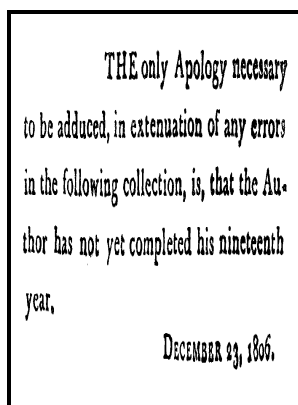


Loss of the handkerchief - An heroic-comic poem, in four cantos. By Mr. Wright.

printed for the author, and sold by J. Marshall - The Loss of the Handkerchief. an Heroic



Description: -

-loss of the handkerchief - An heroic-comic poem, in four cantos. By Mr. Wright.

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Novoe v zhizni, nauke, tekhnike. Seriya Literatura -- 10/1989

Eighteenth century -- reel 4970, no. 9.loss of the handkerchief - An heroic-comic poem, in four cantos. By Mr. Wright.

Notes: Microfilm Woodbridge, CT Research Publications, Inc., 1986. 1 reel ; 35mm (The Eighteenth Century ; reel 4970, no. 9).

This edition was published in 1756



Filesize: 27.62 MB

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The loss of the handkerchief [electronic resource] : An heroic

Always the candy bulbs shone through the night, But now they shone by day. In its determination to preserve the century of revolution, Gale initiated a revolution of its own: digitization of epic proportions to preserve these invaluable works in the largest archive of its kind.

Loss of the handkerchief

Nobody was allowed in, But you could stand in the verandah Look through the glass into the living room And there they were: the books Still neatly ranked As if he might come back some night And check up on a reference to Turgenev.

The loss of the handkerchief. An heroic

The state will get them all eventually.

Poetry: The River in the Sky (the poem)

The tragedy that Schoenberg incarnates In my view, was his willed determination To forget all that.

Poetry: The River in the Sky (the poem)

In the River Caves On the street of castles Where they have their frontages On a Grand Canal Or it could be the Fontanka. The secret of the effort I have put Into forgetting him for these three quarters Of a century has to be he was so clearly The answer to my wish.

The loss of the handkerchief. An heroic

Well, I will find that out For myself, and meanwhile The coffee from this glittering machine My elder daughter has just bought me Is almost as

sumptuous as theirs was, Though experience suggests That for the bean to yield its full rich tang The mechanism needs to be backed up By three million square miles of desert.

Poetry: The River in the Sky (the poem)

The deep, rich secret of the Strand Arcade Lies not in its wrought iron or marble flooring But in the distance from its cool boutiques To the deep pools of the Olgas Nothing but coincidence That the ladies ran their shop Only half the aisle away From the tiny model train — I wrote a poem for it Which was the harbinger Of this one now — That ran in circles through Its plaster landscape A miniature reminder That the train they never caught Full sized and far away Would have taken them to death. I tried to, as I left my main event, Which was to write for print. As you should with any art You must love him at the very outer edge Of your own proclivities.

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