

Naval Ode Translations: reading the poet's dispositions

Filipa de Freitas*

Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, Álvaro de Campos, Hubert Jennings, *Naval Ode*, *Maritime Ode*, dispositions, translation.

Abstract

Fernando Pessoa's *Naval Ode*, signed by his heteronym Álvaro de Campos, is a long and complex poem that displays a predominantly emotional/dispositional structure, which characterizes Campos's nature. The English translations of the *Naval Ode*, on one hand, announce the importance of the poem's interpretation and, on the other hand, reveal challenges of the English language regarding the expression of different emotional tones found in the poem. This article intends to analyze the relevance of the dispositional structure inherent to Campos and, especially, how this structure may have its original meanings transmitted or altered by an English translation. The complete translation Hubert Jennings made of the Pessoa ode is presented as annex.

Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, Álvaro de Campos, Hubert Jennings, *Ode Marítima*, disposições, tradução.

Resumo

A *Ode Marítima* de Fernando Pessoa, assinada pelo seu heterónimo Álvaro de Campos, é um longo e complexo poema que apresenta uma estrutura predominantemente emocional-disposicional, uma característica da natureza de Campos. As traduções inglesas desta ode, por um lado, permitem assinalar a importância da interpretação do texto e, por outro, revelam as dificuldades da língua inglesa na expressão dos tons emocionais encontrados no poema. Este artigo pretende analisar a relevância deste substrato disposicional inerente a Campos e, especialmente, como este substrato pode ter seu sentido original transmitido ou alterado por uma tradução inglesa. A tradução completa que Hubert Jennings fez da ode pessoana é apresentada como anexo.

* Universidade Nova de Lisboa.

Álvaro de Campos is one of the most well known heteronyms of the Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa. Pessoa signs a large part of his emotional poetry under Campos's name, including a long text titled *Ode Marítima* (Maritime Ode) or, as Pessoa himself translated it, *Naval Ode*.¹ This poem, with 904 verses, was published in 1915 in the polemical magazine *Orpheu*, which had only two issues that year.

The ode triggered various opinions among the writers and companions of Pessoa, as well as among the general public. While the former were delighted with the magnitude of Pessoa's creation, immediately associated with the futuristic movements of European literature (and especially with the new ideas that Marinetti was spreading), the general public did not understand, nor was prepared for such a revolution. In fact, they considered this new generation of poets to be very close to insanity. Even if this reaction was expected (for every beginning implies a rupture with tradition), it cannot be denied that the poets of *Orpheu* founded a whole new way of seeing and navigating the relationship between literature and the world itself.

If Pessoa and his contemporary artists were not recognized during their lives, posterity altered that image, by publishing over and over again what they had to offer—not only what was known during their lives, but especially what was yet to be discovered. In this way, the undeniable value of Pessoa and his contemporaries has been rescued and established, leading to an extraordinary interest in their work. This interest, specifically concerning Pessoa, was shared outside Portugal—which is attested not only by the several scholars that dedicated themselves to Pessoa's work, but also by those who tried to make his poetry available to the non-Portuguese-speaking public through translations. Translating a text is not an easy task, especially when it comes to poetry. Besides problems regarding rhyme, there are problems in choosing appropriate words, for their meanings do not correspond identically between the two languages, thus allowing for different (and even unintended) interpretations. Despite its size, *Naval Ode* has been translated to English. Pessoa had wished to realize such a project himself, but, although he began it, he never finished.

This article intends to analyze some specific aspects of the existing translations: we will compare four complete English versions of *Naval Ode* as translated by scholars, then analyze the partial one left by the author (and first published by Cleonice Berardinelli, in 1990). Only one of the four complete translations was not published, that by Hubert Jennings, a scholar who published several articles and books regarding the poet's life, his experiences in South Africa (at Durban High School), and the heteronymism phenomenon. We cannot date this translation with precision, but it seems to be the very first attempt to translate

¹ Editor's note: Poem titles are normally formatted with quotation marks and book titles in italics; given the length of this poem, *Naval Ode* is in italics here, indicating a work that stands by itself.

Naval Ode, considering that Jennings started a serious study of Pessoa during the 1960s, when he was in Portugal for eighteen months and had contact with the author's original manuscripts via Pessoa's family. Since Jennings's translation was never published, we transcribe it as an annex to this article.

The second translation was done by Edward Honig, published in 1971, and is a bilingual translation, contemplating side by side the Portuguese and English translation of the poem. The third was published in 1986 by the same author in co-authorship with Susan Brown. More recently, the translation made by Richard Zenith was published in 2006. By comparing these translations with the original in Portuguese, it is possible to understand some translation challenges and the recreation process that results from translation.

Fernando Pessoa was an author who had much interest in the translation process. Not only did he translate several texts from English to Portuguese, and vice-versa, but he also wrote about the theory of translation. Among the documents conserved in literary estate #3 (E3) at the National Library of Portugal (BNP) in Lisbon, we find a paper typed by Pessoa containing the following reflection:

The only interest in translations is when they are difficult, that is to say, either from one language into a widely different one, or from a very complicated poem though into a closely allied language. There is no fun in translation between, say, Spanish and Portuguese. Any one who can read one language can automatically read the other, so there seems also to be no use in translating. But to translate Shakespeare into one of the Latin languages would be an exhilarating task.

(BNP/E3, 14-99r)

Comparing translations makes us able to understand how much the translator can influence the original text, even though there is an attempt to refrain from too much freedom in the translation process. Being very difficult, when not impossible, to find a straight and clear correspondence of meanings between the languages, the translator is obliged to modify some words or the structure of the original phrases, which may alter the reader's interpretation. Conditioning the interpretation is almost inevitable, and it is through some specific concepts that this can be more noticed. I intend to focus my analysis on what we can call the poet's moods or dispositions, and how these can be differently translated. The importance of disposition is related to the poem's essence.

Naval Ode can be read as a testimony to the poet's unlimited desire to be connected with the world, to be *part* of the world. This urge felt by the subject is deeply anchored in a *dispositional* nature. It is through the dispositions—the complete emotional substrate—that the human being relates to the world and constructs its unique point of view. The filter between world and subject—which can influence or remain indifferent—is manifested through dispositions. In *Naval Ode* the dispositions have a much deeper role, because the poet's desire has no

boundaries whatsoever, no indifferent object or meaning; the poet wishes to be part of everything that constitutes life. Campos uses the imagination as a way of trying to fulfill his need and continually unveils a structure of combined layers. The Maritime life—the modern life—is the base through which the poet clarifies his complex relation with the world, denouncing a very human and unhappy *dispositional* nature, for his unlimited desire can never be satisfied. *Naval Ode* can be divided into four essential parts: the first functions as an introduction to what the poet testifies—how the objects in front of him relate to each other, hiding different meanings—and how it opens his point of view; the second as an explosion of sensations intensified by the previous opening—a delirium that clarifies Campos’s desire of belonging to everything in the world. This excessive storm of sensations and imagination causes an emotional rupture, where the poet sadly remembers his childhood as a place of lost happiness; and, in the end, Campos reveals a (sad) return to the consciousness of his emptiness.

Many readings of *Naval Ode* are based on an apology of modernity and technology, and on the poem as example of a literary movement founded by Pessoa that he named *sensacionismo*. Pessoa wrote frequently about this movement (PESSOA, 2009), allowing us to understand how much Campos represents the ideas conceived for it. The following fragment—though not intended to give a complete picture of all that is inherent to *sensacionismo*—exposes its main ideas:

1. A sensação como realidade essencial.
2. A arte é personalização da sensação, isto é, a subtracção² da sensação é ser em commum com as outras.
3. 1ª regra: sentir tudo de todas as maneiras. Abolir o dogma da personalidade: cada um de nós deve ser muitos. A arte é aspiração do indivíduo a ser o universo. O universo é uma cousa imaginada; a obra de arte é um producto de imaginação [...].
4. 2ª regra: abolir o dogma da objectividade. A obra de arte é uma tentativa de provar que o universo não é real.
5. 3ª regra: abolir o dogma da dynamicidade. A obra de arte visa a fixar o que só aparentemente é passageiro.
6. São estes os trez principios do Sensacionismo considerado apenas como arte.³

(BNP/E3, 88-12)

² “subtracção” in the original.

³ “1. The sensation as essential reality. 2. The art is a personalization of sensation, that is, the subtraction of sensation is to be in common with others. 3. 1st rule: to feel everything in every way. To abolish the dogma of personality: each one of us should be many. Art is the individual’s aspiration to be the universe. The universe is an imagined thing; a work of art is a product of imagination [...]. 4. 2nd rule: to abolish the dogma of objectivity. The work of art is an attempt to prove that the universe is not real. 5. 3rd rule: to abolish the dogma of dynamicity. The work of art intends to fixate what is only apparently fleeting. 6. These are the three principles of *Sensacionismo* considered solely as art.” [translation made by the article’s author]

These ideas are present in *Naval Ode*. The poet renounces common perception and becomes a different kind of subject, one that has no limits, capable, at least in appearance (in imagination), of uniting within him all the points of view, all the feelings, all the possibilities, all the worlds. This relation between world and subject is manifested in dispositions or moods. Dispositions create a unique world for each subject, changing it through different perceptions, possibilities and experiences. Campos represents, thus, an absolute *dispositional* subject, deeply wishing to embrace every piece of the world and continually conscious of how it is constructed on multiple layers. He is an example of two fundamental conditions: lucidity (the consciousness of the hiding meanings) and dispositional nature. If *sensacionismo* is based on sensation—related to dispositions—and on an unlimited desire to experience every little thing—every possibility—that the world contains (every moment, every object and meaning), and if *Naval Ode* is an example of this movement, how can the translation modify the reading?

It is not possible here to focus on every occurrence of every disposition, for it would require a stanza-by-stanza analysis. In fact, not all the dispositions are pointed out by the poet, but are veiled in the verses. Considering this, we intend to focus on two stanzas where Campos's consciousness of himself—of his dispositional character—is more evident.

The first stanzas of *Naval Ode* clarify the location of the poet—in a dock, in the morning—and the first impact of the maritime life on his nature, through which he begins to open his perspective. This first contact with reality allows Campos to gain consciousness of his dispositional character, presented in the forth stanza (PESSOA, 2014: 73). This stanza will serve as a starting point to unearth translation differences and explain the poet's nature:

JENNINGS	HONIG (1971: 89-91)	HONIG & BROWN (1986: 45)	ZENITH (2006: 167)
Ah, all the quay is a nostalgia in stone!	Ah, the whole dock is a nostalgia of stone!	Ah, the whole dock is a nostalgia of stone!	Ah, every wharf is a nostalgia made of stone!
And when the ship casts off from the quay	And when the ship by the dock starts to put out to sea	And when the ship starts out from the dock	And when the ship shoves off
And one is suddenly aware of the space which opens	And then suddenly stops so that a space opens up	And when one suddenly sees a space open up	And we suddenly notice a space widening
Between the quay and the ship,	Between the dock and the ship,	Between the dock and the ship,	Between the wharf and the ship,
There comes to me, I do not know why, a new anguish,	A new dread—I don't know why—comes over me	A new dread—I don't know why—drops over me	Then I'm hit by a fresh anxiety I can't explain,

A fog of sad feelings	With its mist of depressing thoughts	A mist of depressing thoughts	A mist of sad feelings
Which shines in the sun of my swarded anxieties	Glowing in the sunlight of my cropped anxieties	That glows in the sunlight of my cropped anxieties	Glistening in the sun of my grassy anxieties

The first verse of this stanza announces how Campos relates to what he is seeing—the dock—and how it interferes with his emotional structure: “Ah, todo o cais é uma saudade de pedra!” (PESSOA, 2014: 73). The meaning of this verse is open to different interpretations. Firstly, the dock characterized as a “saudade de pedra” points to the idea of a place defined by a fixed disposition (of stone); secondly, what caused the disposition seems to be the group of things that happened or are happening on the dock (the people that arrive and depart, the objects that appear and disappear, the ships, and so on—the poet doesn’t mention a part of the dock, but rather the whole dock); third, the disposition is awakened (and given) by the poet, for an object cannot have in itself a disposition, but only through the relationship with the subject; and, finally, it can suggest the poet is missing (and wishing for) the impregnated experiences and meanings of the dock. The dock, thus, functions as a petrified symbol of *saudade*, the mood revealed by Campos’s words.

The disposition *saudade* was translated as “nostalgia”. But the translation of *saudade* is a very difficult task, for it is almost impossible to find an exact correspondence in other languages to this “feeling” (perhaps the closest we can find is the Spanish *soledade*). It is a Portuguese term with very specific connotations related to the Portuguese mentality and that has no translation in English⁴. This occurrence of the word was solved by the translators through “nostalgia,” which corresponds, in fact, to the Portuguese *nostalgia*, a weaker feeling that relates to *saudade*, but it is only a part of it. *Saudade* is not only a disposition, but also a cultural phenomenon strongly present in the Portuguese literature of the twentieth century, giving birth to a specific literary movement named *saudosismo*. Although Pessoa is not exactly a representative figure of this movement—as is, for instance, Teixeira de Pascoaes—he was deeply influenced by it. However, the word does not have merely literary connections, and it is definitely not a recent phenomenon. Despite several studies about the evolution of the Portuguese language that attempt to explain the alteration of *suidade* to *saudade* (two words that alternated through time until the fixation of the latter), the need to clarify the disposition already existed in the fifteenth century—for instance, King D. Duarte wrote the *Leal Conselheiro*, in which he tries to explain the meaning of *suidade* and its relation to other feelings—and was, since then, maintained as a particular disposition by several subsequent poets to express their state of spirit. *Saudade* has a very

⁴ The concept of *saudade* has been analyzed by several scholars, for example: Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcelos (1990). *A Saudade Portuguesa*. Lisbon: Estante Editora.

complicated definition and is closely related to the ideas of absence, desire, nostalgia, solitude, sadness, joy, and so on. In the absence of a word that could perfectly fit the English translation, the translators chose the closest feeling: nostalgia.

Although nostalgia is also related with sadness and absence, it cannot evidence the complexity of *saudade*. Nostalgia is a weaker feeling, something like a fog within the poet's spirit, more close to an idea of melancholy instead of the pain (which is also joyful) within *saudade*. Nostalgia appeals to a more superficial emotion, something that is temporal, and not anchored deep down. When we think of a nostalgic person, we think of a sensation of absence and somehow of tenderness, but not necessarily of solitude or pain. *Saudade*, however, is a very deep disposition that structures the subject and appeals to a group of other emotions that conjugate with each other in a very definite way. There is a desire for something lost or absent, a wish of returning (and this wish referent may be anything at all), that leads to a sadness initiated by that absence. There is a need for solitude that is felt by the subject and connects with the solitude of the absence (the emptiness), but also a kind of sweet joy that comes from two factors: the joy related to the existence of the thing, person, state, and so on, and the joy of dwelling on the sadness. Nostalgia, with its foggy character, doesn't necessarily have an object associated with it, in the broader sense, but *saudade* is quite precise about its cause (even when the subject isn't conscious of it). In this sense, we can feel nostalgia for something we never had or never knew but still wish for, but we cannot feel *saudade* in those conditions.

