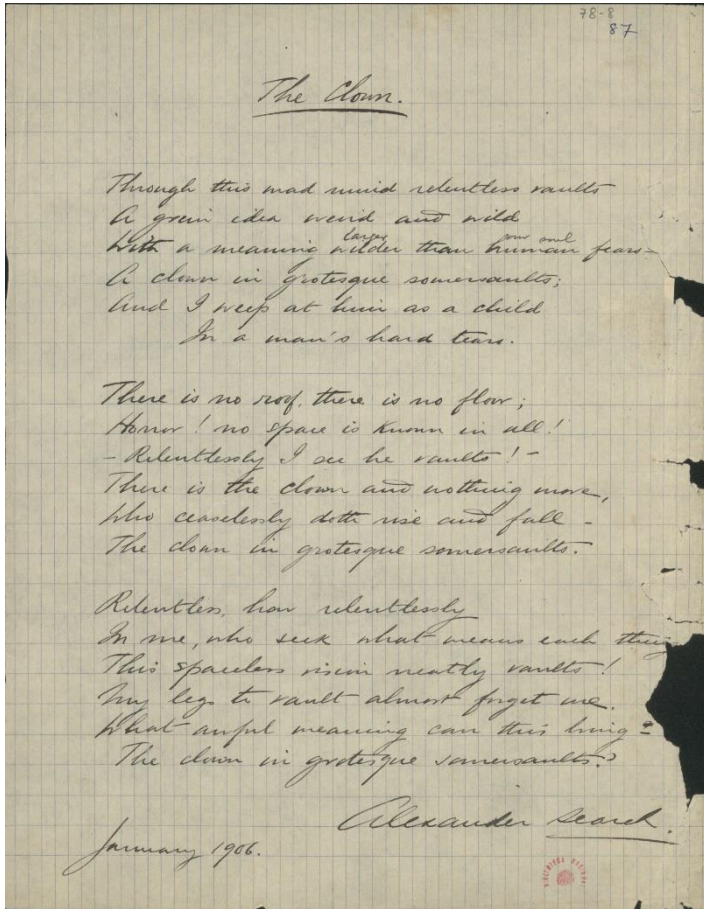


BNP/E3, 78 - 8º



Transcrição

The Clown

Through this mad mind relentless vaults
A grim idea weird and wild
With a meaning wilder ^{larger} than human ^{our soul} fears
A clown in grotesque somersaults;
And I weep at him as a child
In a man's hard tears.

There is no roof, there is no floor;
Horror! no space is known in all!
- Relentlessly I see he vaults! -
There is the clown and nothing more,
Who ceaselessly doth rise and fall -
The clown in grotesque somersaults.

Relentless, how relentlessly
In me, who seek what means each thing,
This spaceless vision neatly vaults!
My legs to vault almost forget me.
What awful meaning can this bring -
The clown in grotesque somersaults?

Alexander Search.

January 1906.

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