One seems to breathe the **still** air of the **quiet** room, **the grey** daylight falling through the leaded casements, one of which stands open, and shows a narrow strip of luminous sky and suggestion of a garden with scarlet blossoms in green leaves.

The man is clad in a long mantle of claret-brown velvet edged with fur, over black tunic and hose. He wears a quaint black hat upon his head, which almost foreshadows the tall hat of the modern citizen. The **pale strange** face looks **paler and stranger** beneath it, but is in character with **the** long thin hands. The figure gives one the impression of legal precision and dryness, and a touch of clerical formality. The wife is of a buxom and characteristic Flemish type, in a grass-green robe edged with white fur, over peacock blue; a crisp **silvery white** head-dress; a dark red leather belt with silver stitching. Her figure is **relieved** upon the **subdued** red of the bed **hanging**s, continued **in** the cover of the settle and the red clogs. The wall of the room, much lost **in** **transparent shade**, is of a greenish grey tone, and in the centre, between the **figures**, a circular convex **mirror** sparkles on the wall reflecting the backs of the **figures**. Thin lines delicately repeat the **red** in the mirror frame, which has a **black and red** inner moulding. A string of amber beads hangs on the wall, **and** repeats the **shimmer** of the bright brass candelabra which hangs **aloft**, and which is drawn carefully enough for a craftsman to reproduce.

from *Line & Form* by Walter Crane

The Gates to Mesopia

"Mesopic" describes vision in an intermediate level of light,
such as twilight, resulting in limited color perception and reduced visual acuity.

still, quiet
the grey
pale, strange

paler and stranger
the silvery white
relieved, subdued

hanging in transparent shade
figures mirror figures—
                red, black and red—

and shimmer aloft

"The Gates to Mesopia" was created from *Line & Form* by Walter Crane (1900). About the poem and the process of composing it, Jim Murdoch writes:

> "The Gates to Mesopia" was my first attempt at writing a found poem although I had used the cut-up method many moons ago. My approach was simple enough. I picked a paragraph of what I considered a reasonable size to work with, read it and tried to get a feel for the language without paying too much attention to the context. What came to my mind were images rather than a story and so I played with arranging them and, much to my surprise, a scene appeared that I attempted to flesh out. I imagined someone approaching the gates of a strange land only to find a warning hanging on the gates, two bodies. A bit gruesome and so not me, but you work with what you got. The title is of my own devising and the epigraph is its own thing.