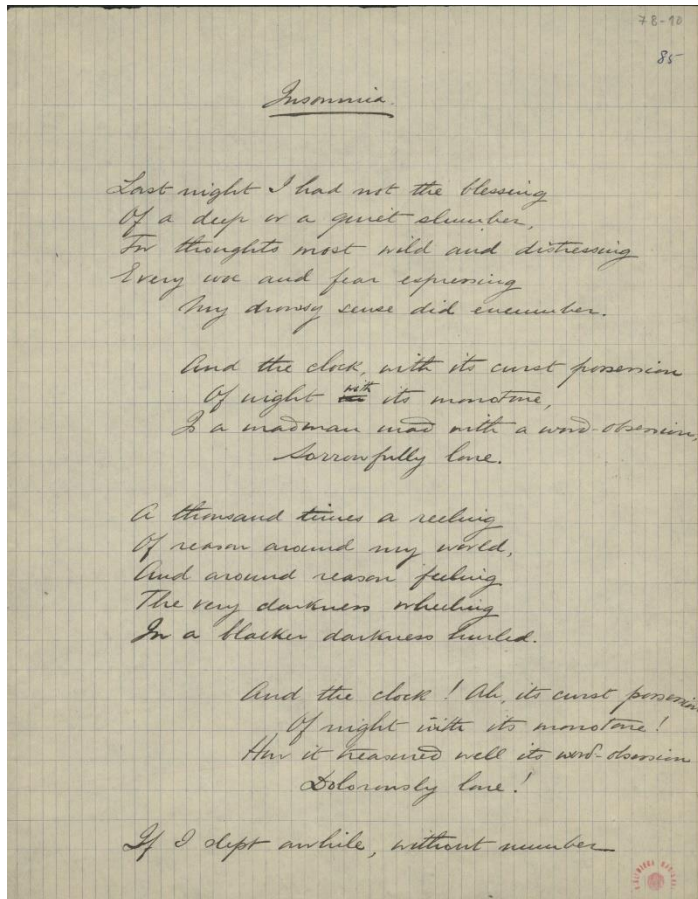


BNP/E3, 78 - 10<sup>o</sup>



Transcrição

## Insomnia.

Last night I had not the blessing  
Of a deep or a quiet slumber,  
For thoughts most wild and distressing  
Every woe and fear expressing  
My drowsy sense did encumber.

And the clock, with its curst possession  
Of night with its monotone,  
Is a madman mad with a word-obsession,  
Sorrowfully lone.

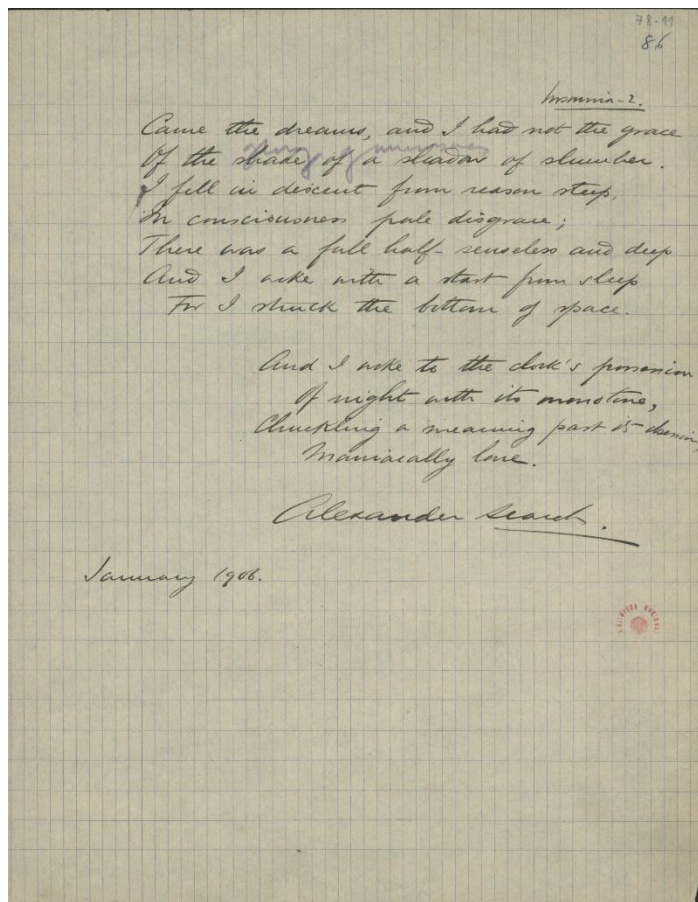
A thousand times a reeling  
Of reason around my world,  
And around reason feeling  
The very darkness wheeling  
In a blacker darkness hurled.

And the clock! Ah, its curst possession  
Of night with its monotone!  
How it treasured well its word-obsession  
Dolorously lone!

If I slept awhile, without number

BNP/E3, 78 - 11<sup>r</sup>

Transcrição



*Insomnia - 2.*

Came the dreams, and I had not the grace  
Of the shade of a shadow /glory of measures\ of slumber.  
I fell in descent from reason steep,  
In consciousness pale disgrace;  
There was a fall half-senseless and deep  
And I woke with a start from sleep  
For I struck the bottom of space.

And I woke to the clock's possession  
Of night with its monotone,  
Chuckling a meaning past its obsession,  
Maniacally lone.

Alexander Search.

January 1906.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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