



## Virginia Woolf

(after *Mrs. Dalloway*)

Her mind moved like a cloud on a wave.  
There was this, a moment:  
An emotion pressed between the tissues of the brain.  
Leaves torn from living trees  
Are swept through the park, caught in nets of wind.  
Something contracts, something expands,  
There is something central which permeates.  
Babies in perambulators are pushed past the veteran  
Who is heard to insist *The sparrows sing to me in Greek!*  
An automobile backfires; an aeroplane rises loops  
Then sinks like a stone in the sea.  
*What a lark! What a plunge!*  
As the ambulance bell blends with the stroke of Big Ben —  
(The leaden circles dissolve into the air.)  
A woman sings, a child runs;  
Elsewhere, a curtain billows and is beat back. The wave gathers  
To collapse. A woman sews remembers love  
And the cloud disperses, driven by the wind.

*Cathy Matyas*

Illustration: Giovanna Peel