

Fernando Pessoa

44 — THE KING OF GAPS

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There lived, I know not when, never perhaps —
 But the fact is he lived — an unknown king
Whose kingdom was the strange Kingdom of Gaps.
 He was lord of what is twixt thing and thing,
Of interbeings, of that part of us
 That lies between our waking and our sleep,
 Between our silence and our speech, between
Us and the consciousness of us; and thus
 A strange mute kingdom did that weird king keep
 Sequestered from our thought of time and scene.

Those supreme purposes that never reach
 The deed — between them and the deed undone
He rules uncrowned. He is the mystery which
 Is between eyes and sight, nor blind nor seeing.
 Himself is never ended nor begun,
Above his own void presence empty shelf.
 All He is but a chasm in his own being,
The lidless box holding not-being's no-pelf.

All think that he is God, except himself.

s. d.

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 410.