I Rosie, if I spoke, I would tell you  
  
I, Rosie, if I spoke I would tell you  
That partout, everywhere, em toda a parte,  
The égale, idêntica, the same life  
Is always a futile endeavour,  
A blind flight into nothing.  
But let us dance; let us dance  
Since we have  
Started the waltz  
And the Nothing  
Should end too,  
Like everything else.  
You think  
Of the countless advantages  
Of a couple  
Who pay without talking;  
I, nauseous and groggy,  
I think, picture this,  
Of Arles and the ear of Van Gogh...  
And so between what I think and what you feel  
The bridge that unites us – is being absent.  
  
Reinaldo Edgar de Azevedo e Silva Ferreira (Barcelona, 1922; Lourenço Marques, 30 June 1959)  
Portuguese poet who wrote most of His work in Mozambique.

Translation by Alison Barbara Burrows