MODERN!SMO

Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu

BNP/E3, 19 - 81^{r}

19-81 41 Impermanence Our century is not that of lang preses, for springentin & leviturities are the qualities that is have not get. On age is the age of mult former, of theat lynis of emerts and y sugs bur surrial to successing apo will must persong I in the form of Sing- North , as there above the constants g Provence & the county port of Ky Senis' of reyn an kept for survival. all that will remain of served of I am party with h The Just names his Dant & Buch ant afour empts) a collection for each water, ~ allection of pour boin the Sure anticly family new an embricment of a funeral spirit than the attain I may fun of many individual - to all intents sur the coast an , an aucrymus publication . "Pour hai homas will pepaps not survive . dreams do not. Ant the On huld that far, & in the English hutter of the fature and on a two lyin from it will spron of thele to structy. Time deal hartily with them also real hartig with it. Sotum cats his an children, not and in the seven that he comments what he produces, but als in that he corners then also are so for his dichen a to Keep there ago on them on a that but for an estat timberen, the Jacan ap of the out, a the charges place ythat munited hant them Mato leved. ALL CAL

Transcrição

Impermanence

Our century <code>/age\</code> is not that of long poems, for the sense of proportion and construction are the qualities that we have not got. Our age is the age of small poems, of short lyrics, of sonnets and of songs. Our survival <code>/permanent legacy\</code> to succeeding ages will most probably be in the form of *Song-Books*, as those where the cou troubadours of Provence and the courtly poets of *King Denis' of reign /Portugal* are kept for <code>|survival|</code>. All that will remain of several ages of our poetry will be (the great names like Dante or Milton not refered excepted) a collection, for each nation, a collection of poems like the *Greek Anthology*, finally more an embodiment of a general spirit than the addition of many poems of many individuals - to all intents, save the exact one {...}, an anonymous publication.

Even poems like Adonais will perhaps not survive, because dreams do not. Because the Prometheus Unbound shall fade, and in the English Anthology of the future only one or two lyrics from it will speak of Shelley to eternity.

Time deals hastily with those who deal hastily with it. Saturn eats his own children, not only in the sense that he himself consumes what he produces, but also in that he consumes those who are so far his children as to keep their eyes on their age and who write work not for an abstract timelessness, the |Jovian age| of the soul, or the changeless place of that immortal Beauty whom Plato loved.

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BNP/E3, 19 - 81^{v}

Then i's bet of immentation a music of premaner with inventite the sultan y on shipters & the welige I sum from. There is a shift of author freed is which to comple has can other to not of a fully compiler in the puship. This with is an the armet of mility as find , it is not in there we must ever about the freek y at the how it. Ren is a passi, a calm, a freem which want where the few of inprotion. It is replace projections The Mining Kipuy, the Maylum of Hay have there hi attaid is not very freque Succeeding times shall been too many put y was for shit to show. Two and cannot remain. "Paters" Formet not, "lives and concern anites;" Free, & a concern hund youter ale Too much is to little. It is a chies a provent this you cannot and your com a ban it to, a child a to you can's from the for drammen. You count new you age all the with more time, and with fight a f men the same form.

There is a note of immortality, a music of permanence subtly woven into the substance of some rhythms and the melody of some poems. There is a rhythm of another speech in which the careful ear can detect the note of a god's confidence in his godship.

This note is in the sonnets of Milton, in Lycidas; no it is not in Shakespeare's Sonnets, even when they speak of it something like it. There is a poise, a calm, a freedom which do not inhabit the fever of inspiration. It is sibyls and prophetesses who are inspired; not the Gods themselves.

The *Moïse* of Vigny, the *Booz Endormi* of Hugo have this note. Of all French poets Vigny is ever close to it, though he attained it not very frequently.

Succeeding times shall have too many poets of ours from which to choose. Too much cannot remain. "Posterity", Faguet said, "likes only concise writers;" true, and a concise number of writers also. Too much is too little.

It is a child's proverb that you cannot eat your cake and have it too; and a biblical one that you cannot serve both God and Mammon. You cannot serve your age and all times ages in the same time, nor write for gods and for men the *same* poem.

Transcrição



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