

THE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPTS OF FAULKNER'S  
"THE LILACS"

by

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TO DATE very little is actually known about the composition of one of William Faulkner's most ambitious poems, "The Lilacs," even though all the known extant experimental manuscript versions contained in the Faulkner Collections at the University of Virginia and in the William Faulkner Collection of Louis Daniel Brodsky have been listed and in a few cases even published or reproduced photographically.<sup>1</sup> The reason for this lack of information has to do in part with the unintegrated nature of the documents.<sup>2</sup> When all the manuscripts are reassembled and transcribed, they reveal a compositional sequence complete with the exception of most of stanza three and all of stanza four of the first published version of "The Lilacs."<sup>3</sup>

Transcribed below are the seven experimental versions from both repositories ordered in their apparent sequence, followed by a complete printing of the 3-page pencil draft of "The Lilacs." This copy will be collated against the 3-page fair ink copy titled "The Lilacs" that appears on its rectos to suggest its intermediary position between the experimental pencil drafts and the fair ink copy. Finally, the hand-lettered text from the burned booklet titled "The Lilacs"<sup>4</sup> will be printed to show its relative importance in advancing, if not superseding the fair ink copy, toward a more fully realized approximation of the poem which would finally appear in print in the *Double Dealer* in June, 1925.

BRODSKY 13A RECTO

This and the six successive pages of drafts were all written in pencil. It seems plausible that having finished all his experimental versions, Faulkner went back over and selected from each those lines which he then incorporated into the apparently first "complete" pencil draft of the poem. Note that this page contains with two omissions (the word 'real' in line

1. See *Man Collecting: Manuscripts and Printed Works of William Faulkner in the University of Virginia Library*, comp. Joan St. C. Crane and Anne E.H. Freudenberg (1975), pp. 20-23. *Man Collecting* includes in its listing three leaves consisting of a 3-page (rectos) fair ink manuscript and a 3-page (versos) pencil manuscript of "The Lilacs"; also listed is an entry isolating a "verso of a single torn leaf) in pencil." In addition, it presents a textual collation of the complete 3-page fair ink autograph manuscript titled "The Lilacs," keyed to the June, 1925 *Double Dealer*.

See also Robert W. Hamblin and Louis Daniel Brodsky, *Selections from the William Faulkner Collection of Louis Daniel Brodsky: A Descriptive Catalogue* (1979), items 13-13c, 17. For purposes of identification the numbering of these items in this catalogue has been retained. *Selections* lists three leaves consisting of 5 pages of experimental drafts for "The Lilacs," and a hand-lettered version of the "complete" poem dated "Jan. 1 1920." Also, a photographic reproduction of experimental versions of the opening two stanzas of the published poem (13a) has been printed.

2. All these documents have a common origin: they were originally located in a trunk Faulkner shipped back with him from Toronto in December, 1918, and stored in the attic of his mother's home in Oxford, Mississippi. They remained there intact until shortly after Faulkner's death (his mother, Maud Falkner, predeceased him by only two years) in 1962, when various family members began acquiring artifacts from her house more or less at random. This explains why these and other chronologically related drafts were scattered; it also suggests that other drafts might still exist; especially a leaf or pages containing tentative versions for stanzas 3 and 4.

3. "The Lilacs" first appeared in the *Double Dealer*, 7 (June 1925), 185-187. Subsequently it was selected and appeared unaltered in *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1925 and Yearbook of American Poetry*, ed. William Stanley Braithwaite (1925), pp. 115-118.

4. What exists are the burned remains of a 36-page hand-lettered booklet of poems, with red velvet cover, which Faulkner assembled and presented to Phil Stone. Hand-printed on the title page is: "THE LILACS / W. FAULKNER." The verso of the title page contains a dedication to Stone, and the date, "Jan. 1 1920." For a full description of this booklet see Hamblin and Brodsky, *Selections*, pp. 31-32.

five from the top and the comma following 'rooks' in the fifth line from the bottom) and two minor inclusions (dashes after 'Cigarettes? No?' and 'Last spring') all the lines Faulkner recorded in his 3-page pencil draft (*Man Collecting*, p. 20) which comprise stanzas 1 and 2.

