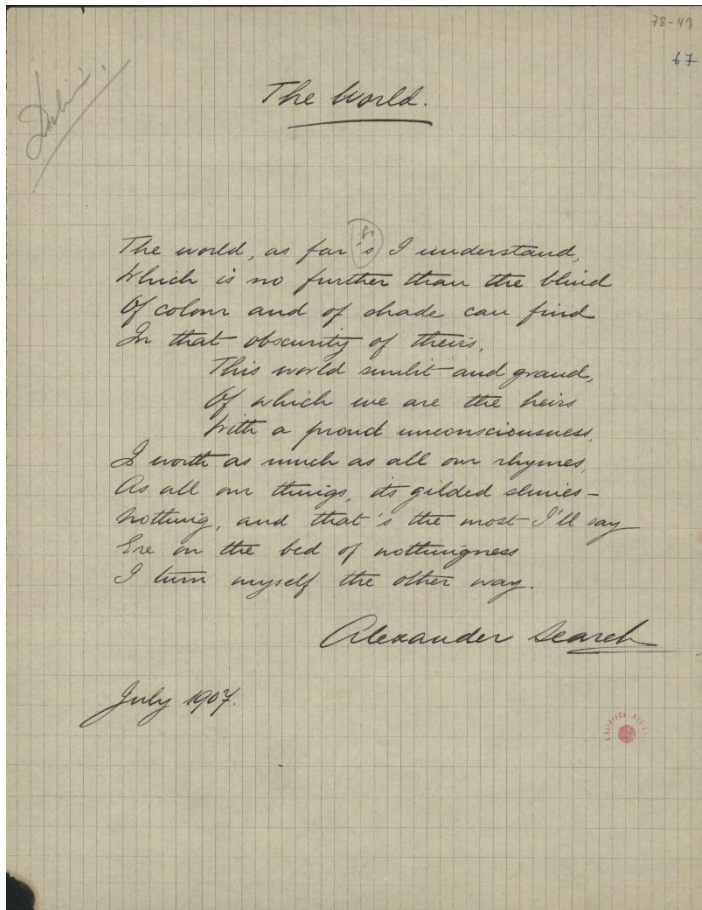


BNP/E3, 78 - 49^o



Transcrição

Delirium.

The World.

The world, as far's /as\ I understand,
Which is no further than the blind
Of colour and of shade can find
In that obscurity of theirs,
This world sunlit and grand,
Of which we are the heirs
With a proud unconsciousness,
Is worth as much as all our rhymes,
As all our things, its gilded slimes -
Nothing, and that's the most I'll say
Ere on he bed of nothingness
I turn myself the other way.

Alexander Search.

July 1907.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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