

Self Revelation versus Artistic Representation  
in Katherine Mansfield's Poems

**Dr Bouregbi Salah**  
**Annaba Badji Mokhtar University**

Abstract:

Katherine Mansfield is usually known as a short story writer and she is considered, along with Guy De Maupassant, Anton Chekhov and Edgar Allan Poe, as the major contributors of short prose writing. But, paradoxically, Mansfield is rarely known as a versifier and a poetess, though her short stories hold some poetical insights, as in "At the Bay," and "Prelude." This paper, thus, is a modest contribution in Katherine Mansfield's heritage of writing poetry. My study will focus on her lonely book, Poems, and splinters of verses scattered here and there in her journals, letters and diaries. My research tries to get deep within her poetic production in order to find out what she uses as techniques, chooses as themes and adopts as vision.

While I was probing within the material of my project article about Katherine Mansfield's art in the field of short story writing, I have noticed that Mansfield is not only a writer of short prose, but also a versifier that deserves a critical investigation. This article, then, is a modest contribution to the critical heritage of Katherine Mansfield's art of poetry. My aim is to attempt a critical analysis to her splinters of verses and poems, and lay bare what they have as techniques, contain as themes and communicate as vision. Subsequently, the chosen methodology comprises essentially three major elements: the first element is to get deep within the bereaved nature of Mansfield and to gauge out the amount of sensibility she does possess in the art of writing poetry. The second element is to sort out her thematic concerns and try to see whether they are introspective or not. The third element is to shed light on the literary devices she uses and find out the way she harmonizes them so that they produce the effect she

aims at. However, it is so difficult to dissociate this triad. These interrelated elements complement one another and produce the unity of effect –an entirety, a whole, which contributes to the harmony of the verses.

Art is an essence reached through the amount of perfection, which is conditioned by the extent of the craft of the artist/the artificer. In this sense, Katherine Mansfield appreciates poetry because of the sensibility it evokes and the emotional intensity it reaches. The poems she likes are ever tinged with gloom and, or, overtoned with sadness. They represent grief, bereavement and the longing for beauty. In a letter to the Countess Russell (1) in October 1921, she wrote, giving her impression about Thomas Hardy's poems:

**How exquisite, how marvelous some of those poems are! They are almost intolerably near to me. I mean I always log to weep...that love and**

**regret touched, so lightly-that  
autumn tone, that feeling that  
Beauty passes through rare rare it  
be...(2)**

The sentence, "I mean I always long to weep.", has a psychological resonance. There is a kind of isolation and frail relationship within a world of a decaying moral order.

The personal focus and the dialogical tension between the self and the word in poetry, and modern literature in general, are the fulcrum around which modern poetry revolves. The critic Georges Poulet maintains that: 'Every word of literature is impregnated with the mind of the one who wrote it. As he makes us read it, he awakens in us the analogue of what he thought or left.'(3) In the same vein, M.M. Bakhtin acknowledges the importance of language and its representation within any piece of art. He points out:

**Every novel is a dialogized system made up of the image of language, style and consciousness that are concrete and inseparable from language. Language in the novel not only represents, but itself serves as the object of representation.(4)**

The bohemian life, she spent outside her homeland and her people, had a great impact on her visionary aspect of her art. Abandonment guilt and remorse characterize her artistic creation in short story as well as poetry. These circumstances are the catalyst that makes her inner-self grow in her poetry: there is an attempt at an equation between the exterior world and the human faculties. That is to say, there is a fusion between causality and participation, outer and inner, the self and the non-self. In his article, 'The Social and Intellectual Background,' H.G. Bantock states that:

The associational process, which constituted the medium of opinion, also bore witness to a developed ideology of secular individualism and psychological privacy and linked with an essentially romantic self-image of isolation. It represented the artist's refusal to compromise with the unifying and homogenizing tendencies of the age.(5)

