

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

Being a thought flashed into a City office in a London November during  
the translation of a letter to Messieurs Chose & Cie. „in re“ goods lost  
in transit from MARSEILLE

*Messieurs,  
Nous vous accusons réception  
De votre lettre du trois novembre . . .*

.....

*What was that?  
What were those warm living things,  
With voices,  
And knowing emotion?  
That flashed past my eyes  
And stirred to life  
A moment from days that were life,  
When human beings were life and real,  
And felt  
And thought  
And chattered;  
And the correspondence of Messieurs Chose  
Might have gone to the dogs  
For all I'd have cared!*

*What are they?  
Only shadows?  
Calling to me from southern shores,  
Running with flinging strides and foamy splashings  
Into a warm blue sea;  
Lying on sands that faintly bear  
The taint of decomposed shellfish,  
And stretching sandy sunburnt limbs  
Till they tingle too, too much;  
While tremors,  
All unexplained and full of longing,  
Draw their perplexed minds and bodies  
In the direction of their desire . . .  
But whither? . . .  
They know not whither.*