



Nay, what is man himself but an inane blind insect buzzing against a closed window; instinctively he feels that beyond the glass a great light and a warmth. But he is blind and cannot see it; neither can he see that there is ought between him and the light. So he struggles lazily towards it. He may get further away from the light, but nearer than the glass he cannot get. How will Science help him? He may ~~be able to~~ find out the particular roughnesses and nodosities of the glass he may get to know that here it is thicker, there thinner, here coarser and there finer: with all this, kind philosopher, how nearer is he to the light? How nearer is he to seeing. And yet I believe that the man of genius, the poet, does somehow struggle through the glass into the outer light; he feels warmth and gladness at being so much beyond all men, but is even he not still blind; is he any nearer to knowing the eternal Truth?

Let me stretch further my metaphor. There are some who move away from the glass on the wrong side, backwards; but finding themselves near no glass shout, beside themselves, we are through.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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