This 'self-image of isolation' is a kind of direct experience, a mask, a dramatized conventionalization of the artist's own experience, or a connection of oblique resemblances. What presents the notion of isolation moves the sensibility, shakes the emotions and bleeds the hearts. It even haunts the individual. In a letter to Ottoline Morrell in January 1922, and commenting upon Walter De La Mare's collection of poems, *The Veil & Other Poems*, published in London in 1921, Mansfield wrote the following:

**I am so glad you liked THE VEIL.**

**There is one poem:**

**‘Why has rose faded and fallen/And  
these eyes have not seen....’**

**It haunts me. But it is a state of  
mind I know so terribly well—that  
regret for what one has not seen and  
felt—for what has passed by—  
unheeded. Life is only given once  
and then I WASTE it. Do  
youfeelthat? (6)**

No doubt, Katherine Mansfield found in poetry the support needed in order to step beyond the vicissitude of life and its absurdity, and create, instead, an ideal world where she had all what she lacked of in reality: the pursuit for love, beauty and truth. However, there is a cult of sensibility, which is based on the power of feeling and relied heavily upon truths to which feelings granted them to excess.

The truth is that Katherine Mansfield spent a bohemian life wandering aimlessly for the sake of art, cure and health; but through her travels, she was spiritually bereft and devastated by loneliness and grief: in her life, there are some records of failures, disappointments, abandonment and disillusionment. These records are proofs of her troubled life and indecisiveness. Sylvia Berkman, in the Forward of Ida Baker's book, *Katherine Mansfield: The Memories of L.M.*(7), noted down the following remarks:

Deep down, beyond all self-blame and self-accusation, Katherine felt betrayed. Murry (8) had not given up his own pursuits to join her; he had chosen his work and his homeland. He had abandoned her to the embrace of death. In her bitterness and pain, she turned the blade of her will despair against L. M. (9)

This 'self-blame' or 'self-accusation' is not in fact a false judgement. True is that Katherine

Mansfield revolted against her family and tradition; true too is her rebellious self. She was a hypersensitive, fastidious and independent being. It is this force des choses, which pressed so much upon her all along her life. She is conscious of things, and in this way her sensibility is ever keen and alert. It is always associated with hopelessness and pessimism; that is why she appreciates any poem that reflects her state of mind and presents what she never has in her life, or, further, revives her own past.

But Mansfield is not only a spectator that appreciates what others do: she is a versifier of good stand. She writes poems that reflect what she thinks, reveal what she wants and records her personal facts. In her journal at Bandol in December between 1915-6, she wrote:

Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry. The almond tree, the birds, the little window out of which I lean and

dream that you are against my shoulder, and the times that your (10) photograph 'looks sad' (11)

The reader of Katherine Mansfield's poems and splinters of verses may notice that they are made with serenity and sensibility. As a romantic poet, there is always, in her poems, a complaint, regret, and a great emphasis upon the inner self (12), which seems oppressed by circumstances and cheerless fate. Her description of the external world and the depiction of her self render the reader affective and shares with her her complaint and wounds. In the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads, with Other Poems*, 1800, William Wordsworth maintains that:

All good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings. Poems to which any value can be attached, were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility had also thought long and deeply.(13)

This escape to romanticism was a revolt against the hold of the industrial revolution of Victorian Era, which pressed so hard upon the individual and reduced him to anonymity. It destroyed intimacy between people, disintegrated the pattern of the family and made of the individual an object, a one-face-coin, with no value. This escape, however, is a cry against the corruption of the world blinded by moneytheism. Margaret Stonyk points out that:

A true romantic was being born at a more significant level with a new generation of independent thinkers who had been reared in the atmosphere of industry and piety and who were now committing themselves to a personal search for the right basis for faith and action.(14)

The truth for Mansfield, then, is only a shabby life full of depravity and unhappiness. Her poems come to be a reflection of such state of mind and existence. Her verses are no more than a picture

of her gloom and longing for beauty. They reveal the 'profoundest Ocean' of her aspiration and dig into the depth of her heart, because there is a 'rainbow shell' of hope that wants to leap up; but it is murdered by her misdemeanor and buried by circumstances that never praise her, as we read in the following poem "The Secret"(15):

