

# Grotesque

by Lesbia Harford

From book: [The Poems of Lesbia Harford \(1985\)](#) [ [Previous](#) | [Next](#) ]

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My  
Man  
Says  
I weigh about four ounces,  
Says I must have hollow legs.  
And then say I,  
“Yes,  
I’ve hollow legs and a hollow soul and body.  
There is nothing left of me.  
You’ve burnt me dry.

You  
Have  
Run  
Through all my veins in fever,  
Through my soul in fever for  
An endless time.  
Why,  
This small body is like an empty snail shell,  
All the living soul of it  
Burnt out in lime.”

7.2.18

# IX A Bronte Legend

by Lesbia Harford

From book: [The Poems Of Lesbia Harford \(1941\)](#) [ [Previous](#) | [Next](#) ]

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They say she was a creature of the moor,  
A lover of the angels, silence bound.  
She sought no friendships; she was too remote —  
Her sister Charlotte found.

I know she nursed her brother till he died,  
Although she didn't like him; that she had  
Housework and all the ironing to do,  
Because the maids were bad.

And in the midst of it she wrote a book  
There could have been small leisure for the moor  
Or wandering! She used to mend and sew,  
The family was so poor.

Her brother died. But she died just as soon  
As she had nursed dear Charlotte through the shock  
Of Patrick's death. Contemplative? Well, well!  
No Simeon of the Rock!

# A Blouse Machinist

by Lesbia Harford

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Miss Murphy has blue eyes and blue-black hair,  
Her machine's opposite mine  
So I can stare  
At her pale face and shining blue-black hair.

I'm sure that other people think her plain  
But I could look at her  
And look again  
Although I see why people think her plain.

She's nice to watch when her machine-belt breaks.  
She has such delicate hands  
And arms, it takes  
Ages for her to mend it when it breaks.

Oh, beauty's still elusive and she's fine.  
Though all the moulding  
Of her face, the line  
Of nose, mouth, chin is Mongol, yet she's fine.

Of course things would be different in Japan.  
They'd see her beauty.  
On a silken fan  
They'd paint her for a princess in Japan.

But still her loveliness eludes the blind.  
They never use their eyes  
But just their mind.  
So must much loveliness elude the blind.

2.1.18

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