The disposition of *saudade* does not just appear once in the *Ode*, which reveals its importance. We find *saudade* in two other stanzas of the poem: "Uma saudade a qualquer cousa" (PESSOA, 2014: 76) and "Dão a mesma saudade e a mesma ânsia doutra maneira" (PESSOA, 2014: 77). Confronting the translations, we notice that Honig (1971: 95; 97), Brown (1986: 47; 48) and Zenith (2006: 169; 170) keep the same translations every time (nostalgia) while Jennings decides to change it to "longing" in the last occurrences. Although it is more common to find "nostalgia" as a translation of *saudade*, the use of "longing" seems more appropriate, because it is connected with certain feelings also associated with *saudade*, such as anxiety and desire. However, since it is such a complex disposition, every translation will be missing the full tonalities with which *saudade* is impregnated.

The next three verses of the stanza cited above function as a bridge to the next disposition: "E quando o navio larga do cais / E se repara de repente que se abriu um espaço / Entre o cais e o navio" (PESSOA, 2014: 73). We must be aware that nothing in the Portuguese poem is made by distraction or mistake, and it is fundamental to realize that the change of subject modifies the structure within the poem. In Honig's translation, the change of subject is evident: rather than the poet

who speaks and who sees the space that arises, the translator prefers to reconstruct the idea by nullifying the personal subject. Unlike this translation, the other made by the same author and Susan Brown, as well as the one made by Jennings, reflect the original subject of the Portuguese poem more closely. Zenith prefers to change the impersonal Portuguese *se* to the plural “us”. It is a plausible translation, for the plural can be read not as plural, but as a single voice—of the poet. The subject in the poem is always Campos and cannot be anyone else, for he is the one relating to the world. In these specific verses it is not the idea of the opened space that is relevant, but the consciousness of a perspective change, of an opening of the poet’s view, a process that Campos frequently presents, and is related to the subject’s deeper desire of becoming part of everything. The structure inherent to the confrontation between the subject and the object (the ship) is a consciousness of unveiling different and successive layers. In this sense, the change of the subject is, in fact, crucial to understanding and interpreting the vision beneath the poem. This is just an example, but it shows how much apparently little differences can alter the original reading.

We still need to examine another aspect of the translations of the third verse: the choice of verb. In Honig and Brown’s translation, we have the verb “to see”; in Jennings’s, “be aware”; and, in Zenith’s, “notice.” In Portuguese the verb is *reparar*. In this context, the second translation is the one closest to the original meaning, for the Portuguese verb not only comprehends the idea of seeing something—the opened space—but also of being conscious of seeing. It is not an automatic perception—something appears in front of the subject—but a conscious perception, that sees and represents the seeing, and opens up a new horizon. We may see a thing (*to see*) and not be aware of that—when the object doesn’t affect the subject; we may direct our attention towards something and still be unable to understand it (*to notice*); or we may see a thing and relate to it in a way that brings forth meanings beyond the object, an understanding of its depth (*to be aware*). The latter is the present case in the poem.

We must not forget that it is the open space visualized by the poet that leads to the emergence of the dispositions described. In this sense, the awareness of the space leads to the consciousness of another crucial disposition, anguish. Or, more precisely, a “recent anguish”: “Vem-me, não sei porquê, uma angústia recente” (PESSOA, 2014: 73). This disposition is one of the most relevant in the *Naval Ode*, and a recurrent one. It is, if we consider Heidegger’s thought, a primordial disposition that puts the subject in front of the *Dasein*, the being-there, with the consciousness of its inherent finitude (*vide* HEIDEGGER, 1993). Campos’s verses do not seem arbitrary: it is the open space of what is outside the subject, of the distant, that suddenly brings the consciousness of anguish. The representation of what cannot be reached by the poet—the ship that departs and goes further and further away, leaving an empty space between the dock where the poet remains and the

constantly changing location of the ship—suggests the subject’s limitation, the separation between him and the object which was once closer. The being loses, in this sense, the illusion of being a part of nature, a whole, and becomes aware of his solitude and his unbearable finitude – or, in other words, of the possibility of nothingness.

We can see how the translators differ in their choices: Jennings prefers “anguish”; Honig and Brown, “dread”; and Zenith, “anxiety”. While all of them are related in their essence of incertitude, they have diverse tonalities. To see the differences, we need not go further than their current dictionary definitions: “anguish” can be characterized as a severe mental or physical pain or suffering, “anxiety” as a feeling of worry or unease about something with an uncertain outcome, and “dread” as a great fear or apprehension. The ways we usually understand these concepts are not always as they are defined and we are not dealing with objective things, but with emotions, feelings, sensations—that is, subjective realities that are very difficult to apprehend completely. We shall consider the above attempt at objective description as a starting point.

If anguish can be characterized as a discovery of nothingness, leading to the subject’s dissociation from the world—and the loss of its meaning—then we can understand that anguish is a shock that turns the subject upside down and unleashes a painful way of being in the world. We can also recall the reading of Campos’s verse as revelation of a sudden and unexpected unease. Between the three translators’ choices—anguish, dread and anxiety—Jennings’s choice is undoubtedly the most intense disposition, and the closest to the original meaning. The need to choose a strong word to translate *angústia* relates to the nature of the disposition, for not only is it a feeling that comes and goes (although in Campos the temporary mood is a relevant condition that is connected with his dispersed nature), but also something that, once present, alters the inner structure of the subject. In this sense, the idea of a severe suffering seems the most appropriate way to demonstrate the disposition’s character. Although anxiety is the most common translation for *angústia*, its definition points to a lighter sensation, a soft unease, a perturbation that is not clear and does not necessarily provoke the shock of a restructuring of the subject. It is also connected with a transitory state of mind that can appear and disappear, and usually has an object associated—even when the subject doesn’t apprehend the cause of the disposition. In anguish there is no object causing the disposition. What causes the anguish is not a specific concern of the subject, but the sudden understanding of the possibility of nothingness and the loss of the comfortable sensation of belonging to the world. Anxiety is closer to “anguish” than “dread.” If we consider dread as a great fear or apprehension, it would seem of a different nature. Fear has a specific object, even if not completely concrete, and relates to things inside the world (*vide* HEIDEGGER, 1993) unlike

anguish, which relates to the absence of the world. In this sense, the translations of the dispositions reflect different relationships between subject and world.

We find three other occurrences of “anguish” in the poem. One of them is used as an adjective and the others as nouns: “Às horas côm de silêncios e angústias” (Pessoa, 2014: 75); “E todo o nosso corpo angustiado sente” (PESSOA, 2014: 76); and “Depois ponto vago no horizonte (ó minha angustia!)” (PESSOA, 2014: 105). Jennings maintained his preference for “anguish,” except in the verse where the disposition is used as an adjective: “And our whole bodies feel the sense of anxiety.” The translation is not very literal, and it changes the main idea of the Portuguese verse: Campos is frightened by the mystery of the world and wishes to change that feeling. The anguish, here, functions solely as an attribute that intensifies the fear, but it is not the center of the verse, as can be interpreted by Jennings’s translation. The other translators are closer to the Portuguese: Honig and Brown suggest “And the whole of our anxious body feels” (1986: 47), and Zenith, “And the whole of our anguished body” (2006: 169). Zenith seems to be more literal than the other translators, choosing “anguished” instead of “anxious.” In the other two occurrences of the disposition, we still have different choices. Honig and Brown alternate between “anxieties” (1986: 46) and “dread” (1986: 70), while Zenith maintains “anxiety” (2006: 168; 196).

The anguish is a fundamental disposition stated by the poet. Returning to the main stanza cited above, we need to focus on another relationship introduced in Campos’s verses: “Vem-me, não sei porquê, uma angústia recente, / Uma névoa de sentimentos de tristeza / Que brilha ao sol das minhas angústias relvadas” (PESSOA, 2014: 73). According to the sequence of these verses, the poet seems to relate the anguish with sadness. Remembering the appearance of the anguish through the vision of the faraway ship, the same phenomenon leads to feelings of sadness that shine through the sun of Campos’s grassy anguishes. The sadness occupies a place close to the anguish, in a first moment side by side (both the anguish and the sadness are awakened by the poet’s perception) and, in a second moment, the anguish illuminates the sadness within. The connection between the dispositions reveals, in a first moment, that the dispositions can easily relate to each other, for we are continually dispositional towards the world; and, in a second moment, reveals the attempted clarification of the anguish as a center that enlightens itself. Facing nothingness leads to an atmosphere of vague feelings tinged with sadness. It is important to mention this because what characterizes the disposition is precisely this atmospheric character, something that obstructs the subject and is dispersed within him. The idea of sadness that moves in an indeterminate atmosphere strengthens the vagueness inherent to the “object” causing the anguish. In other words, the anguish’s lack of object imbues the subject’s structure with a similar indefinite nature and all the dispositional

occurrences that may be manifested afterwards. How the translators dealt with these verses will now be addressed.

Jennings's translation reads: "There comes to me, I do not know why, a new anguish, / A fog of sad feelings / Which shines in the sun of my swarded anxieties." We have already seen the importance of the translation of *angústia*. Note that Jennings, although choosing "anguish" in the first occurrence, decides to change it to "anxieties" in the second case, revealing how common speech generally interchanges the two. In Honig's first translation we have: "A new dread—I don't know why—comes over me / With its mist of depressing thoughts / Glowing in the sunlight of my cropped anxieties" (1971: 89-91). Honig's translation differs in the second verse from Jennings's. Instead of sadness, he chooses "depressing thoughts." The quality of depression and the nature of thoughts are quite different from the concept of feelings of sadness. In fact, they seem distant: depression, although it is frequently associated with sadness, has a more complex definition, being generally considered an illness, a state of several dispositions united, while sadness is characterized as a single disposition. The idea of "depressing thoughts," although related to pessimism and sadness in a general sense, doesn't express a perfect correspondence. When associated with "thoughts," the translation distances itself from the original. Thoughts are connected with mental structure, while feelings of sadness, to an emotional structure. In this sense, the disposition of sadness, which is intimately linked with anguish, cannot be transmitted by this translation—and the subject's relationship with the world loses its structural meaning. In Zenith's version (2006: 167), we have a more proximate translation of the Portuguese, as in the Jennings text.

The relation between anguish and sadness is suggested by the poet one more time in the last stanza of the *Ode*: "Depois ponto vago no horizonte (ó minha angustia!), / Ponto cada vez mais vago no horizonte..., / Nada depois, e só eu e a minha tristeza" (PESSOA, 2014: 105). These dispositions are the ones present in the poet's soul when he closes the poem. Although it is not an explicit connection, as was before, their cohabitation in Campos implies proximity. While Jennings and Zenith (2006: 196) chose to translate *tristeza* as "sadness," Honig and Brown suggest "sorrow" (1986: 70).

The disposition of sadness appears again in another verse, where the poet is saying goodbye to the steamer: "Boa viagem, meu pobre amigo casual, que me fizeste o favôr / De levar comtigo a febre e a tristeza dos meus sonhos" (PESSOA, 2014: 105). We notice this new occurrence of sadness, for the translations are not identical. Zenith is the closest to the original, stating: "Bon voyage, my poor chance friend, who did me the favor / Of taking with you the sadness and delirium of my dreams" (2006: 195). Jennings is also very close to the Portuguese meaning: "Speed well, my casual old friend, who did me the favour/ Of taking with you the fever and the sadness of my dreams." Both translate *tristeza* as "sadness," maintaining

their previous choice for this disposition. Honig's first translation has significant differences: "Bon voyage, poor passing acquaintance, you did me the favor / Of sharing with you the fever and fret of my thoughts" (1971: 141). The anxious tone connected with "fret" does not apprehend the idea of sadness expressed by the poet. It is true that Campos is essentially intellectual, using his imagination as a way of experiencing the delirium. But what he is trying to express is not the unease of his thoughts in general, but the intense feeling of sadness associated with his wish of embracing the whole world. In this sense, the translation is a little less accurate than the others. In fact, the second translation of Honig, with Brown, changes "thoughts" to "dreams," becoming closer to the Portuguese, but keeps "fret" for "sadness" (1986: 70).

The Ode has a growing musical rhythm, and the poet's intensity towards the world is evidenced by his apology to every constituent of the maritime life, from every piece of the ship to every man that has ever been in the sea, regardless of whether in the past or the present. Facing the immensity that the sea opens up for the poet—the departures and the arrivals, the discoveries of new places, the possibility of changing perspective in order to absorb everything—is not only a delirium that affects him, but also an inescapable realization of the mystery inherent in existence. The poet's disposition wanders between a great enthusiasm for life and the fear/anguish of being aware of such a life, with a meaning impossible to apprehend. With each new discovery—new opening of the poet's horizon—the delirium continually grows. The imagination is the instrument that allows the delirium, until the point of rupture announcing the poem's last moment. Even before this rupture, the delirium is frequently associated with specific dispositions, as the following excerpt of a selected stanza illustrates:

Ó clamoroso chamamento
 A cujo calor, a cuja fúria fervem em mim
 Numa unidade explosiva todas as minhas ânsias,
 Meus próprios tédios tornados dinâmicos, todos!
 Apelo lançado ao meu sangue

(PESSOA, 2014: 81)

What is offered by the sea—the sailors, the voyages—is a new world filled with exponential meanings, beyond the limited existence the subject generally has. This set of meanings is not only linked to the more obvious idea of new adventures. It is also a much deeper idea, revealing the non-linear structure of meaning which is continually interlaced with others in a growing spiral—the meaning of the ship leads to the meaning of men, who are composed of views, feelings, memories, each of them connected with several meanings. We are in front of sequential perspectives that function as several boxes – one opens another which opens another and so on—clarifying the poet's desire of achieving, experiencing, and connecting with everything through consciousness and imagination. The basis

of the poet's nature is a passion for the totality of life. This is what justifies and causes his delirium. Some of these ideas are expressed in the stanza cited above, and allow us to understand why the maritime life's call can be so intense to the poet and how it causes different dispositions. Here are the translations of the stanza:

JENNINGS	HONIG (1971: 103)	HONIG & BROWN (1986: 51)	ZENITH (2006: 173-174)
O clamorous outcrying	Oh clamorous outcry,	Oh clamorous outcry,	O clamorous call
Whose heat, whose fury boil in me	Your heat and fury bring boiling up inside me	Your heat and fury bring boiling up inside me	Whose heat and fury make all my yearnings
Into an explosive unity all my anxieties,	All my fears in one explosive unity,	All my fears in one explosive unity,	Seethe in one explosive ensemble,
All my own wearinesses now all made dynamic!	All my boredom turns dynamic, every bit of it...	All my boredom turned dynamic, every bit of it...	And even my tediums—all of them! —become dynamic...
An appeal to my blood	A cry hurled at my blood	A cry aimed at my blood	An appeal made to my blood

The Portuguese verses reveal the call of the maritime life, whose intensity is immediately announced in the “heat” and “fury” which accompanies it. It is in the third verse that the first mood appears. In Portuguese, it corresponds to *ânsias*. Jennings translates it to “anxieties,” but this choice is problematic, if we remember that he used the same translation for *angústia*. At first sight, *ânsias* seems more related to “anxiety,” although their meanings differ. Anxiety is understood as a feeling of worry, unease about something with an uncertain outcome. In a certain context, *ânsias* can be used as a synonym of anxiety, but it can also be identified as a strong desire for something. If we read Campos's verse, it is not completely clear which meaning he is applying, for both interpretations—*anxieties* or *desires*—seems to fit the reading. In this sense, the translators' choices can be explained by the different interpretations. Honig and Brown suggest “fears,” which can have in itself two interpretations, one closer to anxiety, and another closer to threat. And Zenith preferred “yearnings,” which is closer to the second reading of *ânsias*, that is, its character of desiring something.