**In the profoundest Ocean  
There is a rainbow shell  
It is always there, shining most stilly,  
Under the greatest storm waves  
And under the happy little waves  
That the old Greeks 'ripples of  
laughter.'  
And you listen, the rainbow shell  
Sings—in the profoundest Ocean.  
It is always there, singing most  
silently!' (16)**

Katherine Mansfield's desire was to achieve purity of vision in her art: to see clearly herself, through her own past and present, in order to transmit truth to the reader. She wants to make the reader see and drives him into the unhealed wounds of her own past.

Mansfield's life was troubled and unstable. Early in 1918, under the threat of tuberculosis, she left England to the South of France because of its milder climate. But the place was never the ideal: she was overwhelmed by anguish of loneliness and despair. The frightening shock of haemorrhage at the age of twenty nine made her subject to intense and agonizing pressures, spiritual torment and increasing physical weakness. She strove to overcome her difficulties and control her own existence, but she did not succeed, because the adversary was implacable and beyond any control. This is what exacerbated her situation and made her art reflect her hopelessness. Pessimistic at the extreme and haunted

by the idea of death, she sent very sad verses, quoted from Shakespeare's Winter's Tale, to John Middleton Murry:

**I, and old turtle,  
Will wing me to some withered  
bough  
And there my mate that's never to  
be found again  
Lament till I am lost.  
Your eyes be musical, your dewy feet  
Have freshly trod the Lawns for  
timeless hours,  
O young and Lovely dead! (17)**

Katherine Mansfield's poetical soul awoke earlier. So young, in a competition about the writing of a good poetry in a 'Violet Party' organized by Mrs. Randine-Brown, the wife of her professor of Classics, she was the winner of the first place. The second one went to her former teacher. Her entry was entitled 'Why Love Is Blind?':

**The cupid child tired of the winter  
day  
Wept and Lamented for the skies of  
blue  
Till, foolish child! He cried his eyes  
away...  
And violets grew. (18)**

This earlier poem, however, is highly personal and reveals the frail heart and the sensitive nature of the girl. But this sensitive girl is also a revolting one. In 1919, she turned on her husband in a cruel rage and sent to him bitter verses entitled 'The New Husband,' where she compares him to her father Sir Harold Beauchamp, who came to visit her in London. In this poem, she sees herself as a child without protection, since Murry was an unfair husband, who had let her down in critical circumstances:

**Someone came to me and said  
Forget; forget that you've been wed.**

**Who's your man to leave you be  
Ill and cold in a far country?  
Who's the husband who's the stone  
Could leave a child like you alone.  
(19)**

Katherine Mansfield felt cheated: Murry's love was growing cold and their marital relationship impersonal. Subsequently, she became rebellious and played roles to men. (20)

Besides her self-introspection and her 'melancholy, melancholy things' (21), Mansfield poured her poems with nostalgia and homesickness. She longed her homeland, New Zealand, its beauty and its people, as she was later to complain in a poem 'To Stanislaw Wyspianski'(22), composed in the manner of Walt Whitman's. It was written in around 1907 at the time of the death of the Polish nationalist, Stanislaw Wyspianski, the time when Mansfield was in New Zealand. Though the poem is about the glorification of this Polish compatriot,

there is, however, a taint of love to New Zealand that  
Mansfield considered as a sacred debt to write about:

**From the other side of the world,  
From a little island cradled in the  
giant sea bosom,  
From a little land with no history.  
(Making its own history, slowly and  
clumsily  
Piecing together this and that,  
finding the pattern solving the  
problem  
Like a child with a box of bricks),  
I, a woman with the taint of the  
pioneer in my blood  
Full of youthful strength that wars  
with itself and its lawless  
I sing your praises, magnificent  
warrior: I proclaim your  
Triumphant battle. (23)**

