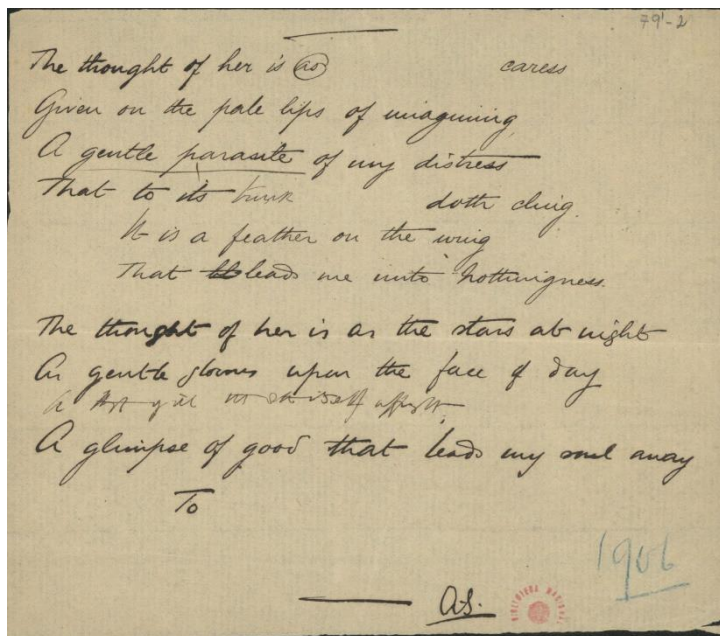


BNP/E3, 79¹ - 2^o

Transcrição



The thought of her is as {...} caress
Given on the pale lips of imagining,
|A gentle parasite| of my distress
That to its trunk {...} doth cling.
It is a feather on the wing
That ~~h~~ leads me unto Nothingness.

The thought of her is as the stars at night
As gentle glooms upon the face of day
A thought of ill that doth itself affright
A glimpse of good that leads my soul away
To {...}

— Alexander Search

1906

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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