

Fernando Pessoa

47 — FIAT LUX

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Into a vision before me the world
Flowered, and it as when a flag, unfurled,
Suddenly shows unknown colours and signs.
 Into an unknown meaning, evident
And unknown ever, it outspread its lines
 Of meaning to my passive wonderment.
The outward and the inward became one.
Feelings and thoughts were visible in shapes,
And flowers and trees as feelings, thoughts. Great capes
Stood out of Soul, thrust into conscious seas,
And on all this a man-sky spoke its breeze.

Each thing was linked into each other thing
By links of being past imagining,
But visible, as if the skeleton
Were visible and the flesh round it, each one
As if a separate thing visibly alone.

There was no difference between a tree
And an idea. Seeing a river be
And the exterior river were one thing.
The bird's soul and the motion of its wing
Were an inextricable oneness made.
And all this I saw, seeing not, dismayed
With the New God this vision told me of;
For this was aught I could not speak nor love
But a new sentiment not like all others,
Nought like the human feelings, men are brothers
In feeling, woke on my astonished spirit.

With a great suddenness did this disinherit
That thought that looks through mine eyes of the self
Of ordered seeing that maketh it itself.

O horror set with mad joy to appal!
O self-transcendency of all!
O inner infinity of each thing, that now
Suddenly was made visible and local, though
No manner of speech to speak these things in words

Followed that vision! Sight whose sense absurds
Likeness of like, and makes disparity
Contiguous innerly to unity!

How to express what, seen, is not expressed
To the struck sight that sees it? How to know
What comes to senses' threshold to bestow
A visible ignorance upon the knowing?
How to obey the analogy-behest,
Community in unity to prove
The intellectual meaning of to love,
Shipwrecking difference upon the sight
Renewed from God to Inwards infinite?

Nothing: the exterior world inner expressed,
The flower of the whole vision of the world
 Into its colour of absolutely meaning
In the night unfurled,
And therefore nought unfurling, abstract, that,
 Vision self-screening,
Patent invisible fact.

Nothing: all,
And I centre of to recall,
 As if Seeing were a god.
The rest the presence of to see,
Hollow self-sensed infinity,

And all my being-not-souled-to-oneness trod
To fragments in my sight-dishevelled sight.

This Night is Light.

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«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 416.

VIII. The Labyrinth