Campos presents this disposition often throughout his poem. Examining the occurrences, the term is frequently used in the sense of strong desire within the poet. In fact, this strong desire is a crucial element of his nature that increases his delirium. To express anxiety, the poet uses a different word, *ansiedade*: “E uma ansiedade vaga que seria tédio ou dôr” (PESSOA, 2014: 76). If *ânsias* is the disposition chosen to evidence the poet's desire, then Zenith is the translator that clarifies its meaning, using, in all the occurrences, “yearnings” (2006: 170, 174, 183, 190). The other translators change the word, according to the context. Jennings uses

“pain,” “anguish,” “anxiety,” and “yearnings”; Honig and Brown, “fears” (1986: 51), “hankering” (1986: 48), “anxieties” (1986: 51), “desires” (1986: 51), “itch” (1986: 60), and “passion” (1986: 65). It seems the translation of this disposition caused several interpretations, and the translators tried to find what they considered the most appropriate term. But using different translations for the same disposition alters the original message.

We still have one last disposition presented by Campos in the stanza cited above—*tédio*: “Meus próprios tédios tornados dinâmicos, todos!” (PESSOA, 2014: 81). This disposition is fundamental, because of its capacity for changing the subject’s structure. According to Heidegger (*vide* HEIDEGGER, 1995), there are three levels of *tédio*: the superficial “boredom,” caused by some particular occurrence (being bored by something); a deeper boredom (being bored with something); and the deepest boredom, which makes the subject unable to find meaning in anything. In Portuguese, there are two words to describe this unease: *aborrecimento*, generally used to express the superficial forms of boredom; and *tédio*, which represents more clearly the deepest form of boredom, affecting the subject’s entire structure.

In Campos’s poetry, *tédio* appears frequently (eighteen times), while *aborrecimento*, as a noun, never appears; we only have two occurrences of the *aborrecimento*’s verbal forms (PESSOA, 2014: 40 & 45). Judging by the usage of the terms, it seems the author preferred *tédio* to express the different forms of boredom (more or less deep). The Portuguese verse cited above suggests Campos is using the term to designate a less profound boredom, if we consider he uses the plural *tédios* instead of the singular *tédio*. It seems, in this case, that Campos is only revealing his feelings of common boredom, and not using it to express a restructuring of himself. Every translation seems to fit Campos’s message. With the word *tédio*, the problem concerns a lack of precision between the concept and its linguistic representation. Another occurrence of the term can be found in a different stanza of *Naval Ode*: “E só fica um grande vácuo dentro de nós, / Uma ôca saciedade de minutos marítimos, / E uma ansiedade vaga que seria tédio ou dôr” (PESSOA, 2014: 76). In this example, the poet refers to a deeper form of the disposition. The relation between the verses illustrates this reading: the emptiness caused by facing the mystery, the satiety of the maritime life, and the anxiety provoked by that consciousness are characteristics of the disposition of profound boredom. The tedium is not only a particular reluctance towards something, but a sudden atmosphere that nullifies any choice of the subject. Although Campos is saying that his anxiety could become tedium or pain, the transition between the moods never occurs in *Naval Ode* (later poems signed by the heteronym evidence this transformation). Confronting the translations of this verse, only Zenith chose “weariness” (2006: 169) instead of “tedium” (HONIG, 1971: 95; HONIG & BROWN, 1986: 47).

These are the crucial dispositions of Campos, accompanying him until the last stanza, where anguish and sadness are chosen to close the poem.

There is still one comparison that has not been made between the original text and its translations: the analysis of Pessoa's own partial translation. By seeing Pessoa's translation, we can better understand how the specification of the dispositions is not an irrelevant part of the process, and how the language to which the text is being translated should, as much as possible, evidence the original reading. Pessoa had a profound knowledge of English (his second language), and not only during his time in South Africa, for he continued to cultivate his knowledge of it. Pessoa wrote many papers in English (*vide* FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE, 2015), and has several projects of literary translations in his estate.

Naval Ode's fourth stanza was used above as one example of several dispositions and of how the translators dealt with it. Pessoa also translated this stanza, allowing us to see his choices concerning the dispositions:

Ah, every quay is a regret made of stone!
 And when the ship leaves the quay
 And we note suddenly that a space is widening
 Between the quay and the ship,
 There comes to me, I know not why, a recent anguish,
 A mist of feelings of sadness
 That shines in the sun of my mossy anguishes
 Like the first window the morning strikes on,
 And clings round me like some one else's remembrance
 Which is somehow mysteriously mine.

(BNP/E3, 49B^{1-7r})⁵

Pessoa translates *angústia* as "anguish," and *sentimentos de tristeza* as "feelings of sadness." *Saudade* is translated by Pessoa as "regret," unlike the other translators, who have chosen "nostalgia." At first sight, "regret" is related to repentance and sadness over something that was (or was not) done, or to express apology or sadness over something undesirable that happened; but this definition does not encompass all that is inherent to *saudade*, which could make us doubt Pessoa's choice. However, Pessoa knew the old English used by writers of previous centuries, what could explain his choice, because the archaic meaning of "regret" (*vide* Oxford dictionaries, for example) is a feeling of sorrow for the absence or loss of something pleasant—which would be much closer to the idea of the Portuguese *saudade*, thus justifying the translation.

Although Pessoa did not translate the second stanza we previously used as an example, he did translate the second occurrence of *tédio*, already mentioned above: "And a vague anxiety that would be weariness or pain" —corresponding, in Portuguese, to "E uma ansiedade vaga que seria tédio ou dor" (PESSOA, 2014: 76).

⁵ This stanza comes from the first p. of Pessoa's partial translation, in: 49B^{1-7r}, 49B^{1-7v} and 49B^{1-8f}.

We can see that Pessoa chose “weariness” to translate *tédio*, instead of boredom or tedium. Considering Pessoa tended to keep the same translations in diverse occurrences (for instance, in the case of “anguish”), it is probable that he would have translated the plural *tédios* as “wearinesses,” as Jennings did.

In Pessoa’s verse cited above, we have yet another disposition, already indicated: *ansiedade*. We must remember the problems regarding the translation of this word and its proximity with *ânsias* and *angústia*. The translators sometimes interchanged the two, using “anxieties” most regularly. However, Pessoa’s translation seems to clarify the difference between the dispositions: *angústia* was translated as “anguish,” and *ansiedade* as “anxiety”.

We can still look at another detail of the last verse: *dor*. Pessoa translates *dor* to “pain,” which is its exact equivalent (pain is an objective idea), but three translators chose “sorrow” (HONIG, 1971: 95; HONIG & BROWN, 1986: 47; ZENITH, 2006: 169), and Jennings, “suffering.” “Sorrow” and “suffering” both relate to pain, with different tonalities. Sorrow is closest to sadness and disappointment, while suffering denotes an extensive sensation that can be related to physical or psychological uneasiness. Pain points to a stronger idea. Pessoa tries, thus, to express in his translation the various sensations and feelings of his heteronym, establishing, as much as possible, a close correspondence to the Portuguese language.

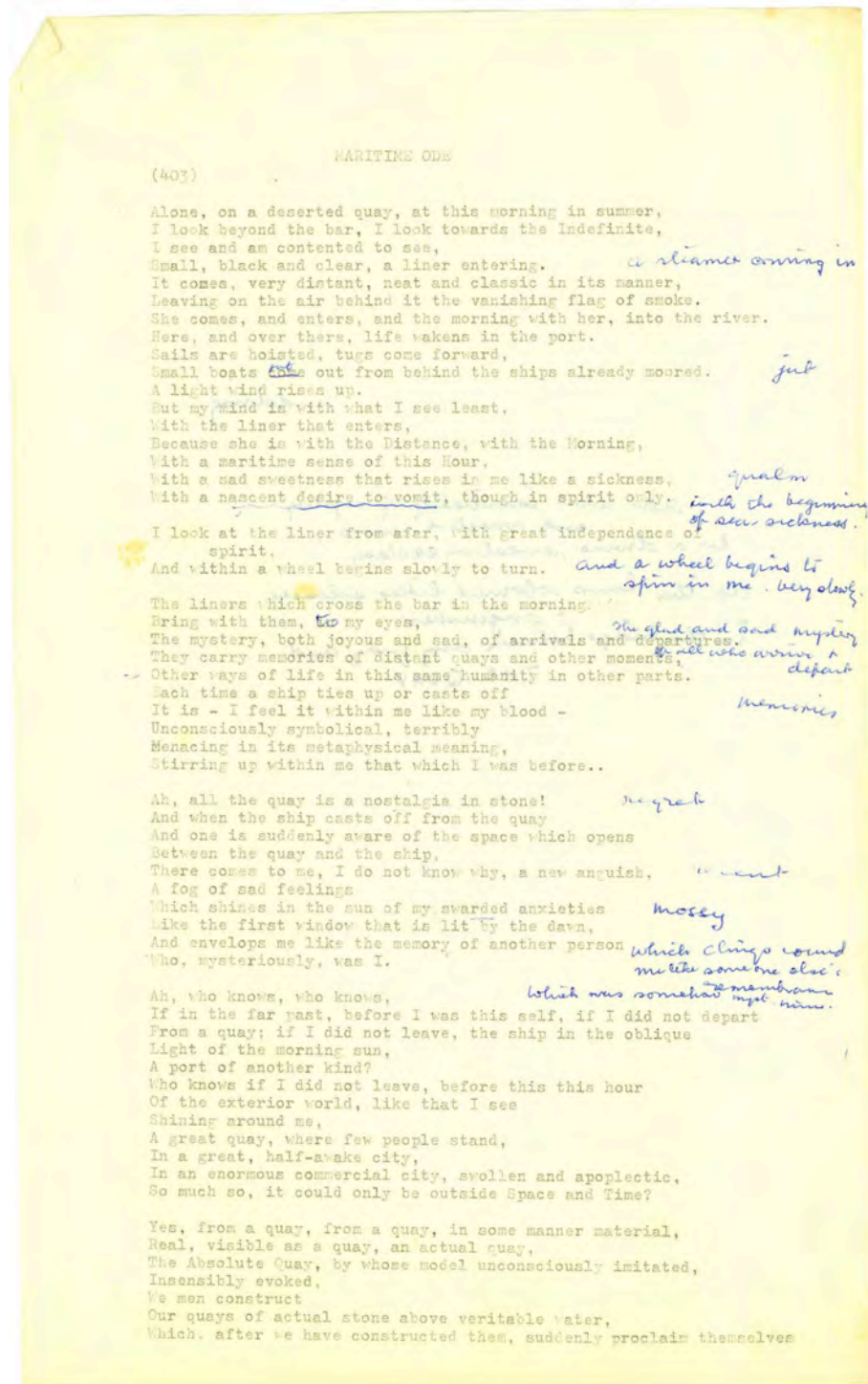
If we consider that Campos is recognized by his deep sensitive nature and how it announces his relationship with the world, the translations need to reflect this reality, as long as the language allows it. Even with a deep knowledge of the Portuguese language, the English translations (and probably other languages) will always be a challenge, especially with an author like Pessoa, who created a heteronym anchored on a complex emotional structure revealed in every verse of *Naval Ode*. An objective and literal translation of *Naval Ode* seems, then, an impossible task, for it will always be conditioned not only by the boundaries of the translator’s language, but also by the translator’s interpretation of the original text.

Bibliography

- FERRARI, Patricio & PITTELLA-LEITE, Carlos (2015). "Four Unpublished English Sonnets (and the Editorial Status of Pessoa's English Poetry," in *Portuguese Literary & Cultural Studies*, n. 28, *Fernando Pessoa as English Reader and Writer*. Dartmouth: University of Massachusetts, Tagus Press, Spring, pp. 227-246.
- HEIDEGGER, Martin (1993). *Being and Time*. Oxford: Blackwell.
- ____ (1995). *The Fundamental Concepts of Metaphysics. World, Finitude, Solitude*. Translated by William McNeill & Nicholas Walker. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- PESSOA, Fernando (2014). *Álvaro de Campos. Obra Completa*. Ed. Jerónimo Pizarro & Antonio Cardiello, colaboração de Jorge Uribe e Filipa Freitas. Lisboa, Tinta-da-China.
- ____ (2009). *Sensacionismo e Outros Ismos*. Ed. Jerónimo Pizarro. Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional-Casa da Moeda.
- ____ (2006). *A Little Larger Than The Entire Universe. Selected Poems*. Ed. and translated by Richard Zenith. New York: Penguin Books.
- ____ (1986). *Poems of Fernando Pessoa*. Ed. and translated by Edwin Honig & Susan M. Brown. New York: The Ecco Press.
- ____ (1971). *Selected poems*. Translated by Edwin Honig. Chicago: Swallow Press.
- ____ (1990). *Poemas de Álvaro de Campos*. Ed. Cleonice Berardinelli. Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional-Casa da Moeda.

Annexes

I. Unpublished. Undated. Eighteen numbered & typed pieces of paper (the first one with handwritten notes on the verso) of Maritime Ode, an English translation by Hubert Jennings of Fernando Pessoa's Ode Marítima—originally written in Portuguese and published for the first time in Orpheu 2 (Lisbon: Monteiro & C^a, 1915), under the name of Pessoa's heteronym Álvaro de Campos. Jennings's translation was found inside the folder "Translations—T1" which Jennings created for some of his papers.



budding

Ah what essentiality of mystery
 and arrested senses
 In a divine revealing ecstasy
 At the hours coloured like silences
 In the bridge between my joy and
 THE QUAY

MARITIME ODE

Things Real, Spirit-Things, Entities in Stone and Mind,
 To certain moments of root-thought in us
 When in the exterior-world it is as though a door opens
 And, without anything being altered,
 Everything is revealed as different.

Ah the Great Quay from which we depart in Ship-Nations!
 The great Anterior Quay, eternal and divine! *Earlier*
 From what port? On what waters? And why do I think this?
 A Great Quay, like other quays, but Unique. *the only one*
 Filled like them with the rustling silences of dawn, *filled as they are*
 And burgeoning with the morning into a noise of cranes *with the numerous*
 And the arrival of goods trains, *silences of fore-*
 And under a thin, drifting, black cloud *downs.*
 Of smoke from factory chimneys close at hand
 Which darkens the floor, black with grains of coal which glitter
 As if it were the shadow of a cloud which passes over gloomy water.

