

Charles Robert Anon

**Holiness, consider my sin.**

Holiness, consider my sin. I thought of my mother, whom I had lost in early childhood, and whom, oh God!, I shall never forget. And I imagined unto myself (...)

They meant all well; yet they might have left the dream to the dreamer, as they would leave to the bird its young. My dream is to me as the scent is to the flower, as the color is to the sky, as the wave [?] of the ocean is to the ocean.

s. d.

**Pessoa Inédito.** Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes). Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 48.