

Poem for Galileo

Hey. You know what? There in Florence
they've kept a finger of your right hand in a reliquary.

It's there, word of honour!

How the world has come full circle!

There may even be people who think
you've entered the official calendar.

I'd like to thank you, Galileo,

for the intelligibility of things, you've given me.

I, like so many millions of men like me you've enlightened,
was ready to swear - what foolishness, Galileo!

– and I would have sworn on my knees and bet my own head on this
without the slightest hesitation –

that bodies fall at a velocity

in proportion to their weight.

Well, isn't it obvious, Galileo?

Who could believe that a rock falls

with the same velocity as a button of a shirt or a sand pebble?

António Gedeão – 1906-1997 (Lisbon, Portugal)