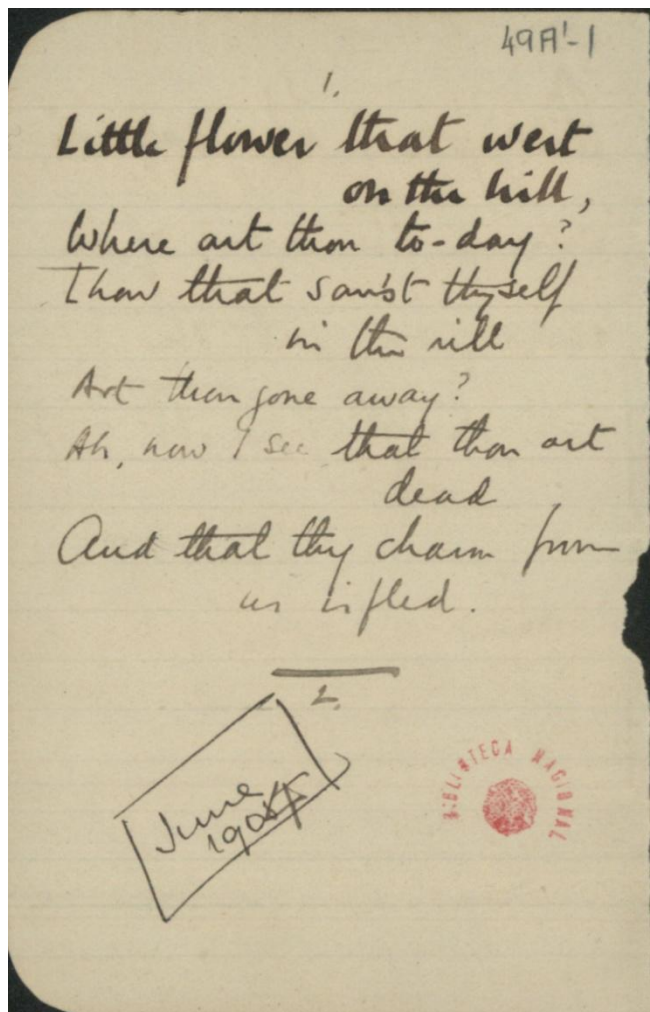


BNP/E3, 49A¹ - 1^r

Transcrição



1.

Little flower that wert on the hill,
Where art thou to-day?
Thow that saw'st thyself in the rill
Art thou gone away?
Ah, now I see that thou art dead
And that thy charm from us is fled.

2.

