

## My Last Duchess

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said  
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps  
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps  
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace – all and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good; but thanked  
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this

Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
 Or there exceed the mark" – and if she let  
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
 – E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
 As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet  
 The company below, then. I repeat,  
 The Count your Master's known munificence  
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
 Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, though,  
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

**Robert Browning, 1842**

**Nikolaus Mardruz to his Master,  
Ferdinand, Count of Tyrol, 1565**

My Lord recalls Ferrara? How walls  
 rise out of water yet to recede  
 identically  
 into it, as if  
 built in both directions: soaring and sinking...  
 Such mirroring was my first dismay—  
 my next, having crossed  
 the moat, was making  
 out that, for all its grandeur, the great

pile, observed close to, is close to a ruin!  
 (Even My Lord's most  
 unstinting dowry  
 may not restore this wasted precincts to what  
 their deteriorating state demands.)  
 Queasy it made me,  
 glancing first down there  
 at swans in the moat apparently  
 feeding on their own doubled image, then up  
 at the citadel,  
 so high—or so deep,  
 and *everywhere* those cared effigies of  
 men and women, monsters among them  
 crowding the ramparts  
 and seeming at home  
 in the dingy water that somehow  
 held them up as if for our surveillance—ours?  
 anyone's who looked!  
 All that pretension  
 of marble display, the whole improbable  
 menagerie with but one purpose:  
*having to be seen.*  
 Such was the matter  
 of Ferrara, and such the manner,  
 when at last we met, of the Duke in greeting  
 My Lordship's Envoy:  
*life in fallen stone!*

Several hours were to elapse, in the keeping  
 of his lackeys, before the Envoy  
 of My Lord the Count  
 of Tyrol might see  
 or even be seen to by His Grace  
 the Duke of Ferrara, though from such neglect  
 no *deliberate*  
 slight need be inferred:  
 now that I have had an opportunity  
 —have had, indeed, the obligation—  
 to fix on His Grace  
 that perlustration

or power of scrutiny for which  
(I believe) My Lord holds his Envoy's service  
in some favor still,  
I see that the Duke,  
by his own lights or perhaps, more properly  
said, by his own *tenebrosity*,  
could offer some excuse  
for such cunctation...

Appraising a set of cameos  
just brought from Cairo by a Jew in his trust,  
His Grace had been rapt  
in connoisseurship,  
that study which alone can distract him  
from his wonted courtesy; he was  
affability  
itself, once his mind  
could be deflected from mere *objects*.

At last I presented (with those documents  
which in some detail  
describe and define  
the duties of both signators) the portrait  
of your daughter the Countess,  
observing the while  
his countenance. No  
fault was found with our contract, of which  
each article had been so correctly framed  
(if I may say so)  
as to ascertain  
a pre-nuptial alliance which must persuade  
and please the most punctilious (and  
impecunious)  
of future husbands.  
Principally, or (if I may be  
allowed the amendment) perhaps Ducally,  
His Grace acknowledged  
himself beguiled by  
Cranach's portrait of our young Countess, praising  
the design, the hues, the glaze—the frame  
and appeared averse,

for a while, even  
to letting the panel leave his hands!  
Examining those same hands, I was convinced  
that no matter what  
the result of our  
(at this point, promising) negotiations,  
your daughter's likeness must now remain  
"for good," as we say,  
among Ferrara's  
treasures, already one more trophy  
in His Grace's multifarious holdings,  
like those marble busts  
lining the drawbridge,  
like those weed-stained statues grinning up at us  
from the still moat, and—inside as well  
as out—those grotesque  
figures and faces  
fastened to the walls. So be it!

Real  
bother (after all, one painting, for Cranach  
—and My Lord—need be  
no great forfeiture)  
commenced only when the Duke himself led me  
out of the audience-chamber and  
laboriously  
(he is no longer  
a young man) to a secret penthouse  
high on the battlements where he can indulge  
those despotic tastes  
he denominates,  
half smiling over the heartless words,  
"the relative consolations of semblance."  
"Sir, suppose you draw  
that curtain," smiling  
in earnest now, and so I sought—  
but what appeared a piece of drapery proved  
a painted deceit!  
My embarrassment  
afforded a cue for audible laughter,