Also significant is the way Faulkner managed to obscure certain details. Though at this stage he retains reference to 'Blighty' (England) he does dispense with the names and occupations of two of the three personae. This, as well as later decisions to eliminate specific details, helps create a sense of the universal.

We sit, drinking tea  
 Beneath the lilacs of a summer afternoon  
 Comfortably, at our ease  
 ['We are in Blighty' *del.*]  
 With real, fresh linen napkins on our knees  
 We are in Blighty  
 And we sit, we three  
 In diffident contentedness  
 Lest we let each other guess  
 How pleased we are  
 Together watching the young moon  
 Lying ['on her ba' *del.*] shyly on her back, and the first star

There are women here  
 Smooth shouldered creatures in sheer scarves, that pass  
 ['They pass,' *del.*] and eye me queerly as they pass  
 ['Whispering across' *del.*] To me they are but figures ['from' *del.*] on a masque  
 One of them, my hostess pauses near  
 —Are you quite all right, sir? she asks  
 You are a bit lonely, I fear  
 Will you have more tea? Cigarettes? No?—  
 ['I thank her, and the other chaps, ['stare about,' *del.*] waiting for ['them' *del.*] her to go' *del.*]  
 ['Waiting for them to go' *del.*]  
 ['Stare about, waiting for them to go' *del.*]  
 I thank her, waiting for them to go  
 —Who—? Shot down?  
 Yes, shot down—Last spring—  
 Poor chap—yes, his mind—  
 The Doctor says—hoping rest will bring—  
 Their voices come to us like tangled rooks  
 Busy with their tea and cigarettes and books  
 We sit in silent amity  
 ['John the poet, James the ['motor' *del.*] motor' *del.*] salesman, and myself  
 John the poet, talks to James and me

#### VIRGINIA ("single torn leaf") RECTO

This entry in *Man Collecting*, p. 23, unfortunately suffers from two mistakes. The first, a typographical error, has confused it with the entry above it, a 5-page carbon typescript of "The Lilacs" dated 1925. In fact, this "single torn leaf," though its size is uncertain due to an uneven rip across its full width (it could be either 11 x 8½ inches or 14 x 8½ inches, both of which would be consistent with other drafts in the series), contains pencil versions on both sides. The second mistake is one of attribution of the material. The editors state that the sheet contains "experimental versions of the

third, seventh and last stanzas." Actually, the recto consists of versions of the third, fifth, and sixth stanzas; the verso contains an unchanged version of the seventh stanza. The complete poem has nine stanzas. Thus, the entry should read: "'The Lilacs.' Autograph manuscript, 2 pages (on recto and verso of a single torn leaf) in pencil. Experimental versions of the third, fifth, sixth and seventh stanzas."

The first unfinished stanza on this page actually contains the first four lines of stanza 3 of the first "complete" pencil draft.

The second stanza on this sheet, with two major deletions ('said James' in the first line and 'at night' in the third), one minor alteration ('nor' for 'or' in line four) and two additions in transposing this to the first "complete" pencil draft ('far thin sky to stalk' in the ninth line and the addition of one completely new antepenultimate line) becomes the fifth stanza of the poem. Note again how Faulkner has opted to delete reference to his personae by name; in this case, James, the motor salesman.

The third stanza on this page represents the first of at least four separate attempts to finalize what became stanza 6 of the poem. The first five lines of this version are carried over intact, except for punctuation changes in the second line, into the first "complete" pencil draft.

It was a morning in late May  
Like a white woman  
A white wanton at the edge of a brake  
A rising whiteness mirrored in a lake

Yes—said James—you are right  
One should not die like this  
At night  
And for no cause or reason in the world  
Tis right enough for you to talk  
['Of sweeping the sky to find ['the kiss gentle kiss' *del.*] Deaths kiss' *del.*]  
['Of Death' *del.*]  
['Of sweeping the sky to stalk' *del.*]  
Of going into the sky to stalk  
The kiss of Death, you did not know the bliss  
Of home and children and the serene  
Of living, and the work and joy that was our heritage. . . .  
['Still, we would not have' *del.*]  
Still, it could not be otherwise

We had been  
Raiding over Mannheim, you've seen  
The place? Then you know  
How one hangs just beneath the stars, and seems  
To see the incandescent entrails of the Hun  
And you doubtless know  
The searchlight gleams that cross and recross like sounds  
[     ] racket of engines and the coughing unfolding of Arches.

