

IN MEMORIAM, VIRGINIA WOOLF.

by VSW

Many words crowd, and all and each unmeaning.
The simplest words in sorrow are the best.

So let us say, she loved the water meadows;
The downs; her books; her friends; her memories;
The room which was her own.
London by twilight; shops and unknown people,
Donne's church; the Strand; the buses and the large
Swell of humanity that passed her by.

I remember she told me once that she, a child,
Trapped evening moths with honey round a tree,
And with a lantern watched their antic fight.
So she, a poet, caught her special prey
With words of honey and her lamp of wit.

Frugal, austere, fine, proud,
Rich in her contradictions, rich in love,
So did she capture all her moth-like self,
Her fluttered spirit, delicate and soft;
Yet kept a sting beneath the brushing wings;
Her blame astringent and her praise supreme.

How small, how petty, seemed the little men
Measured against her scornful quality.

Some say, she lived in an unreal world,
Cloud-cuckoo-land, maybe. She now has gone
Into the prouder land of immortality.

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Observer.

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