"Autopsicografia"

O poeta é um fingidor.  
Finge tão completamente  
Que chega a fingir que é dor  
A dor que deveras sente.

E os que lêem o que escreve,  
Na dor lida sentem bem,  
Não as duas que ele teve,  
Mas só que éles não têm.

E assim nas calhas de roda  
Gira, a entreter a razão  
Ésse comboio de corda  
Que se chama o coração

—Fernando Pessoa

"Autopsychography"

The poet is a fake.  
His faking seems so real  
That he will fake the ache  
Which he can really feel.

And those who read his cries  
Feel in the paper tears  
Not two aches that are his  
But one that is not theirs.

And so in its ring  
Giving the mind a game  
Goes this train on a string  
And the heart is its name.

—Keith Bosley

"The poet fancying each belief"

The poet fancying each belief  
So wholly through and through  
Ends by imagining the grief  
He really feels is true.

And those who read what he has spelt  
In the read grief feel good--  
Not in the two griefs he has felt,  
But one they never could.

Thus to beguile and entertain  
The reason, does he start,  
Upon its rails, the clockwork train  
That's also called the heart.

—Roy Campbell

"Autopsychography"

Poets are people who feign  
They feign so thoroughly,  
They'll even mime as pain  
The pain they suffer really.

Read what a poet has said --  
In the pain on the page you discern  
Not the two he had,   
Only one they disown.

So on the circular track,  
To keep the mind happy, it  
Runs on, round and back --  
This clockwork train called the heart

—Jonathan Griffin

"Autopsychography"

(Poets feign and conceal  
So completely feign and pretend  
That the pain which they really feel  
They'll feign for you in the end

And he who reads what they've done  
Never senses the twofold pain  
That's in them, only the one  
Which they never feel but feign

And so, to amuse our minds  
Round again to the start  
On its circular railway winds  
That toy train called the heart.)

—Michael Hamburger

"Autopsychography"

The poet is a faker. He  
Fakes it so completely,  
He even fakes he's suffering  
The pain he's really feeling.

And those of us who read his writing  
Fully feel while reading  
Not that pain of his that's double,  
But one completely fictional.

So on its tracks goes round and round,  
To entertain the reason,  
That wound-up little train  
We call the heart of man.

—Edwin Honig

"Autopsychography"

The poet is a pretender.  
He pretends so completely  
That he even pretends  
The pain he really feels.

And those who read his writings,  
Sense well in the pain they read,  
Not his two but only  
The one they lack.

And so on its tracks it goes,  
Rotating to direct reason,  
This wind-up train  
We call the heart.

—Marilyn Scarantino Jones

"Autopsychography"

The poet is a feigner.  
So completely does he feign  
that the pain he truly feels  
he even feigns as pain.

And those who read his writings  
will feel the printed pain,  
not the two that he has suffered  
but the one that they must feign.

And so around its trackage  
the little clockwork train  
we call the heart, goes spinning  
to entertain the brain.

—Jean R. Longland

"Self-Analysis"

The poet is a forger who  
Forges so completely that  
He forges even the feeling  
He feels truly as pain

And those who read his poems  
Feel absolutely, not his two  
Separate pains, but only the  
Pain that they do not feel

And thus, diverting the  
Understanding, the wind-up  
Train we call the heart  
Runs along its track.

—George Monteiro

"Autopsicografia"

The poet is a forger.  
He forges so thoroughly  
That he even forges the pain  
He really feels as pain

Those who read what he writes  
Feel truly, reading pain,  
Not the two he had, but only  
The one they do not have.

And thus along the rails,  
To stall the reason,  
Runs that wind-up train  
They call the heart.

—George Monteiro

"Autopsychograph"

Poets are liars.  
They lie so completely  
That they make up pain  
Even when they're hurting.

Readers of poetry  
Can know this pain,  
Not the real ones of course,  
But the imagined ones.

And on the train rails  
Huffing, fooling the head  
This little toy engine  
We call the heart.

—James Parr

"Autopsychography"

The poet is an inventor.  
He invents so completely  
That he succeeds in inventing  
That the pain he really feels is pain.

And those who read what he writes  
Really feel in the pain they have read,  
Not the two which he felt,  
But only the one they do not have.

And thus in the wheel ruts  
There goes round and round, diverting Reason  
That clockwork toy train  
Which is called heart.

—F.E.G. Quintanilha

"Self-Analysis"

The poet's good at pretending,  
Such a master of the art  
He even manages to pretend  
The pain he really feels is pain

And those who read his written words  
Feel, as they read of pain  
Not the two kinds that were his  
But only the kind that's not theirs.

And so around its little track,  
To entertain the mind,  
Runs that clockwork train of ours,  
The thing we call the heart.

—Peter Rickard

"Autopsychogram"

The poet is a feigner  
his feiging so complete  
that he comes to feign a grief  
in the grief he really feels.

And those who read what he writes  
sense well in the grief that the read  
not the two griefs he has suffered  
but only the one they do not feel.

And so on its wheeltracks turns,  
turns and amuses the thought,  
that mechanical train  
which is called the heart.

—Raymond Sayers

"Autopsychography"

Poets pretend  
They pretend so well  
They even pretend  
They suffer what they suffer.

But their readers feel  
Nor the pain that pretends  
Nor the pain that is  
But only their own that isn't real.

And so upon toy rails  
Circling reason like an art  
Runs round the model train  
That's known by the name of heart.

—Martin Seymour-Smith