## BRODSKY 13C VERSO

This version of stanza 6, possibly the next in the sequence of tentative completions, begins by reiterating in its first thirteen lines what Virginia's "single torn leaf" recto develops. It concludes with the formative image of 'fireflies', which will remain in the final draft, surfacing before it breaks off. The narrative detail is very prominent in this draft.

We had been  
 Raiding over Mannheim. Youve seen  
 The place? Then you know  
 How one hangs just beneath the stars, and seems  
 To see the incandescent entrails of the Hun,  
 And you doubtless know  
 Those strong sharp searchlight gleams  
 That cross and recross like sounds  
 ['And [*illeg.*] *del.*]  
 ['To the chap who is impaled on two of them' *del.*]  
 ['For the bloody Hun, when all is said and done' *del.*]  
 And the racket of engines and the slow  
 Coughing unfolding of Archie shell.  
 ['Well' *del.*]  
 ['They boxed us in the whirl' *del.*]  
 We had released our bombs and started home  
 There were Huns everywhere by now  
 Like wasps around a bat  
 ['Crosses, crosses, crosses' *del.*]  
 ['Then the first tracers' *del.*]  
 And tracer bullets like fireflies in dew laden thickets  
 They boxed us in the whirl  
 And did us in

## BRODSKY 13B VERSO

This version of stanza 6, like its two precursors, retains the first five lines which will appear intact in the first "complete" pencil draft. However, Faulkner abandons the images of searchlights, engine racket, and shells in favor of focusing on how the aviator relating the tale was surprised by Huns shooting him down from above. The image of 'fireflies', initiated in the previous version (BRODSKY 13C VERSO), is figuratively embellished. More significant in terms of suggesting the progression of these drafts is the introduction of the image of the 'great black earth' in line fifteen. Ultimately, this and the image of the fireflies, representing the air exploding with shells, will be merged metaphorically by Faulkner to symbolize the enemy that does in the pilot.

We had been [*raiding over M' del.*]  
 Raiding over Mannheim. Youve seen  
 The place? Then you know  
 How one hangs just beneath the stars, and seems  
 To see the incandescent entrails of the Hun  
 (*stanza continued*)

And you doubtless know  
 ['The searchlight gleams' *del.*]  
 ['Like wheeling sounds that search the sky for us' *del.*]  
 ['And the racket of engines and the slow' *del.*]  
 ['Unfolding of the shells' *del.*]  
 ['We had released our bombs and started' *del.*]  
 The Huns lurking in the high air  
 To drop on us [*illeg.*] the spewing of machine guns' *del.*] with a spewing of guns and a dance  
 Of tracers like fireflies in a dew laden thicket  
 And the great black earth reaching up hungry hands for us  
 I wonder that any ['of the fel' *del.*] people even got back alive  
 Well  
 The boxed  
 To drop on us like wasps around a bat

#### BRODSKY 13B RECTO

This version of stanza 6 does not bother to repeat the first five lines which Faulkner apparently felt were sufficiently formulated; rather, it restates the firefly image, attempts more narrative, then posits a line which will become instrumental as a refrain for the finished poem: 'There is an end to this somewhere.' Importantly, in the last six lines on the page, Faulkner furthers the image of the 'black earth' and writes what, with minimal change to line three, will become the second half of stanza 6, in the first "complete" pencil draft.

