

Charles Robert Anon

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It was a kind of disease — a perpetual pining for something which was I felt unobtainable; a longing for something so vague, so indefinably beautiful, that earth could not contain it. Affections, loves, relations of sex — all there seemed to me cold, so cold. Genius is a disease, a glorious disease, but a great one.

s. d.

Pessoa Inédito. Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes). Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 47.