

BNP/E3, 77 - 66°

Transcrição

Final Image

Perfection.

Perfection comes to me in fevered dreams,
Beauty divine by earthly senses bound,
And lulls mine ear with slow, forgetful sound,
Her full heart's voice, burst forth in mindful gleams,

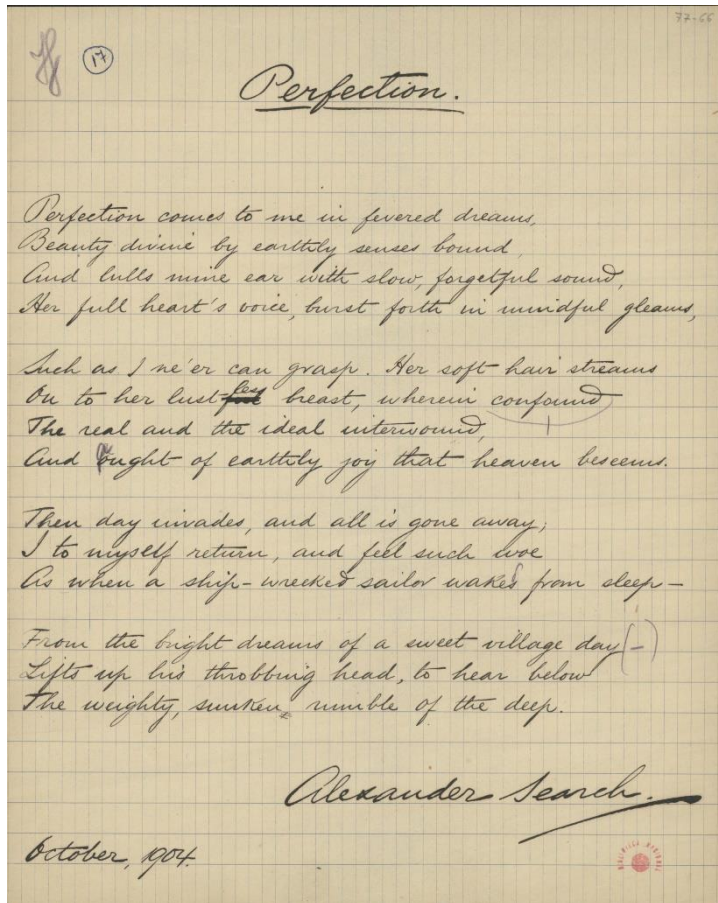
Such as I ne'er can grasp. Her soft hair streams
On to her lust~~ful~~less breast, wherein confound
The real and the ideal interwound,
And sought of earthly joy that heaven beseems.

Then day invades, and all is gone away;
I to myself return, and feel such woe
As when a ship-wrecked sailor wakes^{/d\} from sleep -

From the bright dreams of a sweet village day (-)
Lifts up his throbbing head, to hear below
The weighty, sunken₇ rumble of the deep.

Alexander Search.

October, 1904.



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