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Moods; prose poems by Mercedes de Acosta

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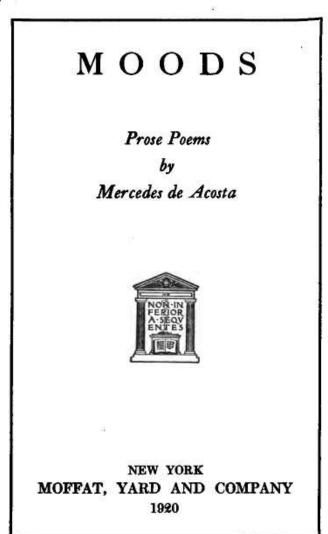
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# MERCEDES DE ACOSTA

# MOODS; PROSE POEMS

Trieste



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#### INTRODUCTION

THERE is a happy gift revealed in these little pastels, vignettes, or whatever one wishes to name such fragments that Miss de Acosta has written and which refuse to be catalogued and classified. They stand out in one's reading in refreshing contrast to many opaque books of verse. They are not poetry; but they are the most singable prose, and they have a haunting quality, a breath of mystery, as though a ghost walked in a garden. They are strange, but they are human too; for if Miss de Acosta has anything it is a belief in, and an understanding of, her fellow human beings. In the little picture of the tired woman in the subway she shows with what feeling her heart is charged; and in the fragment of the studio, the climax is deftly approached. Brief as these glimpses of human experience are, they leave one with a sense of finality. It is as though a door were suddenly opened, or a window quickly raised-and then as suddenly closed again. But one has seen the room in its entirety. and the interior has been photographed on the brain.

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Miss de Acosta, who comes forward here with her first volume, bears promise of even finer achievement. I like the perfume of these flowers. And I like her directness, her obvious sincerity, her passion for the truth as Life reveals it to her, and her endeavor to give the reader a swift, vivid picture. She may go very far.

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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### MEMORY

Do you know I am living tonight in a cloud of memory?

I, who always preach to you of looking forward, am sitting here silently looking backward and tearing the veil from off the dead faces of the past.

Memory is a strange thing, so poignant and alive in its insistence, so dead and lifeless in its reality, so cruel and portentous in its regrets.

It is curious how, merely in the brain, wide vistas of recollection can be opened, and whole pictures of the past stretch before us by simply recalling the touch of a hand, by the stirring of a soft breath of wind, by a sad prolonged street cry, or by the heavy atmospheric pressure of a warm summer's night.

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Sometimes it is a strain of music across far waters that brings back long-distant

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