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Appendices

Appendix 1.

Oscar Wilde’s Best Sonnet

The sin was mine, I did not understand.
So now is beauty buried in her cave,
Save where some ebbing desultory wave
Frets with its restless whorls this meagre strand.
And in the withered hollow of the land
Hath summer dug herself so deep a grave,
That hardly can the silver willow crave
One leaden blossom from keen Winter’s hand.

But who is this that cometh by the shore?
Nay love, look up and wonder who is this
Who cometh in dyed garments from the south?
It is thy new found lord & he shall kiss
The yet unravished roses of thy mouth.
And I shall weep and worship as before, [sic]