

Bjork, Sonnets Unrealities XI

It may not always be so
And I say
And if your lips
Which I have loved
Should touch another's
And your dear strong fingers clutch
Her 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 I shall turn my face
And hear one bird
Sing terribly afar
In the lost lands