

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΕ

THE DROOPING SUNFLOWER

The One Thought vanished ; all my mind was torn to rags : — nay ! nay ! my head was mashed into wood pulp, and thereon the Daily Newspaper was printed.

Thus wrote I, since my One Love was torn from me. I cannot work : I cannot think : I seek distraction here : I seek distraction there : but this is all my truth, that *I who love have lost ; and how may I regain ?*

I must have money to get to America.

O Mage ! Sage ! Gauge thy Wage, or in the Page of Thine Age is written Rage !

O my darling ! We should not have spent Ninety Pounds in that Three Weeks in Paris !

Slash the Breaks on thine arm with a pole-axe !