



To Scilly

by

ALEC GRAY

Property Of
American Daffodil Society, Inc.

Alec Gray was born in 1895 and served with the Royal Marines in the 1st World War, during which he was awarded the Belgian Croix Gueve.

He and his family have a long association with the Isles of Scilly; his mother spent a holiday there 100 years ago, and his son still lives there.

In 1923 he went to Scilly in charge of one of the larger flower farms and remained there, save for a short break, until 1963; he has visited the Islands every year since. He soon became interested in archaeology and was the first to excavate the stone-age village at Bant's Carn on St. Mary's. For his work there and elsewhere he was awarded the Silver Medal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall.

His interest also developed in miniature daffodils; parallel with this went his work in hybridizing and he raised and distributed many new cultivars. He and his wife were well-known for many years in London at the Royal Horticultural Society Shows, where they collected several gold medals. His work was recognised with the Gold Medal of the American Daffodil Society, the first time this had been awarded outside the U.S.A. His book, 'Miniature Daffodils', remains the only volume devoted entirely to the subject.

Until his retirement, some 13 years ago, his entire living came from growing and selling his beloved little bulbs.



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Poems inspired by
the Isles of Scilly

LODENEK PRESS

Padstow Cornwall

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PREFACE

Some while ago, without my knowledge, a rather lengthy paper on prehistoric Scilly, written by me some 30 years before, was published in the Journal of the Cornwall Archaeological Society. It naturally flattered my vanity that something written by a completely untrained amateur should, in this highly scientific age, be considered worthy of publication. But there was another reason why I was pleased; I felt that I was in some small measure repaying the debt I owe Scilly for what she has given me over the years. I knew that then I was only repaying her with the work of my hands and head; but I owe the Islands something far more important, an emotional debt in which the heart and imagination are involved: Hence this little volume.

All these verses (except the last), were written long ago. I know that fashions change in poetry, as in all other things; perhaps some of the lines herein may seem old fashioned. But, in spite of the fact that each year more and more visitors flock to Scilly, the Islands remain much as they were and in winter, when the crowds depart, I do not think that Scilly is very different from what it was when I dwelt there all those years ago.

Much modern poetry is difficult to appreciate when read or heard for the first time. But here the reader will find no obscurities, no hidden meanings, no messages; only the expression of my lifelong affection for Scilly.

In conclusion I must express my best thanks to F. E. Gibson for the photographs, which I feel add another dimension to the contents of this little volume.

A.G.

SEA PEACE

Gently, gently the waters slap
The planks that gently sway,
Slowly the petals wrap
With peace the heart of day.

Eastward the sea is grey and grave,
Westward the sea is bright
As fires the sun each idle wave
With rose and opal light.

No sound of sea-wind breaks the spell,
But softly, and from afar
A whisper comes as the oily swell
Ends on the sandy bar.

Darkly the circling islands rise,
Remote, grim Men-a-Veor
Stabs with its rock-hewn swords the skies
And guards a secret door.

It hangs, a thing of dreams antique,
By lonely heart desried,
That drifts, some infinite shore to seek
Upon a dateless tide.

The fluttering terns now wheel and cry
In a sky of gold and rose;
Comes from the rose-gold waves a sigh
Where a far-off porpoise blows.

A peace that knows not life nor death,
Nor hope, nor love, nor fear,
Hangs in the air; a magic breath
As the June night draws near.



ON ONE BURIED ON GUGH

September, and the grey of dawn,
The withering bracken all around,
The sea-fog's curtain tightly drawn,
Clogging sight and numbing sound.

Above the murmur of the sea
The sound of burdened men who grope
Mid fern and heather painfully
For footholds on the rocky slope.

Upward, tho' the mist they bear
One who in a blanket lies,
Who, though dawn thrills the twilight air,
No more at mortal dawn shall rise.

In rocky grave the form they lay,
Upon the highest cairn of Gugh,
The winds the burial service say,
For prayers, the passing sea-birds mew.

Below, in fog-hid sea, a bell
Not wrung by human effort tolls;
Each gentle wave helps ring his knell
Which over Spanish Ledges rolls.

And, lone amidst the western swell,
The Bishop fires a last salute
To one who loved the Islands well.
Only the voice of man is mute.

He lived as he had wished to live,
And died as he would wish to die;
The last small gift earth had to give,
He lies here where he wished to lie.

He held that we from nothingness
Came and to nothingness return.
Let none who seek immortal bliss
The faith of unbelievers spurn.

For not alone in those who stake
Their all upon a Father's care
Faith burns: it is the coat men make
To shield them from life's bitter air.

And who this clay can dare to scorn
Which eighty years, all undismayed
The iron-tipped shafts of life has born,
And cried not for celestial aid?

No man shall tend his windy grave,
And he, I know, would have it so;
Above his grave no yew shall wave
But fern and purple heather grow.

And none shall find more tranquil ground
Wherein to spend eternity,
With all the Islands spread around
Set in the ever-changing sea.

