

Alexander Search

EPITAPHS

EPITAPHS

A.S. (Alex[ander] Search)

Here lies a poet who was mad and young
The two things may go together
As to the songs he sung
They were found in winter weather.

EPITAPHS FOR THE FUTURE

Monarchy

Here lies a part of hell that on earth was
(It took it long to pass,
Riddled by way of Justice
[. . .]
Here lies the other part.

Religion

Here lies the beautiful assassin cold
who smiled upon his victim and singing
Murdering sweet songs to his imagining
Till by his each a (. . .) he sells
It died because it was old.

4-7-1908

Pessoa por Conhecer — Textos para um Novo Mapa . Teresa Rita Lopes. Lisboa: Estampa, 1990: 152.