

Wednesday.

Dearest Mamie,

The thermometer is above ninety to day and it is unspeakably hard to do anything except to swim in the swimming tank. I am still working at my special topic which is due on Friday. I haven't written a word of it yet but I have to get it all thought out first. In connection with it I have been reading Rossetti's poetry

and remembering to have heard you say you had not read "The Woodspurge," I have copied it, and send it to you. I think it is exquisite, as are several others of his poems, but he is very uneven. He reminds me of Alice Woods. Do you remember that queer picture of hers of the Japanese Adam and Eve of which Miss Robinson so disapproved?

Well, Rossetti has the same sort of odd fantastic conception of things -- for instance his poem Eden bower.

I'm sorry you felt squelched by my refusal to write about the Vassar Wellesley debate, but you must see that I simply couldn't do it. Congratulate cousin Juliet for me -- I'll write to aunt Lide myself if I ever get any time.

Il me faut comene with Langland now for a while so farewell  
Slews of love  
Peg

The Woodspurge

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,  
Shaken out dead from the tree and hill:  
I had walked on at the wind's will, --  
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, --  
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!  
My hair was over in the grass,  
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run  
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;  
Among those few, out of the sun,  
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be  
Wisdom or even a memory:  
One thing then learnt remains to me, --  
The woodspurge has a cup of three.  
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Hot  
Rossetti  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. MAY 20 5PM 1903  
Miss May Louise Shipp  
1010 N Delaware St  
Indianapolis  
Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. MAY 21 1130PM 1903