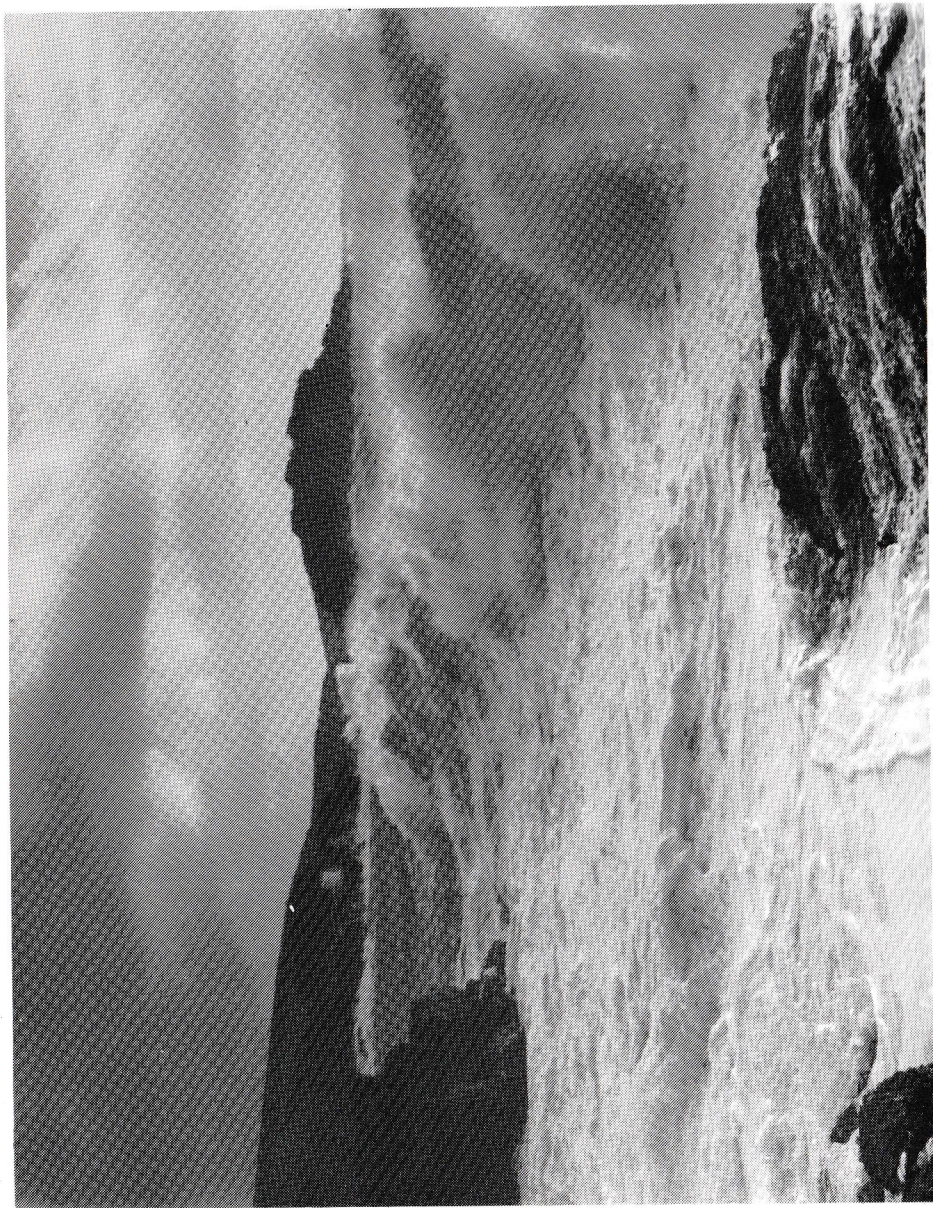
And thus he chose this lordly place
To rest in. All about his bed
The ashes of a noble race
Beneath the grass and rock are spread.