and only then His Grace, visibly  
    relishing his trick,  
    turned the thing around,  
whereupon appeared, on the reverse,  
the late Duchess of Ferrara to the life!  
Instantly the Duke  
    praised the portrait  
so readily provided by one Pandolf—  
    a monk by some profane article  
    attached to the court,  
    hence answerable  
for taking likenesses as required  
in but a day's diligence, so it was claimed...  
Myself I find it  
    but a mountebank's  
proficiency—another chicane, like that  
    illusive curtain, a waxwork sort  
    of nature called forth:  
    cold legerdemain!  
Though extranea such as the hares  
(copulating!), the doves, and a full-blown rose  
    were showily limned,  
I could not discern  
ought to be loved in that countenance itself,  
    likely to rival, much less to excel  
    the life illumined  
    in Cranach's image  
of our Countess, which His Grace had set  
beside the dead woman's presentment...And took,  
    so evident was  
    the supremacy,  
no further pains to assert Fra Pandolf's skill.  
One last hard look, whereupon the Duke  
    resumed his discourse  
    in an altered tone,  
    now some unintelligible rant  
of stooping—His Grace chooses "never to stoop"  
    when he makes reproof...  
My Lord will take this  
as but a figure: not only is the Duke

no longer young, his body is so  
queerly misshapen  
that even to speak  
of "not stooping" seems absurdity:  
the creature is stooped, whether by cruel  
or impartial cause—say  
Time or the Tempter—  
I shall not venture to hypothecate. Cause  
or no cause, it would appear he marked  
some motive for his  
"reproof," a mortal  
chastisement in fact inflicted on  
his poor Duchess, put away (I take it so)  
for smiling—at whom?  
Brother Pandolf? or  
some visitor to court during the sitting?  
—too generally, if I construe  
the Duke's clue rightly,  
to survive the terms  
of his...severe protocol. My Lord,  
at the time it was delivered to me thus,  
the admonition  
if indeed it was  
any such thing, seemed no more of a menace  
than the rest of his rodomontade;  
item, he pointed,  
as we toiled downstairs,  
to that bronze Neptune by our old Claus  
(there must be at least six of them cluttering  
the Summer Palace  
at Innsbruck), claiming  
it was "cast in bronze for me." Nonsense, of course.

But upon reflection, I suppose  
we had better take  
the old reprobate  
at his unspeakable word... Why, even  
assuming his boasts should be as plausible  
as his avarice,  
no "cause" for dismay:

once ensconced here as the Duchess, your daughter  
need no more apprehend the Duke's  
murderous temper  
than his matchless taste.

For I have devised a means whereby  
the dowry so flagrantly pursued by our  
insolvent Duke ("no  
just pretense of mine  
be disallowed" indeed!), instead of being  
paid as he pleads in one globose sum,  
should drip into his  
coffers by degrees—  
say, one fifth each year—then after five  
such years, the dowry itself to be doubled,  
always assuming  
that Her Grace enjoys  
her usual smiling health. The years are her  
ally in such an arbitrament,  
and with confidence  
My Lord can assure  
the new Duchess (assuming her Duke  
abides by these stipulations and his own  
propensity for  
accumulating  
"semblances") the long devotion (so long as  
he lasts ) of her last Duke... Or more likely,  
if I guess aright  
your daughter's intent,  
of that young lordling I might make so  
bold as to designate her next Duke, as well...

Ever determined in  
My Lordship's service,  
I remain his Envoy  
to Ferrara as to the world.

**Richard Howard, 1999**



## Lost in Translation

*for Richard Howard*

*Diese Tage, die leer dir scheinen  
und wertlos für das All,  
haben Wurzeln zwischen den Steinen  
und trinken dort überall.*

A card table in the library stands ready  
To receive the puzzle which keeps never coming.  
Daylight shines in or lamplight down  
Upon the tense oasis of green felt.  
Full of unfulfillment, life goes on,  
Mirage arisen from time's trickling sands  
Or fallen piecemeal into place:  
German lesson, picnic, see-saw, walk  
With the collie who "did everything but talk" —  
Sour windfalls of the orchard back of us.  
A summer without parents is the puzzle,  
Or should be. But the boy, day after day,  
Writes in his Line-a-Day No puzzle.  
He's in love, at least. His French Mademoiselle,  
In real life a widow since Verdun,  
Is stout, plain, carrot-haired, devout.  
She prays for him, as does a curé in Alsace,  
Sews costumes for his marionettes,  
Helps him to keep behind the scene  
Whose sidelit goosegirl, speaking with his voice,  
Plays Guinevere as well as Gunmoll Jean.  
Or else at bedtime in his tight embrace  
Tells him her own French hopes, her German fears,  
Her — but what more is there to tell?  
Having known grief and hardship, Mademoiselle  
Knows little more. Her languages. Her place.  
Noon coffee. Mail. The watch that also waited  
Pinned to her heart, poor gold, throws up its hands —  
No puzzle! Steaming bitterness  
Her sugars draw pops back into his mouth, translated:  
*"Patience, chéri. Geduld, mein Schatz."*

