

Fernando Pessoa

## **When I think, when I consider it when I believe my hand...**

When I think, when I consider it when I believe my hand upon the door, I love to turn back upon my reason, to say with horror yet with pleasure: «thou canst do nought!»

Discover? Where? What can do this reason of ours? Believe? For what reason? By what reasoning must I believe? What proves to me that what I believe is true? To believe something of which I know nothing? I suffer. To believe in the unknown, is to believe in nothing (for to us the unknown is nothing). God, as conceived, is a material nought. Man's name for him (to be the Reality of reality) is *zero*. And to believe in nothing, friend, is not to believe at all.

— To believe in something of which I am not sure? It is to doubt. It is to suffer. It is as I feel now.

— Where in the world can I find a thing true? In me? I am not the same as yesterday I was. It were necessary that there were no time, for in time things change and in time they become unsure.

s. d.

**Textos Filosóficos** . Vol. II. Fernando Pessoa. (Estabelecidos e prefaciados por António de Pina Coelho.) Lisboa: Ática, 1968: 216.