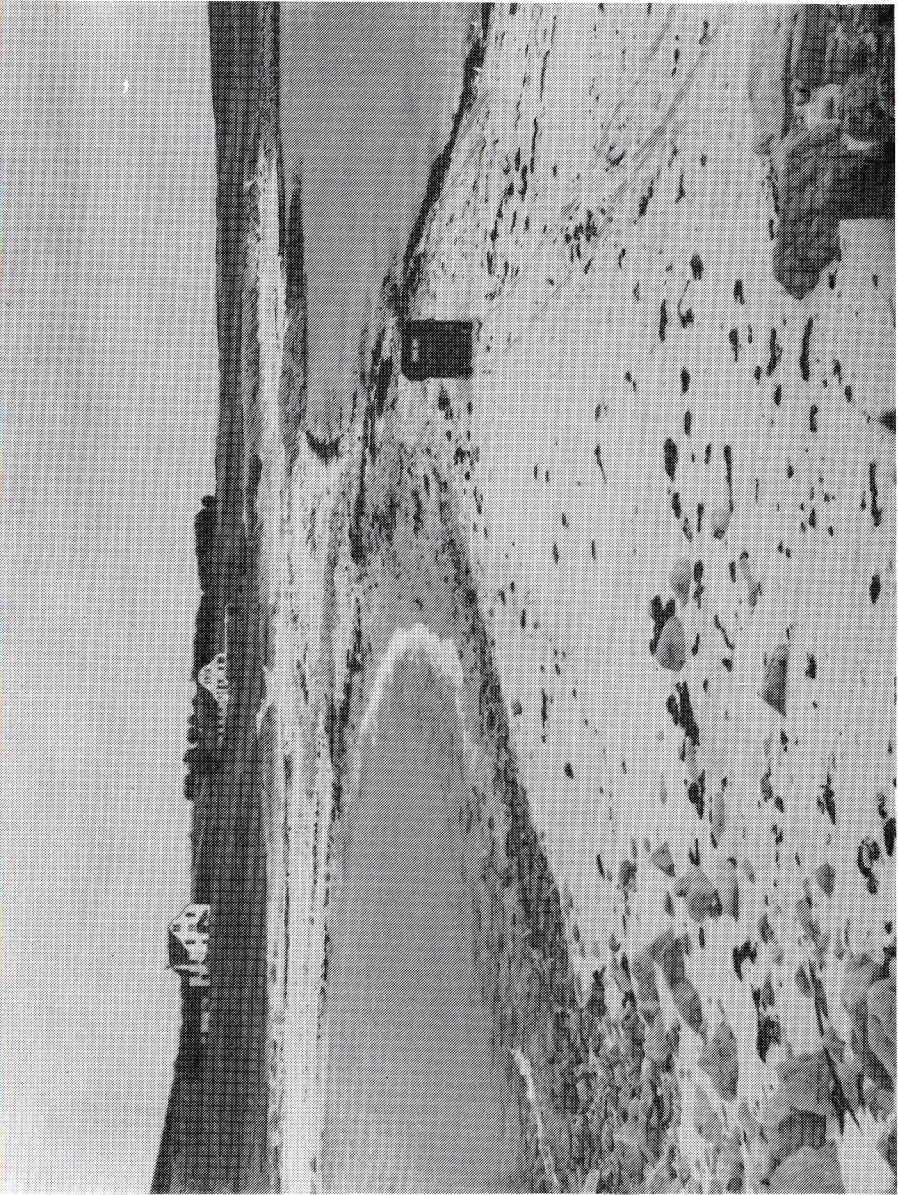
These mighty men of old renown,
Who worshipped some forgotten god,
And one who scorned Jehovah's frown,
Lie side by side beneath the sod.

If this man's faith proved to be lies
When Gabriel his trumpet blew,
T'would be a motley host to rise
Upon the windy cairn of Gugh!

The subject of this poem was chief engineer of a large London borough. When he retired he leased the Island of Gugh and here he was able to realize some of the ideas which it had been impossible to fulfil in a London suburb. He built a house of very unusual design in which cattle occupied the ground floor, with cavity walls so arranged that the natural warmth of the animals should rise to heat the floor above on which he lived. He also ran a free - range herd of pigs on the island which were intended to produce prime 'heather - fed' pork free of cost.

His burial was exactly as described in the poem.





He lies here where he wished to lie.

SEA FRIENDSHIP

The shore recedes, and with it all that binds
Our fretful lives with cords of worldly
care;

The green seas raise inviolate walls, our
minds

Drink peace with every draft of sea-borne
air.

We live and think divorced from past sad
things,

And future shadows in a small sweet sphere
Which, comet-like, its brief bright orbit
wings

Thro' timeless space, till shattering land
draws near.

And those who share this fragile world are
brought

By chance from nowhere and to nothing glide
Away again; but if blind chance has caught

With random hand, and set down by our side,
Someone who stirs us to companionship,

Why, then is that companionship more sweet
Than in the larger world, and moments trip

Past us with dancing but unnoticed feet.
Such friendship, tho' so circumscribed by
time,

Can yet refresh as none more lasting can;
In it alone sincerity can climb

High peaks and stand undizzied by the span
Of future consequences spread below

In endless vistas; we can say the things
Nearest the heart, scatter its secret store

Heedless what nemesis tomorrow brings;
We can keep tryst with timid truth unseen,
And know our meeting will not end in
sorrow.

Thus, lady, our companionship has been

All the more sweet since it had no morrow;
Our friendship was a honeysuckle spray
Destroyed 'ere time could steal its scent
away.

AMPHITRITE

Deep woodlands dreaming 'neath the noonday
sun

Are very sweet, and so are purple braes
Dew-drenched and misty when day's just begun,
And frost-jewelled meadows on still
Winter days;
But the flash of the sun on the crests of
white waves is sweeter.

There's magic in a flowery garden side
Lit by June moon-light, and in cities vast
That wake each night and beckon million-
eyed

To high romance when day's dark hours are
past;
But the magic of the land cannot bind like
the spell of the sea.

One dreams bright dreams shadowed by yellow
corn,

Or on the scented grass of chalky hills,
Or in some well-known room when rain forlorn
Beats on the roof and wind the darkness
fills;

But the dreams that are born mid the roll
of a ship are best.

