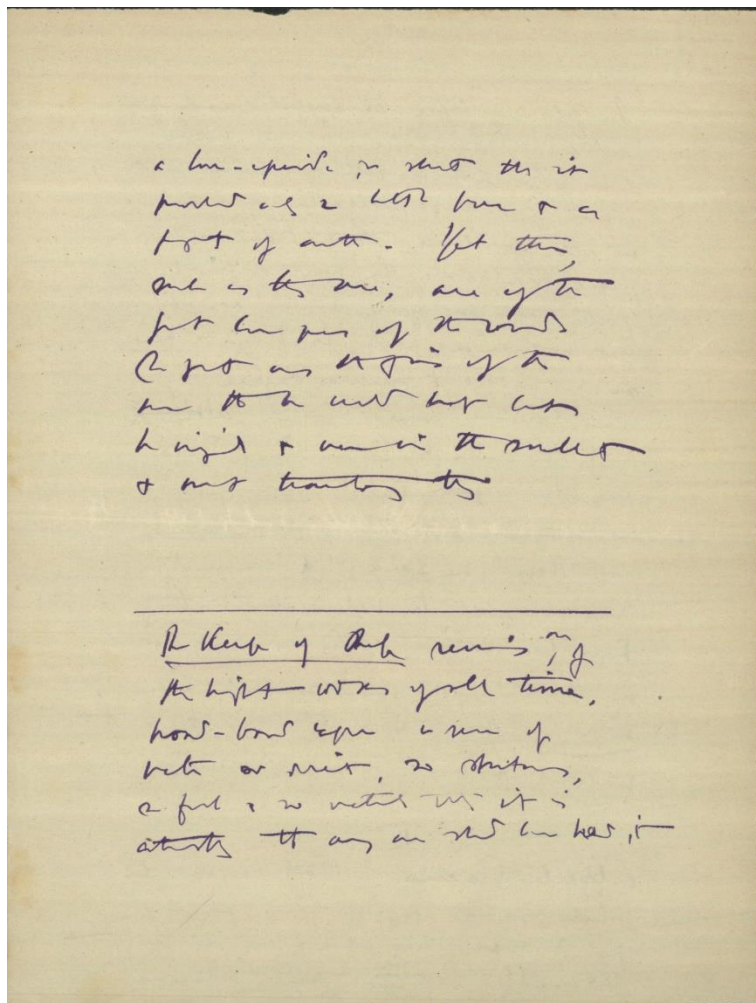


Alberto Caeiro

In placing before the English-reading public my translation of these poems, I ~~am~~ do so with the full confidence that I am making a revelation. I claim, in all confidence, that I am putting before Englishmen the most original poetry that our young century as yet produced - a poetry so fresh, so new, ~~so~~ unattained to such a degree by any kind of conventional attitude, that the words a Portuguese friend said to me, when speaking of these very poems, are more than justified. "Every time I read them", he said, "I cannot bring myself to believe that they have been written. It is so impossible an achievement...!" And so much more impossible, that it is of the simplest, most natural and most spontaneous kind.

