Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Day 9: Character Relationships & Theme – Ezra Pound’s “Portrait d’une Femme” Period: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Portrait d’une Femme

Ezra Pound

Your mind and you are our **Sargasso Sea,**   
      London has swept about you this score years   
And bright ships left you this or that in fee:   
    **Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things,   
Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of price.**   
     **Great minds** have sought you — **lacking someone else.   
You have been second always.** Tragical?   
      No. You preferred it to the usual thing:   
One dull man, dulling and **uxorious,**   
      One average mind —   with one thought less, each year.   
Oh, you are patient, I have seen you sit   
      Hours, where something might have floated up.   
And now you pay one.   Yes, you richly pay.   
      You are a person of some interest, **one comes to you**   
**And takes strange gain away:   
      Trophies fished up;** some curious suggestion;   
**Fact that leads nowhere;** and a tale for two,   
      Pregnant with mandrakes, or with something else   
That **might prove useful and yet never proves,   
      That never fits a corner or shows use,**   
Or finds its hour upon the loom of days:   
      The tarnished, gaudy, wonderful old work;   
Idols and ambergris and rare inlays,   
      These are your riches, your great store; and yet   
For all this sea-hoard of **deciduous** things,   
      Strange woods half sodden, and new brighter stuff:   
In the slow float of differing light and deep,   
      No! there is nothing! In the whole and all,   
Nothing that's quite your own.   
                  Yet this is you.