(Thus, reading Valéry the other evening  
And seeming to recall a Rilke version of “Palme,”  
That sunlit paradigm whereby the tree  
Taps a sweet wellspring of authority,  
The hour came back. *Patience dans l’azur.*  
*Geduld im ... Himmelblau?* Mademoiselle.)  
Out of the blue, as promised, of a New York  
Puzzle-rental shop the puzzle comes —  
A superior one, containing a thousand hand-sawn,  
Sandal-scented pieces. Many take  
shapes known already — the craftsman's repertoire  
nice in its limitation — from other puzzles:  
Witch on broomstick, ostrich, hourglass,  
Even (not surely just in retrospect)  
An inchling, innocently branching palm.  
These can be put aside, made stories of  
While Mademoiselle spreads out the rest face-up,  
Herself excited as a child; or questioned  
Like incoherent faces in a crowd,  
Each with its scrap of highly colored  
Evidence the Law must piece together.  
Sky-blue ostrich? Likely story.  
Mauve of the witch’s cloak white, severed fingers  
Pluck? Detain her. The plot thickens  
As all at once two pieces interlock.  
Mademoiselle does borders — (Not so fast.  
A London dusk, December last.  
Chatter silenced in the library  
This grown man re-enters, wearing gray.  
A medium. All except him have seen  
Panel slid back, recess explored,  
An object at once unique and common  
Displayed, planted in a plain tole  
Casket the subject now considers  
Through shut eyes, saying in effect:  
“Even as voices reach me vaguely  
A dry saw-shriek drowns them out,  
Some loud machinery — a lumber mill?  
Far uphill in the fir forest  
Trees tower, tense with shock,

Groaning and cracking as they crash groundward.  
But hidden here is a freak fragment  
Of a pattern complex in appearance only.  
What seems to show is superficial  
Next to that long-term lamination  
Of hazard and craft, the karma that has  
Made it matter in the first place.  
Plywood. Piece of a puzzle.” Applause  
Acknowledged by an opening of lids  
Upon the thing itself. A sudden dread —  
But to go back. All this lay years ahead.)  
Mademoiselle does borders. Straight-edge pieces  
Align themselves with earth or sky  
In twos and threes, naïve cosmogonists  
Whose views clash. Nomad inlanders meanwhile  
Begin to cluster where the totem  
Of a certain vibrant egg yolk yellow  
Or pelt of what emerging animal  
Acts on the straggler like a trumpet call  
To form a more sophisticated unit.  
By supertime two ragged wooden clouds  
Have formed. In one, a Sheik with beard  
And flashing sword hilt (he is all but finished)  
Steps forward on a tiger skin. A piece  
Snaps shut, and fangs gnash out at us!  
In the second cloud — they gaze from cloud to cloud  
With marked if undecipherable feeling —  
Most of a dark-eyed woman veiled in mauve  
Is being helped down from her camel (kneeling)  
By a small backward-looking slave or page-boy  
(Her son, thinks Mademoiselle, mistakenly)  
Whose feet have not been found. But lucky finds  
In the last minutes before bed  
Anchor both factions to the scenes limits  
And, by so doing, orient  
Them eye to eye across the green abyss.  
The yellow promises, oh bliss,  
To be in time a sumptuous tent.  
Puzzle begun I write in the day’s space,  
Then while she bathes, peek at Mademoiselle’s

Letter to the curé: “...*cetter innocente mère,*  
*Ce pauvre enfant, que deviendront-ils?*”  
 Her azure script is curlicued like pieces  
 Of the puzzle she will be telling him about.  
 (Fearful incuriosity of childhood!  
 “*Tu as l’accent allemand,*” said Dominique.  
 Indeed, Mademoiselle was only French by marriage.  
 Child of an English mother, a remote  
 Descendant of the great explorer Speke,  
 And Prussian father. No one knew. I heard it  
 Long afterwards from her nephew, a UN  
 Interpreter. His matter-of-fact account  
 Touched old strings. My poor Mademoiselle  
 With 1939 about to shake  
 This world where “each was the enemy, each the friend”  
 To its foundations, kept, thought signed in blood,  
 Her peace a shameful secret to the end.)  
 “*Schlaf wohl, chéri.*” Her kiss. Her thumb  
 Crossing my brow against the dreams to come  
 This World that shifts like sand, its unforeseen  
 Consolidations and elate routine,  
 Whose Potentate had lacked a retinue?  
 Lo! It assembles on the shrinking Green.  
 Gunmetal-skinned or pale, all plumes and scars  
 Of Vassalage the noblest avatars —  
 The very coffee-bearer in his vair  
 Vest is a swart Highness, next to ours.  
 Kef easing Boredom, and iced syrups, thirst,  
 In guessed-at glooms old wives who know the worst  
 Outswat that virile fiction of the New:  
 “Insh’ Allah, he will tire—” “—or kill her first!”  
 (Hardly a proper subject for the Home,  
 Work of — dear Richard, I shall let you comb  
 Archives and learned journals for his name —  
 A minor lion attending on Gérôme.)  
 While, thick as Thebes whose presently complete  
 Gates close behind them, Houri and Afreet  
 Both claim the Page. He wonders whom to serve,  
 And what his duties are, and where his feet,  
 And if we’ll find, as some before us did