The weary heart content for a while may rest
In the folds of two white arms, or seek
for bliss

In a bright mocking eye, or curving breast,
Or think the world well lost for a
woman's kiss;

But only the curve of the wave and the kiss
of the spray give peace.

SUNSET IN SCILLY

Far in the West there is a rocky land,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
Where the last grim outposts of Britain
stand
Beset by the waves on every hand,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
Where the grey mists creep or the great
winds sweep,
But in the summer the azure waters sleep
(Scilly, O Scilly).

Here when the shades of evening fall,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
And the Western Ledges rise black and fall
And all is still but the curlew's call,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
As the daylight dies the ocean lies
Violet and bronze 'neath the flaming skies,
(Scilly, O Scilly).

Then someone opens an ivory door,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
And the waves they break with a muffled roar
On the rocks of Faery's timeless shore,
(Scilly, O Scilly),
And the Bishop Light, thro' the gathering
night
From the Land of Heart's Desire shines
bright
(Scilly, O Scilly).

SAMSON

On Samson's slopes the fern grows tall
And tops each grey and crumbling wall.
Great peace is there the whole day long,
Great silence save the sea's low song
And cuckoo's call.

In garden splatt the bramble springs;
Each year the ferny ocean flings
Higher round roofless house its tide,
To ruined windows, lilac-eyed,
The sandwort clings.

There gentle beauty dwells, and there
Are memories hovering in the air
Of those who dwelt here long ago
And did life's changeful seasons know
Of joy and care.

There nature writes for all to see
The tale of man's mortality,
How all of beauty, youth, and pride
Soon in the flowing of life's tide
Engulfed shall be ...

But melancholy's ghostly sway
By fairy touch was charmed away
And nature's beauty hid for shame
When a greater beauty came
One summer's day.

Then did the gods who dwell on high
This truth unveil to mortal eye;
That beauty lives tho' beauty dies,
And from youth's ashes youth shall rise
If she pass by.



*On Samson's slopes the fern grows tall
And tops each grey and crumbling wall.*



*From the dark South the furtive mist creeps up
Warm and dense, like the humid breath.*

HOPE

Once more comes Autumn to this temperate
land,

Not with a torch which sets the woods
aglow,

Not stealthily by night with frosty hand
Laying the glory of the garden low.

Here comes she with great winds that sweep
the sea,

Driving the foam like dust upon the shore.
But swiftly as they come the great winds flee
And warm sunlight thrills the air once
more;

Sweet October paints the placid sky
And level sea with a gentler blue

Than the gaudier sapphire which July

From Summer's many-coloured palette drew.

Here, before Winter Autumn can despoil,

The daffodils are green above the soil.

MIST IN SCILLY

From the dark South the furtive mist creeps
up
Warm and dense, like the humid breath
Of some primaeval monster of the deep.
The world recedes beyond its cloudy wall,
Recedes and melts and leaves to fill its
place
A silent void whose unseen confines press
Close around filled with the phantom shapes
Of elementary beings who, denied
By God the garments of material life,
Seek with damp lips to touch the face of men
And thereby steal their living form and
change
Shadow for substance - vampires of the soul.
All sound is hushed; only the unseen waves
On the unseen shore break at intervals
With muted voice; while, somewhere circling
Above the fog, in the moonlight calm,
A bewildered curlew wails.

TO A LANDSMAN BURIED AT SEA

Here lies one who all his mortal days
Was doomed to plough the ocean of the land;
Nought but the rolling ploughlands met his
gaze
But ever felt he ocean near at hand.
He saw far isles beyond the swelling downs,
The village pond by mighty storms beset,
Beyond the land the palmy tropic towns
And boundless seas where sky and stubble
met.
In life, a slave to one small parish bound;
In death, his dust may pass the whole earth
round.

TO JOHN BROWN, A CAT

ere lies a cat,
worthy cat was he;
his humble stone keeps green his memory.
Austere but useful, John Brown was he
named;
If few him loved, respect by right he
claimed.
e gave no favours and no favours sought,
ith useful service board and lodging bought.
Aloof from man his own wild ways he went,
On secret things the gold of life he spent.
ough not that here a cat with honour lies;
ew men live lives so useful, or so wise.

THE GRAVE OF AN UNKNOWN SAILOR IN OLD TOWN
CHURCHYARD, ST. MARY'S.

Here alone in this temperate clime
God in His wisdom gathered thee
(As one day he shall gather me),
And laid thee down by Ocean Sea
To sleep to the end of time.

And long and sound shall be thy sleep,
As over thy head the ages flee;
As the great winds blow strong and free,
And the waves roll in eternally
Sad-voiced from the lonely deep.

And when at length the time draws nigh
When I must shed mortality,
To God on high I'll make this plea
That my last resting place may be
Here, where the palm trees sigh.