Ah, no matter what quintessence of mystery and sense may linger
 In a divine ecstasy of revelation
 During the hours imbued with silences and anguish,
 It is not a bridge between any quay and The Quay!

Quay blackly reflected in the still waters,
 A stirring on board the ships,
 O errant and unstable spirit of people who go to embark, *who live on*
 Of symbolical people, who pass and with whom nothing endures, *ships*
 So that when the ship returns to port
 There is always a change on board.

O ever-continuing flights and departures, intoxication of
 the Different!
 The ever-enduring spirit of the navigators and navigations!
 Hulls which are softly reflected in the water
 When the ship casts off at the port!
 To be tossed up and down like a soul in life, to go out
 like a voice,
 To live for a moment tremulously over eternal waters,
 To awake in daylight more direct than the daylight of Europe,
 To see mysterious ports in the solitude of the sea,
 To round remote capes for sudden vast landscapes
 By countless astonished declivities... *slopes*

Ah, the remote beaches, the quays seen from afar,
 And then the beaches close at hand, the quays seen near.
 The mystery of each departure and each arrival,
 The dolorous instability and incomprehensibility
 Of this impossible universe
 Every hour at sea brings more closely home to us!
 The absurd agitation which our souls pour out
 Over the arms of seas, different as far-seen islands,
 Over the remote islands of coasts we skirted,
 Over the growing plain of ports, with their houses and their people,
 As the ship draws close to the shore.

3

Ah, the freshness of arrival, *morns when we arrive*
 And the paleness of the mornings of departure,
 When our bowels turn within us
 And a vague sensation resembling fear
 -- The ancestral fear of casting off and setting forth,
 The mysterious ancestral dread of the Arrival and of the Nev --
 Tightens our skin and gives us a feeling of agony,
 And our whole bodies feel the sense of anxiety
 That is running through our minds...
 An inexplicable wish to be able to feel differently:
 A longing towards some other thing,
 A stirring up of affections for what vague patriate land?
 For what ship? For what coast? For what quay?
 It turns our thought sick within us,
 And there remains only a great vacuum inside of us,
 A hollow satiety of maritime minutes,
 And a vague anxiety which would be tedium or suffering
 If it came into being.

The morning in summer is, even so, a little fresh.
 A slight torpor of night goes still through the freshening breeze.
 The wheel inside me begins lightly to accelerate. *because surely it*
 And the liner comes in, because she has to make the port, no doubt,
 And not because I am watching her move in her excessive distance.

In my imagination she is already close and visible *must be*
 In all the length of her lines of port lights, *via those holes* *coming in*
 And all in me trembles, all my flesh and all my skin,
 Because of that being who will never arrive by any boat.
 And ~~I~~ came to wait at the quay today, through an oblique command.
whom

The ships which come over the bar,
 The ships that sail out from ports,
 The ships which pass in the distance
 (Coming, I would like to believe, from some deserted strand) --
 All these ships, almost abstract in their passage,
 All these ships move me thus as if they were something else,
 And not just ships, coming and going.

And the ships seen close up, even by those who are not going to
 embark on them,
 Seen from below, from boats, high walls of plates,
 Seen from within, through cabins, saloons, pantries,
 Standing and looking up at the masts, reaching to a point high
 up above,
 Frushing against ropes, going down the narrow gangways,
 Smelling the oily mixture, metallic and maritime, of everything -
 Ships seen close at hand are at once the same and other,
 They give the same longing and the same pain in another way.

All the maritime life! All in the maritime life!
 It insinuates itself into my blood its fine seduction
 And I ponder endlessly over voyages.
 Ah, the lines of distant coasts, flattened against the horizon!
 Ah, the capes, the isles, the sandy beaches!
 The solitudes at sea, as in certain moments in the Pacific
 In which through I know not what suggestion learned at school
 One feels weighing upon the nerves that this is the greatest of oceans,
 And the world and the knowledge of things turn into a desert
 inside us!

MARITIME ODE

The stretch, most human, most intricate, of the Atlantic!
 The Indian, most mysterious of all the oceans!
 The Mediterranean, sweet, with no mystery whatever, a sea to
 push back
 From the encounter of esplanades, eyed from adjacent gardens
 by white statues!
 All the seas, all the straits, all the bays, all the gulfs,
 I would like to clasp them to my breast, savour them well and die!

And you, nautical things, my old dream playthings!
 The interior life made manifest outside of me!
 Keels, masts and sails, steering-wheels, cordage,
 Funnels, propellers, topsails, pennants,
 Tiller-ropes, hatchways, boilers, ? valves,
 Fall within me in a heap, a mountain,
 Like the confused contents of a drawer littering the floor.
 Satisfy yourselves with the treasure of my febrile avarice,
 Satisfy yourselves with the fruits of the tree of my imagination.
 Theme of my songs, blood in the veins of my intelligence,
 You're be the noose that unites me to the exterior by the aesthetic,
 Furnishing me with metaphors, images, literature,
 Because in real truth, seriously, literally,
 My sensations are a boat with a keel of air (?)
 My imagination a half-submerged anchor,
 My anguish a broken oar,
 And the whole gamut of my nerves a net spread to dry on the sand!

By chance from the river comes the sound of a whistle - one
 blast only.
 Trembles at once within me the depth of my psyche.
 Accelerates still more the wheel within me.

Ah, liners, voyages, the where's he got to
 Old What's his name, sea-life, we know it all!
 The glory of once knowing a man who used to be with us
 Died drowned near an island in the Pacific!
 We who knew him go talking about it to everybody.
 With a legitimate pride, with an invisible confidence
 In that all this has a sense more beautiful and more vast
 Than merely to have lost the ship wherever it was going
 And to have gone to the bottom through water entering the lungs!

Ah, liners, steam colliers, sailing ships!
 How rarely they run - alas! - ships with sail through the seas!

And I, who love modern civilization, I who kiss machines with my
 soul,
 I, the engineer, civilized, educated abroad,
 Would be glad to have once more at the tip of my vision
 sail and wooden ships only,
 To know of no other sea-life but the ancient one of the sea!
 For the ancient seas are Distance Absolute,
 Pure Remoteness, freed from the weight of the Actual...
 And ah, how everything here reminds of that better life,
 Those seas, greater, because they were navigated more slowly,
 Those seas, mysterious, because less was known of them.

MARITIME ODE

Every steamship in the distance is a sailing ship near,
 Every distant ship seen now is a ship of the past seen close.
 All the invisible seamen on board the ship on the horizon
 Are the visible sailors from the time of old ships,
 From the slow time of sail and perilous navigations,
 From the epoch of wood and canvas and voyages that lasted months.

Little by little the delirium of sea-things grips me,
 It penetrates me physically the quay and its atmosphere,
 The lapping of the Tagus floods over my senses.
 And I commence to dream, to wrap myself up in the dream of
 the waters.

My mind's transmission belts begin to run smooth
 And the accelerating fly-wheel throbs clearly within me.

*The seas call me
 The waters call me
 Raising a corporate
 voice, the distances call me
 The maritime epochs
 felt in the heart
 cry out.*

Call to me the waters, Call to me the seas, Call to me, raising
 Call to me, raising a corporate voice, the distances,
 The maritime epochs, all sensed in the past, cry out.

You, Jim Barns, my English sailor friend, it was you
 Who taught me that ancient English hail
 Which so venomously sums up
 For souls as complex as mine
 The confused calling of the waters,
 The unpublished and implicit voice of all sea-things,
 Ship-wrecks, remote voyages, perilous crossings.
 That English cry of yours, made universal in my blood,
 Acry unlike a cry, having neither human form nor voice.
 That tremendous shout which seemed to swell out
 From the depths of a cavern whose vault was the sky
 And seemed to tell of all the sinister things
 That could be recounted in the Remote, in the Sea, in the Night..
 You used to pretend it was a schooner you were calling,
 And would call out thus, putting a hand on each side of your
 mouth,

Making a megaphone of your great, dark tanned hands:
 Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o --YYYYY...
 Schooner aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o --YYYYY...

I hear you from here, now, and something awakes in me.
 The wind shudders. The morning rises. The heat breaks upon me.
 I feel my face begin to burn (?)
 My conscious eyes dilate.
 The ecstasy in me rises up, grows, advances,
 And with a subdued sound of tumult accentuates
 The lively spinning of the fly-wheel.

O clamorous outerying
 Whose heat, whose fury boil in me
 Into an explosive unity all my anxieties,
 All my own wearinesses now all made dynamic!...
 An appeal to my blood
 From a love now gone by, I do not know where, which returns
 And still has power to attract and drive me,
 Which still has power to make me hate this life
 Which I pass amidst the physical and psychical
 impenetrability
 Of the real people with whom I live!

Ah, to be as I was, to be as I was, and forsake all!
 To cast off and go out, through waves, through peril, through
 the sea.

To go to the Far, to go to the Beyond, to Abstract Distance,
 Endlessly, through nights mysterious and deep,
 Carried, like dust, by the winds, by the tempests!
 To go, go, go, go, once more!

MARITIME ODE

All my blood stirs with a madness for wings!
 All my body rushes forward to the front!
 I pour myself out, in my thought, like torrents!
 I trample down, roar, precipitate me!
 My inward pains burst into spume
 And my flesh is a wave breaking upon great rocks!
 Thinking this - O madness! thinking this - O fury!
 Thinking of the straitness of my life filled with pain,
 Suddenly, tremulously, extraorbitally,
 With a vast, vicious and violent oscillation
 Of the living fly wheel of my imagination,
 Whistling, shrilling, there breaks upon me
 The dark and sadistic rut of the strident life of the sea.

Ho mariners, bosuns, ho crewsmen, coxswains!
 Navigators, old salts, sea-dogs and adventurers!
 O captains of ships! men at the tiller and on the masts!
 Men who sleep in crude foc'sles!
 Men who sleep with Peril leering through the ports!
 Men who sleep with Death for a pillow!
 Men who from the quarterdeck or from the bridge gaze out
 On the immense immensity of the immense sea!
 Ah, haulers of sails, stokers and stewards!
 Men who put the cargo in the holds!
 Men who coil the rigging cables on deck!
 Men who wash down the metal of hatches!
 Men of the tiller! men of the engines! men of the masts!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Stray-bonnet people! Hailed shirt people!
 People with anchors and crossed flags on their chests!
 Tattooed fellows! pipe-smoking fellows! bulwark fellows!
 Fellows burnt from so much sun, tanned from so much rain,
 Clear of eye from so much immensity before them,
 Daring of face from the many winds that have battered them!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 You men who went to Patagonia!
 You men who sailed by Australia!
 Who filled your eyes with coasts I shall never see!
 Who landed in countries where I shall never land!
 Who bought raw goods in colonies on the backwoods' edge!
 And behaved as if all this was nothing,
 As if it was natural,
 As if all life was this,
 Not even fulfilling a destiny!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Men of the present sea! men of the past sea!
 Pursers, galley slaves, combatants of Lepanto!
 Pirates in Roman days, navigators of Greece!
 Phoenicians! Carthaginians! Portuguese sent out from Sagres
 For unending adventure, for the Absolute Sea, and to realize
 the Impossible!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Men who raised up the crosses, who gave names to capes!
 You men who were the first to negotiate with blacks!
 Who were first to sell slaves to new lands!

MARITIME ODE

convulsion

Who gave the first European ~~spasm~~ to astonished Negroes!
 Who loaded up gold, ? precious woods, silks,
 From slopes exploding in green vegetation!
 Men who sacked tranquil African populations
 And put those races to flight with the noise of cannons,
 Who killed, plundered, tortured, gained
 The prizes of Novelty from those who, with lowered heads,
 It assails against the mystery of new-found seas! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 To you all in one. to you all in your numbers as one,
 To you all, ~~mixed~~, interlaced,
 To all of you, bloody, violent, hated, feared, revered,
 I give my salute, I give my salute!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Eh laho-laho laHO-laha-a-a-a-a!

I want to go with you, I want to go with you,
 In the same time as all of you,
 In every part where you were!
 I want to meet your perils face to face,
 Feel on my face the winds that chilled yours,
 Spit from my lips the salt of seas that kissed yours,
 To lend a hand in your task, share in your torments,
 And, at last, to arrive like you in strange ports!
 To flee with you from civilization!
 To lose with you the notion of the moral!
 To see my humanity fade out in the distance!
 To drink with you on the seas of the South
 New savageries, new confusions of soul,
 New central fires in my volcanic spirit!
 To go, to cast off from me - ah, if I could get myself out from here! -
 My trappings of civilization, my softness of action,
 My innate fear of chains,
 My pacific life,
 My sedatory, dreamy, revised and orderly life!

Into the sea; into the sea, into the sea, into the sea,
 Eh! cast into the sea, into the wind, into the waves,
 My life!
 Make salt with spume tossed up by winds
 My yearning for great voyages,
 Castigate with scourging water the flesh of my adventure.
 Steep in ocean cold the bones of my existence,
 Flagellate, cut down, wrinkle with winds, spray and sun
 My cyclonic and Atlantic-like self,
 Whose nerves are hung like shrouds,
 A lyre in the hands of the winds!

Yes, yes, yes... Crucify me into navigations
 And my shoulders will enjoy my cross!
 Fasten me to voyages as though to spars
 And the sensation of spars will penetrate my spine
 And I will come to feel them in one vast passive spasm!
 Make of me what you will so long as it is on the seas,
 On deck, in the sound of the waves,
 Tear me, kill me, wound me!
 What I want is to carry to Death
 A soul overflowing the sea,
 Tottering drunk with things of the sea,
 With sailors and with anchors and capes,
 With faraway shores and with the roar of winds,
 With the Open Sea and with the Quay, with shipwrecks
 And with tranquil business dealings,
 With masts and with waves,
 To carry to Death with voluptuous sorrow,
 A cup filled with leeches, sucking, sucking,
 With strange, green, and absurd sea-leeches!

Make of me what you will so long as it is on the seas,
 On deck, in the sound of the waves,
 Tear me, kill me, wound me!

MARITIME ODE

Make rigging of my veins!
Hawsers of my muscles!
Flay me of my skin and nail it to keels.
And may I feel the pain of the nails and never cease to feel it!
Make of my heart an admiral's flag
In the old ships' time of war.

Trample my gouged-out eyes on the deck with your feet!
Break my bones against the bulwarks!
Flog me against the mast, and flog on!
Into all the winds of all latitudes and longitudes
Pour out my blood over the raging waters
Which sweep ship and poop, from stem to stern,
In the tempest's wild convulsions!
To dare the wind with the sheeted sails,
To be, like the topmost spars, the winds' whistle!
Fate's old guitar in perilous seas,
A hymn the navigators hear but may not repeat!

