

~~Mother of things impossible,
 Sister of what can never be,
 He, whose closed lips will never tell
 The words where there is misery...
 Sit by my side, while I ignore...~~

Ship sailing out to sea,
 If thou canst not take me,
 Take at least with thy hope
 Of other ports my misery
 And what in me doth grope.

Ship sailing far away,
 Let me dream thou canst go
 Where I at last may
 No longer live with woe
 Or with grief stay.

Ship sailing out to Death,
 Go far, go far.
 Under the breath
 Of the wind, ~~while~~ the star
 Of Fate listeneth.

Ship that art not anywhere,
 But that I dream,
 That is why thou art fair.
 Sail or sail not... Seem
 To sail. That is all. Where?

Ship that I dream and fades
 In my dreams distance, go...
 There are happier glades
 Beyond where I know.
 But this is to-day and woe.



Mother of things impossible,
Sister of what can never be,
Thou whose closed lips will never tell
The words whose lack is misery -

~~Thou, whose for ever of that state
Of sorrow and solitude~~

Sit by my side while I ignore.
Smile by my ignorance of thee,
And my lost solitude restore.

Oh, life is ~~bitter~~ sad as things unwilling,
Love is the day that never comes
To those blind as my soul, and filled
With that presage of coming drums
When the city shall fall, that haunts
The inner vision whose night hums
In us ~~and~~ while death startingly chaunts.

Oh, interpret my soul to me!
Give me no truth, no sight, no road,
But take from me the misery
Of consciousness and ~~that~~ the unseen goad
~~Of suffering with that~~
Of seeking ever what doth seem...
Lighten with being-near my load!
Oh, let me hold thy hand and dream!

22-7-1916.

in brass ank

Second Sight

than dart

Whenever ~~you~~ undo
Thy dark, strange hair before the wind
And the wind takes it up and makes it woo
Tumult and violence in the way it sweeps
Along the air, mingling, unmingling, - undefined
In the snake-like madness it keeps,

Then do I know
That somewhere whence dreams come
And passions go,
Somewhere in that world contrary to this
Yet landscaped, peopled as this is,
In a great southern sea
There is a storm and a hurled wreck
On rising rocks that cannot reck
For human misery.

The two things are but one.
Thy floating hair is that great ship undone
In a tossed, turbulent, dashed ocean.
Neither precedes ~~the other~~ nor doth cause the other
Nor are the two as brother and brother,
But absolutely one, ~~the same~~ samely the same,
They ~~are and~~ have somehow an equal name
Where speech is of the essence of what is.

§

A real sight, like God's, should see the kiss
Of the wind through thy hair and the fair storm
One thing, yet two things because we see two
When we conceive them one, ~~and~~ the double form
Coming to oneness in what we construe.

Therefore I grieve when thou letst thy hair take
The wind upon its long, ~~dark~~, thin, changing fingers,
For that sight of me that translates that to
The sterner meaning in that world I know
Only through what in me is not here awake, -
That sight of that mad wreck painfully lingers
And does in my imagination ache.

/visibly

Alas! all things are linked, and we know not
Half the contents of each our casual thought.
We never see save one little dreamed bit
Of each feeling we have; we pass through it
Like rapid ~~travellers~~ travellers that scarce can see
What they pass by and what they see see erringly.

Lu'ida



What is the meaning of my writing this?
Nothing, save that this is,
I know not why, something I know and must
Utter, the purpose of it being with
That secret Being that made my body of dust
Bear my soul's ignored presence, and that breath
Of life that survives my each moment's death.

Vertical handwritten notes and markings on the right margin.

Antonio Silvans.

1871 - 28 Junho - das 3/4 da tarde
Ayra d'Herziano.



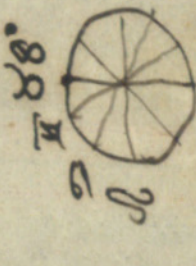
Juli de Silvans

8 1/2 manhã - Lisboa 1876



trayn: Nica

1/2 dia. Lisboa, 1870. 28 Abril



Aduland: Anta - Cuts.

18 Abril 1869 (5 horas da manhã)
Ayra d'Herziano

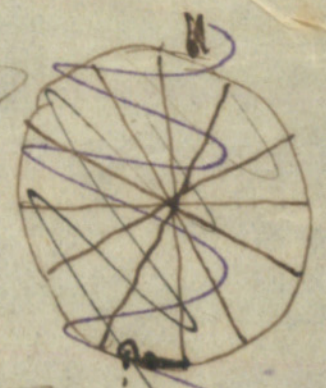


F. Ayra
Arondes - 1888 - 9 - 9 1/4 p.m.

h. de
25 Dezembro 1891 - 8 1/2 da noite



Aug. Casimiro:
31 de Novembro 1889



29 Abril 1884 - Nava
(over)

Sarajini Naidu: The Golden
Threshold - Henemann (3/16?)

M. Ribeiro
Laninha - 1892 - 22 Feb: 6 1/2 horas

Prof. G. G. G. G. G.
Laninha - 1892 - 22 Feb: 6 1/2 horas

Antônio de Seabra
17 de Fevereiro 1885

Alexandre de Seabra
17 de Fevereiro 1885 às 2h m. S. Varão
Formosa

ThaxDesart
Desolation

Here where the rugged hills
Their gnarled loose bases grip into the earth,
And nothing save the sorrow of our birth
From seeing the seeing spirit fills,
Here where, among the grim, deserted stones,
No hope of green for desertness atones
Or water's sound

Make sweet the solitude around,

Here may I lay

This day

My head

Upon the ground and say

No better bed

Can he who has but himself for life have,

Nor better grave.

The sterile part

Of love, feeling, was given me.

From the humanness even of a broken heart

God set me free.

Out of my destiny no flower was made

To grow.

All in me fated was not seen to fade

Or seen a vain and transient glory show.

The very need

For love or joy or the human part of thought,

Pride, and the abstract greed

For truth, that lifts the heart and doth allot

A value of self and world to consciousness -

Even this bliss

My empty heart has not.

O weary born,

Faded begun,

Gone from unseen shores to seen shores forlorn,

Sent out of sun-gone unto unborn sun!

The singer of his wish

To sing no song,

The poor spendthrift rich

With knowing not for what to long.

The Hyperion dispossessed

~~Of that sun-mansion set out beyond rest~~ Ere birth

Of that sun-mansion set out beyond rest

Above the wide-lit stretches of the earth.

The uncrowned king

That never saw the land

Of which he oft doth sing,

And whose lost path he cannot understand

Nor know how to dream steps him there to bring.



The priest deferred
From the inner shrine.
The thought but never uttered word,
The fore-spilt wine,
The anxiousness for hope, the cold divine
Of anguish that no anguish human is,
The solitary ~~pain~~ ^{high} ~~pine~~ ^{cold}
On the lone hill of consciousness.

The hour
The lord
Returns
Back to the polluted bower,
Home to the intransitable ford,
Again to the ice-padlocked burns.

The shadow
Fixedly thrown
On the green meadow
By a tree overgrown
With leaves, but fruitless, flowerless and lone.

The last
Sight of a shore
Which the unhalting ship doth pass
And where it never shall pass more;
But where the heart-dim sailor knows
Homes are happy because not his,
Lips warm because ~~his~~ never his lips to kiss,
Gardens fair because therein grows
The unbound rose,
Hours soft, fate fresh (cool), life a real fairy elf
Because somewhere outside himself.

16-X-1916.

The unbound rose,
Hours soft, fate fresh (cool), life a real fairy elf
Because somewhere outside himself.