

Fernando Pessoa

I sit here, writing, at my table,

I sit here, writing, at my table, my pens and my lead etc., and suddenly there comes upon me the mystery of the universe and I stop, I shudder, I fear, I wish on the moment to cease to feel, to hide myself, to dash my head against the wall.

Happy the man who can think deeply, but to feel thus deeply is a *curse*. How to describe it? Horror on horror, (...)

s. d.

Pessoa por Conhecer — Textos para um Novo Mapa . Teresa Rita Lopes. Lisboa: Estampa, 1990: 1.