And the air was alive with Huns  
 And the great black earth reaching ['after us' *del.*] up for us  
 A spewing of guns  
 And a dance  
 Of tracers like fireflies over a deep meadow  
 They boxed us and did us in  
 Three Huns followed ['us,' *del.*] after us  
 Until the machine began to break  
 And scream from the speed of falling  
 And I threw away my goggles

There is an end to this somewhere

I

The black earth pulled us down, that night  
 Out of the bullet tortured air  
 That was like ['an enorm' *del.*] a great bowl full of fireflies  
 There is an end to this somewhere  
 ['We are too young to die' *del.*]  
 One should not die like this

## VIRGINIA ("single torn leaf") VERSO

This draft of stanza 7 differs from its counterpart in the first "complete" pencil draft in only one major way: it concludes with line nine. Line six adds a dash following the line; line seven appears with the word 'audible' substituted for 'heard'. Otherwise, the stanza is carried forward as Faulkner wrote it on this working draft.

One should not die like this  
 His voice has dropped and the wind is mouthing his words  
 While the lilacs nod their heads on slender stalks  
 Agreeing while he talks  
 And cares not if he is heard or is not heard  
 One should not die like this  
 Half heard, half silent words  
 That hover like grey birds  
 About our heads  
 I move suddenly, the birds  
 ['Have flown' *del.*] Fly away on [*illeg. del.*] noiseless silver wings

## BRODSKY 13C RECTO

This version consists ostensibly of two stanzas. In fact, stanza one is a preliminary working through of what will become stanza 8 in the first "complete" pencil draft. It picks up the second to last line in VIRGINIA "single torn leaf" VERSO, ('I move suddenly, the birds') and modifies it so that the bird image metamorphoses into the 'sun'. Faulkner spends the rest of this first stanza developing the new image, and ends with another specific reference to one of his personae ('poet'), which he will abandon in the finished poem.

Stanza two on this page, consisting of 15 lines, with one major change (Faulkner transposes and condenses lines 4, 5, and 6 into two lines), and a few minor word substitutions and additions, becomes stanzas 8 and 9 in the first "complete" pencil draft.

We sit in silent thoughtfulness  
 I shiver suddenly, the sun has gone  
 And the air is cooler where we three  
 Sit I can scarcely see  
 ['Them' *del.*] And the after glow of the west has followed the sun  
 The light has gone from the worlds rim  
 And the pale lilacs stir against a lilac pale sky  
 The poet bends his head

We sit in silent amity  
 I shiver suddenly, the sun has gone  
 And the air is cooler where we three  
 Are sitting. The light has gone from the worlds rim  
 Following the sun  
 And I can scarcely see  
 The stirring of the pale lilacs against the lilac pale sky  
 They bend their heads toward me as one head  
 —Old man—they say—when did you die?  
 I—I am not dead  
 ['They eye each other as people who have committed a *gaucherie' del.*]  
 ['In consternation tinged with pity' *del.*]  
 I hear their whisper as from a great distance—Not dead  
 Not dead—Poor chap, he isnt dead.  
 We sit, drinking tea

VIRGINIA "The Lilacs." Autograph manuscript, 3 pages, in pencil. VERSOS.

The manuscript transcribed below is the first "complete" pencil draft on the versos of the entry described in *Man Collecting*, pp. 20-21. In their description, the editors suggest that this pencil copy, by virtue of its having "only a few varying words" which distinguish it from the fair ink copy on its rectos, might be an unneat or unclean copy Faulkner felt obliged to recopy. Actually, by keying the fair ink copy (F.I.) and the first published version from the June 1925 *Double Dealer* (D.D.) in a textual collation against this pencil copy, one can see that it clearly represents a distinct progressive step in the creative evolution from experimental pencil drafts to fair ink copy, and that it is decidedly different from the latter.

By count, there are 30 lines in the fair ink copy containing key words or phrases altered from their appearance in the pencil draft. Of these, ten have no correlative in the *Double Dealer* text; another seven of the changes are only minutely different from their counterparts in the *Double Dealer* text; the title and two lines added originally to the fair ink copy appear almost exactly in the *Double Dealer* text; and ten more changes appear identically in the *Double Dealer* text. As a note, since Faulkner dispensed entirely with end-of-line periods in experimental versions as well as pencil and fair ink "complete" copies, their appearance in the *Double Dealer* version fully punctuated has not been considered collectively as alterations.

Finally, it must be emphasized that the 30 alterations in text from pencil to fair ink copies do not necessarily suggest that the fair ink copy represents the final rendition of this poem prior to its official publication; rather that the text is a further step in the development toward a finalized version.

