

Charles Robert Anon

SONNET — Could I say what I think, could I express

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Could I say what I think, could I express
My every hidden and too silent thought,
And bring my feelings, in perfection wrought,
To one unforced point of living stress;

Could I breathe forth my soul, could I confess
The inmost secrets to my nature brought,
I might be great; yet none to me has tought,
A language well to figure my distress.

Yet day and night to me new whispers bring,
And night and day from me old whispers lake. . .
Oh for a word, one phrase in which to fling

All that I think or feel and so to wake
The world, but I am dumb and cannot sing —
Dumb as you clouds before the thunders break.

5-1904

Pessoa por Conhecer — Textos para um Novo Mapa . Teresa Rita Lopes. Lisboa: Estampa, 1990: 143.

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