



Heart-Music

Leaning almost upon thy breast,
I heard thy heart's life-made unrest...

And thy heart's beating has a sound
That reminds me of aught I heard long ago,
Long before this life, but what
I do not know, I do not know...

'Twas something moving round and round,
Something of terrible and of strange
That even now doth shake my soul.
I strive to remember - I fail, I fail
The unmemoried memory doth shake my soul.

'Twas something terrible and strange,
Moving round and moving round,
And it had a sound like thy heart's beat...
The memory hangs on my soul's darkness
But notion from my mind doth fleet.
I remember but this: it ~~went~~ moved round and round
And now thy heart hath such a sound.

December, 1905.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

O trabalho MODERNISMO - Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu de <https://modernismo.pt/> está licenciado com uma Licença [Creative Commons - Atribuição-NãoComercial-CompartilhaIgual 4.0 Internacional](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/).