

Feb 19. 96

Wednesday night.

In the museum today, Dear C.E.C., I saw ^{long} the letter to
be with you a salary note. I have written to Fisher ^{to} wait his
reply. ^{She is invisible.} There is no other news, except that
I walked home this evening ^{then} some shapes themselves: -

Pray, pray for women desolate,
Faint, pitying & pained;
To incompleteness doomed by Fate;

Who seek all human knowledge - all,
Yet miss the best that can befall -
The little lips that "mother" call;

Who see the world with washed eyes;
Help others to their victories,
But never win themselves the prize;

Whose bodies long for deeds, but who,
Wanting the strength, the blood, to do,
Must be unsated all life through;

Who know remorse & bitter pain;
Who war against themselves in vain;
Who love but are not loved again;

Who tend in their fellow-creatures
Weak hopes & wishful memories -
Kneel, friends, ^{in prayer} ~~for the~~ for these, for these.

at Kipling

Not for the weary feet, the garments soiled
That bid us give to tread, the wasted gear
The eyes once inward, by knowledge spoiled
Shall fall my tears

For
But hearts ungent, born to suffer change
Hands strong and eager to grasp, but weak to hold
Feet which no shepherd can avail to ~~keep~~ ^{range}
Within his fold

For hearts that vainly wish and idly yearn
Driven to wandering by no will of theirs
Forever striving to keep the path they spurn
For you, for you, my prayers

Conclude. E.P.