

Zeitschrift: Der Kreis : eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle : revue mensuelle
Band: 20 (1952)
Heft: 2

Artikel: Alas! that time should war against distress [...]
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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-567850>

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hours in town for complying with all sorts of formalities. Before midnight he came into my room. He did not put on the light, placed his mandolin on my table as his souvenir, then kissed me as if he wanted to take my soul along with him. We could not speak, we could only feel the hot tears that were trickling down our cheeks, and he left me. — On the following morning I could see him for a few last seconds before he left. We did not kiss then, he simply held my hands, kissed them, and gave me a long, deep look. Oh, how faithful his look was! And because of it I could bear up with all the ensuing hardships. Taro too could leave me because of the sacred word that would unite us: «faithfulness».

My Oriental friend, through the hidden treasure of his heart, had found his way into mine. He did not fear anything during the war in order to get in touch with me and he told me that our friendship alone had given him strength and courage for bearing war's awful hardships. He also added something that will interest all our readers: that only because of the large number of comrades with our feelings was it possible for the Army in the East to keep up its morale. An Oriental soldier is like any of us: he will endure anything during the day if he knows that, at night, he will be able to rest near a beloved friend...

Reno.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

*Alas! that Time should war against Distress,
And numb the sweet ache of remembered loss,
And give for sorrow's gold the indifferent dross
Of calm regret or stark forgetfulness.*

*I should have worn eternal mourning dress
And nailed my soul to some perennial cross,
And made my thoughts like restless waves that toss
On the wild sea's intemperate wilderness.*

*But lo! came Life, and with its painted toys
Lured me to play again like any child,
O pardon me this weak inconstancy.*

*May my soul die if in all present joys,
Lapped in forgetfulness or sense-beguiled,
Yea, in my mirth if I prefer not thee.*