The same thought and the same driving emotion are behind another poem entitled 'October' (24). It is a poem about New Zealand and the city of Paddington described in autumn. It was dated '22 x 08' and sent to Vera (25) in 1908 at Beauchamp Lodge, as a present to her twenty third birthday. It starts by describing the mist and the fog, which are characteristic of the New Zealand early morning:

**Dim mist of a fog-bound day...**

**From the lilac trees that droop in St  
Mary's Square**

**The dead leaves fall, a silent  
shivering cloud.**

**Through the grey haze the carts  
loom heavy, gigantic**

**Down the dull street...children play  
in the gather,**

**Quarrel and cry; their voices are flat  
and toneless.**

**Without a sound like the shuffling  
tread of some giant monster  
I hear the trains escape from the  
station near and near  
their way into the country. (26)**

This lovely homeland with its lilac trees and its ever grey haze is contrasted with the dirtiness of London, which looks strange, devilish and melancholic. Then, the poem becomes a symbol of barrenness and death.

Though Mansfield dealt with free verse form, like Walt Whitman, she did not appreciate cities like him. Whitman found cities positive, vital and attractive; Mansfield found them drab, rotten and corruptive, as we read in the last stanza of the same poem:

**Dim mist of a fog-bound day.  
From the lilac trees that droops in St  
Mary's Square**

**The dead leaves fall, a silent,  
fluttering crowd.**

**Dead thoughts that, shivering, fall on  
the barren earth...**

**Over and under it all the muttering  
murmur of London. (27)**

Concerning the form of her poems, Mansfield embraced both the free and the rhymed forms. Like Whitman, she dealt with free verse form, revolting against ornaments and decorations, but like Thomas Hardy, she rhymed her verse aiming at evoking musicality and melody.

Walt Whitman, in order to reach the American people, dropped down the extrinsic beauty and the traditional ornaments of the verses, and created, instead, his own form of writing poetry, as he proclaimed in his preface to his collection of poems *Leaves of Grass*:

The profit of the rhyme is that it drops seeds of a sweeter and more luxuriant rhyme, and of

uniformity that it conveys itself into its own roots in the ground out of sight. The rhyme and uniformity of perfect poems show the free growth of metrical laws and bud from them as unerringly and loosely as lilacs or roses, on the bush, and take shapes as compact as the shapes of chestnuts and oranges and melons and pears, and shed the perfume impalpable to form. The fluency and ornaments of the finest poems or music orations or recitations are not independent but dependent.(28)

The unrhymed free verse, however, is distinguishable in its affinity with the Bible: there are cadences, repetitions and impressive words that attract the reader, as this passage from 'Song of Myself,' in *Song of Myself and Other Poems*:

**Swiftly arose and spread around me  
the peace and  
knowledge that pass all the  
argument of earth,**

**And I know that the land of God is  
the promise of my**

**own,**

**And I know that the spirit of God is  
the brother of my**

**own,**

**And that all men ever born are also  
my brothers and**

**the women my sisters and lovers,**

**And that a keelson of creation is  
love,**

**And limitless are leaves stiff or  
drooping in the fields,**

**And mossy scabs of the worm fence,  
hea'd stones, elder,**

**Mullein and poke-weed. (29)**

In the same manner like Whitman, Mansfield composed some of her poems in free form: she used repetitions and emphasized words for the aim of evoking impressions, as in 'October' (30)

or in the following verses of her poem 'To Stanislaw Wyspianski':

**How alive you kept into the grave  
and wrestled with Death**

**And found in the veins of Death the  
red blood flowing**

**And raised Death up in your arms  
and showed him to all the**

**People.**

**Yours are more personal labour  
than the Nazarene's miracles,**

**Yours are more forceful encounter  
than the Nazarene's gentile**

**Commands. (31)**

But Mansfield did not stop at the free verse form in her composition; she also adopted, like Thomas Hardy, the traditional form, which reveals the intrinsic beauty of the rhyme and the rhythmical melody of the verse. Hardy's poems form is grounded upon the tradition of rural song. It has

taken their power and cumulative force and aptness of metre and diction from its roots. We notice these qualities in the following verses taken from 'The Self-Unseeing':

