

Bjork

"Sonnets / Unrealities Xi"

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It may not always be so
And I say that if your lips
Which I have loved
Should touch another's
And your dear strong fingers clutch his heart
As mine in time not far away

If on another's face your sweet hair lay
In such a silence as I know
Or such great writhing words as, uttering overmuch

Stand helplessly before the spirit at bay

If this should be, I say if this should be
You of my heart, send me a little word
That I may go unto her, and take her hands saying
Accept all happiness from me
Then shall I turn my face
And hear one bird sing terribly afar in the lost lands

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