

**MOODS;
PROSE POEMS**

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Moods; prose poems by Mercedes de Acosta

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MERCEDES DE ACOSTA

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PROSE POEMS**

M O O D S

Prose Poems
by
Mercedes de Acosta



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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.

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.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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.

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