

**E** **B** **B**

During a  
age, pictures  
ections of her happy childhood are echoe  
and *Hector in the Garden*. Was precocious  
and Homer in Greek.

ther printed *Battle of Marathon*, one of sh  
When she was fifteen, in trying to saddle he  
njured and became an invalid for many ye  
lished *Essay on Mind*.

lished first version of her translation of *Pr*  
*Seraphim appeared*.

lished two volumes *Poems*.

urred Robert Browning  
who regarded her as a contrary to the  
year settled in Florenc  
son was born.

lished *Sonnets from the  
before her marriage; "Portuguese" was to  
Browning had given her.  
is mentioned for the Laureate-ship.*

sa Guidi Windows, dealing with Italy's strug  
appeared.

*ora* a novel in verse, was published.  
shed *Poems before Congress*.  
Florence.

*Sonnets from . . .*  
her "Port

**Susana Gardner**

*EBB*

*PORT*

*Or, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's  
1806-1861*

*Sonnets from the Portuguese*

*As expurgated, extricated, philandered  
and/or lifted EBB texts found in a 1928  
anthology of 'Minor Victorian' poets; used for  
exercise as well as poetic fodder, also  
referred to as 'erasure' Herein,*

*As well as  
in Connexion with the \*dusie/e-chap kollektiv.,-*

*By  
Susana Gardner*



*At Winterthur, 2007.  
\*printed in a limited edition of 100  
hand-made copies, as well as  
available in the forthcoming issue  
of DUSIE (dusie.org), issue 7.*

[www.dusie.org](http://www.dusie.org)

*This appeared on my blog, 'Minor Victorian,' in part of  
version 2.14. Thanks also go out to Paul K. Coate and  
Vernon L. Parrington for their 'erasure/purgatory' work on better  
and more recent editions of EBB's poetry, and the consequent creation of  
EBB Port.*

# ONCE MORE

once how he s ung  
O dear wished or  
one ears  
a gift or  
used antique  
a gradual vision a  
sweet melancholy  
shadow Straightway 'ware,  
mystic hap i  
drew by  
voice in mast I  
"Guess thee But,  
answer Love."

BUT th ee Go  
hear this thou said,-  
Thee and me a re  
One . . . was od, . . . d the  
dark eye merge  
sight trou thee, — I die,  
laced  
solut ion worse  
From than all he O i  
Men part us

E

B

B

seas	a g e	temp-	ts end:
hands	touch		bars
e ve	led between us		end
should	vow aster for	stars.	

## III

are we, like, O Heart!  
 like our uses and  
 Our mi ster n angels rise  
 On one mother athwart  
 wings in pass Thou, bethink thee art  
 guest queen so pageant  
 gag s from righter  
 Tha te as mine thy part  
 music What hast thou  
 I look lattice-light  
 poor, tired wa de sing singing rough  
 dark, and leaning rest  
 is thine head,—o min he  
 And eve, her se a gr.e.

## IV

Thou hast thy some palace or,  
 gracious singer of such poems! where  
 The dancers will break footing, from the care  
 Of lifting up thy pregnant lips or more.  
 And dost thou lift this load & match so poor  
 of thine and canst thou bear  
 To let thy music unaware,  
 In folds of unusefulness at my door?  
 Then see the casement broken  
 The bats are lets builders in the roof  
 & chirps gain thy laud.

Hush

NET

OR

Of

echo      in  
              voice

further

... as thou must  
weeps

within

V

sing . . .

LIFT

heavy heart

solemn

Electra sepulchral

looking in thine overme

ush thy Behold se

hid

solemutter

What great wild sparkles dim

ash gray

scorn

tread out dark

well perhaps if instead

Thou beside me wind low

gray dust up, . . . laurels on thine head,

O my loved,

none of all Stand shall scorch thee so,

VI

Henceforward

I fee I Stand

alone u the hold do

livid command

The uses of soul, or if hand

Serene sun in before,

Without sense of I bore-

Thy touch the palm

takes part leave heart in

pulses beat double. What I do

what I dream elude thee

Must ta t is own

E B B  
for thou art thou art of thine

vii

of all the world s age I ink  
Betwixt till soul  
**Of** and stole  
augt bath, ink  
Of life. the whole  
wave or apt sweets Sweet thee anear.  
me heaven here  
thou art shalt be, there loved yester  
this song

VIII

## O liberal

purple thine heart, unstained, untold  
as I  
unexpected manifold  
tender nothings  
Ungrateful poor  
if frequent  
Not so left so  
i own

give same low to thy  
Go father! serve to ample on.