* * *

If pictures are to be believed, about a
hundred years ago the old churchyard on St.
Mary's was situated on a bleak, rocky hill-
side sloping down to Old Town Bay. Today,
the picture is very different; all around
are little flower fields hedged with pitto-
sporum. cupressus and escallonia, fifteen
to twenty feet high; while the churchyard
itself is shaded with tall dracaenas, whose
leaves are for ever rustling in the sea

breeze like palms on some tropical island stirred by the Trade Winds. It is a very sheltered and secluded spot where the only sound you are likely to hear (unless the south - east wind lashes the sea to fury) is the whispering dracaenas or the wash of the wavelets on the sandy beach just below.

It is a very steep and crowded churchyard, where it is next to impossible to keep down the grass and weeds using a mower or scythe. Last time I was there an attempt had been made to solve the problem by penning in a small flock of sheep.

It is a peaceful acre, but far removed, both in place and spirit, from that churchyard where 'The curfew tolled the knell of parting day'. Here, it is true, some of the 'rude forefathers of the village lie', but they form only a portion of those who rest beneath this soil. You will find names that are frequent in Island records over the last 300 years or so - Boase, Edwards, Banfield, Stideford, Mumford, Woodcock; but there are many more utterly unknown in Scillonian history. In addition to those whose names we see on marble, granite, or slate, how many more lie in unmarked graves no one knows.

This is the only consecrated ground on St. Mary's, having been in use, certainly, for 500 years; and, while no headstone dates from before about 1700, not only must many forgotten islanders rest here, but also many bodies recovered from wrecks, and soldiers from the many garrisons that have been stationed here since the Middle Ages. This I know, from a grave-digger who once worked for me, that it was impossible to sink a

grave without disturbing the bones of some previous occupant of the plot.

I have just said that there is no headstone more than 250 years old, but that is not strictly true. The salt wind of the Atlantic deals nearly as harshly with stone as the polluted air of a city; there are a number of stones quite defaced which may very well be older. So rapidly does stone decay that some, erected not much more than fifty years ago, are now almost undecipherable.

Today Scilly is a haven of rest for the jaded city dweller; but in times past its romantic isolation did not seem quite so desirable, as this sad inscription shows:

'In memory of Jeneper Potter of Lelant, who was buried 27th July, 1804 aged 45. She died in labour of her eleventh child for want of aid in this unlucky isle.'

If such an inscription tells of sorrow, this one tells of a long and happy married life:

'Susannah, the faithful and beloved little sailor wife of Captain William Ashford, who has spent 30 years of her life at sea amidst calm and storm.'

Susannah found calm at the last; one wonders where Captain Ashford lies.

As I have said, many must lie here who met their end by the fury of the storm or treachery of the fog, but few of these are commemorated by headstones. One such, however, which recalls one of Scilly's grimmer wrecks,

stands above the remains of
'Francis Edward Lascelles Craig, 1st Lt.
Royal Marines, who perished
in the wreck of the 'Thames', steamer,
on this coast on the 4th day of
January 1841, aged 27 years'.

The phrase 'on this coast' seems rather a
curious one to use as the 'Thames' went down,
with the loss of about sixty persons, out
amongst the Western Rocks while on a passage
from Dublin.

The most conspicuous monument in the church-
yard recalls another and far more tragic
wreck, that of the S.S. Schiller on May 7th
1875; the wreck that claimed the second
largest number of victims of which we have
record: 310. The memorial is to Loise Holtz-
maister of New York and the 309 others who
were drowned in the 'Schiller'. Actually,
thirty-eight bodies rest here and they were
brought for a mass burial in nineteen carts.
Ninety years have almost obliterated the in-
scription on the monument, but it is just
possible to read on the side of the obelisk
the words:

'Ruhe sanft du schone steele'

Within a few yards of this obelisk is an-
other, almost exactly similar, but in this
case it is a cenotaph. It is in memory of
Augustus Smith, first Lord Proprietor of
the Isles of Scilly; he is actually buried
at St. Buryan, and his grave looks across
thirty miles of sea to the islands for which
he did so much.

I have mentioned the wreck of the 'Schiller'
as the second greatest disaster in Island



That my last resting place may be
Here where the halm trees sigh.



*Rude cairn and shard still mock
At man's own swift decay;*

history; one wonders if any rest here from the greatest calamity, the wreck of four of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's ships in 1707. Surely some of those 2,000 sailors must.

But not only the wrath of the sea has helped to fill this churchyard with strangers. Witness the inscription on the grave of Captain Thomas Jackson of Cley, Norfolk, 'who died of cholera in this port, July 15th, 1849'. It does not need a strong imagination to picture the shudder of apprehension that must have passed through St. Mary's when it was known that there was a ship in port carrying the dread disease.

War has also helped in filling this little spot. There is a row of fourteen small headstones that commemorate men of two world wars who, for one reason or another, found their last resting places here; each is inscribed with the name, rank and corps of he who lies beneath. All save one which reads, simply, 'A sailor of the 1939-1945 war'. A nearby stone makes the hand of war come very close indeed: 'Dorothy Paice, killed by enemy action at St. Mary's, August 26th, 1941'.