[The Lilacs] F.I., D.D.

We sit, drinking tea  
 Beneath the lilacs of a summer afternoon  
 Comfortably, at our ease  
 With fresh linen napkins on our knees  
 We are in Blighty  
 And we sit, we three  
 In diffident contentedness  
 Lest we let each other guess  
 How pleased we are  
 Together watching the young moon  
 Lying shyly on her back, and the first star

There are women here  
 Smooth shouldered creatures in sheer scarves, that pass  
 And eye me queerly as they pass  
 One of them, my hostess, pauses near  
 —Are you quite all right, sir?—she stops to ask  
 You are a bit lonely, I fear]—You are] F.I.,D.D.  
 Will you have more tea? Cigarettes? No?—  
 I thank her, waiting for them to go  
 To me they are as figures on a masque  
 —Who?—Shot down?  
 Yes, shot down—Last spring—] Last spring^] F.I.  
 Poor chap—Yes, his mind—] his mind^] F.I.  
 The Doctor says—hoping rest will bring—

(stanza continued)

Their voices come to us like tangled rooks] to me] F.I.,D.D.  
 Busy with their tea and cigarettes and books  
 We sit in silent amity

—It was a morning in late May  
 Like a white woman  
 A white wanton at the edge of a brake  
 A rising whiteness mirrored in a lake  
 And I, old chap, was out before the day  
 Stalking her through the shimmering reaches of the sky  
 In my little pointed eared machine  
 I knew that we could catch her when we liked  
 For no nymphs ran as swiftly as they could  
 We mounted, up and up] mounted. F.I. mounted, up and up,] D.D.  
 And found her at the border of a wood  
 A cloud forest, and pausing at its brink  
 I felt her arms and her cool breath] we felt] F.I. I felt] D.D.  
 A red rose on white snows, the kiss of Death  
 The bullet struck me here, I think  
 In my left breast  
 And killed my little pointed eared machine] machine. I watched it fall] F.I. machine.  
 I saw it fall,] D.D.  
 I watched it fall, the last wine in a cup. . . ] the last wine in a cup. . . ] F.I. The  
 last wine in a cup. . . ] D.D.  
 I thought that we could find her when we liked  
 But now I wonder if we found her, it and I] if we found her, after all] F.I. if I  
 found her, after all.] D.D.

One should not die like this  
 On such a day  
 From hot mad bullets, or other modern way  
 For Science is a dangerous mouth to kiss  
 One should fall, I think, to some Etruscan dart  
 Beneath the white feet of the Oceanides] In meadows beneath] F.I. In meadows  
 where the Oceanides] D.D.  
 And on such a day as this  
 Become a tall wreathed column; I should like to be  
 On some white lifting isle, an ilex tree] isle, and ilex tree] F.I.  
 Instead, I had a bullet through my heart] my heart—] F.I. my heart. . . ] D.D.

—Yes, you are right  
 One should not die like this  
 And for no cause nor reason in the world  
 'Tis right enough for one like you to talk  
 Of going into the far thin sky to stalk] thin air to stalk] F.I. thin sky to stalk] D.D.  
 The kiss of death, you did not know the bliss] The mouth of death,] F.I.,D.D.  
 Of home and children and the serene  
 Of living, and of works and joy that was our heritage] and of work] F.I.,D.D.  
 [And best of all, of age] F.I. [And, best]] D.D.  
 [We were too young]] F.I.,D.D.  
 Still—he draws his hand across his eyes—] eyes. F.I.,D.D.  
 Still, it could not be otherwise] —Still] F.I.,D.D.

We had been  
 Raiding over Mannheim. Youve seen] You've seen] F.I.,D.D.  
 The place? Then you know  
 How one hangs just beneath the stars, and seems  
 To see the incandescent entrails of the Hun  
 The black earth pulled us down that night] us down, that night] F.I. us down, that  
 night,] D.D.

