

NOTIFICATIONS FROM THE LIBRARY

July 30, 2020 - Thursday's Treat - 18

Dear Friends,

We have been sending you a poem a week for the past few months - it was to be a "lockdown reaching-out" to our members, our friends. Poems can be your candle in the wind and they can be the bell that tolls, the daffodils and the clear light of day, the agony and the ecstasy.

Today's poem is number 18 and the last one.

It is by [Walt Whitman](#), that colossus of American poetry whose *Leaves of Grass* was initially published in 1855 with a meagre 12 poems. Whitman, polished and refined this collection all his life, and it stands today as a rhapsodic celebration of individuality, freedom, democracy, sexuality, and nationhood. Interesting detail : the first edition received glowing - and anonymous - reviews in the New York papers - all written by Whitman himself!

However, there were some legitimate reviews calling the collection daring and fresh. Emerson felt it was "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom America has yet contributed." There were voices of dissent of course, some said it was filth and poet John Greenleaf Whittier threw his copy into the fire.

The 1855 edition contained a preface, which was left out of later editions. This preface, (an edited version), is our poem for today.

This is what you shall do

by [Walt Whitman](#) (1819-1892)

"This is what you shall do; Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, go freely with the young and with the mothers of families, read these leaves in the open air every season of every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your own soul, and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency not only in its words but in the silent lines of its lips and face and between the lashes of your eyes and in every motion and joint of your body."

Next week, we shall publish the limericks inspired by Edward Lear, that some of you sent in. Please feel free to send in some more - before Wednesday, 5th August!

Dear Friends,

This week's poem is simple, sensual and sublime. It belongs to the glorious Sangam period of Tamil poetry that goes back 2000 years. Still speaks to us though.

For those of us who have known what the monsoon can be like, wild and windy, lashing the earth and making it run in rivers of red, read on.

What He Said

What could my mother be
to yours? What kin is my father
to yours anyway? And how
Did you and I meet ever?
But in love
our hearts have mingled
as red earth and pouring rain.

-- Cempulappeyanirar

This translation is A K Ramanujan's.

(The history of Tamil poetry is marked by many anonymous contributions, and traditionally the poet is identified based on a distinct phrase from his or her work. "Cempulappeyanirar" literally means "red earth and pouring rain". - From a blog called Puisi Poesy from Malaysia)

Dear Friends,

His very name means " a person" and yet this incredible poet and writer created and wrote under nearly 80 'heteronyms' - Alvaro da Campos, Ricardo Reis, Alberto Caeiro.... He refused to call them pseudonyms because, he declared, they each had their own character, ideas and *style*.

Imagine then, when you read this week's offering, what it must have meant to be whole, in each of those personalities!

But then **Pessoa** is great, one of Portugal's gems, who wrote with equal felicity in his native Portuguese and in English and French. A free and independent thinker, he was critical of Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia calling it "a threat to human liberty everywhere". For this some of his writings were banned by Salazar, Portugal's dictator.

But let's get away from fascism and look at this lovely poem :

To be great, be whole

To be great, be whole: don't exaggerate
Or leave out any part of you.
Be complete in each thing. Put all you are
Into the least of your acts.
So too in each lake, with its lofty life,
The whole moon shines.

- Fernando Pessoa
(1888 - 1935)

Trivia -

And if you lived under Salazar's regime, you will know that he banned Coca-Cola for as long as he ruled. Youngsters growing up in the 50s and the 60s had to cross the border into Spain to drink the black bubbly.

Why would I be telling you this?

Because the best ad for Coca-Cola (before Salazar did the unthinkable) was written by none other than our very own....Pessoa! Would you believe it? He worked for an advertising agency and here's the ad, still vivid in the mind of my cousin who grew up deprived - of Coke!

Coca-Cola

Primeiro, estranha-se

Depois, entranha-se

At first, it seems odd to you

Then it grows on you

Okay, English is no help here. But look carefully and you see that nothing but ONE letter is different in the verbs - and oh, it changes everything.

When you go to Lisbon, and walk around in the elegant Chiado district, you will meet Pessoa, sitting at a table. Primeiro, order a glass of coke.

Depois, think of this poem.

Clarification-

In Thursday's Treat -16, we wrote of **Fernando Pessoa** and **his heteronyms** and put the number at 80. This is Wikipedia and Encyclopaedia Britannica information. This is a collection of all the heteronyms the poet had ever used from his childhood onwards.

