

Sonnets/Unrealities XI

[Björk](#)

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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