There is a tall stone beside the main path that must surely catch any observant eye. It is to John Watts (good Scillonian name!) and his family. Besides John himself, here rest his children, William James, aged 6 years, Sarah Ann, aged 9 days, Prochorus, aged 3 months, Nathaniel, died at Cadiz, aged 15 (a cabin boy?), William James, drowned, aged 16, Rovena, aged 6, and Sarah Ann Rogers, aged 21. Not wishing to waste good names John used both William James and Sarah

Ann twice. One hopes that before she died the second Sarah Ann left offspring so that John's efforts to perpetuate his line were not entirely in vain, even if there were none to carry on the actual name.

It is some years now since the Old Churchyard was closed to any fresh burials, and an adjoining field taken in as an extension. Even there, however, amongst the very recent memorials there are one or two that cause the contemplative spirit to pause. One low mound has nothing on it but a square of stone, on which rests a small bronze propeller; no words are needed here. On another stone, beneath a brief inscription, are the words 'Hasta luego che'. Why the Spanish valediction, one wonders, to one with so British a name as Grace Ward?

There is much food for thought in every churchyard but in none, surely, more than here in Scilly, where one seems to hear echoes from the four corners of the earth, and all the seven seas. But no feeling of melancholy pervades this quiet spot; the bones or ashes, of every one of us must, in due season, rest somewhere, and where more pleasantly than here? The words of E. K. Chambers' poem might quite as well be applied to Old Town as to Lelant:

One might sleep well enough, no doubt
Where Tamsin lies,

.....

On slopes that front the western wave
The white gulls circle without cease
O'er Tamsin's grave.

A.G.

ON A PREHISTORIC SITE

They wrought in flint and bone
And flint and bone remain:
Flint and bone alone.
And all their joy and pain
Were as but morning rain;
But flint and bone remain.

They piled the granite rock,
And kneaded yellow clay.
Rude cairn and shard still mock
At man's own swift decay;
Mind, time and death immure,
But rock and clay endure.

The body's offspring lives
For one brief hour and dies.
That which our hands form gives
The centuries defies.
All life with death keeps tryst;
The dead by life are kissed.

But what if life and death
Are but the ebb and flow
Of the eternal breath
In some great form we know,
Though as a shadow dim
Bounding our vision's rim?

If so, these men of old
Change not, though death has touched:
While flint and granite cold
Still in one form are clutched,
Enchanted till time's decree
By change shall set them free.

TO A RABBIT

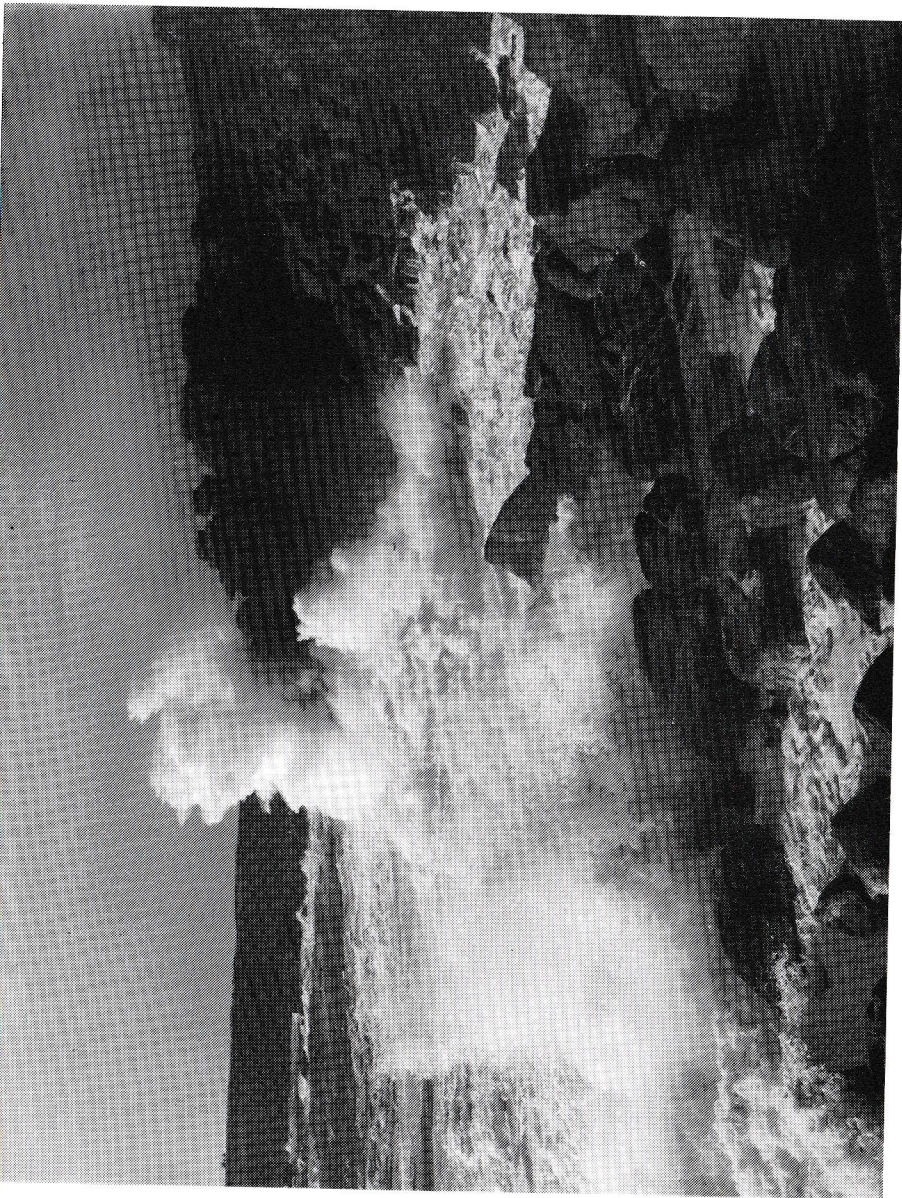
These bones were once a rabbit, gentle-eyed
That joyed to play amidst the yellowing
corn.