The mariners who mutiny
Drag the captain to the yard-arm.
They cast another on a desert isle.
Marooned!
The tropic sun puts the ancient fever of piracy
Into my tense veins.
The winds of Patagonia tattoo my imagination
With tragic and obscene images.
Fire, fire, fire, within me!
Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood!
All burst within my brain!
A world in crimson splits me!

With a sound like breaking cables, my veins are bursting!
And there stirs in me, ferocious, ravenous,
The song of the Great Pirate,
The death-bellow of the Great Pirate, singing
And chilling the blood of the men down below,
Dying abaft there, and bellowing and chanting:

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

And then to scream, in a voice unreal already, splitting the air:

Darby M'Graw-aw-aw-aw-aw!
Darby M'Graw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw!
Fetch a-a-aft the ru-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u Darby!

God, what life, what life that was!
Eh-eh-eh eh-eh-eh-eh!
Eh-laa-laho-lalaHO-laha-a-a-a!
Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Keels split, ships down below, blood on the sea,
Decks awash with blood, broken bodies,
Fingers cut off on the bulwarks!
Heads of children, here and over there!
Eyeless people, screaming, howling!
Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
Wrap me up in all this like a cat on heat against
a wall!
Scratch me with all this like a lion for all this!
I wrap myself in all this like a cloak in the cold!
I scratch myself against all this like a cat on heat against
a wall!
I roar like a hungry lion for all this!
I spread claws, drive in nails, bloody my teeth on this!
Eh-eh-eh-eh eh-eh eh-eh-eh-eh!

MARITIME ODE

Suddenly bursts upon my ears
 Like a trumpet at my side,
 The ancient shout, but angry now and metallic,
 Hailing the prize seen in the offing,
 The schooner about to be taken.

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y-y...
 Schooner Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y-y-y...

The world entire no more exists for me! Red fire burns me!
 I yell with the fury of boarding!
 Pirate-in-chief! Pirate Caesar!
 I pillage, kill, destroy, rend!

I feel only sea, loot and sack!
 Feel only the veins
 Beating in my temples!
 The hot blood wipes all sensation from my eyes!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Ah, pirates, pirates, pirates!
 Pirates, love me and hate me!
 Make me one of yourselves, pirates!

Your fury, your cruelty speak to the blood
 As the body of the woman who was I long ago and whose lust lives yet!

I would be a worm that would represent all your gestures,
 A worm that would gnaw the bulwarks, the keels,
 Which would eat up masts, drink blood and pitch from the decks,
 Crunch up sails, oars, rigging and spars.
 A feminine and monstrous sea-serpent gorging herself on crimes!

And there is in me a symphony, incompatible and analagous,
 There is an orchestration of confusions in crime,
 Of spasmodic convulsions of orgies of blood at sea,
 Furiously, like a hot wind through the spirit,
 They cloud with hot dust and darken my lucidity.
 And making me see and dream all this through skin and veins only,

Pirates, piracy, ships, the the hour,
 That maritime hour when the prey is attacked,
 And the terror of the prisoners flames into madness - that hour,
 In its total of terror, crimes, ships, people, sea, sky, clouds,
 Breeze, latitude, longitude, outcry,
 I would like it to be in its All my body in its All, suffering,
 That it would be my body and my blood, that would change my being
 Into scarlet,
 And flourish like an itching wound in the unreal flesh of my mind!

Ah, to be all in these crimes! to be the component elements
 Of the attacks on ships and of slaughters and of violations!
 To be as I was when the sack was carried out!
 To be as I lived or died where bloody tragedies were enacted!
 To be the pirate-in-sum of all piracy at its apogee,
 And to be the victim-synthesis, bot of flesh and blood, of all the
 pirates in the world!

MARITIME ODE

Let my passive body be the woman-who-is-all-women
 Who were ravished, killed, wounded, torn by pirates!
 Let my being be subjugated to the femininity which, ^{was} to be theirs! (has)
 Let me feel all this - all these things at the same time - deep in
 my spine!

O my rude and shaggy heroes of adventure and crime!
 Wild beasts of the sea, husbands of my imagination!
 Casual lovers in the aberration of my feelings!
 I would like to be She who waited for you in the ports,
 For you, the loved-and-hated of pirate blood in dreams!
 For she would have been with you, though in spirit only, raging
 Over the naked corpses that you flung overboard!
 Because she would have accompanied your crime and in the ocean orgy
 Her witch's spirit would dance unseen around the gestures
 Of your bodies, your cutlasses, your strangulating hands!
 And she, on land, waiting for you, when you come, if by chance
 you do come,
 Will be ready to drink in the roarings of your love all the vast,
 All the cloudy and sinister perfume of your victories
 And across your spasms whistle a sabbath of yellow and scarlet!
 The flesh torn, the flesh open and gutted, the blood flowing!
 I, who already belong to you, am you, am lost to the last part of me
 In the femininity that accompanied you and was your soul!
 Being the inner part of all your ferocity when it was practised!
 Sucking away from within the consciousness of your feelings
 When you coloured the high seas with blood,
 When from time to time you threw to the sharks
 The still living bodies of the wounded, the pink flesh of infants
 And pulled the mothers to the bulwarks to see what was happening to
 them!

Let me be with you in the carnage and pillage!
 Let me orchestrated with you in the symphony of the sack!
 Ah, I know not, I know not how much I want to be with you!
 It was not only the being-you as the woman, being-you as women,
 being-you as the victims,
 Being-you as the victims - men, women, children, ships - ,
 It was not only to be the hour, the ships and the waves,
 It was not only to be your souls, your bodies, your fury, your power,
 It was not only to be concretely your abstract act of orgy,
 It was not only this I would want to be - it was more than this -
 the God of this!
 I wanted to be God, the God of a contrary cult,
 A monstrous and satanical God, a God with a pantheism of blood,
 To fill to the brim the fury of my imagination
 And never to be able to exhaust my desire for identity
 With each, and with all, and with more than all of your victories!

Ah, torture me so that you may cure me!
 My flesh - make of it the air through which your cutlasses traverse
 Before they fall upon heads and shoulders!
 Let my veins be the garments the knives pierce through!
 My imagination the body of the women you violate!
 My intelligence the deck where you stand and kill!
 Ret My entire life, in its nervous, hysterical, absurd conjunct,
 The great organism of each act of piracy is committed,
 Be the conscious cell - and all of me whirl around,
 Like an immense heaving corruption, and that be all!

The feverish machine of my transbordant visions
 Turns now with such unmeasured, frightening velocity
 That the fly-wheel of my consciousness
 Is no more than a nebulous circle whistling through the air.

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest.
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

MARITIME ODE

Ah, the savageness of that savagery! Shit
 For all life like ours which is nothing to it!
 I, who am now an engineer, practical perforce, sensible of all,
 Who am now stopped, in relation to you, even when I go;
 Even when I act, inert; and when I try to show off, weak;
 A static, broken, dissident coward from your Glory,
 From your great strident dynamic, hot and bloody!
 Cursed by being never able to act in accordance with my delirium!
 Cursed by being always tied to the skirts of civilization!
 By going with nice manners like a bundle of lace on the shoulders:
 Corner-boys - all of us are that - of modern humanitarianism.

Tubercular, neurasthenic, lymphatic clods,
 Without the courage to be violent and audacious,
 With the spirit of a hen caught by the leg!

Ah, pirates, pirates!
 The yearning for the illegal combined with the ferocious,
 The yearning for things completely cruel and abominable,
 Which gnaws our frail bodies like an abstract lust
 And our delicate and feminine nerves,
 And fills with great mad fevers our vacant eyes.

Compel me to kneel before you!
 Humiliate and beat me!
 Make me your slave and your thing!
 And my your contempt for me never leave me,
 O my masters, O my masters!

Let me take ever gloriously the submissive part
 In bloody events and long drawn out sensualities!
 Fall down upon me, like huge and heavy walls,
 O barbarians of the ancient seas!
 Rend me and wound me!
 From east to west of my body
 Grase with blood my body!

Kiss with boarding cutlasses and scourging and madness
 My happy and carnal terror of belonging to you.
 My masochistic yearning to give myself up to your fury.
 In being the inert and sentient object of your omniverous cruelty,
 Rulers, lords, emperors, chargers!
 Ah, torture me,
 Rend and split me!
 Broken into conscient pieces
 Wrap me over the decks,
 Scatter me on the seas, abandon me
 On the avid beaches of islands!

Fatten upon me all my mysticism of you!
 Carve into blood my soul
 Cut down, wipe out!

O you who tattoo my corporeal imagination!
 Naked ones whom my carnal submission loves!
 I submitted myself like a dog being kicked to death!
 I made of myself a well for your contempt of dominion!

MARITIME ODE

Make of me the sum of all your victims!
 As Christ suffered for all men, I want to suffer
 For all the victims of your hands,
 Your calloused, bloody hands with fingers lopped off
 In the fierce assaults on bulwarks.

Make of me some thing that could be
 Dragged along - O pleasure, O beloved pain! -
 Dragged along at the tail of horses flogged by you...
 But it must be on sea, on sea, on S-E-A!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH!
 on S-E-A!

Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Yell all! Yell on! winds, waves, ships,
 Seas, topsails, pirates, my spirit, my blood, and the air, and the air!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! All sing, as
 they yell!

FIFTEEN MEN ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST.
 YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Eh-laho-laho-laHO-O-O-o-o--laha-a-a - a-a-a!

AHO-O-O O O O O O O O O O -- yyy!
 SCHOONER AHO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O -- yyyyy!

Darby W'Graw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw!
 DARBIE W'GRAW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW!
 PATCH APT THE RU-U-U-U-U-U-U-U-U-U, DARBIE!

Eh (12 times)
 Eh (12 larger print)
 Eh (larger print still)
 EH (largest print, also 12)

EH (repeats line above)

Something within me breaks. The red usk darkens to night.
 I feel too much to be able to go on feeling.
 My spirit drains out of me, only an echo remains in me.
 Notably decreases the speed of the wheel.
 My hands wipe a little of the dreams from my eyes.
 Within me there is a vacuum, a desert, a nocturnal sea,
 And as soon as I feel there is a nocturnal sea within me,
 There is heard from the depths of it, born of its silence,
 Once again, once again, the vast and ancient hail.
 Suddenly, like a lightning flash of sound, making no more noise
 than tenderness
 Swiftly bringing the whole of the sea-horizon into
 A dark and humid-surgings, human and nocturnal,
 A distant mermaid's voice, weeping, beseeching,
 Comes from the depth of the Distance, from the depth of the Sea,
 from the soul of the Abyssms
 And on its surface, like seaweed, float my fractured dreams.

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o - yyy...
 Schooner aho-o o-o o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o - yy.....

Ah, the dev upon my excitation!
 The nocturnal freshness on the ocean within me!

MARITIME ODE

All in me suddenly sees itself before a sea at night
 Filled with the enormous, most human mystery of nocturnal waves.
 The moon climbs above the horizon
 And my happy childhood awakes, like a tear, in me.
 My past rises up, as if it that sailor's hail
 Was an aroma, a voice, the echo of a song
 Which was calling to my past
 By that happiness it would never have again.

It was in the old quiet house near the river...
 (The windows of my room, and those of the dining-room as well,
 Looked out, over the houses below, to the river nearby,
 To the Tagus, this same Tagus, but another part, lower down..
 But if I could go to these same windows they would not be the
 same windows.
 That time has passed like the smoke from a steamship on the open sea.)

An inexplicable tenderness,
 A remorse that moves me to tears,
 For all those victims - principally the children -
 That I dreamed of when making the dream of old pirates,
 A disturbing emotion, because they were my victims,
 Tender and mild, because they were not so really;
 A confused tenderness, like a dimmed, bluish windowpane,
 Sings old songs in my poor sorrowful heart.

Ah, how could I think, dream those things?
 How far away I am from what I was a few moments ago!
 Hysteria of sensations - this, one moment, the opposite the next!
 In the yellow dawn which is rising - as if my understanding responds
 only
 To the things which are in accord with this emotion - the sound
 of the water,
 The soft sound of water in the river against the quay...
 A sail passing close to the other side of the river,
 The distant mountains, Japanese in their blue.
 The houses at Almada,
 And what there is of gentleness and childhood in the morning hour!

A gull passes
 And my tenderness grows more.

But all this time I had been taking note in vain.
 All this was an impression of the skin, like a caress.
 All this while I did not take my eyes off my distant dream,
 Of my home near the river,
 Of my childhood by the river,
 Of the windows of my room giving out on the river at night,
 And the peace of the moonlight spread over the waters.

My old aunt, who loved me because of the son she had lost...
 My old aunt used to put me to sleep, singing to me
 (So well that I must have grown better for it)...
 I remember it and the tears fall on my heart and wash life with it,
 And there arises a light breeze from the sea within me
 As I think of her singing the "Nau Catrineta":

There goes the Ship Catrineta
Over the waters of the sea..

MARITIME ODE

And at other times, in a plaintive melody from medieval times
 It was the "Bela Infanta"... I remember, and the poor old voice
 comes back to me
 And I remember her though I have given little thought to her since,
 and she loved me so much!
 How ungrateful I was to her - and what in the end have I done with
 life?
 It was the "Bela Infanta"... I closed my eyes and she sang:

It was the Fair Princess
In her garden seated..

I opened my eyes a little and saw the window full of moonlight
 And then closed my eyes again, and in all this was happy.

It was the Fair Princess
 In her garden seated,
 Her golden comb in her hand
 As she combed her tresses...

O long-lost past of infancy, doll which has been broken for me!

It is not possible to journey back into the past, to that house and
 that affection
 And remain there always, a child always and always content!

But all this was the Past, a lantern in the corner of an old street.
 To think of it chills, gives hunger for a thing which can never be
 obtained.

It gives me I do not know what absurd regret to think of it.
 Oh dull whirlwind of divergent sensations!
 Sustained vertigo of confusing things in the mind!
 Divided rages, tenderesses like the squared lines where children
 play hop-scotch,
 Great tumblings of the imagination over the eyes of the senses,
 Tears, useless tears,
 Light breezes of contradiction stirring the surface of the soul...

I evoke, by a conscious effort, to escape from this emotion
 I evoke, by a desperate effort, dry and void,
 The song of the Great Pirate, when he was about to die:

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

But the song is a badly-drawn straight line within me...

I make an effort to call once more to my mind,
 Once more, but through an imagination almost literary,
 The rage for piracy, for slaughter, the appetite, almost refined,
 for pillage,
 For the useless slaughter of women and children,
 For the futile torture, and only to amuse us, of poor travellers,
 And the sensuality of destroying and breaking the most prized things
 of others,
 But I dream all this with a fear of something breathing down my neck.

MARITIME ODE

All the elements of commercial activity from export and import
So wonderfully combining
That all runs as if by natural laws,
Without one thing colliding with another!

