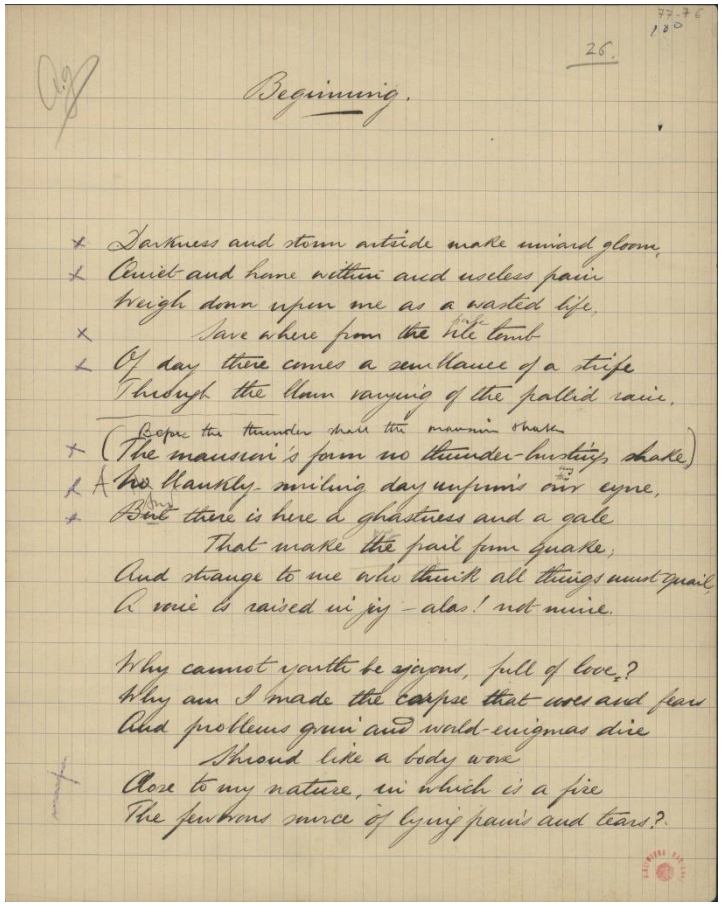
BNP/E3, 77 – 76r



Transcrição

Agony

Beginning.

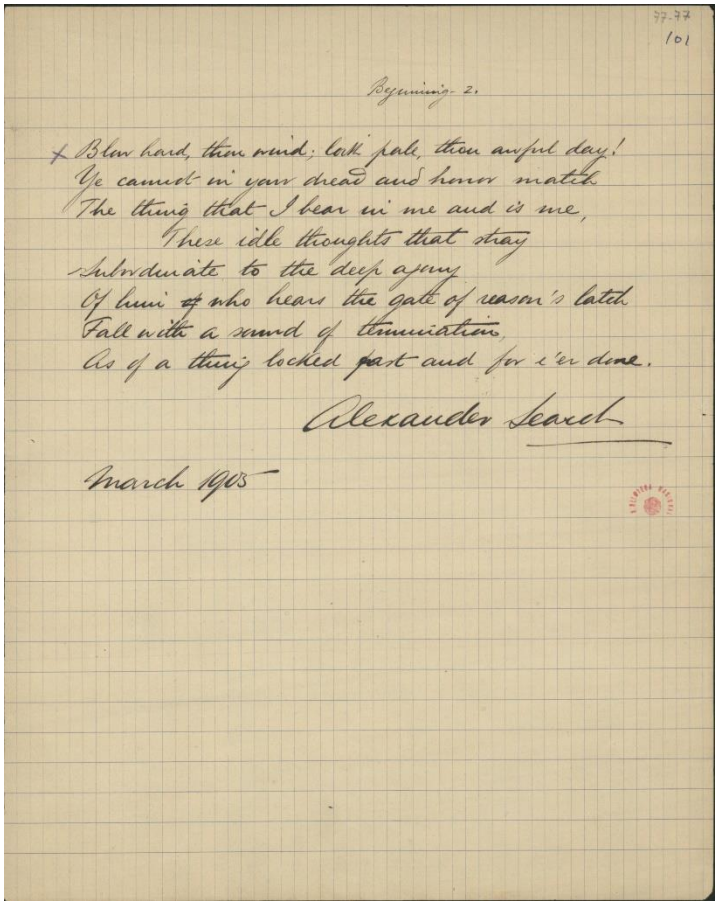
X Darkness and storm outside make inward gloom,
X Quiet and home within and useless pain
  Weigh down upon me as a wasted life,
X Save where from the vile /pale\ tomb
X Of day there comes a semblance of a strife
  Through the blown varying of the pallid rain.

_____

X (The mansion's form on thunder-hustings shake) /Before the thunder shall the mansion shake\
X A ~~No~~ blankly-smiling day informs our /the\ /my\ eyne,
X ~~But~~ And there is here a ghastness and a gale
  That make |the /my\ frail form| quake;
  And strange to me who think all things must quail,
  A voice is raised in joy - alas! not mine.

  Why cannot youth be joyous, full of love?
  Why am I made the corpse that woes and fears
  And problems grim and world-enigmas dire
  Should like a body wove
  |Close to my nature, in which is a fire
  The feverous source of lying pains and tears?|

BNP/E3, 77 – 77ʳ



Transcrição

Beginning – 2.

X Blow hard, thou wind; look pale, thou awful day!
Ye cannot in your dread and horror match
The thing that I bear in me and is me,
These idle thoughts that stray
Subordinate to the deep agony
Of him ~~of~~ who hears the gate of reason's latch
Fall with a sound of termination,
As of a thing locked past and for e'er done.

Alexander Search.

March 1905.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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