## IX

CAN it be right to give what I can give  
To let thee sit beneath the fall of tear.  
As salt as mine, and hear the sighing  
Re-sighing on my lips renunciative  
Through those infrequent smiles which  
For all thy adjurations? O my fears,  
That this can scarce be right! We are  
So to be love, and I own, and grieve,  
That givers of such gifts of mine are, n  
Be counted with the ungenerous. Out, al  
I will not soil thy face with my dust,  
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice-gl  
Nor give thee any love—which were un  
Beloved, I only love thee! let it pass.

## X

LET, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed  
And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,  
Let temple burn, or flax: an equal light  
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed  
And love is fire. And when I say at need  
*I love thee . . . mark! . . . I love thee*—it  
stand transfigured, glorified aright,  
With conscience of the new rays that proceed  
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothin  
n love, when love the lowest: meanest crea  
Who love od, d accepts while loving so.  
*And what I feel across the inferior features*

Of what  
How that

I am  
great

doth flash  
work of Love  
**XI**  
show  
enhances Nature

(E.B.B.)

if to love can be  
worthy. as pale  
and trembl e fail  
the burden of a heavy ,  
weary minstrel-life that once was  
scarce  
thy worth nightingale nor for  
because I music in love thee,  
love O Be thy place!  
love I obtain  
yet renounce thee this vindicating grace,

**XII**

uttermost,

Hadst

And love  
love even  
soul hath  
his very love.  
rising  
ruby large enow  
prove the inner cost,—

‘s

## PORT

And laced by thee on a golden throne,—

that I love (O soul,

thee

XIII

wrought

AND wilt thou have me fashion into speed  
 The love I bear thee, finding words enoug;  
 And hold the torch out, while the winds &  
 Between our faces, to cast light on each;  
 I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach  
 My hand to hold my spirit so far off  
 From myself—me—that I should bring thee  
 In words, of love bid in me out of reach.  
 Nay, let the silence of my womanhood  
 Command my woman-love to thy belief,  
 Seeing that I stand unwon, however woe;  
 And rend the garment of my life, in brief  
 By a most dauntless, voiceless fortitude,  
 Lest one touch of thine heart convey its gri-

XIV

IF thou must love me, let it be for nought  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
 "I love her for her smile—her look—her way  
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—  
 For these things, in themselves, Belovèd, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so  
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—

E B B  
for love ever  
mayst love thy bro<sup>n</sup> love eternit<sup>y</sup>.

Accuse me not,  
Too calm and sac.  
For we two look  
With the  
On me; hath shut  
As on wing an  
Since impossible  
And to look  
fail so besides love,  
Hearing beyond  
As one wh. the bitten gazes  
Over the  
AND yet, over so,  
Thou canst prevail  
purple round art more and  
lift upward crush  
yanquished soldier Is Beholding,  
lift from thee earth, oblivio  
Even Beloved, at last thou s rivers  
ends

rise

word.

thy love,

worth.

## XVIII

My poet, [ ]  
 God set [ ] and  
 And strike up general roar  
 Of the rushing worlds floats  
 In a serene pure  
 Of medicated mus [ ] for  
 Mankind's thou canst  
 From thence in forlorn will devote  
 Thine to such ends, wait on thine  
 How Dearest, will thou have me  
 A hope to sing by gladly? or  
 Sad with thy songs  
 made in ich sing  
 rave, on ich rest

**sing**

## xviii

lock hair  
 Dearest, this to thee,  
 Which now upon thought  
 and say  
 no longer bounds ester  
 or rose or myrtle.  
 As girls do,  
 aught pale mark aside  
 sorrow's from the  
 thought heart

Take it thou, find pure, all the c ycloid,

kiss ; moth left here <sup>the</sup> Muse:

soul

<sup>a</sup>to bath

hand

barte

my poe<sup>t</sup>s Foe

that mart,

heart

Receive this

argosies —

purple black, erst (Pindar <sup>a</sup>yes

purpureal tresses loomed athwart

Muse-

For th<sup>e</sup> s<sup>t</sup>

parl

he

own's bade Belovèd, urnuse,

still lingers

Muse out

lack<sup>f</sup>

Thus

shadow<sup>g</sup> wife

his ing breath,

you

if

giving back,

no hindereth;

lack

my heart, as on thy

death

heat till in

## XX

my Belovèd

wast in

men

ink

I sit alone

counting

of ink

ever could all of ink,

by thy as i hand,—

no print,

cup of

Wander

at thy voice,

feel thee ill

my

or speech, or

## XXI

SAY ~~ever~~ again, and yet once over again,  
That thou ~~doest~~ love me. Though the word re-  
Should seen **cuckoo-song**, as thou treat it,  
Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without ~~her~~ cuckoo-str.  
Comes the fresh ~~air~~ her green ~~air~~  
Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit ~~now~~ in pain.  
Cry, "Speak for ~~me~~ Who can fear  
Too many stars, life which heaven shall coll,  
Too many flowers though each shall grow the year?  
- thou dost ~~love~~ me, love me, love me 'toll  
silver utterance! —only minding, Dear,  
love me also in silence with thy soul.