**She sat here in her chair,  
Smiling into the fire;  
He who played stood there,  
Bowing it higher and higher. (32)**

Mansfield rhymed her poems and structured them in Hardy's manner, in order to evoke the euphony of her verses and 'spell' the reader, as this stanza, from 'Sanary,' illustrates:

**Her little hot room looked over the  
bay  
Through a stiff palisade of glinting  
palms  
And there she would lie in the heat of  
the day,**

Her dark head resting upon her  
arms,  
So quiet, so still, she did not seem  
To think, to feel, or even to dream.  
(33)

Or these first verses of her poem 'To L.H.B.(1894-  
1915)' (34)

Last night for the first time since you  
were dead  
I walked with you, my brother, in a  
dream.  
We were at home again beside the  
stream  
Fringed with tall berry bushes, white  
and red.  
"Don't touch them they are  
poisonous," I said  
But your hand hovered, and I saw a  
beam

**Of strange, bright laughter flying  
round your head**

**And as you stooped I saw the berries  
gleam. (35)**

Mansfield adopted the rhymed verses for the aim of evoking music. Like the musician, who recounts his torments through musical scales, the poet textualises them into words. Music, like the poetical language, contributes to the melody, rhythm and harmony of the piece of art. Every note and tune and every rhythm and modulation in music correspond to a special thought and a precise feeling. Reviewing the Oxford Book of English Poetry in Ninth of December in 1919, Mansfield wrote to John Middleton Murry at Bandol the following notes:

Except for Shakespeare and Marvel and just a handful of others, it seems to be a muss of falsity. Musically speaking hardly everyone seems to even understand what the middle of the note is-what that sound is like. Its not perhaps that they are even

'sharp' or flat-it's something much more subtle-they are not even playing on the very note itself. (36)

Melody, rhythm and harmony are elements that contribute greatly to the beautification of Mansfield's poetry. What characterizes the melody of her verses is its particularity. It constantly expresses in all its details the subject of the poet, since it is evocative and expressive as a symphony, which arouses our feelings with its ups and downs and evokes, therefore, what the musician wants to communicate.

Rhythm in Mansfield's poems changes and repeats itself each time all along the verses (see 'Sanary' and 'The Secret'). It is completely subject to the needs of the expression and varies in accordance with what Mansfield wants to show.

Harmony is evoked by the unity of effect of the poem. And this unity of effect is related to the uniformity in the theme and structure of the whole poem. For example, if Mansfield wants to

communicate a sad mood, there must be a dull atmosphere, which relies on words, rhythm and the theme that relate to such state. In other words, the phonic and the graphic contribute to the sense and meaning (37). René Welleck and Austin Warren put it well in their book *The Theory of Literature*, when they proclaim that:

In many works of art, including of course prose, the sound-stratum attracts attention and thus constitutes an integral part of the aesthetic effect. This is true of much ornate prose and of all verse, which by definition is an organization of a language's sound-system. (38)

Seemingly, any good verse is musical, and any musical verse holds some general conception of its meanings and its emotional tone. Thus, the effect of any poem is caused by its musicality, or what we call euphony. That is why Mansfield's poems are very attractive and of a good quality. 'Relational distinctions,' Welleck and Warren points out, 'are

those which may become the basis of rhythm and metre: the pitch, the duration of the sounds, the stress, the frequency of recurrence, all elements permitting qualitative distinctions.’(39)

The interrelations of words, in sound or sense, form the texture of the piece of art and weave the skeins of its composition. Thus, it gives birth to an image-making, which reflects the emotion and/or the state of mind of the poet. Artistically speaking, Mansfield used synaesthetic imagery in her poetry. This type of imagery is used to translate, from one sense to another, the sound in colour, as the heavy noise of the weaves, which connotes something strange, unknown and therefore dark. So, any image is a representation, and any representation is rooted in the person of the poet. The visual image is a sensation or a perception, but it also ‘stands for’, refers to, something invisible, something ‘inner’. It can at once be both presentation and representation. (40) It seems that Welleck and Warren share the

same view of W. B. Yeats. In his *Essays and Introduction*, Yeats maintains that:

**All sounds, all colours, all forms, either because of their preordained energies or because of long associations, evoke indefinable and yet precise emotions, or as I prefer to think, call down among us certain disembodied powers, whose footsteps over our heart we call emotions; and when sound and colour, and form are in musical relation, a beautiful relation to one another, they become, as it were, one sound, one colour, one form, and evoke an emotion that is made out of their emotions, and yet is one emotion.”(41)**

Katherine Mansfield never neglects such techniques in her poetry. Her verses enfold all these poetical qualities that make them famous and ever

afresh. In her poems, she manages words and arranges them in order to produce a special sound and accent aiming at giving pleasure or impression which music gives, and reproducing an artistic image which echoes her own emotional intensity, as the following verses, from 'TO L.H.B.,' illustrate:

**I woke and heard the wind moan  
and the roar**

**Of the dark water tumbling on the  
shore.**

**Where-where is the path of my  
dream for my eager fee?**

**By the remembered stream my  
brother stands**

**Waiting for me with berries in his  
hands...**

**'These are my body. Sister, take and  
eat.' (42)**

Mansfield is drawing, here, an artistic image, which is not pleasing at all. She is astounded

by the moaning of the wind and the roaring of the wild waves at dusk. This visual image, however, implies death-the death of her brother. It is loaded with gloom, threat and incomprehensibility. This image is contrasted with a remote one which symbolizes happiness and the good times spent together with her brother. The poem, therefore, is a kind of reminiscences where she makes her brother alive and makes him talk to her: 'These are my body. Sister, take and eat.'(43), as opposed to the first image where the talker is Nature, which remains an enigma like the secret that life enfolds.

In Katherine Mansfield's poems (44), we often find image contrasts. There is the co-presence of two contrastive twin poles: that of life and that of death. Undoubtedly, Katherine Mansfield, the lively, the sensitive, the enthusiastic, the tender, is also a versatile poetess who has a greater knowledge and comprehension of human nature. She often begins with her personal focus, which serves as a fulcrum

for the structure of her poems. The critic Anthony Hecht proclaims that 'the work of art bears some important imprint and inmost life of its maker.'(45) And I do conclusively say it is.

**Endnotes:**

1-Katherine Mansfield's cousin, born Mary Annette Beauchamp in Sidney, Australia, author of the best selling *Elizabeth in Her German Garden*. She was married to the Count Von Armin and after his death, Lord Russell.

2-Katherine Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, 1977, ed. C.K.Stead (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1981), p.235.

3-Georges Poulet, 'Criticism and the Experience of interiority,' trans. By Catherine Macksey, and Richard Macksey, in Jane P. Tompkins.**Readers-Response Criticism: From Formalism to Post-Structuralism** (Baltimore, and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992), p.46.

4-M.M. Bakhtin, **The Dialogic Imagination: Four Essays**, trans. by Caryl Emerson, and Michael Holquist, 1981 Edited by Michael Holquist (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1992), p.49.

5-G.H.Bantock, 'The Social and Intellectual Background,' in Boris Ford, ed. **The New Pelican Guide to English Literature: From James to Eliot** (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 19894), p.13.

6-Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, p.260.

7-L.M.: Leslie Moore, the name given by Katherine Mansfield to her intimate friend Ida Baker, the author of the book.

8-Murry: John Middleton Murry, the husband of Katherine Mansfield.

9-Ida Baker, **Katherine Mansfield: The Memories of L.M.** (London: Michael Joseph, 1971), p.15.

10-John Middleton Murry

11-Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, p.66.

