

Charles Robert Anon

## THE DEATH OF THE TITAN

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EPICUREAN

From night's great womb with pain the horrid morn *hao* broke,  
Far o'er the throbbing earth the clattering thunders roar,  
The Titan wakes at last, his front begrimed with gore,  
His brutal gasp abrupt uproots the rugged oak.

In mortal throes he raves, and with his stertorous croak  
The birds are struck, the streams with terror dried, the shore  
Caves into sea, mounts break down to their horrid core,  
The tottering crags are rent, is rent the cloud's gray cloak.

The lightning shrinks, the seas in roaring clangor splash,  
The giant sways and now, with sudden thunderous crash,  
Falls, and the throned stars from glittering seats are torn.

He fell; the startl'd earth, with frantic fury stung,  
Split, burst, and broke; the air with rankling curses rung  
But in the sky the sun still smiled as in scorn.

4-1904

Pessoa por Conhecer — Textos para um Novo Mapa . Teresa Rita Lopes. Lisboa: Estampa, 1990: 141.

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