## XXII

lengthening wing  
point,—what

her content ink.

long high

angel ress

spire

some olden

song

deep, dear silence.

ay it's

Rather  
Contrary

loved -

ere

late purse

lace and and love in  
and the xxiii hour round it.  
it

lay re ad,  
is any if sing in ?  
for thee coldly shine

cause of weamps falling round me  
Can I p when I read ine

Why in letter. I am

. . . so much to thee? soul, in

While

Then life's lower range.

4 years resumes  
righter adies do count

dove, to give up as me  
yield the grave for thy sake

Heaven over earth with thee

strange,

xxiv

LET the world's harp and

Shut in noise of Love, and warlike

In this loss

And let us hear no sound of strife

After the click of the shuttring

I lean upon thee, Dear wife

And feel as safe as in a charm

Against the stab or giles of life

Are weak to injure. Very whitely still

The lilies of our lives may flower

Their blossoms from their roots inaccessible

Alone to heavenly dews that drop not few

## FROM THE PORT

OF man's reach

wing straight  
love.

XXV have I or

~~leave~~  
**From** <sup>to</sup> ~~fear~~ until <sup>saw thy</sup>  
 orrow <sup>until</sup> ~~saw thy~~ took the places  
**Sorrow** <sup>and</sup> ~~natural~~ <sup>dance-time,</sup> ~~torn~~  
**old** <sup>and</sup> ~~natural~~ <sup>dance-time,</sup> ~~torn~~ <sup>s</sup>inged  
 As the heart at ill Hope apace  
 a. <sup>a</sup> <sup>ill</sup> <sup>Hope</sup> apace  
 despairs, <sup>W</sup> grace  
 We a ged long d world forlorn  
 Could scarce lift thou didst bid me  
 heavy heart thy calm at  
 let it drop adown Fake as thing  
 Deep being! Which its own doth  
 While thin doth close <sup>r ip e,</sup> mediating  
 fate

Betwixt the stars and the

xxvi

ived visions  
 of men and women ago.  
 And found them gentle mates, or they  
 Of sweet muses then I yed to me.  
 i was not free  
 silent  
 I grew faint and blind  
 Then THOU didst come  
 loved mid shining f onts,  
 songs, splendors (better, yet the same,  
 river-water shall w ant),  
 in thee, and of thee i came

O Love, thy words  
I dared repeat

last!

ON E

PORT

I THINK

XXIX

thee wild about  
broad soon

straggling green

O understood

not thee

dearer Rather,  
strong

though set thy

ands of greenery

down—burst, shatter

joy to see

within thy shadow a new

thee—I'm near thee.

XXX

I SEE through my tea to-night,

And yet to day I see not How

the cause for it thou

Refer who makes me sad—the acolyte *out of sight*  
and the chanted joy an thankful rite

May so fall flat with pale insensate brow,

On the altar-star hear thy voice and vow,

Perplexed, uncertain since thou art ee ght

as he, in his swooning men

Beloved, dost thou lo or did I see all

The glory as I dreamed, and fainted when

hem light dilated my ideal.

F.

B.

B.

soul with  
ca se gift

dreamt

a

Beloved,

drear

betwixt

And,

thee

xxvi

again, as

langua ge

hope

the world gone,  
found thee!

I am

backward or

dewless asphodel  
time

witness

LOVE

so I,  
between

xxviii

My letters!

tremulous

paper's light

Dawn - ink and quill  
nature blinks - my past  
is said, I dream - and the ink has paled  
to lying at my feet this beat too fast

E

B

B.

For my soul's eyes? Will light come again,  
As now these come — falling hot and real

## XXXI

*comest!* said word  
 beneath thy children do  
 — open sum that though  
 happy unaverred tremble  
 prodigal joy. But if  
 it last dead and yet,-  
 most occasion- and lose  
 love like help and my fears would rise,  
 heart interpose  
 sufficiencies  
 allow birds when bereft of  
 to the

## XXXII

first	sun	thine
<b>T</b> HE	looked forward	moon
	at the mounds	in oo n
quickly tied to make	last	troth.
Quicke (hearts) I	wroth	
And, to self, I	hatched	
such man's device in likely		
good		
To sing song	note	
Is laid down	ill-	
did	lace d	haste
wrong		
on thee.	perfect	strains

aster hands,

Neath

and great souls,

**Yes** **XXXIII**

call me by my pit-name! let me hear  
to run at, when I am  
my innocence, and leave the dead  
glance, and leave the dead face that proved me dead,  
the look of its eyes, I miss the clear  
voices which were being drawn and reconciled  
the music of the dead,

me no longer call them thy mouth  
had it been to now complete.  
there was always abwars to complete the south,  
I could not early love up in the late.

the same name, and I, in truth,  
was not yet born, and did not wait.