12-It is the characteristic of all the Romantics, mainly Wordsworth and Coleridge. The inner self was a Protestant creation and also was prefigured on Catholicism (as the Catholic reformer Savonarola, the meditative Thomas à Kempis, who wrote *The Imitation of Christ*). Martin Luther, too, dealt with this notion. It is said that there is a paradoxical relationship between the inner self and the external world: as the inner self grows, landscape, paradoxically visible precisely through a devaluation of everything, moves outward as the inner self grows inward, until the estrangement between the two worlds produces the phenomenon of ecstatic nature worship.

13-William Wordsworth, 'Preface,' to **Lyrical Ballads, with Other Poems**, 1800, vol.I (E-book, 2005), p.4.

14-Margaret Stonyk, **Nineteenth Century English Literature**, 1983 (London: Macmillan, 1984), p.138.

15-This poem has the same thematic concerns with her short story 'At the Bay,' in **The Garden Party & Other Stories**. Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1981.

16-Katherine Mansfield, **Poems** (London: Constable & Co. Ltd., 1923), p.31.

17-Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, pp.103-4.

18-Antony Alpers, **The Life of Katherine Mansfield** (Oxford: Oxford university Press, 1982), p.62.

19-Alpers, **The Life of Katherine Mansfield**, p.303.

20-François Bott, 'Les inconstances de Katherine Mansfield,' in **Le Monde**, 11 Décembre 1987, p.15, Section : 'Le Monde des livres', col.4.

21-Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, p.141.

22-The poem was dated Worishofen, 1910, and therefore seems to belong to her first works of *In the German Pension*. But most critics thought it was written in New Zealand.

23-Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, p.39.

24-This poem has an affinity with Katherine Mansfield's short story 'At the Bay,' in **The Garden Party & Other Stories**. Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1981.

25-Her sister.

26-Alpers, **The Life of Katherine Mansfield**, p.76.

27-Alpers, **The Life of Katherine Mansfield**, p.77.

28-Walt Whitman, 'Preface,' to **Leaves of Grass**, quoted in **Concise Anthology of American Literature**, by George Michael (New York, and London: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1985), pp.903-4.

29-Walt Whitman, **Song of Myself and Other Poems** (Médéa: Flites Editions, 2011), pp.10-11.

30-Compare the first three verses of the first stanza with the first three verses of the last stanza:

**Stanza I:** First three verses:

Dim mist of a fog-bound day...

From the lilac trees that droop in St Mary's Square

The dead leaves fall, silent, shivering cloud.

**Stanza II:** First three verses:

Dim mist of a fog-bound day.

From the lilac trees that droop in St Mary's Square.

The dad leaves fall, silent, fluttering crowd.

31-Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, pp.39-40.

32- Thomas Hardy, 'The Self-Unseeing,' in John Hayward, ed. **The Penguin Book of English Verse**, 1956 (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1973), p.391.

33-Mansfield, **Poems**, p.46.

34-Leslie Harold Beauchamp, her brother. The poem is about the death of her brother who was killed in the south of France during the First World War, while manoeuvring a faulty hand grenade.

35-Mansfield, **Poems**, p. 47.

36-Mansfield, **Letters and Journals**, p.63.

37-Linguistically speaking, the phonic and graphic together are called Signifier and the sense is called Signified. In other words, form and idea are interrelated.

38-René Welleck and Austin Warren, **Theory of Literature**, 1956 (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1985), p.158.

39-Welleck and Warren, **Theory of Literature**, p.159.

40-Welleck and Warren, **Theory of Literature**, p.188.

41- W.B.Yeats, **Essays and Introduction** (London: Macmillan, 1982), p.214.

42-Mansfield, Poems, p. 47.

43-This verse has a **Biblical** connotation: "And as were eating, he took bread, and blessed, and broke it, to them, and said: 'Take; this is my body. And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks he gave it to them, and they all drank of it. And he said to them, 'This is my blood of the convenient, which is poured out for many. Truly, I say to you, I shall not drink again of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God.'" Marks14, Verses22, 23, 24, 25.

44- Also her short stories, 'The Garden Party,' 'At the Bay,' and 'Prelude.'

45-Anthony Hacht, "Richard Wibur: A Poet Called to praise," *Dialogue*, 85 (March 1989), p.67.