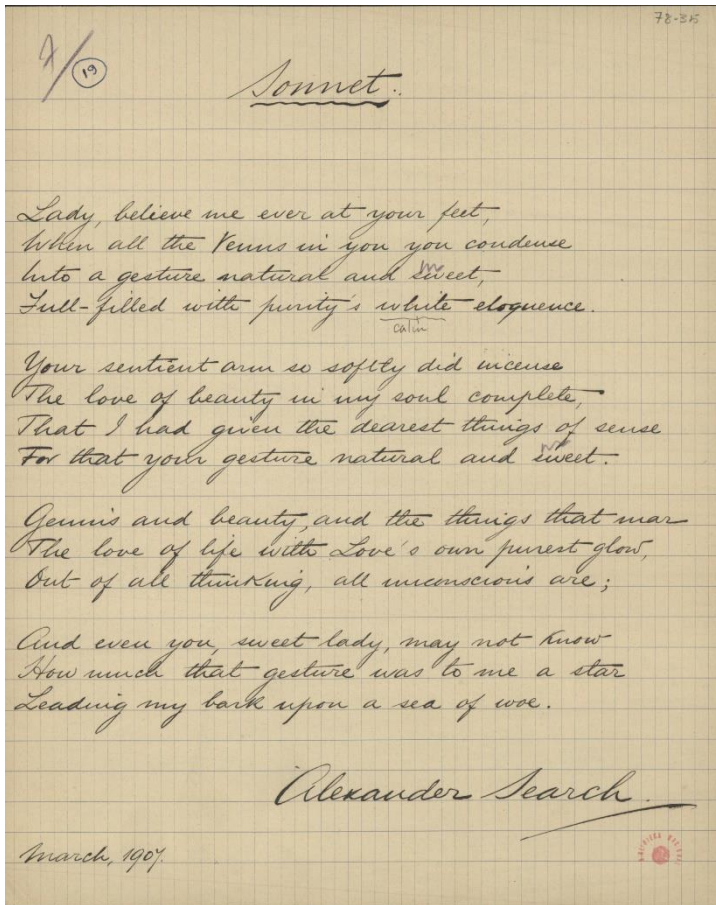


# MODERNISMO

Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu

BNP/E3, 78 - 35<sup>o</sup>



Transcrição

F.

Sonnet.

Lady, believe me ever at your feet,  
When all the Venus in you you condense  
Unto a gesture natural and sw<sup>m</sup>\eet,  
Full-filled with purity's |white|/calm\ eloquence.

Your sentient arm so softly did incense  
The love of beauty in my soul complete,  
That I had given the dearest things of sense  
For that your gesture natural and sw<sup>m</sup>\eet.

Genius and beauty, and the things that mar  
The love of life with Love's own purest glow,  
Out of all thinking, all unconscious are;

And even you, sweet lady, may not know  
How much that gesture was to me a star  
Leading my bark upon a sea of woe.

Alexander Search.

March, 1907.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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