It died,
But do not mourn,
Its dust this primrose has to beauty
brought.

What matters it what weeds of winsome grace
Nature's God ordains his children wear
A space;
But stranger spare
Your grief for he who killed God's child in
sport.



... The sea at rest
Lies leaden, shot with fire, asleep outstretched.



*Beat the grey ocean till the tortured waves
Writhe in white anguish beneath its unseen flail.*

CHROMATICISM

Now are the rainclouds lifted from the west,
And Annet and the Bishop stand black-
etched

Against the sunset gold. The sea at rest
Lies leaden, shot with fire, asleep
outstretched.

The clouds draw higher and the sun revealed
Flames thro' the last thin drops of
falling rain,

Lights the brown hillside and the sodden
field

And treads a bright path on the sea's
grey plain;

Lights the dark ceiling of the cloudy vault
With orange, mauve and green and pearly
grey;

Seems for a breath on the sea's rim to halt,
Then plunges down and ends the winter day.

AUTUMN

Yet once more the passing seasons wane
And Autumn's touch again has seared the
fern,
Swept bare the stubble of the yellow grain,
And bid the bramble leaves with scarlet
burn.
Yet once again has the mad western gale
Beat the grey ocean till the tortured
waves
Writhe in white anguish beneath its unseen
flail,
And round the granite cliffs the tempest
raves.
When last grey Autumn came the memory
Of Summer's vanished beauty seemed to
hang
A pale, sad presence over land and sea,
And the late thrush of Winter's victory
sang.
But now, beneath the darkest Winter skies
For me shall summer live - within your eyes.

BEAUTY PASSES ...

I have dreamed a beautiful dream
But the dream goes by;
I have lingered awhile 'neath the gleam
Of a halcyon sky;
But deep in my heart like the sound of a
distant horn
I have heard an insistent voice that cries
'Begone!'.

Zoned by the blue cup of the sea
I have let time pass;
Watched life and its happenings flee
Through a crystal glass;
But the glass is dimmed and its pictures
have melted away
As the sun melts the frost from the grass
on a Winter's day.