Pessoa himself put the figure at a more modest 5 - which is still immense!
They were Alvaro da Campos, Ricardo Reis, Bernardo Soares, Alberto Caeiro...and of course Pessoa writing under his given name. All his major literary output therefore, was under these five names.

July 9, 2020 - Thursday's Treat - 15

Dear Friends,

We are plumb in the middle of two great days, celebrated by their respective countries as Independence Day and National Day. Yes, the 4th of July, that brought independence to American shores and the 14th of July which liberated France from centuries of monarchy.

Today's treats will be thoughts from that great thinker, who inspired his countrymen to move towards freedom, but did not live to see it. He is that great spark of enlightenment who with his wit and wisdom influenced people far beyond his own shores and his own time.

So a scattering of ideas from...

Voltaire (1694 - 1778)

Every man is guilty of all the good he did not do

Judge a man by his questions rather than by his answers

Those who can make you believe absurdities can make you commit atrocities

Don't let perfect be the enemy of the good

Let us read and dance - two amusements that will never do any harm to the world

And with that, come to the library and borrow a book!

We are open!

July 2, 2020 - Thursday's Treat - 14

Dear Friends,

The months of June and July have never failed to set off butterflies in my stomach - the beginning of the academic year signalling the end of the summer holidays. Of that delicious freedom, unshackled by homework and exams, those unnecessary evils.

That's what most youngsters felt, as their parents dropped them off at school.

And the parents? Or aunts, uncles, grandmothers and grandfathers?

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day -
A sunny day with leaves just turning,
The touch-lines new-ruled - since I watched you play
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see
You walking away from me towards the school
With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free
Into a wilderness, the gait of one
Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying away
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,
Has something I never quite grasp to convey
About nature's give-and-take - the small, the scorching
Ordeals which fire one's irresolute clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly
Saying what God alone could perfectly show -
How selfhood begins with a walking away,
And love is proved in the letting go.

-- Cecil Day-Lewis (1904-1972)

This charming poem by Cecil Day-Lewis hits that sweet spot of pain that most of us feel, have felt, as we have let go that hand that reached up to hold ours. When I first read it, I read it again, wondering at how Day-Lewis had looked into my very soul and spoken so eloquently - *for me*, and no doubt for a million others.

Cecil Day-Lewis was Poet Laureate of the UK from 1968 until his death.

(and yes, yes, he is the father of actor, Daniel Day-Lewis)

Dear Friends,

I fell in love with this poet the moment I read these lines :

Two Cures for Love

1. Don't see him. Don't phone or write a letter.
2. The easy way : get to know him better.

And so it was that **Wendy Cope** came into my life and stayed there. Stays there. And as with things that one has come to appreciate and love and delight in, I want to share her mad humour. She has deep and wonderful insights, a happy sense of the absurd. If we were to make of her verse something physical, we might call it akin to a "spring in one's step" ; for whether she talks of doomed love affairs or drunks or indeed as in today's poem, of rhyming schemes, it is always like a jaunty move forward. The poem is called, and it is -

An Attempt at Unrhymed Verse

People tell you all the time,
Poems do not have to rhyme.
It's often better if they don't
And I'm determined this one won't.

Oh dear.

Never mind, I'll start again.
Busy, busy with my pen...cil.
I can do it if I try--
Easy, peasy, pudding and gherkins.

Writing verse is so much fun,
Cheering as the summer weather,
Makes you feel alert and bright,
'Specially when you get it more or
less the way you want it.

- Wendy Cope (1945 -)

Wendy Cope was a primary school teacher for 15 years and worked later as Arts and Reviews editor for the magazine Contact and even though her output is sometimes considered meagre, she has a great fan-following.

Dr [Rowan Williams](#) , theologian and poet and Archbishop of Canterbury (2002-2012) is a well known fan of her work, writing that: "Wendy Cope is without doubt the wittiest of contemporary English poets, and says a lot of extremely serious things".

Ted Hughes, Poet Laureate, wrote to her in 1992 : " I like your deadpan fearless sort of way of whacking the nail on the head - when everybody else is trying to hang pictures on it."

Dear Friends,

Here's a thought : wouldn't you say "truth above all else"? Don't you think "honesty is the best policy"? If on the one hand we have truth and honesty, then on the other don't we have lies and dishonesty? Do we? Must we? We could aim for a D if there were a test on these subjects - or even a G.

