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.