

SIS SINGHURST  
by V. Sackville-West



Sissinghurst,  
Thursday. To V.W.

**A** TIRE D swimmer in the waves of time  
I throw my hands up : let the surface close :  
Sink down through centuries to another clime,  
And buried find the castle and the rose.  
    Buried in time and sleep,  
    So drowsy, overgrown,  
That here the moss is green upon the stone,  
    And lichen stains the keep.  
I've sunk into an image, water-drowned,  
Where stirs no wind and penetrates no sound,  
Illusive, fragile to a touch, remote,  
Foundered within the well of years as deep  
As in the waters of a stagnant moat.  
Yet in and out of these decaying halls  
I move, and not a ripple, not a quiver,  
Shakes the reflection though the waters shiver, –  
My tread is to the same illusion bound.  
Here, tall and damask as a summer flower,  
Rise the brick gable and the springing tower ;  
    Invading Nature crawls  
With ivied fingers over rosy walls,  
    Searching the crevices,  
Clasping the mullion, riveting the crack,



Envelope from Oga  
October 20. 1933

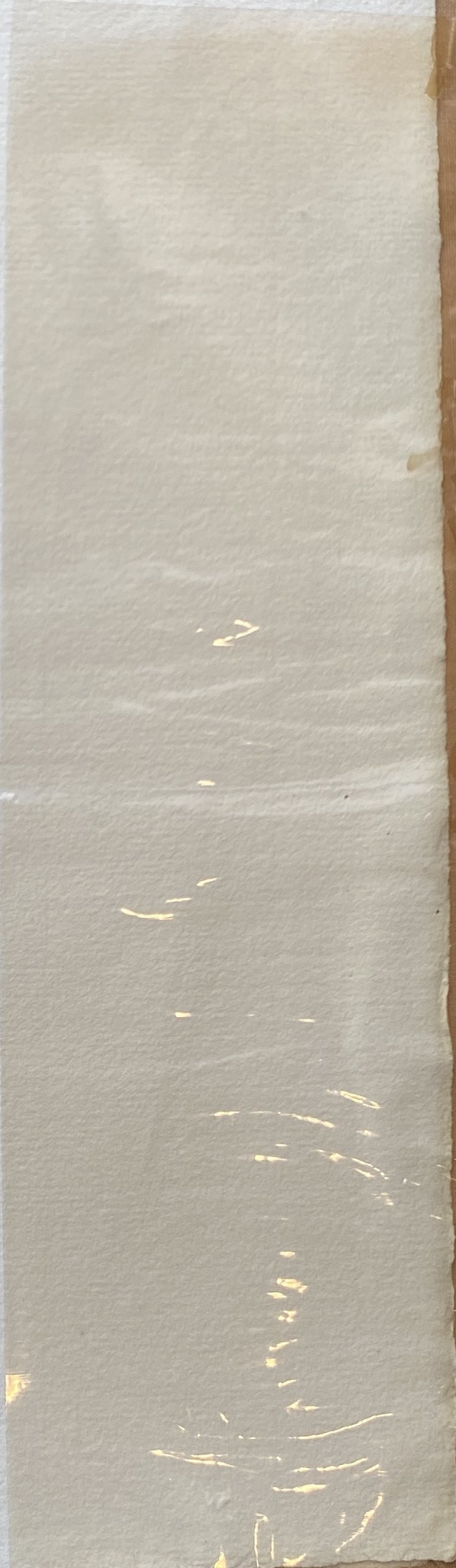


This poem is here reprinted by J. M. Shelmerdine  
& Flora Grierson at the Samson Press, Stuart's Hill  
Cottage, Warlingham, Surrey, in July 1933. It was  
first published by the Hogarth Press in 1931.  
500 copies have now been printed, Nos. 30 – 500  
being for sale. This is No. 83



21

8590





Envelope from Oga  
October 20. 1933



SISSINGHURST





SISSINGHURST



SISSINGHURST

VITA

SACKVILLE-

WEST

INSCRIBED

BY RINDER

TO IRONS