*The poetry was
not lost at all.*

Nothing lost its poetry. And now is added the machines
With their poetry also, and all the new kind of life,
Commercial, mundane, intellectual, sentimental,
Which the age of machinery has come to bring to our spirit.
Voyages now are as beautiful as they were before
And a ship will always be beautiful, simply because it is a ship.
To travel is still to travel and the distant is still where it was -
In no place whatever, thank God!
The ports full of steamships of many kinds!
Small, big, various in colour, with various manners of travel,
And with companies of navigation so delightfully many!
Steamships in the ports, so individual in the detached separation
of their anchorages,
So pleasing in their quiet grace of commercial things which go
over the sea,
The old sea always homeric, O Ulysses!

*On the old, ever-
homeric sea.*

The humanitarian gaze of lighthouses in the distance at night,
Or the sudden nearby lighthouse in the darkest night,
("How close to land we must have been passing!" And the sound of
water singing in our ears)!...

All this is as it always was, but there is commerce,
And the part played by the great steamers in commerce
Makes me vain of my epoch!
The mixture of people on board the passenger liners
Gives me the modern pride in living in an epoch which is so easy.
Races mix with one another, they move from place to place, see
everything with facility,
And enjoy life in the realization of a great number of dreams.

Clean, regular, modern as an office with pay-desks behind grilles
of yellow wire,
My feelings now, as easy and restrained as English gentlemen,
Are practical, divorced from distractions, filling the lungs with
sea air,
Like people perfectly aware of how hygienic it is to breathe the
air of the sea.

The day at once resolves itself into working hours.
Everything begins to get going, to become regularized.
With a great, natural and straight-forward pleasure the mind
runs through
All the commercial operations necessary for the embarkation of
merchandise.
My epoch is the rubber-stamp which all invoices have on them
And I feel that all the letters from all the offices
Should be addressed to me.

A bill of lading has so much individuality
And a ship-master's assignment is both beautiful and modern.
The commercial rigor in the beginnings and endings of letters:
Dear Sirs - Messieurs - Amigos e Srs,
Yours faithfully - .. nos salutations empresarias...
All this is not human and clear but beautiful as well,
And has in the end a maritime destination, a ship where
loading will take place
Of the merchandise which the letters and bills deal with.

MARITIME ODE

What complexity of life! The invoices are made by people
 Who have loves, hates, passions, politics, crimes at times -
 And are so well written, so much to the point, so independent of all
 this!

There are some who look at an invoice and do not feel this.
 But it is certain that you, Cesario Verde, felt it.

I, for my part, feel it most humanly, almost to the pint of tears!
 Some would tell me there is no poetry in commerce or offices.
 On the contrary, it enters by all our pores... I breathe, like
 the air from the sea,

Because all of it is concerned with ships, modern navigation,
 Because the bills and commercial letters are the beginning of history
 And the ships which take the merchandise over the eternal sea are
 the end.

Ah, voyages, voyages of pleasure and others,
 Voyages on sea where all are companions of others
 In a special manner, as if a maritime mystery
 Brought our souls together and make us become for a time
 Transitory compatriots from the same uncertain country
 Eternally being displaced on the immensity of the waters!
 Grand hotels of the Infinite, oh my transatlantic liners!
 With the perfect and total cosmopolitanism of never remaining
 in one place
 And containing every kind of dress, face and race!

Voyages, travellers - every kind of them!
 So many nationalities from all over the world! so many professions!
 so many people!

As many diverse lots as is possible for life to offer,
 Life, indeed, always at bottom the same thing!
 So many curious faces! All faces are curious
 And nothing is carried out more religiously than looking at
 other people.

Fraternity is not a revolutionary idea.
 It is a thing which people learn from common life which has to
 tolerate all
 And tends to find enjoyable what it has to tolerate,
 And ends by crying with tenderness over what it tolerated!

Ah, all this is beautiful, all this is human and is linked
 To human feelings, so sociable and bourgeois,
 So complicatedly simple, so meta physically sad!
 Life, fluctuating and diverse, ends in educating us in human
 Poor people! all people are poor people!
 I put myself from this time into the body of that other ship
 Which is sailing out. It is an English tramp-steamer,
 Very dirty, as if it was a French ship,
 With the friendly air of the ocean proletariat,
 And no doubt announced yesterday in the last page of the papers.

MARITIME ODE

18

The poor steamer moves me to compassion, so humbly she goes
and so naturally.
She seems to have a certain scruple, I do not know why, in being
an honest person.
One who carries out some sort of duty.
There she goes leaving behind her the place in front of the
quay where I am.
There tranquilly she goes, passing by where the old ships lay
Long ago, long ago...
For Cardiff? For Liverpool? For London? It does not matter.
She is doing her duty. Just as we do ours. Good luck!
Bon voyage! Bon voyage!
Speed well, my casual old friend, who did me the favour
Of taking with you the fever and the sadness of my dreams,
And restored life to me by looking at you and watching you pass.
Good luck! Good luck! Life is like that...

How right, how natural, how inevitably matutinal
Is your departure from Lisbon port, today!
I have a curious and grateful affection for you about that...

About what? I do not know what it is! Never mind... Let it pass...
With a slight shudder,
(t-t-t-t-t-t....)
The wheel within me stops.

Pass, slow ship, pass and do not linger...
Pass from me, pass from my sight,
Go out from within my heart.
Lose yourself in the Distance, in the Distance, haze of God,
Disappear, follow your destiny and leave me...
Who am I to weep and question?
Who am I to speak with you and love you?
Who am I to be disturbed at seeing you?
Above the quay the sun rises, turns gold,
The roofs of the buildings on the quay are shining
And all the city on the other side glitters...
Depart, leave me, and become
First the ship in the middle of the river, detached and clear,
Then the ship passing the bar, small and black,
Then a vague point on the horizon (O anguish of mine!),
A point each time more vague on the horizon...
Then nothing, and only I and my sadness,
And the great city now filled with sunlight
And the real and naked hour like a quay no longer with ships
And the slow turning of a crane, like a swinging compass,
Which traces a semicircle of I know not what emotion
In the aching silence of my heart...

[1^r]⁶MARITIME ODE⁷

Alone, on a deserted quay, at this morning in summer,
 I look beyond the bar, I look towards the Indefinite,
 I see and am contented to see,
 Small, black and clear, a liner entering [→ a steamer coming in]⁸
 It comes, very distant, neat and classic in its manner,
 Leaving on the air behind it the vanishing flag of smoke.
 She comes, and enters, and the morning with her, into the river.
 Here, and over there, life awakens in the port.
 Sails are hoisted, tugs come forward,
 Small boats <comes>[↑ jut]⁹ out from behind the ships already moored.
 A light wind rises up
 But my mind is with what I see least,
 With the liner that enters,
 Because she is with the Distance, with the Morning,
 With a maritime sense of this Hour,
 With a sad sweetness that rises in me like a sickness [→ qualm]¹⁰,
 With a nascent desire to vomit [→ with the beginning of sea-sickness]¹¹, though in
 spirit only.

I look at the liner from afar, with great independence of spirit,
 And within a wheel begins slowly to turn [→ and a wheel begins to spin in me
 very slowly]¹².

The liners which cross the bar in the morning

⁶ From p. 2 onward, the document presents page numbers centered in the top margins; we indicate these numbers in brackets to avoid interrupting the text flow; note we transcribe both sides of p. 1 (1^r = recto; 1^v = verso). The number "403" is displayed in parentheses on p. 1, perhaps a reference to the source used by the translator.

⁷ The poem title is indented on p. 1; except by p. 3 (which does not present the title), all other pp. display it as a left-aligned header. In this transcription, we omit the title from p. 2 onward.

⁸ Handwritten variant, equal to Pessoa's choice in his partial English translation of his own Portuguese poem. Jennings had access to Pessoa's rendition, given the handwritten notes in the margin of this document, some of them corresponding exactly to Pessoa's translation choices.

⁹ Correction equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

¹⁰ Variant equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

¹¹ Variant similar to Pessoa's translation choice: "Like a beginning of sea-sickness."

¹² Variant equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

Bring with them, <in>/to\ ¹³ my eyes,
 The mystery, both joyous and sad, of arrivals and departures [→ the glad and sad
 mystery of all who arrive and depart].¹⁴

They carry memories of distant quays and other moments,
 Other ways of life in this same humanity in other parts.
 Each time a ship ties up or casts off
 It is—I feel it within me like my blood—
 Unconsciously symbolical, terribly
 Menacing in its metaphysical meaning,
 Stirring up within me that which I was before...

Ah, all the quay is a nostalgia [→ regret]¹⁵ in stone!
 And when the ship casts off from the quay
 And one is suddenly aware of the space which opens
 Between the quay and the ship,
 There comes to me, I do not know why, a new [→ recent]¹⁶ anguish,
 A fog of sad feelings
 Which shines in the sun of my swarded [→ mossy]¹⁷ anxieties
 Like the first window that is lit by the dawn,
 And envelops me like the memory of another person [→ which clings round me
 like some one else which was mysteriously mine]¹⁸
 Who, mysteriously, was I.

Ah, who knows, who knows,
 If in the far past, before I was this self, if I did not depart
 From a quay; if I did not leave, the ship in the oblique
 Light of the morning sun,
 A port of another kind?
 Who knows if I did not leave, before this¹⁹ hour
 Of the exterior world, like that I see
 Shining around me,
 A great quay, where few people stand,
 In a great, half-awake city,
 In an enormous commercial city, swollen and apoplectic,

¹³ Correction equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

¹⁴, ¹⁰, ¹¹ & ¹² Variants equal to Pessoa's translation choices.

¹⁸ Variant similar to Pessoa's translation, which displays "And clings" instead of "which clings."

¹⁹ "this this" in the document, a typo.

A stirring on board the ships,
 O errant and unstable spirit of people who go to embark [→ who live in ships]²⁴,
 Of symbolical people, who pass and with whom nothing endures,
 So that when the ship returns to port
 There is always a change on board.

O ever-continuing flights and departures, intoxication of the Different!
 The ever-enduring spirit of the navigators and navigations!
 Hulls which are softly reflected in the water
 When the ship casts off at the port!
 To be tossed up and down like a soul in life, to go out like a voice,
 To live for a moment tremulously over eternal waters,
 To awake in daylight more direct than the daylight of Europe,
 To see mysterious ports in the solitude of the sea,
 To round remote capes for sudden vast landscapes
 By countless astonished declivities [→ slopes]²⁵ ...

Ah, the remote beaches, the quays seen from afar,
 And then the beaches close at hand, the quays seen near.
 The mystery of each departure and each arrival,
 The dolorous instability and incomprehensibility
 Of this impossible universe
 Every hour at sea brings more closely home to us!
 The absurd agitation which our souls pour out
 Over the arms of seas, different as far-seen islands,
 Over the remote islands of coasts we skirted,
 Over the growing plain of ports, with their houses and their people,
 As the ship draws close to the shore.

- [3] Ah, the freshness of <arrival>[→ morns when we arrive],²⁶
 And the paleness of the mornings of departure,
 When our bowels turn within us
 And a vague sensation resembling fear
 – The ancestral fear of casting off and setting forth,
 The mysterious ancestral dread of the Arrival and of the New –
 Tightens our skin and gives us a feeling of agony,
 And our whole bodies feel the sense of anxiety
 That is running through our minds...

²⁴ & ²⁰ Variants equal to Pessoa's translation choices.

²⁶ Correction equal to Pessoa's translation choice.

All the maritime life! All in the maritime life!
 It insinuates itself into my blood its fine seduction
 And I ponder endlessly over voyages.
 Ah, the lines of distant coasts, flattened against the horizon!
 Ah, the capes, the isles, the sandy beaches!
 The solitudes at sea, as in certain moments in the Pacific
 In which through I know not what suggestion learned at school
 One feels weighing upon the nerves that this is the greatest of oceans,
 And the world and the knowledge of things turn into a desert inside us!

- [4] The stretch, most human, most intricate, of the Atlantic!
 The Indian, most mysterious of all the oceans!
 The Mediterranean, sweet, with no mystery whatever, a sea to push back
 From the encounter of esplanades, eyed from adjacent gardens by white statues!
 All the seas, all the straits, all the bays, all the gulfs,
 I would like to clasp them to my breast, savour them well and die!

And you, nautical things, my old dream playthings!
 The interior life made manifest outside of me!
 Keels, masts and sails, steering-wheels, cordage,
 Funnels, propellers, topsails, pennants,
 Tiller-ropes, hatchways, boilers, ²⁹ valves,
 Fall within me in a heap, a mountain,
 Like the confused contents of a drawer littering the floor.
 Satisfy yourselves with the treasure of my febrile avarice,
 Satisfy yourselves with the fruits of the tree of my imagination.
 Theme of my songs, blood in the veins of my intelligence,
 Yours be the noose that unites me to the exterior by the aesthetic,
 Furnishing me with metaphors, images, literature,
 Because in real truth, seriously, literally,
 My sensations are a boat with a keel of air
 My imagination a half-submerged anchor,
 My anguish a broken oar,
 And the whole gamut of my nerves a net spread to dry on the sand!

By chance from the river comes the sound of a whistle—one blast only.
 Trembles at once within me the depth of my psyche.
 Accelerates still more the wheel within me.

²⁹ “?” in the document.

Ah, liners, voyages, the where's he got to
 Old What's his name, sea-life, we know it all!
 The glory of once knowing a man who used to be with us
 Die<e>/d\ drowned near an island in the Pacific!
 We who knew him go talking about it to everybody.
 With a legitimate pride, with an invisible confidence
 In that all this has a sense more beautiful and more vast
 Than merely to have lost the ship wherever it was going
 And to have gone to the bottom through water entering the lungs!

Ah, liners, steam colliers, sailing ships!
 How rarely they run — alas! — ships with sail through the seas!

And I, who love modern civilization, I who kiss machines with my soul,
 I, the engineer, civilized, educated abroad,
 Would be glad to have once more at the tip of my vision sail and wooden ships
 only,

To know of no other sea-life but the ancient one of the sea!
 For the ancient seas are Distance Absolute,
 Pure Remoteness, freed from the weight of the Actual...
 And ah, how everything here reminds of that better life,
 Those seas, greater, because they were navigated more slowly,
 Those seas, mysterious, because less was known of them.

[5] Every steamship in the distance is a sailing ship near,
 Every distant ship seen now is a ship of the past seen close.
 All the invisible seamen on board the ship on the horizon
 Are the visible sailors from the time of old ships,
 From the slow time of sail and perilous navigations,
 From the epoch of wood and canvas and voyages that lasted months.

Little by little the delirium of sea-things grips me,
 It <p>/P\enetrates me physically the quay and its atmosphere,
 The lapping of the Tagus floods over my senses,
 And I commence to dream, to wrap myself up in the dream of the waters,
 My mind's transmission belts begin to run smooth
 And the accelerating fly-wheel throbs clearly within me.

Call to me the waters, Call to me the seas, Call to me, raising [← The seas call
 me | The waters call me]

Call to me, raising a corporate voice, the distances, [← Raising a corporate voice.
The distances call me]
The maritime epochs, all sensed in the past, cry out. [← The maritime epochs felt in
the past cry out.]

