

1900

A Wife in London

I - The Tragedy

She sits in the tawny vapour

That the City lanes have uprolled,

Behind whose webby fold on fold

Like a waning taper *diminishing hope*

5 The street-lamp glimmers cold. *- metaphoric - whole town affected by tragedy*

A messenger's knock cracks smartly,

Flashed news is in her hand

Of meaning it dazes to understand

Though shaped so shortly:

10 He - has fallen - in the far South Land ...

abrupt

II - The Irony

'Tis the morrow; the fog hangs thicker,

The postman nears and goes:

A letter is brought whose lines disclose

By the firelight flicker

15 His hand, whom the worm now knows: *- death -*

Fresh - firm - penned in highest feather -

Page-full of his hoped return,

And of home-planned jaunts by brake and burn

In the summer weather,

20 And of new love that they would learn.

amount

THOMAS HARDY