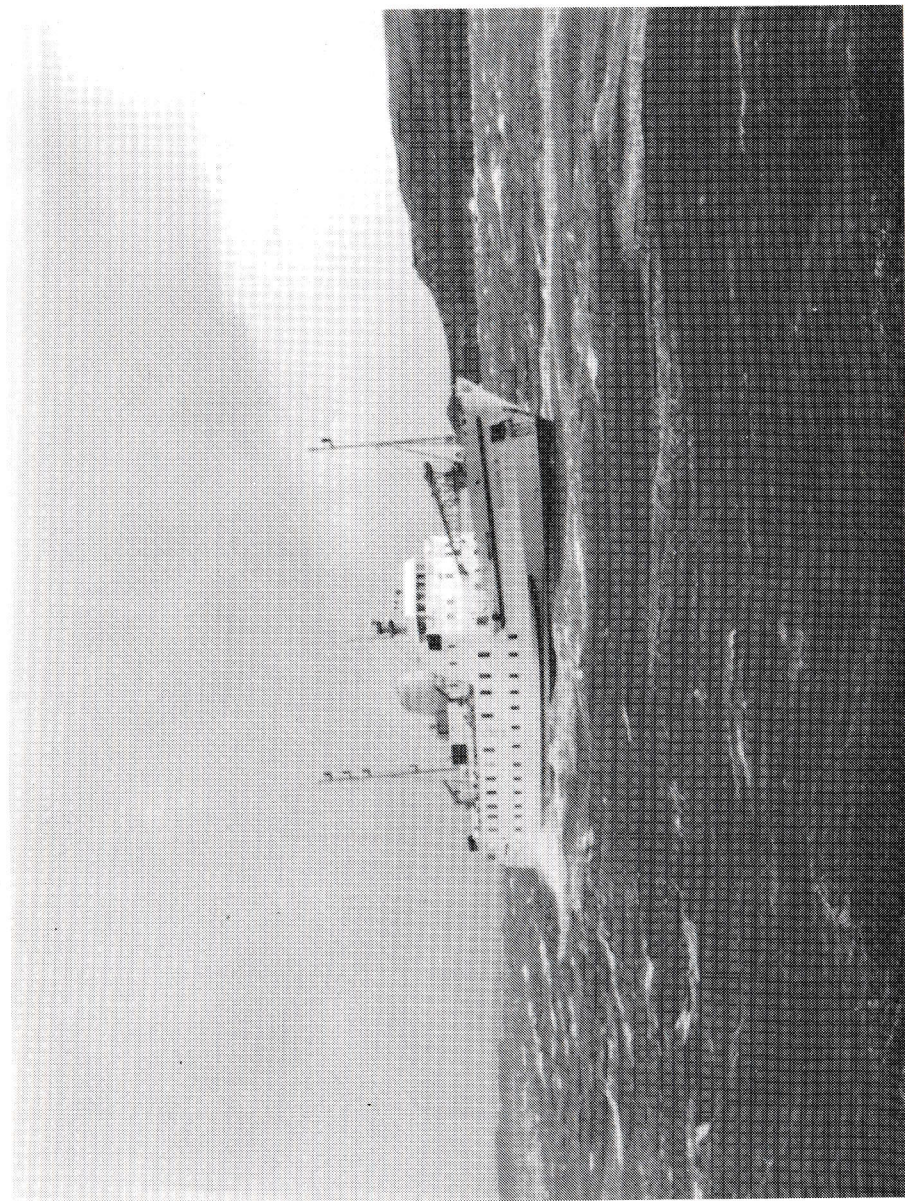
The song of the waves on the strand
Has lulled my mind;
My heart has been bound by the hand
Of the western wind;
I thought in these far islands' arms, in the
sea's all-changeable face
Mid the calms and the storms I should find
a resting place.

But no; from one born amid the fray
Wide earth cannot keep
The sound of the battle away
From his deepest sleep.
The sound of the waves cannot drown, nor
winds of lost Lyonesse bar
It from me, and I hear it now, that deep
call from afar.

I love ye, fair Isles of the Sea,
And my love shall not die
Though fate shall bear me from ye
To an alien sky;
My thoughts seeking peace to your shores
shall wing their swift way,
And happily round those vanished days my
memory shall play.

Dear Islands, how can I repay
All you have given
Of beauty and peace day by day
To one tempest driven?
Nought in return but my love to your feet
can I bring,
And this song wherein I have striven your
worth to sing.

Often, in years yet unborn
I'll here muse for an hour,
And the magic of days that are gone
With their subtle power,
Shall bid me remember a night by the moon-
dappled sea
When love's golden amaranth flower first
bloomed for me.



*The little steamer plods on her way,
Through the Winter sea.*



*Here, before Winter Autumn can despoil
The daffodils are green above the soil.*

FAREWELL TO SCILLY

The chill north wind,
A grey tumultuous sea,
A broken sky
Through the tears of which stray shafts of
 sunlight gild now this spot, now that;
Touching now Agnes Lighthouse, now Round
 Island, now Menewethin with pale fire,
Or transmuting a patch of sea to ultramarine.

Slowly the Islands lose their individuality
And melt into a low line of cliffs.

Rolling and pitching,
Swept by spray with decks awash,
Her black smoke billowing low to lee,
Burying her nose in green seas,
Shipping their white crests over her weather
 rail,
The little steamer plods on her way,
Through the Winter sea.

Cornwall rises up in the grey eastern sky,
Whilst from the south-east the tall pencil
 of the Wolf draws near.
Ere long the steamer is abreast of it;
St. Martin's Head has sunk beneath the rim
 of the world
And the western sky is empty.

Farewell, beloved Scilly ...

EPILOGUE: WHERE SHALL I REST?

Where would I rather rest, when the end of
the now foreshortened road is reached:

Here on this hot mountain-side mid the
scent of rosemary and thyme, and blue haze
of flax,

No sound here but the slight breeze, but
from the valley, far below, sounds of life
faintly heard.

Here, on this mountain-side in Spain, or
at home?

At home in Cornwall mid the green fields
and grey stone hedges; home where all one's
long past life is tangled, like the honey-
suckle in the hedges.

Or, as I have long wished, where the waves
move the brown kivits in the shallow waters
between those beloved islands in the west.

Best there, perhaps, because the long
tides and currents may in their season cast
some of my ashes on the rocky shores of
Annet or Ganilly, some at Sennen, and some
on the rocky shores of Viscaya.

Thus shall I be divided between those
places I love best. But what does it matter?
In this it is but sentiment that intrudes.

I shall not be there; I shall have vani-
shed as certainly as that wave which ten
seconds ago fell in a cascade of foam on
some beach in far-off Scilly.

I shall not be there, or there, or there,
but part of that whole which is Cornwall,
and Scilly, and Spain, and the furthestmost
stupendous galaxy in the universe.

Surely that is enough?

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