That piece of Distance deep in which lies hid  
Your tiny apex sugary with sun,  
Eternal Triangle, Great Pyramid!  
Then Sky alone is left, a hundred blue  
Fragments in revolution, with no clue  
To where a Niche will open. Quite a task,  
Putting together Heaven, yet we do.  
It's done. Here under the table all along  
Were those missing feet. It's done.  
The dog's tail thumping. Mademoiselle sketching  
Costumes for a harem drama  
To star the goosegirl. All too soon the swift  
Dismantling. Lifted by two corners,  
The puzzle hung together — and did not.  
Irresistibly a populace  
Unstitched of its attachments, rattled down.  
Power went to pieces as the witch  
Slithered easily from Virtue's gown.  
The blue held out for a time, but crumbled, too.  
The city had long fallen, and the tent,  
A separating sauce mousseline,  
Been swept away. Remained the green  
On which the grown-ups gambled. A green dusk.  
First lightning bugs. Last glow of west  
Green in the false eyes of (coincidence)  
Our mangy tiger safe on his bared hearth.  
Before the puzzle was boxed and readdressed  
To the puzzle shop in the mid-Sixties,  
Something tells me that one piece contrived  
To stay in the boy's pocket. How do I know?  
I know because so many later puzzles  
Had missing pieces — Maggie Teyte's high notes  
Gone at the war's end, end of the vogue for collies,  
A house torn down; and hadn't Mademoiselle  
Kept back her pitiful bit of truth as well?  
I've spent the last days, furthermore,  
Ransacking Athens for that translation of "Palme."  
Neither the Goethehaus nor the National Library  
Seems able to unearth it. Yet I can't  
Just be imagining. I've seen it. Know

How much of the sun-ripe original  
Felicity Rilke made himself forego  
(Who loved French words — *verger, mûr, parfumer*)  
In order to render its underlying sense.  
Know already in that tongue of his  
What Pains, what monolithic Truths  
Shadow stanza to stanza's symmetrical  
Rhyme-rutted pavement. Know that ground plan left  
Sublime and barren, where the warm Romance  
Stone by stone faded, cooled; the fluted nouns  
Made taller, lonelier than life  
By leaf-carved capitals in the afterglow.  
The owlet umlaut peeps and hoots  
Above the open vowel. And after rain  
A deep reverberation fills with stars.  
Lost, is it, buried? One more missing piece?  
But nothing's lost. Or else: all is translation  
And every bit of us is lost in it  
(Or found — I wander through the ruin of S  
Now and then, wondering at the peacefulness)  
And in that loss a self-effacing tree,  
Color of context, imperceptibly  
Rustling with its angel, turns the waste  
To shade and fiber, milk and memory.

**James Merrill, 1976**

## A Letter from Li Po

### I

Fanfare of northwest wind, a bluejay wind  
announces autumn, and the Equinox  
rolls back blue bays to a far afternoon.  
Somewhere beyond the Gorge Li Po is gone,  
looking for friendship or an old love's sleeve  
or writing letters to his children, lost,  
and to his children's children, and to us.  
What was his light? of lamp or moon or sun?  
Say that it changed, for better or for worse,  
sifted by leaves, sifted by snow; on mulberry silk  
a slant of witch-light; on the pure text  
a slant of genius; emptying mind and heart  
for winecups and more winecups and more words.  
What was his time? Say that it was a change,  
but constant as a changing thing may be,  
from chicory's moon-dark blue down the taut scale  
to chicory's tenderest pink, in a pink field  
such as imagination dreams of thought.  
But of the heart beneath the winecup moon  
the tears that fell beneath the winecup moon  
for children lost, lost lovers, and lost friends,  
what can we say but that it never ends?  
Even for us it never ends, only begins.  
Yet to spell down the poem on her page,  
margining her phrases, parsing forth  
the sevenfold prism of meaning, up the scale  
from chicory pink to blue, is to assume  
Li Po himself: as he before assumed  
the poets and the sages who were his.  
Like him, we too have eaten of the word:  
with him are somewhere lost beyond the Gorge:  
and write, in rain, a letter to lost children,  
a letter long as time and brief as love.

