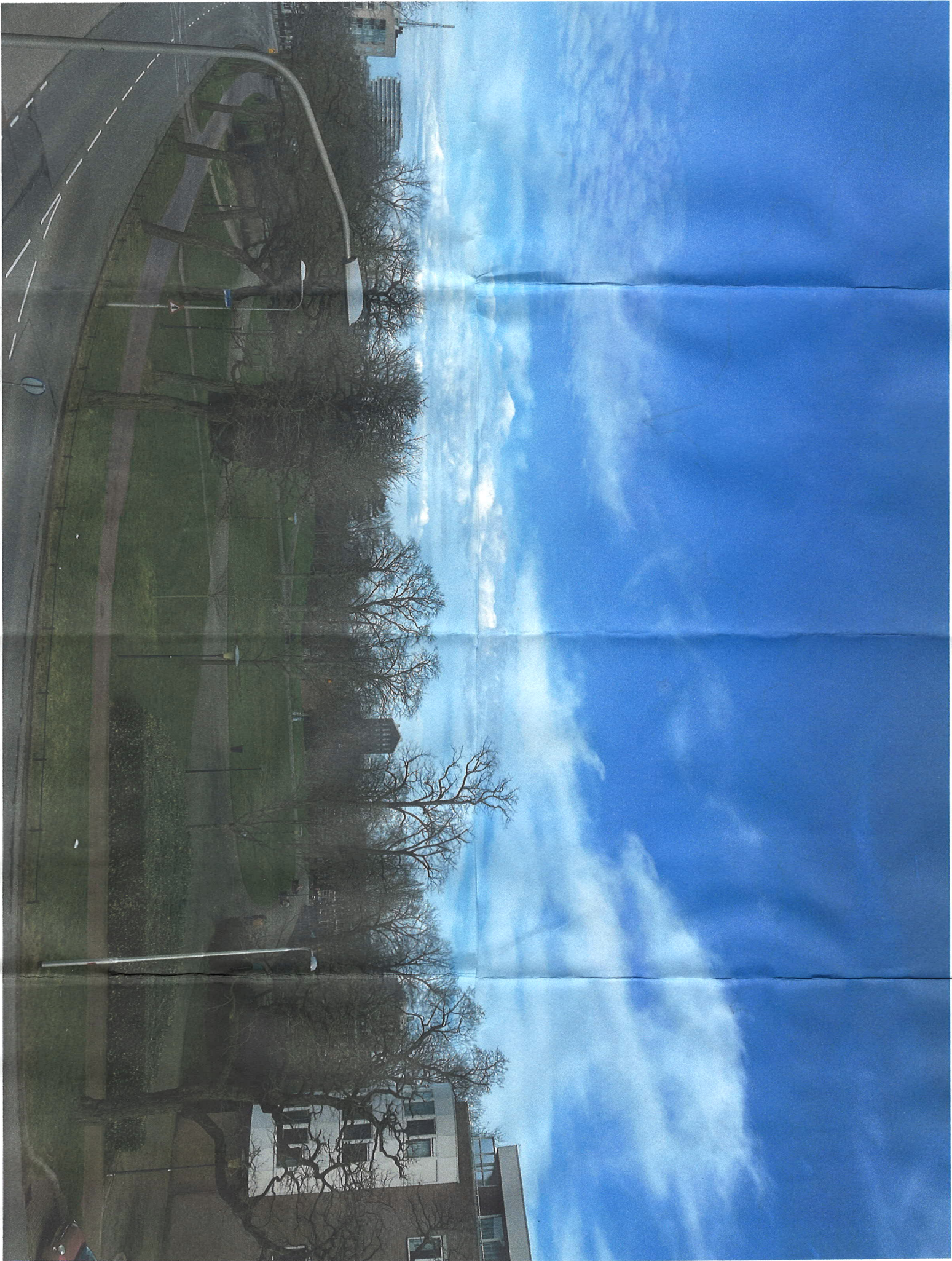


21 КИМ-Е ПИЛОТОНЪ Е2



Rooms where for good or for ill – things died.

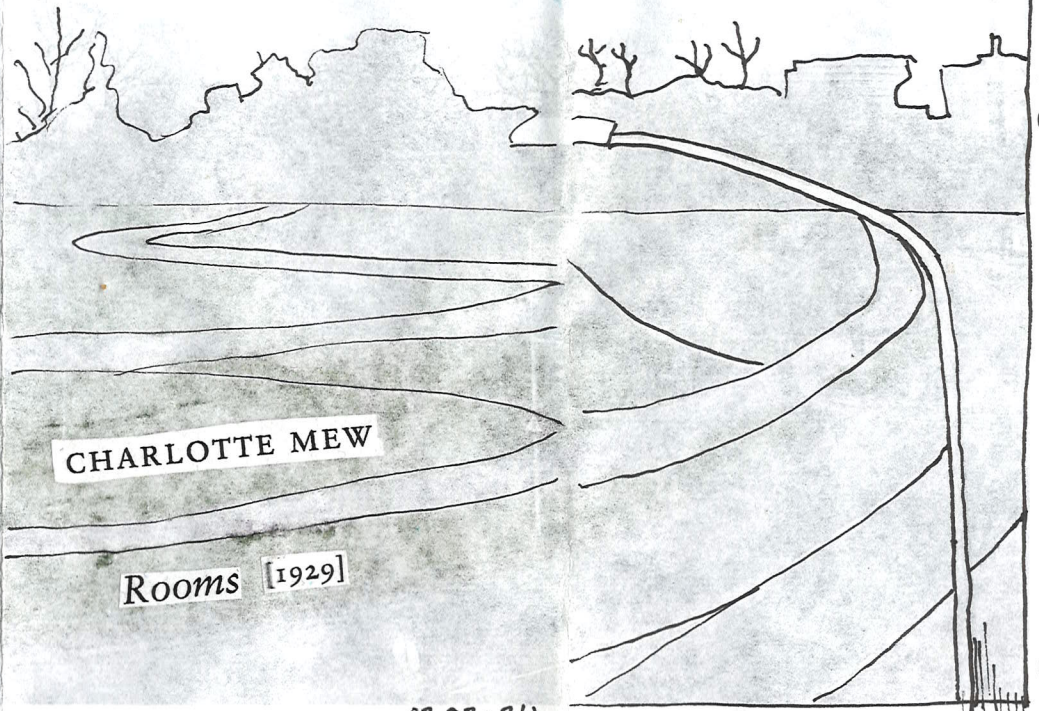
And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide –

The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,
The little damp room with the seaweed smell,

I remember rooms that have had their part
In the steady slowing down of the heart.



But there is the room where we two lie dead,
Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well
 seem to sleep again
As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed
Out there in the sun – in the rain.



CHARLOTTE MEW

Rooms [1929]

STRANGE LANDSCAPES