



Sonnet.

Could I say what I think, could I express  
My every hidden and too silent thought,  
And bring my feelings, in perfection wrought,  
To one unforcèd point of living stress;

Could I breathe forth my soul, could I confess  
The inmost secrets to my nature brought,  
I might be great; yet <sup>but</sup> none to me has taught  
A language well <sup>to</sup> figure my distress.

~~And~~ Yet day and night to me new whispers bring,  
And night and day from me old whispers take....  
Oh for a word, one phrase in which to fling

All that I think or <sup>and</sup> feel and so to wake  
The world, but I am dumb and cannot sing -  
Dumb as yon clouds before the thunders break.

Charles Robert Anon

May 1904

---

## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

---

O trabalho MODERNISMO - Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu de <https://modernismo.pt/> está licenciado com uma Licença [Creative Commons - Atribuição-NãoComercial-CompartilhaIgual 4.0 Internacional](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/).