

Charles Robert Anon

ON DEATH

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When I consider how each day's career
Doth with *its* footstep dark [?] yet heavy tread
Approach my soul to those great regions dread
And bring my youth to timeless death more near,
Though strange and sad to one it doth appear
That I (who now feel life) must soon be dead
Some vague, uncertain sorrow weighs my head
And whelms my coward mind with lengthless fear.
Nevertheless through sorrow, rage and tear,
My heart yet each moment's boon shall sense.
And shake rude laughter from each heart-felt moan:
Not without hope is most extreme despair,
I know not death and think it no release —
The bad, indeed, is better than the unknown.

5-1904

Pessoa por Conhecer — Textos para um Novo Mapa . Teresa Rita Lopes. Lisboa: Estampa, 1990: 142.

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