**Silence** **XXXIV**

last moment

**Silence** **XXXV**

my obedient

drop a grave dead break,

still my heart goes to thee ponder now

in the good and my good!

E.

B

B

Lay thy best one,  
child foot as as

XXXV

Alas. I am heart  
Yet wilt thou Open dove  
wet wings

XXXVI

WHEN we met, first-loved, I did not build  
Upon the eve with mble. Could it mean  
To last, a love set serious between  
Sorrow and sorrow? I rather thrilled  
Distrusting every light at seemed to qua  
The onward path, I dared to overleap.  
A finger even. And, serene  
And strong since then, willie  
A still renewable fear  
Lest these enclasped, drop  
this mutual kiss down between us  
As i mnowned thing.

O lowe O troth

E.

B.

B.

perfect

xxxix

power and  
behind mask of

Against which years have beat thus blanching,  
their rains and behold my soul's true face  
dim and weary witness to race,—  
blist faith  
soul's see,  
fethered.

sin nor woe,

tired of all self-viewed.

neighborhood

Dearest, teach me

turn to go

thee, as thou dost, good

Oh, yes!

xl

all this world of ours!

old love forsooth ours

Beloved

art

PORT

Love,  
Must lose joy, star told.

xxxvii

PAR don, my  
Of all that divinez I know  
For thine thee image on so  
Formed of and, and sit shift break.  
distant did not take  
sovranty, recoiling blow,  
forced ergo  
doubt dread, and blind sake  
Thy pur' worth a worthless counterfeit:  
As a shipwrecked in port,  
Hil sea to comment  
set porpoise, ill snort  
And frant in to compleate.

xxxviii

he kissed me, he but kissed  
wherewith  
ever since  
angels speak Oh,  
that kiss  
first sought beyond me  
Half love, love's own  
That was sanctifying sweet ness,  
upon my lips did precede

souls touch

And soon

## XLI

THANK

love

thanks

hear

the  
loud

onward.  
occupation

divine

heark

Instrucf

soul

they

Love endure

Oh

future years

utter,

Life

appear

## XLII

copy

word

by

the time of

And there instead, sa  
do angels in thy soul!

By natural ills received th

at thy sight,

ave buddings (s) with morning dew

seek no more of life's first half

out green leaves

cast

not

last,

urned a

lived

cried

fast,

grim stalk

copy now

I  
love thee, <sup>Believe me</sup> come to me,  
I soul <sup>and</sup> the depth and breadth of me,  
the ends of Being and Ideal Greatness,  
I love thee, <sup>the Eve</sup>  
lost quiescent by sun,  
I breathe thee,  
love thee pure,  
love thee wise,  
I love thee, <sup>faith</sup>  
With my lot saints,—I love thee,  
Smiles, fears, of all my life,  
I snail <sup>but</sup> love thee.

the many flower  
thou hast brought flower  
garden, all the summer through  
Plucked and it seemed as they grew  
lose soon, as if sun and  
And the name of our  
Take <sup>thee</sup> on, <sup>thee</sup> on  
In this ground indeed thou bed  
overgrown weeds  
weeding here  
as used shall pine

## A DUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Instruct thine eyes      ke p t                  true,  
thy                        roots are left in mine.

## A DUSICAL INSTRUMENT

or, "a dusi/e-chap, 2007

WHAT was she doing, the great god Pan,

Down in the reeds by the river?  
Scandal & ruin and scattering - thy  
Soul was wild, panting with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

She tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river;  
The liquid water turbulently ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled . ,  
Ere she brought it out of h. i ve.

High on the shore sat she great god Pan,  
Turbulently day by day,  
Hacked and hewed as a great man can do  
With her hard bleak heel at the ~~perfect~~ reed,  
Till there was no sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it ~~was from the river~~.  
She cut it short, did She great god Pan,  
~~(and left it stoned in the shore!)~~  
Then drew the path, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor ~~thing~~ thing  
In holes, as he tats the river.



making a poet <sup>100</sup> of a man  
has not become a desire  
because our hearts - nothingness for anything.