

Fernando Pessoa

INTERVAL — 3

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I could not be thou, being yet not thou
Were I not God; so to God my thoughts go
(To reach thee, to possess from within
To possess from being not from seeing)
Because, substance of substance, He alone
Can love being all things, and all in each one.
Thus is my love (...) religion.

And by being born, not born; by being love
None; and by being made move, not made to move,
But, indefinable and indistinct,
Wearing no form nor purpose nor precinct
Of use, it hangs, with my soul in its wake
An interval between me and thee, between
Ourselves and God, between thou being but seen
And being loved, abstract absence of place
(...) that
Life, substance of thou being a living thing
Where thought and will and feeling are one thing.

Of the two parts of love, becoming other
And unbecoming self, I do one choose —
The unbecoming, and the other lose.
Yet, as to unbecome must be becoming
Some other thing, as the end for roaming
Makes the thing found where will no matter binds,
The unbecoming of me sure love finds.

Yet if it finds the loved thing, yet not thee,
What thing finds it, that it sought not to be?
What but love's own abstraction, interval
Between souls. And as aether is purest of all
Where filling the mere spaces between things,
Because the more unmixed, the love that clings
To my large disembodiment is best,
Because no object, save love, limits its
(...)

But here not aether but consciousness is
The universal substance, so in this
Less difference between this substance and
God is there — so, if right I understand,
This love which to obtain thee loses thee
And which to complete me uncompletes me,
Which the mere interval doth occupy
Whether neither thy soul nor my soul doth lie,
To which my mere love's force abstractly sends
My void outgoing, and there my being ends,
And so the ends my being had in going
Equally endeth — this love thus foregoing
The object and the subject to be done
By missing into pure Relation;
This love finds God by its internal force,
For when all things are lost God is the loss.

See then how I, starting from me to thee,
Have like a sailor that sets out i' th' sea
For some shore, and the winds drive him away
And this chance casts him on some better bay
Than his intention had been to discover.
Yet if discovering were intended, ever
By what discovered is, where it not willed,
The purpose of discovering is filled,
And if the unwilled discovery is better,
The loss is gam, and that which seemed to fetter
The original purpose, the harsh wind,

Does lead the unled to where he best can find.

Yet this is not the journey's end, for whence
The sailor now arrived, to recommence
He may begin his voyage original
And from the better to the worse recall
For as the original purpose, better less,
Is in the found included, he may thence
His foiled task recompose and now to miss
The purpose that his (. . .)
So I, from God, the better may go out
To thee, and from within thee, not about
Thy presence, enter into thee and be
The very personality of thee.

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