

¹¹Ibid., p. 218.

¹²Kipling, "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," *Wee Willie Winkie* (London: Macmillan, 1964), p. 134; all later quotations from the story are from this edition and their page-numbers are noted in my text.

¹³Forster, *A Passage to India* (London: Penguin, 1959), p. 167; all quotations from the novel are from this edition and their page-numbers are noted in my text.

Me Being Stupid

I am too tired today to understand
how it is you I meet at the beach.
When I say "The water is blue."
you cry. Gathering driftwood
you talk about the scheduled tides:
what they do to dead things
that ride the sea woodenly:
shaped into cats
and peacocks with smooth wings.

KENNETH FIFER