

REMNANTS

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Remnants by Desmond MacCarthy

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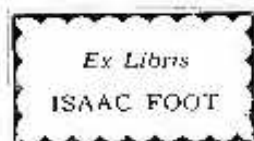
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By DESMOND MacCARTHY
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The Poet and the Looking-Glass

IT was a vulgar little sitting-room, crowded with genteel gimcracks of dead old maids and chairs and tables from timid homes, long ago broken up, such as find inevitably their last resting-place in furnished lodgings. Beside the window-fern lay a magazine a year old and a ten-penny *Pickwick*, and above the poet's head the gas, flaming within a pink glass shade, made a tiny steady noise, like the singing in a tired man's ears. He was thinking "how exquisitely the world was fitted to the mind." All that day thought and imagery had come to him, it seemed, perfectly fused, and the excitement of his own words had drawn out from their lurking-places thoughts he had never had before and would not have again. Now he felt empty and at rest, as though he would never