



The sun laid its hand on us, and we fell into a dream of beauty, as mystical as religion.

On and on, we wandered, over old roads red with spring, trees crimson with it, saplings bloody with it.

E. Langley



DR. BY  
CH. BY  
ASSIGNMENT  
UNIT 8  
Broad bands of rose satin were painted by the heralds of the sunrise on the encircling belt of dark hills.

J. Devanny



Red in the setting sun, red in the maroon mass of falling leaves, a bleeding animal, life nearing its end.

Red does not scare me; red is comforting, red is blood, blood is familiar, nature is a womb, a ticking clock, it belongs to me, blood is not an end, but it's a rebirth.

I am too feminine to fear blood.

And why would I, of all people, fear endings?

The beaches, the shrubbery of the hills, the tongues of fire, the white and dark of bodies rolling together in shaky unions.

A woman is a hunter without a forest.

Beside the solitary girl, three hooded madmen walk, desire, fear, ridicule. "They won't put it upon me."

C. Stead

Girls are northern summers, three months long; men are tropical summers.

C. Stead

This she conceived happened in passion, a strange walking in harmony, blood in the trees.

C. Stead



'I'm full of silk,' he told her, knotting the muscles of his great arms and swinging the heavy cane knife.

J. Devanny



Marianna Marmaridou