*(stanza continued)*

Out of the bullet tortured air  
 That was like a great black bowl of fireflies. . .] A great black bowl of fireflies. .]  
 F.I.,D.D.  
 There is an end to this, somewhere  
 One should not die like this] like this—] F.I.,D.D.  
 —One should not die like this] One should not die like this—] F.I. like this.] D.D.  
 His voice has dropped and the wind is mouthing his words  
 While the lilacs nod their heads on slender stalks  
 Agreeing while he talks  
 And cares not if he is heard or is not heard] And care not if he is heard, or] F.I.  
     Caring not] D.D.  
 —One should not die like this] One should not die like this—] F.I. like this. . .] D.D.  
 Half audible, half silent words  
 That hover like grey birds  
 About our heads

We sit in silent amity  
 I shiver, for the sun has gone  
 And the air is cooler where we three  
 Are sitting. The light has followed the sun  
 From the worlds rim and I can no longer see] world's rim,] F.I.  
 The stirring of the pale lilacs against the lilac pale sky

They bend their heads toward me as one head  
 —Old man—they say—when did you die?] you die?. . .] F.I.

I—I am not dead  
 I hear their whisper as from a great distance—Not dead] their voices] F.I.,D.D.  
 He's not dead, poor chap; he isn't dead—  
 We sit, drinking tea

BRODSKY "The Lilacs" (Hand-lettered booklet)

This version of the poem, which occupies pages 5-14 of the tiny gift booklet that originally belonged to Phil Stone, and which seems to have been copied out within a little more than a year following the poem's probable initial completion (ca. July—December, 1918), appears to have drawn heavily on the fair ink copy since it retains, with a few obvious line deletions, most of the changes Faulkner made in updating his poem from pencil to ink draft. Most significant, however, are the additions original to this version: they consist of 21 major word, line, syntactical and punctuation alterations from the fair ink version, and all appear in the *Double Dealer* text. These changes have been collated against the fair ink copy (F.I.) and the *Double Dealer* (D.D.) text to suggest that the hand-lettered version of "The Lilacs" represents a further working through of the poem. However, this should not be taken to imply that it may have been the final rendition, for in the *Double Dealer* text Faulkner also harks back to a few lines and words which appear in the fair ink copy and fail to appear in the hand-lettered text (Re: *Double Dealer* lines 16, 22, 47, 48, 76).

In the version of "The Lilacs" transcribed below, the reconstructed text contains pointed brackets which enclose material missing from the booklet because of fire damage. I have refrained from placing suspected punctuation in the bracketed material, although the likelihood of its existence in the undamaged original is great. Also, to augment a more accurate transcription of the poem as it actually appears in the booklet, page numbers are indicated in parentheses to distinguish stanzaic breaks from page breaks arbitrarily necessitated by the booklet's odd size.

## THE LI[L]ACS

We sit drinking tea] D.D. We sit, drinking] F.I.  
 Beneath the lilacs of a su<mmer afternoon>  
 Comfortably, at our ease  
 With fresh linen napkins <on our knees>  
 We are in Blighty  
 And we sit, we three,  
 In diffident contentedness  
 Lest we let each other guess  
 How pleased we are  
 Together here, watching t<he young moon>] D.D. Together watching] F.I.  
 Lying shyly on her bac<k, and the first>  
 star.] D.D. first star^] F.I.

There <are women here> (p.5)  
 <Smooth shouldered> creatures in sheer  
 <Scarves, that> pass  
 <And eye me s>trangely as they pass.] D.D. queerly as they pass^] F.I.  
 <One of them,> my hostess, pauses near.  
 <—Are you quite> all right, sir?—she stops  
 <to ask>  
 <Will you> have more tea? Cigarettes?  
 <No?—>  
 <I thank her>, waiting for them to go,  
 <To me they> are as figures on a masque.] D.D. masque^] F.I.  
 <—Who?—Sh>ot down—  
 <Yes, shot down—Las>t spring—  
 <Poor chap—Yes,> his mind—  
 <Hoping rest will bring>—  
 <Their voices come to me like> tangled  
 <rooks> (p.6)  
 Busy with their tea a<nd cigarettes>  
 and books.  
 We sit in silent am<ity>

