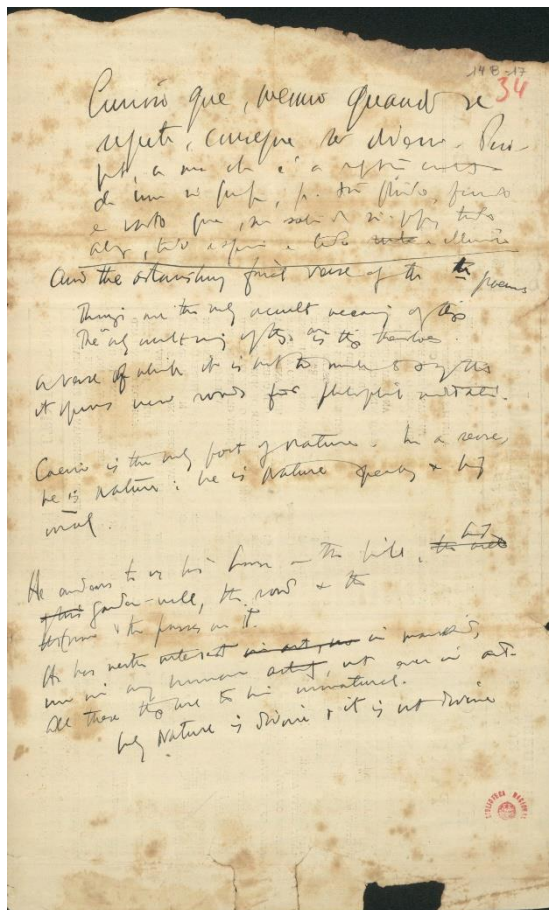




Curioso que, mesmo quando se repete, consegue ser diverso.
Porquanto, a sua obra é a repetição constante de um só principio,
principio tão fluido, fecundo e vasto que, sem sahir de si-proprio,
tudo alegre, tudo exprime e tudo ~~revela~~ ilumina.

And the astonishing final verse of the {...}th poem:

Things are the only occult meaning of things

or

The only occult meaning of things is /are\ things themselves.

a verse of which it is not too much to say that it opens new roads for
philosophic meditation.

Caeiro is the only poet of nature. In a sense, he is Nature: he
is Nature speaking and being vocal.

He endears to us his house on the hill, ~~the wall of his~~ his
garden-wall, the road and the {...} that now and then passes on it.

He has neither interest ~~in art, nor~~ in mankind, nor in any human
activity, not even in art. All these things are to him unnatural.

Only Nature is divine and it is not divine.

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