

The Edge of the World

Sagres, the Ocean and the feeling of being exactly where you should be

When you arrive in Sagres along the road descending from the Serra do Espinhaço, the landscape seems to have nothing more to offer — and then, suddenly, the sea appears. Not just any sea, but an entire ocean. The Atlantic in its most honest form: vast, with no opposite shore in sight, its colour shifting throughout the day between deep indigo and an impossible shade of green.

Sagres is an ending. The southwestern tip of Portugal, the most exposed corner of western Europe, a place where the land comes to an end with the quiet certainty of somewhere that has nothing left to prove. The wind arrives, stays, and becomes part of the place. The cliffs rise seventy metres above the sea and the sound of the ocean is constant. Not aggressive, but ever-present, like a conversation that never ends.

