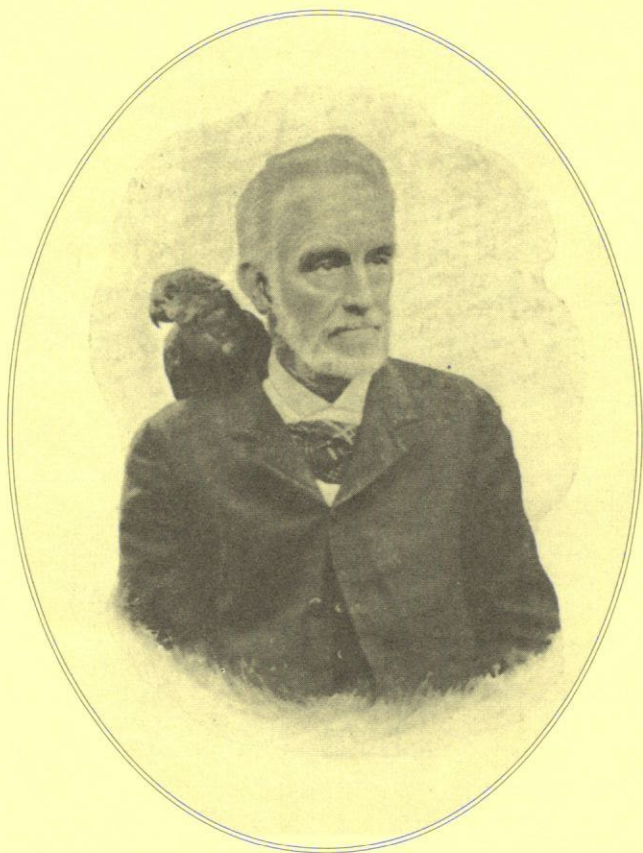


*The Powys Society
Newsletter*



No 67 July 2009

Sapphics
To the T.T., March 27th 1955

Elizabethan the House from whose Alleys and Fountains
Came little Clare the very first love I worshipped
Clare my Queen in the days when my sister Nelly
Was my Ophelia.

But in Norfolk, but where the river Ouse is
But where Littleton loved the child of the Doctor
Where thro' Alders' Dyke we went rowing and punting
Came Mary Carter.

She was the second maid whose name I uplifted
High on the windy ramparts of my mad dreaming
Always seen by the Bridge, by the Path, by the River,
Till I left Britain.

Then in Philadelphia's haunted precincts
Not so far from Paumanok's waves and whispers
Ulalume's very self become my Ideal
Led me a wild dance.

Till at last in the Town of Remote Encounters
Where Golconda's Mines meet the Herds of Kansas,
Where the Homeliest have the Maddest Adventures
I found my last love!

Found, and after half of our life together
Now we're off to a Temenos of the Muses
Where in a shrine El Greco himself would envy
We'll worship Sappho!