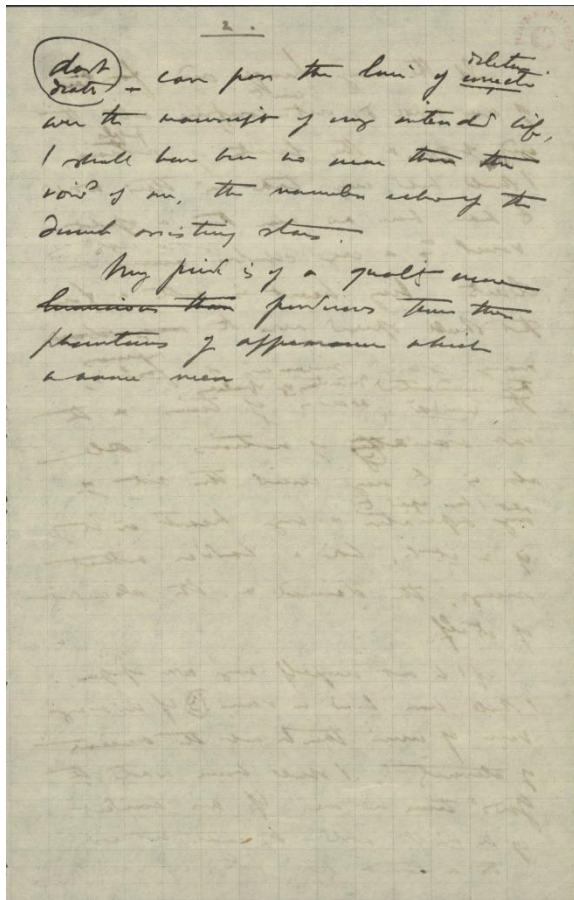


If the very fringes and frontiers of my work do not come to confine with the end of ages and the limit of nations /peoples\, I shall hold my task in this world to have been no more than a spilt vessel and /or\ a cry echoless among the /in empty\ deserts. My heart is with a fame that shall spread over the many-coloured many-coloured successive of fashions /manners\, the |unified waves| of times /the ununderstood distinctness of speeches\ and the vast varieties/y\ of nations. All else is to my mind the rot of my aspiration /what I have aspired to\ and my heart in it, if so it be, like a ladder without rungs, the denial and the absurdity of itself.

If I be not myself my own epopee /epos\, I shall have lived in vain. § If in every verse of mine there be not the accent of eternity, I shall have wasted the gods' time in me. If an accident of the visible world - the earth that cools or the comet that betrays us all to



death /dust_, can pass the line of |correction|
/deletion\ were the manuscript of my intended life, I
shall have been no more than the void of me, the
nameless echo of the dumb assisting stars.

My pride is of a quality more ~~luminous~~ than
ponderous than those phantoms of appearance which
we name men.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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