**Conrad Aiken (1955)**

**Bartok and the Geranium**

She lifts her green umbrella  
Towards the pane  
Seeking her fill of sunlight  
Or of rain;  
Whatever falls  
She has no commentary  
Accepts, extends,  
Blows out her furbelows,  
Her bustling boughs;

And all the while he whirls  
Explodes in space,  
Never content with this small room:  
Not even can he be  
Confined to sky  
But must speed high and higher still  
From galaxy to galaxy,  
Wrench from the stars their momentary notes  
Steal music from the moon.

She's daylight  
He is dark  
She's heaven-held breath  
He storms and crackles  
Spits with hell's own spark.

Yet in this room, this moment now  
These together breathe and be:  
She, essence of serenity,  
He in a mad intensity  
Soars beyond sight  
Then hurls, lost Lucifer,  
From heaven's height.

And when he's done, he's out:  
She leans a lip against the glass  
And preens herself in light.

**Dorothy Livesay, 1952**



*Non piangere, Liù*

A card comes to tell you  
you should report  
to have your eyes tested.

But your eyes melted in the fire  
and the only tears, which soon dried,  
fell in the chapel.

Other things still come –  
invoices, subscription renewals,  
shiny plastic cards promising credit –  
not much for a life spent  
in the service of reality.

You need answer none of them.  
Nor my asking you for one drop  
of succour in my own hell.

Do not cry, I tell myself,  
the whole thing is a comedy  
and comedies end happily.

The fire shall come out of the sun  
and I shall look in the heart of it.

**Peter Porter, 1978**

### Appointment in Samarra

There was a merchant in Baghdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said, Master, just now when I was in the marketplace I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture; now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me. The merchant lent him his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the market-place and he saw me standing in the crowd and he came to me and said, Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning? That was not a threatening gesture, I said, it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra.

W. Somerset Maugham, 1933

### Incident in a Rose Garden

The gardener came running,  
An old man, out of breath.  
Fear had given him legs.

*Sir, I encountered Death  
Just now among our roses.  
Thin as a scythe he stood there.  
I knew him by his pictures.  
He had his black coat on,  
Black gloves, a broad black hat.  
I think he would have spoken,  
Seeing his mouth stood open.  
Big it was, with white teeth.  
As soon as he beckoned, I ran.  
I ran until I found you.  
Sir, I am quitting my job.  
I want to see my sons*

*Once more before I die.  
I want to see California.*  
We shook hands; he was off.

And there stood Death in the garden,  
Dressed like a Spanish waiter.  
He had the air of someone  
Who, because he likes arriving  
At all appointments early,  
Learns to think himself patient.  
I watched him pinch one bloom off  
And hold it to his nose—  
A connoisseur of roses—  
One bloom and then another.  
They strewed the earth around him.

*Sir, you must be that stranger  
Who threatened my gardener.  
This is my property, sir.  
I welcome only friends here.*

Death grinned, and his eyes lit up  
With the pale glow of those lanterns  
That workmen carry sometimes  
To light their way through the dusk.  
Now with great care he slid  
The glove from his right hand  
And held that out in greeting,  
A little cage of bone.

*Sir, I knew your father,  
And we were friends at the end.  
As for your gardener,  
I did not threaten him.  
Old men mistake my gestures.  
I only meant to ask him  
To show me to his master.  
I take it you are he?*

**Donald Justice, 1967**

**There is a gold light in certain old paintings****I**

There is a gold light in certain old paintings  
That represents a diffusion of sunlight.  
It is like happiness, when we are happy.  
It comes from everywhere and from nowhere at once, this light,  
And the poor soldiers sprawled at the foot of the cross  
Share in its charity equally with the cross.

**II**

Orpheus hesitated beside the black river.  
With so much to look forward to he looked back.  
We think he sang then, but the song is lost.  
At least he had seen once more the beloved back.  
I say the song went this way: *O prolong*  
*Now the sorrow if that is all there is to prolong.*

**III**

The world is very dusty, uncle. Let us work.  
One day the sickness shall pass from the earth for good.  
The orchard will bloom; someone will play the guitar.  
Our work will be seen as strong and clean and good.  
And all that we suffered through having existed  
Shall be forgotten as though it had never existed.

**Donald Justice, 1998**