You, Jim Barns, my English sailor friend, it was you
Who taught me that ancient English hail
Which so venomously sums up
For souls as complex as mine
The confused calling of the waters,
The unpublished and implicit voice of all sea-things,
Ship-wrecks, remote voyages, perilous crossings.
That English cry of yours, made universal in my blood,
A cry unlike a cry, having neither human form nor voice.
That tremendous shout which seemed to swell out
From the depths of a cavern whose vault was the sky
And seemed to tell of all the sinister things
That could be recounted in the Remote, in the Sea, in the Night...
You used to pretend it was a schooner you were calling,
And would call out thus, putting a hand on each side of your mouth,
Making a megaphone of your great, dark tanned hands:
Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyyyy...
Schooner aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyyyy...

I hear you from here, now, and something awakes in me.
The wind shudders. The morning rises. The heat breaks upon me.
I feel my face begin to burn
My conscious eyes dilate.
The ecstasy in me rises up, grows, advances,
And with a subdued sound of tumult accentuates
The lively spinning of the fly-wheel.

O clamorous outcrying
Whose heat, whose fury boil in me
Into an explosive unity all my anxieties,
All my own wearinesses now all made dynamic!...
An appeal to my blood
From a love now gone by, I do not know where, which returns
And still has power to attract and drive me,
Which still has power to make me hate this life
Which I pass amidst the physical and psychical impenetrability

Of the real people with whom I live!

Ah, to be as I was, to be as I was, and forsake all!
 To cast off and go out, through waves, through peril, through the sea.
 To go to the Far, to go to the Beyond, to Abstract Distance,
 Endlessly, through nights mysterious and deep,
 Carried, like dust, by the winds, by the tempests!
 To go, go, go, go, once more!

[6] All my blood stirs with a madness for wings!
 All my body rushes forward to the front!
 I pour myself out, in my thought, like torrents!
 I trample down, roar, precipitate me!
 My inward pains burst into spume
 And my flesh is a wave breaking upon great rocks!
 Thinking this—O madness! thinking this—O fury!
 Thinking of the straitness of my life filled with pain,
 Suddenly, tremulously, extraorbitally,
 With a vast, vicious and violent oscillation
 Of the living fly-wheel of my imagination,
 Whistling, shrilling, there breaks upon me
 The dark and sadistic rut of the strident life of the sea.

Ho mariners, bosuns, ho crewsmen, coxswains!
 Navigators, old salts, sea-dogs and adventurers!
 O captains of ships! men at the tiller and on the masts!
 Men who sleep in crude foc'sles!
 Men who sleep with Peril leering through the ports!
 Men who sleep with Death for a pillow!
 Men who from the quarterdeck or from the bridge gaze out
 On the immense immensity of the immense sea!
 Eh, haulers of sails, stokers and stewards!

Men who put the cargo in the holds!
 Men who coil the rigging cables on deck!
 Men who wash down the metal of hatches!
 Men of the tiller! men of the engines! men of the masts!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Straw-bonnet people! Mailed shirt people!
 People with anchors and crossed flags on their chests!
 Tattooed fellows! pipe smoking fellows! bulwark fellows!

Fellows burnt from so much sun, tanned from so much rain,
 Clear of eye from so much immensity before them,
 Daring of face from the many winds that have battered them!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

You men who went to Patagonia!

You men who sailed by Australia!

Who filled your eyes with coasts I shall never see!

Who landed in countries where I shall never land!

Who bought raw goods in colonies on the backwoods' edge!

And behaved as if all this was nothing,

As if it was natural,

As if all life was this,

Not even fulfilling a dest[i]ny!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Men of the present sea! men of the past sea!

Pursers, galley slaves, combatants of Lepanto!

Pirates in Roman days, navigators of Greece!

Phoenicians! Carthaginians! Portuguese sent out from Sagres

For unending adventure, for the Absolute Sea, and to realize the Impossible!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Men who raised up the crosses, who gave names to capes!

You men who were the first to negotiate with blacks!

Who were first to sell slaves to new lands!

[7] Who gave the first European <spasm>[↑ convulsion] to astonished Negroes!

Who loaded up gold, □³⁰ precious woods, silks,

From slopes exploding in green vegetation!

Men who sacked tranquil African populations

And put those races to flight with the noise of cannons,

Who killed, plundered, tortured, gained

The prizes of Novelty from those who, with lowered heads,

It assails against the mystery of new-found seas! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

To you all in one,³¹ to you all in your numbers as one,

To you all, mixed, interlaced,

To all of you, bloody, violent, hated, feared, revered,

I give my salute, I give my salute!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

³⁰ “?” in the document.

³¹ Period instead of comma in the document.

Eh laho-laho laHO-laha-a-a-a- a!

I want to go with you, I want to go with you,
 In the same time as all of you,
 In every part where you were!
 I want to meet your perils face to face,
 Feel on my face the winds that chilled yours,
 Spit from my lips the salt of seas that kissed yours,
 To lend a hand in your task, share in your torments,
 And, at last, to arrive like you in strange ports!
 To flee with you from civilization!
 To lose with you the notion of the moral!
 To see my humanity fade out in the distance!
 To drink with you on the seas of the South
 New savageries, new confusions of soul,
 New central fires in my volcanic spirit!
 To go, to cast off from me — ah, if I could get myself out from here! —
 My trappings of civilization, my softness of action,
 My innate fear of chains,
 My pacific life,
 My sedatory, dreamy, revised and orderly life!

Into the sea, into the sea, into the sea, into the sea,
 Eh! cast into the sea, into the wind, into the waves,
 My life!
 Make salt with spume tossed up by winds
 My yearning for great voyages,
 Castigate with scourging water the flesh of my adventure.
 Steep in ocean cold the bones of my existence,
 Flagellate, cut down, wrinkle with winds, spray and sun
 My cyclonic and Atlantic-like self,
 Whose nerves are hung like shrouds,
 A lyre in the hands of the winds!

Yes, yes, yes... Crucify me into navigations
 And my shoulders will enjoy my cross!
 Fasten me to voyages as though to spars
 And the sensation of spars will penetrate my spine
 And I will come to feel them in one vast passive spasm!
 Make of me what you will so long as it is on the seas,
 On deck, in the sound of the waves,

Tear me, kill me, wound me!
 What I want is to carry to Death
 A soul overflowing the sea,
 Tottering drunk with things of the sea,
 With sailors and with anchors and capes,
 With faraway shores and with the roar of winds,
 With the Open Sea and with the Quay, with shipwrecks
 And with tranquil business dealings,
 With masts and with waves,
 To carry to Death with voluptuous sorrow,
 A cup filled with leeches, sucking, sucking,
 With strange, green, and absurd sea-leeches!

[8] Make rigging of my veins!
 Hawsers of my muscles!
 Flay me of my skin and nail it to keels.
 And may I feel the pain of the nails and never cease to feel it!
 Make of my heart an admiral's flag
 In the old ships' time of war.

Trample my gouged-out eyes on the deck with your feet!
 Break my bones against the bulwarks!
 Flog me against the mast, and flog on!
 Into all the winds of all latitudes and longitudes
 Pour out my blood over the raging waters
 Which sweep ship and poo, from stem to stem,
 In the tempest's wild convulsions!
 To dare the wind with the sheeted sails,
 To be, like the topmost spars, the winds' whistle!
 Fate's old guitar in perilous seas,
 A hymn the navigators hear but may not repeat!

The mariners who mutiny
 Drag the captain to the yard-arm.
 They cast another on a desert isle.
 Marooned!
 The tropic sun puts the ancient fever of piracy
 Into my tense veins.
 The winds of Patagonia tattoo my imagination
 With tragic and obscene images.
 Fire, fire, fire, within me!

Like a trumpet at my side,
 The ancient shout, but angry now and metallic,
 Hailing the prize seen in the offing,
 The schooner about to be taken.

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y-y...
 Schooner Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -y-y- y- y...

The world entire no more exists for me! Red fire burns me!
 I yell with the fury of boarding!
 Pirate-in-chief! Pirate Caesar!
 I pillage, kill, destroy, rend!

I feel only sea, loot and sack!
 Feel only the veins
 Beating in my temples!
 The hot blood wipes all sensation from my eyes!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

Ah, pirates, pirates, pirates!
 Pirates, love me and hate me!
 Make me one of yourselves, pirates!

Your fury, your cruelty speak to the blood
 As the body of the woman who was I long ago and whose lust lives yet!

I would be a worm that would represent all your gestures,
 A worm that would gnaw the bulwarks, the keels,
 Which would eat up masts, drink blood and pitch from the decks,
 Crunch up sails, oars, rigging and spars,
 A feminine and monstrous sea-serpent gorging herself on crimes!

And there is in me a symphony, incompatible and analogous³²,
 There is an orchestration of confusions in crime,
 Of spasmodic convulsions of orgies of blood at sea,
 Furiously, like a hot wind through the spirit,
 They cloud with hot dust and darken my lucidity.
 And making me see and dream all this through skin and veins only,

Pirates, piracy, ships, the³³ hour,

³² "analagous" in the document, a typo.

That maritime hour when the prey is attacked,
 And the terror of the prisoners flames into madness—that hour,
 In its total of terror, crimes, ships, people, sea, sky, clouds,
 Breeze, latitude, longitude, outcrying,
 I would like it to be in its All my body in its All, suffering,
 That it would be my body and my blood, that would change my being into scarlet,
 And flourish like an itching wound in the unreal flesh of my mind!

Ah, to be all in these crimes! to be the component elements
 Of the attacks on ships and of slaughters and of violations!
 To be as I was when the sack was carried out!
 To be as I lived or died where bloody tragedies were enacted!
 To be the pirate-in-sum of all piracy at its apogee,
 And to be the victim-synthesis, but³⁴ of flesh and blood, of all the pirates in the
 world!

- [10] Let my passive body be the woman-who-is-all-women
 Who were ravished, killed, wounded, torn by pirates!
 Let my being be subjugated to the femininity which [↑ has] to be theirs!
 Let me feel all this—all these things at the same time—deep in my spine!

O my rude and shaggy heroes of adventure and crime!
 Wild beasts of the sea, husbands of my imagination!
 Casual lovers in the aberration of my feelings!
 I would like to be She who waited for you in the ports
 For you, the loved-and-hated of pirate blood in dreams!
 For she would have been with you, though in spirit only, raging
 Over the naked corpses that you flun[→g] overboard!
 Because she would have accompanied your crime and in the ocean orgy
 Her witch's spirit would dance unseen around the gestures
 Of your bodies, your cutlasses, your strangulating hands!
 And she, on land, waiting for you, when you come, if by chance you do come,
 Will be ready to drink in the roarings of your love all the vast,
 All the cloudy and sinister perfume of your victories
 And across your spasms whistle a sabbath of yellow and scarlet!
 The flesh torn, the flesh open and gutted, the blood flowing!
 I, who already belong to you, am you, am lost to the last part of me
 In the femininity that accompanied you and was your soul!

³³ "the the" in the document, a typo.

³⁴ "bot" in the document, a typo.

Being the inner part of all your ferocity when it was practiced!
 Sucking away from within the consciousness of your feelings
 When you coloured the high seas with blood,
 When from time to time you threw to the sharks
 The still living bodies of the wounded, the pink flesh of infants
 And pulled the mothers to the bulwarks to see what was happening to them!

Let me be with you in the carnage and pillage!
 Let me orchestrated with you in the symphony of the sack!
 Ah, I know not, I know not how much I want to be with you!
 It was not only the being-you as the woman, being-you as women, being-you as
 the victims,

Being-you as the victims – men, women, children, ships –,
 It was not only to be the hour, the ships and the waves,
 It was not only to be your souls, your bodies, your fury, your power,
 It was not only to be concretely your ab[s]tract act of orgy,
 It was not only this I would want to be – it was more than this – the God of this!
 I wanted to be God, the God of a contrary cult,
 A monstrous and satanical God, a God with a pantheism of blood,
 To fill to the brim the fury of my imagination
 And never to be able to exhaust my desire for identity
 With each, and with all, and with more than all of your victories!

Ah, torture me so that you may cure me!
 My flesh – make of it the air through which your cutlasses traverse
 Before they fall upon heads and shoulders!
 Let my veins be the garments the knives pierce through!
 My imagination the body of the women you violate!
 My intelligence the deck where you stand and kill!
 [← Let] My entire life, in its nervous, hysterical, absurd conjunct,
 The great organism of each act of piracy is committed,
 Be the conscious cell – and all of me whirl around,
 Like an immense heaving corruption, and that be all!

The feverish machine of my transbordant visions
 Turns now with such unmeasured, frightening velocity
 That the fly-wheel of my consciousness
 Is no more than a nebulous circle whistling through the air.

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest.
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

[11] Ah, the savageness of that savagery! Shit
 For all life like ours which is nothing to it!
 I, who am now an engineer, practical perforce, sensible of all,
 Who am now stopped, in relation to you, even when I go;
 Even when I act, inert; and when I try to show off, weak;
 A static, broken, dissident coward from your Glory,
 From your great strident dynamic, hot and bloody!
 Cursed by being never able to act in accordance with my delirium!
 Cursed by being always tied to the skirts of civilization!
 By going with nice manners like a bundle of lace on the shoulders!
 Corner-boys — all of us are that — of modern humanitarianism.

Tubercular, neurasthenic, lymphatic clods,
 Without the courage to be violent and audacious,
 With the spirit of a hen caught by the leg!

Ah, pirates, pirates!
 The yearning for the illegal combined with the ferocious,
 The yearning for things completely cruel and abominable,
 Which gnaws our frail bodies like an abstract lust
 And our delicate and feminine nerves,
 And fills with great mad fevers our vacant eyes.

Compel me to kneel before you!
 Humiliate and beat me!
 Make me your slave and your thing!
 And m[a]y your contempt for me never leave me,
 O my masters, O my masters!

Let me take ever gloriously the submissive part
 In bloody events and long drawn out sensualities!
 Fall down upon me, like huge and heavy walls,
 O barbarians of the ancient seas!
 Rend me and wound me!
 From east to west of my body
 Erase with blood my body!

Kiss with boarding cutlasses and scourging and madness
 My happy and carnal terror of belonging to you.

My masochistic yearning to give myself unto³⁵ your fury,
 In being the inert and sentient object of your omnivorous³⁶ cruelty,
 Rulers, lords, emperors, chargers!
 Ah, torture me,
 Rend and split me!
 Broken into conscient pieces
 Wrap me over the decks,
 Scatter me on the seas, abandon me
 On the avid beaches of islands!

Fatten upon me all my mysticism of you!
 Carve into blood my soul
 Cut down, wipe out!

O you who tattoo my corporeal imagination!
 Naked ones whom my carnal submission loves!
 I submitted myself like a dog being kicked to death!
 I made of myself a well for your contempt of dominion!

[12] Make of me the sum of all your victims!
 As Christ suffered for all men, I want to suffer
 For all the victims of your hands,
 Your calloused, bloody hands with fingers lopped off
 In the fierce assaults on bulwarks.