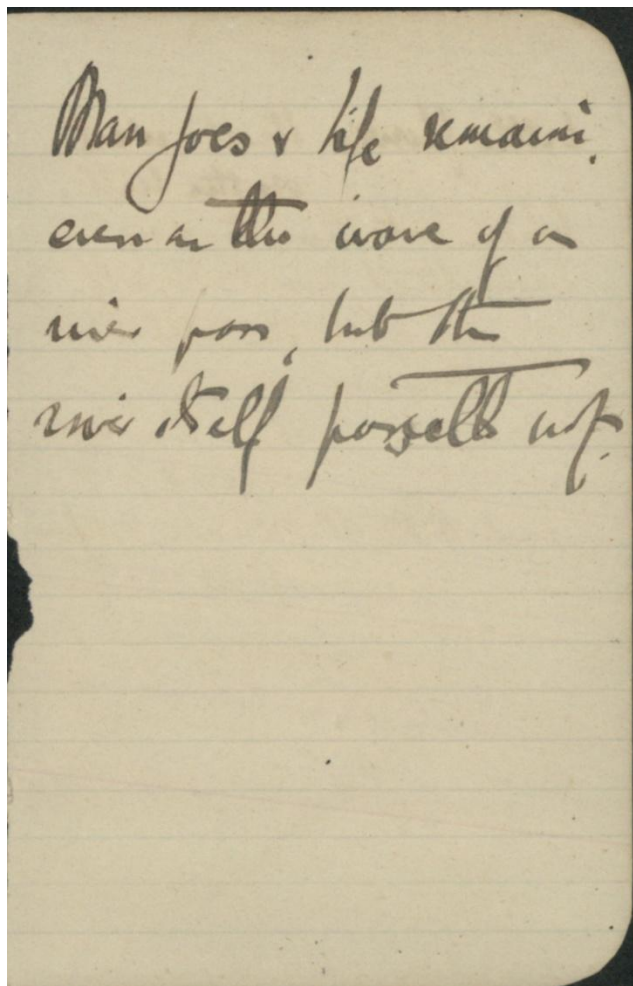
June
1904

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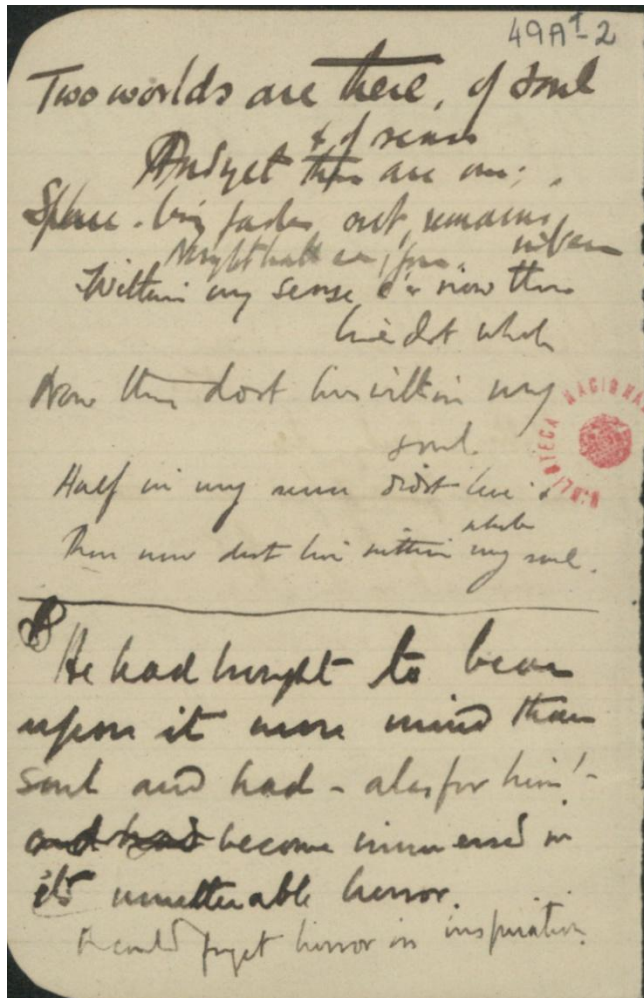
Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu

BNP/E3, 49A¹ - 1^v

Transcrição

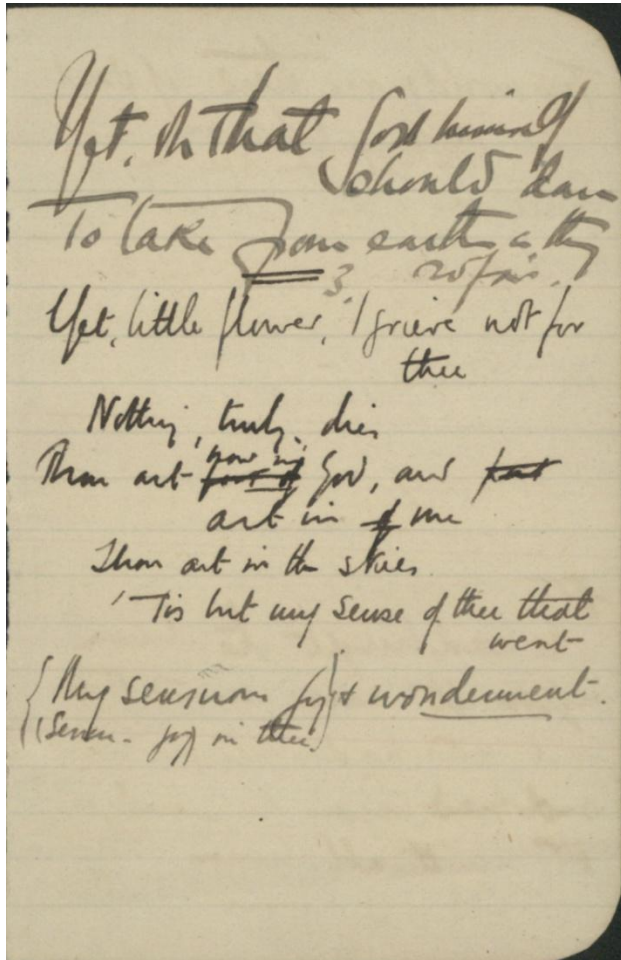


Man goes and life remain even in the wave of a river pass, but the river itself passeth not.



Two worlds are there, of soul and of sense
And yet these are one;
Space-being fades out, remains silence
Nought hath ever gone
Within my sense e'er now thou hidest whole
Now thou dost live within my soul.
Half in my sense didst live and whole
Thou now dost live within my soul.

He had brought to bear upon it more mind
than soul and had - alas for him! - become
immersed in its unutterable horror.
I could forget horror in inspiration.



Yet, oh that God himself should dare
To take from earth a thing so far.

3.

Yet, little flower, I grieve not for thee
Nothing, truly, dies
Thou art ~~past of~~ now in God, and ~~past~~ art in
of me

Thou art in the skies

'Tis but my sense of thee that

went

My sensuous joy / (Sense-joy) in thee\ and
wonderment.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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