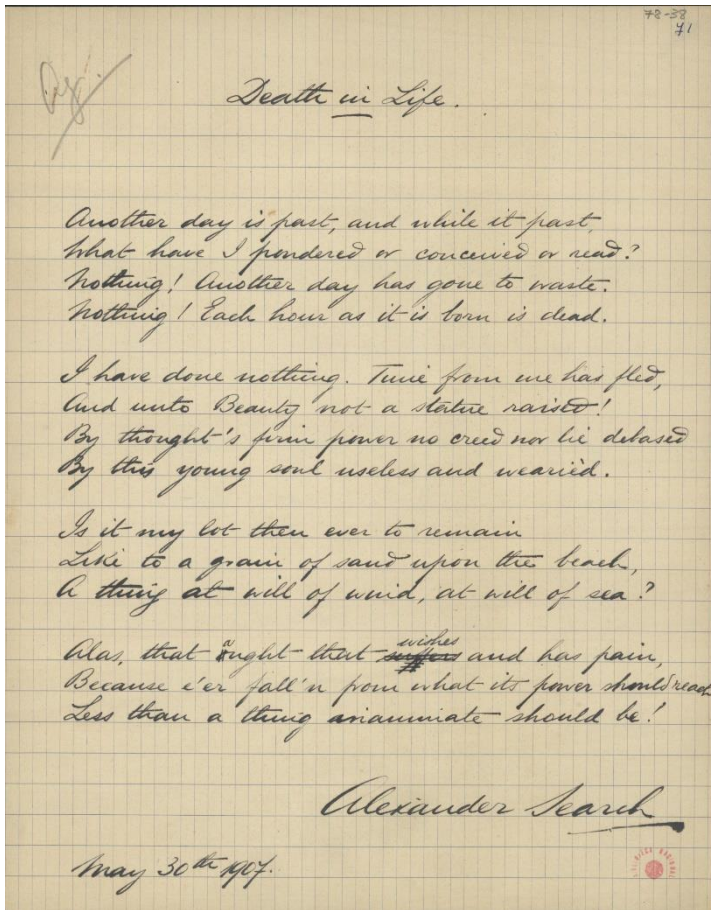


BNP/E3, 78 - 38<sup>o</sup>



Transcrição

Agony.

Death in Life.

Another day is past, and while it past,  
What have I pondered or conceived or read?  
Nothing! Another day has gone to waste.  
Nothing! Each hour as it is born is dead.

I have done nothing. Time from me has fled,  
And unto Beauty not a statue raised!  
By thought's firm power no creed nor lie debased  
By this young soul useless and wearied.

Is it my lot then ever to remain  
Like a grain of sand upon the beach,  
A thing at will of wind, at will of sea?

Alas, that ought that ~~suffers~~ wishes and has pain,  
Because e'er fall'n from what its power should reach  
Less than a thing inanimate should be!

Alexander Search.

May 30<sup>th</sup> 1907.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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