Make of me some thing that could be
 Dragged along — O pleasure, O beloved pain! —
 Dragged along at the tail of horses flogged by you...
 But it must be on sea, on sea, on S-E-A!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH! on
 S-E-A!

Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Yell all! Yell on! winds, waves, ships,
 Seas, topsails, pirates, my spirit, my blood, and the air, and the air!
 Eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Yeh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! All sing, as they yell!

FIFTEEN MEN ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST.

³⁵ "upnto" in the document, a typo.

³⁶ "omniverous" in the document, a typo.

YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh! Eh eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
 Eh-laho-laho-laHO-O-O-o-o--laha a-a - a-a-a!

AHO-O-O O O O O O O O O O O—yyy!
 SCHONNER AHO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O—yyyy!

Darby M'Graw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw!
 DARBY M'GRAW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW-AW!
 FETCH AFT THE RU-U-U-U-U-U-U-U-U-UM, DARBY!

Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh
 Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh
 Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh Eh
 EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH³⁷

EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH EH³⁸

Something within me breaks. The red [d]usk darkens to night.
 I feel too much to be able to go on feeling.
 My spirit drains out of me, only an echo remains in me.
 Notably decreases the speed of the wheel.
 My hands wipe a little of the dreams from my eyes.
 Within me there is a vacuum, a desert, a nocturnal sea,
 And as soon as I feel there is a nocturnal sea within me,
 There is heard from the depths of it, born of its silence,
 Once again, once again, the vast and ancient hail.
 Suddenly, like a lightning flash of sound, making no more noise than tenderness
 Swiftly bringing the whole <h>/o\ f the sea-horizon into
 A dark and humid surging, human and nocturnal,
 A distant mermaid's voice, weeping, beseeching,
 Comes from the depth of the Distance, from the depth of the Sea, from the soul of
 the Abyssms
 And on its surface, like seaweed, float my fractured dreams.

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyy...

³⁷ In the document, Jennings indicates that each verse of this stanza should have a larger print than the verse before.

³⁸ Jennings indicates that this verse should have the same font-size as the line above.

Schooner aho-o o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yy...

Ah, the dew upon my excitement!
The nocturnal freshness on the ocean within me!

- [13] <All in me suddenly sees a sea at night>
<Full of the enormous and most human mystery of nocturnal waves.>
All in me suddenly sees itself before a sea at night
Filled with the enormous, most human mystery of nocturnal waves.
The moon climbs above the horizon
And my happy childhood awakes, like a tear, in me.
My past rises up, as if it that sailor's hail
Was an aroma, a voice, the echo of a song
Which was calling to my past
By that happiness it would never have again.

It was in the old quiet house near the river...
(The windows of my room, and those of the dining-room as well,
Looked out, over the houses below, to the river nearby,
To the Tagus, this same Tagus, but another part, lower down...
But if I could go to these same windows they would not be the same windows.
That time has passed like the smoke from a steamship on the open sea.)

An inexplicable tenderness,
A remorse that moves me to tears,
For all those victims—principally the children—
That I dreamed of when making the dream of old pirates,
A disturbing emotion, because they were my victims,
Tender and mild, because they were not so really;
A confused tenderness, like a dimmed, bluish windowpane,
Sings old songs in my poor sorrowful heart.

Ah, how could I think, dream those things?
How far away I am from what I was a few moments ago!
Hysteria of sensations—this, one moment, the opposite the next!
In the yellow dawn which is rising—as if my understanding responds only
To the things which are in accord with this emotion—the sound of the water,
The soft sound of water in the river against the quay...
A sail passing close to the other side of the river,
The distant mountains, Japanese in their blue.
The houses at Almada,

And what there is of gentleness and childhood in the morning hour!

A gull passes
And my tenderness grows more.

But all this time I had been taking note in vain.
All this was an impression of the skin, like a caress.
All this while I did not take my eyes off my distant dream,
Of my home near the river,
Of my childhood by the river,
Of the windows of my room giving out on the river at night,
And the peace of the moonlight spread over the waters.

My old aunt, who loved me because of the son she had lost...
My old aunt used to put me to sleep, singing to me
(So well that I must have grown better for it)...
I remember it and the tears fall on my heart and wash life with it.
And there arises a light breeze from the sea within me
As I think of her singing the "Nau Catrineta":

*There goes the Ship Catrineta
Over the waters of the sea...*

- [14] And at other times, in plaintive melody from medieval times
It was the "Bela Infanta"... I remember, and the poor old voice comes back to me
And I remember her though I have given little thought to her since, and she loved
me so much!
How ungrateful I was to her—and what in the end have I done with life?
It was the "Bela Infanta"... I closed my eyes and she sang:

*It was the Fair Princess
In her garden seated...*

I opened my eyes a little and saw the window full of moonlight
And then closed my eyes again, and in all this was happy.

It was the Fair Princess
In her garden seated,
Her golden comb in her hand
As she combed her tresses...

O long-lost past of infancy, doll which has been broken for me!

It is not possible to journey back into the past, to that house and that affection
And remain there always, a child always and always content!

But all this was the Past, a lantern in the corner of an old street.
To think of it chills, gives hunger for a thing which can never be obtained.
It gives me I do not know what absurd regret to think of it.
Oh dull whirlwind of divergent sensations!
Sustained vertigo of confusing things in the mind!
Divided rages, tendernesses like the squared lines where children play hop-scotch,
Great tumblings of the imagination over the eyes of the senses,
Tears, useless tears,
Light breezes of contradiction stirring the surface of the soul...

I evoke, by a conscious effort, to escape from this emotion
I evoke, by a desperate effort, dry and void,
The song of the Great Pirate, when he was about to die:

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

But the song is a badly-drawn straight line within me...

I make an effort to call once more to my mind,
Once more, but through an imagination almost literary,
The rage for piracy, for slaughter, the appetite, almost refined, for pillage
For the useless slaughter of women and children,
For the futile torture, and only to amuse us, of poor travellers,
And the sensuality of destroying and breaking the most prized things of others,
But I dream all this with a fear of something breathing down my neck.

- [15] I remember how interesting it would be
To compel sons in the sight of their mothers
(*<y>/Y\et <feeling>[→ to feel]³⁹ sorry without loving their mothers)*
To bury alive in desert islands four-year-old infants,
Lifting up the fathers in the ships so that they might see them
(Yet I shudder, remembering a son I do not have sleeping tranquilly at home).

I goad on my cold yearning for crimes of the sea,

³⁹ "2 feel" in the document, as shorthand.

For an inquisition without dereliction from the Faith,
 Crimes without even the excuse of being from badness or rage,
 Made in cold blood, not even for wounding, not even for doing wrong,
 Not even to amuse ourselves, but simply to pass the time,
 Like someone playing patience on a provincial dining-room table, with the cloth
 pulled on one side after a meal,
 Simply through a smooth taste for committing abominable crimes and making
 nothing of it,
 For seeing suffering up to the point of madness and death-by-pain without ever
 letting it arrive at that...

But my imagination recuses itself from accompanying me.

A shivering fit chills me.

And abruptly, more abruptly than the other time, from farther away, from still
 deeper,

Suddenly—oh, fear in all my veins!—

The sudden cold of the gate to Mystery which has opened within me and let in a
 cold wind!

I remember God, the Transcendental in life, and suddenly

The old voice of the English sailor with whom I was speaking,

The ever returning voice of mysterious tendernesses within me, of little things of
 mother's lap and sister's hair-ribbon,

But stupendously coming from beyond the appearance of things,

A blurred and remote voice which becomes the Absolute Voice, the Mouthless
 Voice,

Coming from above and within the nocturnal solitude of the seas...

Calling for me, calling for me, calling for me...

It comes dully, as though it had been suppressed, and is heard

Distantly, as if it had been sounding in another place and could not be heard here,

Like a choked sob, a light going out, a silent breath

From neither a side of space nor a place in time,

The eternal and nocturnal call, a light gust of wind, dark and confused:

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyy.....

Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yyy.....

Schonner aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o—yy.....

I tremble with a chill of the spirit going through my body

And I open suddenly my eyes which I had not closed.

Ah, what happiness to escape sometimes from dream!

To see once more the world's reality, so kind to the nerves!

To see it at this morning hour when the steamers are drawing near.

The steamer that was entering matters little to me now. It is still in the distance.
 My imagination, hygienic, strong, practical,
 Is preoccupied now only with modern and useful things,
 With freighters, and steamers and <passagers> [→ passengers],
 With strong and immediate things, modern, commercial, actual.
 The turning of the fly-wheel within me slows down.

Marvellous modern maritime life!
 All cleanness, machines and health!
 All so well arranged, so spontaneously adjusted,
 All the parts of machines, the ships through the seas,
 [16] All the elements of commercial activity from export and import
 So wonderfully combining
 That all runs as if by natural laws,
 Without one thing colliding with another!

Nothing lost its poetry [→ The poetry not lost at all]. And now is added the
machines

With their poetry also, and all the new kind of life,
 Commercial, mundane, intellectual, sentimental,
 Which the age of machinery has come to bring to our spirit.
 Voyages now are as beautiful as they were before
 And a ship will always be beautiful, simply because it is a ship.
 To travel is still to travel and the distant is still where it was —
 In no place whatever, thank God!
 The ports full of steamships of many kinds!
 Small, big, various in colour, with various manners of travel,
 And with companies of navigation so delightfully many!
 Steamships in the ports, so individual in the detached separation of their
anchorage,
 So pleasing in their quiet grace of commercial things which go over the sea,
 The old sea always homeric [→ On the old, ever-homeric sea], O U!<i>/y\sses!

The humanitarian gaze of lighthouses in the distance at night,
 Or the sudden nearby lighthouse in the darkest night,
 ("How close to land we must have been passing!" And the sound of water singing
in our ears)!...

All this is as it always was, but there is commerce,

And the part played by the great steamers in commerce
 Makes me vain of my epoch!
 The mixture of people on board the passenger liners
 Gives me the modern pride in living in an epoch which is so easy.
 Races mix with one another, they move from place to place, see everything with
facility,
 And enjoy life in the realization of a great number of dreams.

Clean, regular, modern as an office with pay-desks behind grilles of yellow wire,
 My feelings now, as easy and restrained as English gentlemen,
 Are practical, divorced from distractions, filling the lungs with sea air,
 Like people perfectly aware of how hygienic it is to breathe the air of the sea.

The day at once resolves itself into working hours.
 Everything begins to get going, to become regularized.
 With a great, natural and straight-forward pleasure the mind runs through
 All the commercial operations necessary for the embarkation of merchandise.
 My epoch is the rubber-stamp which all invoices have on them
 And I feel that all the letters from all the offices
 Should be addressed to me.

A bill of lading has so much individuality
 And a ship-master's assignment is both beautiful and modern.
 The commercial rigor in the beginnings and endings of letters:
Dear Sirs—Messieurs—Amigos e Snrs,
Yours faithfully—... nos salutations empressées⁴⁰...
 All this is not human and clear but beautiful as well,
 And has in the end a maritime destination, a ship where loading will take place
 Of the merchandise which the letters and bills deal with.

- [17] What complexity of life! The invoices are made by people
 Who have loves, hates, passions, politics, crimes at times—
 And are so well written, so much to the point, so independent of all this!
 There are some who look at an invoice and do not feel this.
 But it is certain that you, Cesário⁴¹ Verde, felt it.
 I, for my part, feel it most humanly, almost to the p[o]int of tears!
 Some would tell me there is no poetry in commerce or offices.
 On the contrary, it enters by all our pores... I breathe, like the air from the sea,
 Because all of it is concerned with ships, modern navigation,

⁴⁰ "empresses," unstressed in the document.

⁴¹ "Cesario," unstressed in the document.

Because the bills and commercial letters are the beginning of history
And the ships which take the merchandise over the eternal sea are the end.

Ah, voyages, voyages of pleasure and others,
Voyages on sea where all are companions of others
In a special manner, as if a maritime mystery
Brought our souls together and make us become for a time
Transitory compatriots from the same uncertain country
Eternally being displaced on the immensity of the waters!
Grand hotels of the Infinite, oh my transatlantic liners!
With the perfect and total cosmopolitanism of never remaining in one place
And containing every kind of dress, face and race!

Voyages, travellers—every kind of them!
So many nationalities from all over the world! so many professions! so many
people!

As many diverse lots as is possible for life to offer,
Life, indeed, always at bottom the same thing!
So many curious faces! All faces are curious
And nothing is carried out more religiously than looking at other people.
Fraternity is not a revolutionary idea.
It is a thing which people learn from common life which has to tolerate all
And tends to find enjoyable what it has to tolerate,
And ends by crying with tenderness over what it tolerated!

Ah, all this is beautiful, all this is human and is linked
To human feelings, so sociable⁴² and bourgeois,
So complicatedly simple, so metaphysically sad!
Life, fluctuating and diverse, ends in educating us in human
Poor people! all people are poor people!
I put myself from this time into the body of that other ship
Which is sailing out. It is an English tramp-steamer,
Very dirty, as if it was a French ship,
With the friendly air of the ocean proletariat,
And no doubt announced yesterday in the last page of the papers.

- [18] The poor steamer moves me to compassion, so humbly she goes and so naturally.
She seems to have a certain scruple, I do not know why, in being an honest person,
One who carries out some sort of duty.
There she goes leaving behind her the place in front of the quay where I am.

⁴² "*sociabile*" in the document, a typo.

There tranquilly she goes, passing by where the old ships lay
 Long ago, long ago...
 For Cardiff? For Liverpool? For London? It does not matter.
 She is doing her duty. Just as we do ours. Good luck!
 Bon voyage! Bon voyage!
 Speed well, my casual old friend, who did me the favour
 Of taking with you the fever and the sadness of my dreams,
 And restored life to me by looking at you and watching you pass.
 Good luck! Good luck! Life is like that...

How right, how natural, how inevitably matutinal
 Is your departure from Lisbon port, today!
 I have a curious and grateful affection for you about that...

About what? I do not know what it is! Never mind... Let it pass...
 With a slight shudder,
 (t-t-t---t---t....)
 The wheel within me stops.

Pass, slow ship, pass and do not linger...
 Pass from me, pass from my sight,
 Go out from within my heart,
 Lose yourself in the Distance, in the Distance, haze of God,
 Disappear, follow your destiny and leave me...
 Who am I to weep and question?
 Who am I to speak with you and love you?
 Who am I to be disturbed at seeing you?
 Above the quay the sun rises, turns gold,
 The roofs of the buildings on the quay are shining
 And all the city on the other side glitters...
 Depart, leave me, and become
 First the ship in the middle of the river, detached and clear,
 Then the ship passing the bar, small and black,
 Then a vague point on the horizon (O anguish of mine!),
 A point each time more vague on the horizon...
 Then nothing, and only I and my sadness,
 And the great city now filled with sunlight
 And the real and naked hour like a quay no longer with ships
 And the slow turning of a crane, like a swinging compass,
 Which traces a semicircle of I know not what emotion
 In the aching silence of my heart...