

II-F

As when
 through darkness and mist
 the pole-bringer
I am convinced that
 demandingly watches
I ~~XXXX~~ these things are of some importance.

Firstly, it is a preparing to go outward
Of no planet limiting the enjoyment
Of motion--hips free of embarrassment etc.

The figure 8 is a perfect symbol
Of the freedom to be gained in this kind of activity
The perspective lines of the barn are another and different kind of example
(Viz. Rigg's Farm, near Aysgarth, Wensleydale, or the "Sketch at Norton")
In which we escape ourselves--putrefying mass of prevarications etc.--
In remaining close to the limitations imposed.

Another example is this separate dying
Still keeping in mind the coachmen, servant girls, duchesses, etc. (cf. Jeremy Taylor)
Falling away, rhythm of too-wet snow, but parallel
With the kind of rhythm substituting for "meaning."

Looked at from this angle the problem of death and survival
Ages slightly. For the solutions are millionfold, ^{like} waves of wild geese returning
Scarcely we know where to turn to avoid suffering, I mean spring
There are so many places.

As a man will leave his wife

The question of separation--"corps et biens"--is rapidly answered
By movement, parallel, unwinding movement, in the nicest sense.
It is the balance between strings and winds, between winds and percussion, that
provides the overture.

So, coachman-servile, or scullion-slatternly, but each place is taken.

The lines that draw nearer together are said to "vanish."
The point where they meet is their vanishing point.

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~~Parallel lines, as they recede, vanish to a point.
Horizontal, receding lines, if they are below the level of the eyes, appear to rise.
Horizontal, receding lines, if they are above the level of the eyes, appear to descend.~~

Spaces, as they recede, appear to become smaller.

But another, more urgent question imposes ~~XXXXXX~~ itself--that of poverty.
How to excuse it to oneself? The wetness and coldness? Dirt and grime?
Uncomfortable, unsuitable lodgings, with a depressing view?
The peeled geranium flowering in a rusted tomato can,
Framed in a sickly ray of sunlight, a tragic chromo?

A broken mirror nailed up over a chipped enamel basin, whose turgid waters
Reflect the fly-specked calendar--with ecstatic Dutch girl clasping tulips--
On the far wall. Hanging from one nail, an ~~old~~ old velvet hat with a tattered
bit of veiling--last remnant of former finery. *lean*
The bed well-made. The whole place scrupulously ~~made~~, but cold and damp.

All this, wedged into a pyramidal ray of light, is my own invention.