  
The night that would follow.  
Astral harmonies  
Kissed your ears;  
A tender and sweet  
Twilight diluted,  
Your silhouette in the shadow,  
And the aching hills...  
Wandered in the Blue  
Songs of the end of the day.  
Songs that, from afar,  
The drifting wind  
Brought, in memory...  
Thus what departed  
On a frail caravel,  
And travelled the whole world,  
Brings, in its heart,  
The image of what it saw.  
You looked at me,  
Sometimes distracted,  
Like someone looking at the sea,  
In the afternoon, from the rocks...  
And I kept dreaming,  
Like sleeping mist,  
When the wind also  
Sleeps among the trees.  
You looked at me...  
My rugged and rough body  
Vibrated, like the wave  
Rising in fog.  
You looked on, careless  
And sad...  
Still today I hear in you  
The perfect music  
Of your first look!  
I hear your voice clearly,  
I see your face better  
In never-ending silence,  
In complete darkness!  
I hear you in my pain,  
I hear you in my heartbreak

And in my eternal  
Hope of a poet!

II

The Sun was dying, in the distance;  
And the shadow of sadness  
Guarded, with love,  
Our aching brows.  
A time when the flower meditates  
And the stone weeps and prays,  
And the crystalline fountains  
Swoon with grief.  
A time that is holy and perfect,  
In which we would walk, alone,  
Happy, through  
The mute and calm village,  
Hand in hand, dreaming,  
Along the pathways...  
Everything around us  
Had an air of soul.  
Everything was feeling,  
Love and piety.  
The falling leaf  
Was an ascending soul...  
And, beneath our feet,  
The earth was longing,  
The stone compassion  
And the dust melancholy.  
You talked of a star  
And this forest in flower;  
Of the blind without bread,  
Of the poor without a mantle.  
In each of your words,  
Was ethereal pain;  
That is why your voice  
Moved me so much!  
And made me believe  
That you were so good and pure,  
That, quite soon - yes! -,  
The heavens would summon you!  
And I wept, when I saw  
Some dark shadow  
On your brow, which moonlight  
Covered, like a veil.  
Your paleness  
Caused me such fear!  
Your body so delicate  
And light (oh my despair!)  
That I trembled, when I felt  
The passing breeze!  
On my soul fell  
The snow of your face.  
How I remained mute  
And sad, upon the earth!  
And once, when night  
Shrouded the village,

You screamed, in fear,  
Looking at the hills:-  
What a fire! -  
And I, laughing,  
Told you: - It is the full moon!...

III

And you smiled too  
At your mistake.  
The moon  
Rose her white face,  
Above the pine forests,  
So intoxicated with splendour,  
So chaste and akin to yours,  
That I inadvertently kissed  
Her virginal rays.  
And for us, the moon  
Stretched out her arms.  
She united us in an embrace,  
Spiritual, profound;  
And took us like this,  
With her, to the sky..  
But, oh, you did not come back  
And I returned to the world. (...)

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Translation by Alison Barbara Burrows.