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To Virginia Woolf

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To Virginia Woolf

Virginia, Virginia,
Cold as small stones,
Pretty as a seashell's lung,
I have pictures of you everywhere.

And where there are no pictures,
I still hear your eyes
Announcing, 'There is no crime' and
'Whereas it was this.'

Virginia, You and I
Were complementary breezes
Over a cold sea, long ago.
That is the only way

Clarissa Dalloway
Could have been born. You must
Have seen me before my mirror,
Or before I sleep. Even only once.

I hear in your pages the roar
Of the London I love, the London
That, now perhaps, will exist
Only for me—where there are

Verizon stores, Bebe outlets, Internet cafés, I see
Hat-shops and flower-markets,
Windows full of evening-dress,
Children wearing gloves.

And it is not just London, it is You, Virginia,
You in Hyde Park on a spring morning,
Alone with a pen, and a new being who wonders if
The thrushes are singing to warn him, and him only?