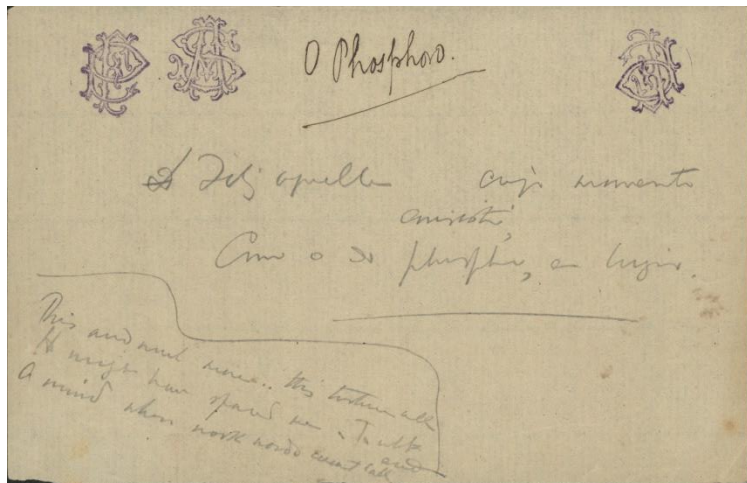


14/2/09

What right hath God to make me mad?  
He made me and he made me so.  
He might have made me or sad  
A sadness that doth come and go. /could go.\

But to be mad, ever insane...  
To drag a life as useless known  
In desolate innumerable pain groan...

To see all that desire can say  
Imposed by a nothingness of will  
To see with horror day on day  
|\*Eve on eve| thoughts unwilt still!



† Alexander Search O Phosphoro. †

‡ Diz aquelle {...} cujo momento consistia,  
Como o do phosphoro, em luzir,

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This and much more... this torture all  
He might have spared me. To what end  
A mind whose work words can't call.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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