—It was a morning in la<te May>  
 A white woman,] D.D. Like a white woman] F.I.  
 A white wanton at the edg<e of a brake>  
 A rising whiteness mirrore<d in a lake>  
 And I, old chap, was o<ut before the>  
 day  
 Stalking her through t<he shimmering>  
 reaches <of the sky>  
 In my lit<tle pointed eared machine>  
 I kne<w that we could catch her>  
 <when we liked> (p.7)  
 <For no nymphs> ran as swiftly as  
 <they c>ould.] D.D. could^] F.I.  
 <we mounted up an>d up,] D.D. up and up^] F.I.  
 <And found her at> the border of a wood  
 <A cloud forest>,  
 <And pausing> at its brink  
 <We felt her> arms and her cool breath  
 <A red rose> on white snows, the kiss  
 <of> Death.

<The bullet> struck me here, I think,] D.D. here, I think^] F.I.  
 <In my left> breast  
 <And killed my> little pointed-eared] D.D. pointed^ eared] F.I.  
 <machine> I watched it fall  
 <The last wine in a cu>p. . . .  
 <I thought that we could find> her when  
 <we liked> (p.8)  
 But now I wonder if I <found her, after>  
 all.] D.D. I wonder if we] F.I.

One should not die <like this>  
 On such a day  
 From hot angry bullets, o<r other mod->  
 ern way] From angry bullets] D.D. From hot mad bullets] F.I.  
 One should fall I think <to some>  
 Etruscan dart  
 On such a day as this  
 And become a tall wr<eathed column;>  
 I should like <to be>  
 An ilex tre<e on some white lifting>  
 isl<e>  
 Instead <, I had a bullet through my heart—> (p.9)

<—Yes, you are> right  
 <One should> not die like this,] D.D. like this^] F.I.  
 <And for no c>ause nor reason in the  
 <world>  
 <Tis right enough> for one like you to  
 <talk>  
 <Of going into> the far thin sky to stalk] D.D. far thin air] F.I.  
 <The mouth> of Death, you did not  
 <know the> bliss  
 <Of home a>nd children and the se-  
 <rene>  
 <Of living, and> of work and joy that  
 <was our> heritage,  
 <And best of all, of age>  
 <We were too young> (p.10)  
 Still—he draws his <hand across>  
 his eyes  
 —Still, it could not be <otherwise>

We had been  
 Raiding over Man<nheim. You've seen>  
 The place? Then <you know>  
 How one hangs jus<t beneath the stars>  
 and seems to se<e>  
 The incandescent entr<ails of the Hun>  
 The great earth drew <us down, that>  
 night,> The black earth drew us] D.D. The black earth pulled] F.I.  
 Out of the bullet <tortured air>  
 A black bowl of <fireflies ...> (p.11)  
 There is an en<d to this, somewhere;>  
 One should n<ot die like this—>

<One should> not <die li>ke this—  
 <His voice has dropp>ed and the wind  
   <is mouthing h>is words  
 <While the lilacs n>od their heads on  
   <slender stal>ks,] D.D. stalks^] F.I.  
 <Agreeing while> he talks  
 <And care> not if he is heard, or is  
   <not hear>d.] D.D. heard^] F.I.  
 <One should not die> like this—  
 <Half audible, half> silent words  
 <That hover like> grey birds  
 <About our heads> (p.12)

We sit in silent amity  
 I shiver, for the sun has <gone>  
 And the air is cooler w<where we three>  
 Are sitting. The light h<as followed>  
   the sun,  
 And I no longer see] D.D. From the world's rim, and I can no longer see] F.I.  
 The pale lilacs stirri<ng against the>  
   lilac-pale <sky>] D.D. The stirring of the pale lilacs against the lilac pale sky]  
   F.I.

They bend their h<eads toward me>  
   as one head  
 —Old man—the<y say—>  
   When d<id you die? ...> (p.13)  
 <I—I am not> dead.] D.D. not dead^] F.I.  
 <I hear their> voices as from a great  
   <distance>—Not dead  
 <He's not dea>d, <poor> chap; he didn't  
   <die>—] D.D. chap; he isn't dead—] F.I.  
 <We sit, drinki>ng tea. (p.14)