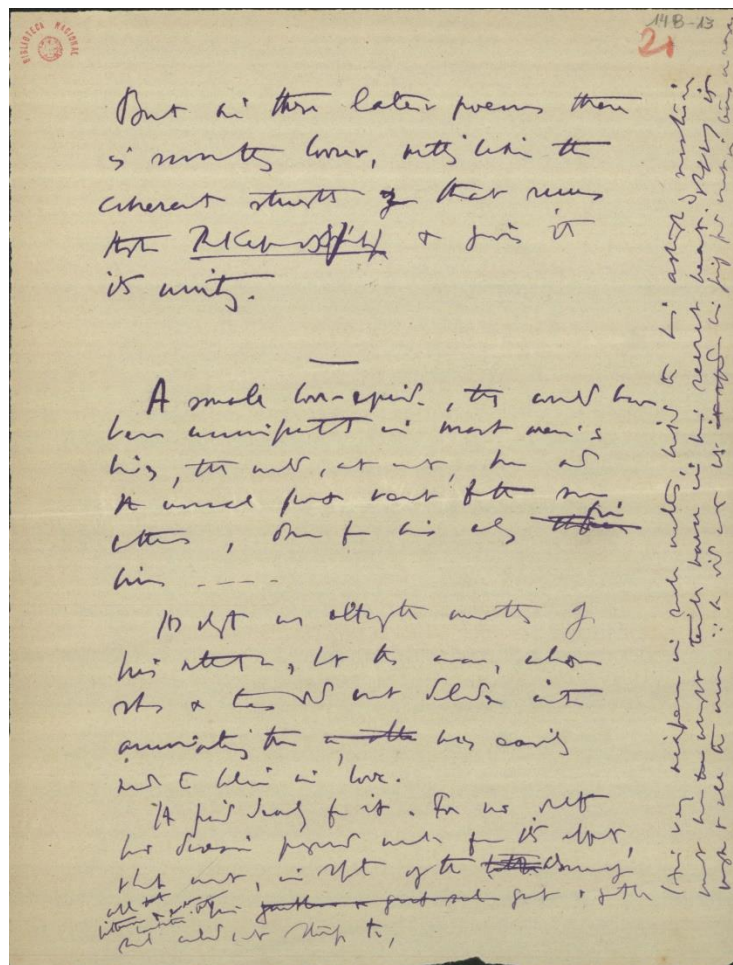
II

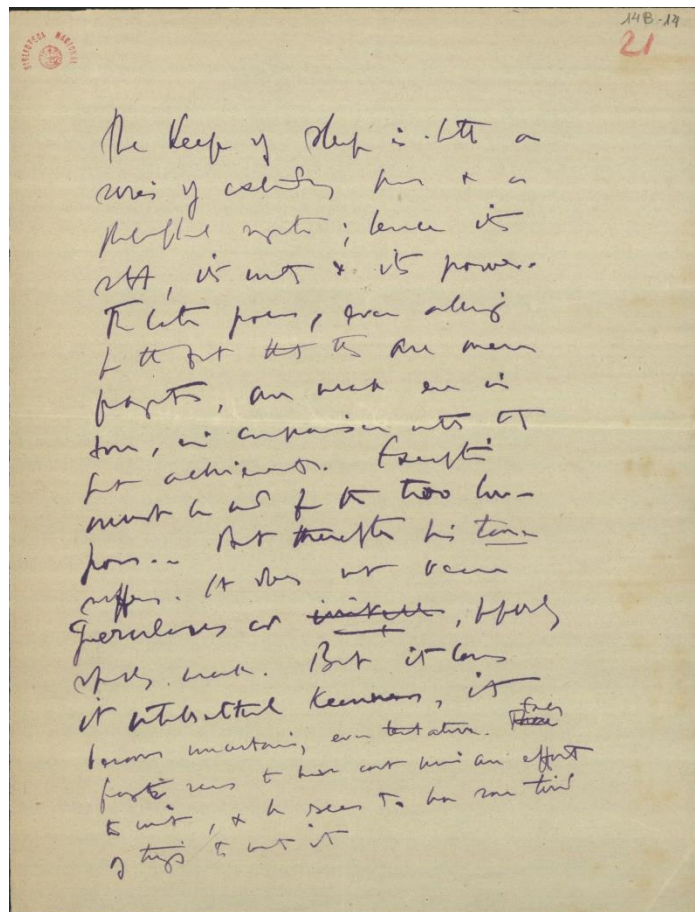
Alberto Caeiro - that is not his whole name, for 2 names are suppressed - was born in Lisbon in August 1887. He died near in Lisbon in January of the past year.



{...} a love-episode, so short that it produced only 2 little poems and a project of another. Yet these, such as they are, are of the great love poems of the world. So great was the genius of the man that he could not but be original and new in the smallest and most transitory thing {...}

The Keeper of Sheep remains one of the highest works of all time, hard-bound upon a sense of nature or direct, so spontaneous, so fresh and so natural that it is astonishing that any one should have had it {...}





The Keeper of Sheep is both a series of extraordinary poems and a philosophical system; hence its strength, its unity and its power. The later poems, even allowing for the fact that they are mere fragments, are weak even in tone, in comparison with that great achievement. Exception must be made for the two love poems... But thereafter his tone suffers. It does not become garrulous or ~~imitable~~, properly speaking, weak. But it loses its intellectual keenness, it becomes uncertain, even tentative. ~~These~~ Each fragment seems to have cost him an effort to write, and he seems to have run tired of things to want it {...}

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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