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