

Fernando Pessoa

## **The only reality is the eternal present, the undying Now.**

The only reality is the eternal present, the undying *Now*.

Time, Space, Colour in itself, Weight in itself, etc., are fiout the abstractions of duration, of extension, of colour, of weight, etc.

They are indeterminate, determined by their own selves. Thus the infinite is the indeterminate, (the unsubjective). Then these abstractions are either real or they are not. If real, being indeterminate, self-determined, each of them must contain in itself the reason for its own existence. But the only thing which contains in itself the reason of its own existence is Being. None of these are Being for Being is Being and no more. These are unreal.

But since they appear to exist, yet do not exist, they must exist in something by something.

But what is this something, where does it exist? But let it be remembered that this *where* is but expression of our inability to speak but in terms of time, of space, of all these. What is this substratum in which time and space, as well as other properties are contained?

1906?

**Textos Filosóficos** . Vol. II. Fernando Pessoa. (Estabelecidos e prefaciados por António de Pina Coelho.) Lisboa: Ática, 1968: 47.