Today's poem comes from a person who, when her class was asked to stand up if they wanted to be Christians, remained seated. The *only* one to do so. 'They thought it queer I didn't rise'— she said, adding with a twinkle in her eye, 'I thought a lie would be queerer.'

And yet, read on to see what she has to say about truth...

Tell all the truth but tell it slant —

Tell all the truth but tell it slant —
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise
As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind —

- Emily Dickinson (1830 - 1886)

This poem could be considered controversial, but actually, it contains, in very few lines, an extremely powerful insight. Telling the truth is not enough, one must be conscious of the delivery. To sacrifice it at the altar of politeness is not what the poem is suggesting ... the answer is discretion.... gentleness.

That's how we score a D or a G.

Dickinson shines as one of the brightest stars in American Poetry and even though just a dozen or so poems were published in her lifetime, she wrote close to 1800. Her poems were published in 1890, (altered and edited at first, then finding their original form) - and have never been out of print since.

Dear Friends,

This poem and its introduction come to you from [Neela D'Souza](#), author and ardent supporter of our Library...

The times, they are a-changing...
A swirl of outrage, anger, revulsion against brutality...
compressing history and time,
swelling into a tornado sweeping across the country, across the oceans,
continents, clamouring for justice, for humanity.

This is a fitting time to get acquainted with [Jonathan Teklit](#). A student from Virginia he won the 2019 Academy of American Poets College Poetry Prize and was felicitated as the most promising young poet of the year. Here is a sonnet from the anthology he is working on.

Black Mythology

Under the cover of night, Icarus,
careful not to wake his captors from sleep,
flees from the prison built by his father's
master. He does not look back. He does not
stop. Just as Icarus arrives at the border
of the sky, more North than he's ever thought
possible, Master's son, with blazing rage,
strikes the wings from Icarus' shoulders with a whip,
a tendril of flame hungry for dark meat.

Icarus plummets into the river and drowns.
The river carries him and spits him out
someplace colder, some unfamiliar South,
where he'll tread forever in an ocean
always bloated blue with bodies of kin.

-Jonathan Teklit

Dear Friends,

Coronavirus has had us indoors, but the outdoor world of birds and trees has found a freedom from pollution of the vehicular kind and has therefore flourished. We look out and we see sparrows and nest-building crows, barbets and sunbirds, ponderous pigeons and cocky bulbuls, chatty parakeets and then that lone voice of anguish and beauty - the koel. But in recent times, barn owls have made their home in our building too. And when we are lucky - if we've been good - one of them streaks past our window of a quiet evening, screeching!

It has been a couple of weeks of birthdays and one card had on it an owl and a pussy cat. That must ring a bell. How much we have loved that poem, *byhearted* it as we say in this country, joining any recitation with élan.

Well turns out, the poet did not have to look out of his balcony to find the feathery friends. Read on -

There was an Old Man with a beard
Who said "It is just as I feared !" -----
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard".

- Edward Lear
(1812-1888)

Yes, the *limerick* was his chosen form and he wrote many of these popularising what he called *literary nonsense*. What fun.

Edward Lear was an illustrator of some repute - did you know? - and was employed as an ornithological draughtsman at the Zoological Society! No wonder those birds in the beard... He was also the illustrator of Alfred Lord Tennyson's works. And he was an intrepid traveller, writing and drawing his way through the world.

On his tombstone then, are Tennyson's words, from a poem addressed To E.L. :

- all things fair.

With such a pencil, such a pen.
You shadow'd forth to distant men,
I read and felt that I was there.

Tennyson pays homage to Lear's sketches and his text.

Feel free to write a limerick or two - and send it/them to us!

Dear Friends,

Out of the blue, we lost a friend. Of whom we could have said,

*"Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling...?"*

He was a special person, a man of grace and generosity and brilliance. And now he's gone before his time. We will mourn him forever.

And as we sat reminiscing about him and how lucky we were to have known him, smiles appeared on our faces. You see, he introduced us to Gruks. Whaaa?

Yes **Gruks**. Or **Grooks**.

And he introduced us to their creator - **Piet Hein**.

Small pithy poems, Gruks are a splendid exercise in concision and clever use of language, now subversive, now naughty, often wise, always funny. Here's the one that came in a letter more than 40 years ago from faraway, and stayed in the mind and heart of the friend who received it here.

*If a nasty jagged stone
Gets into your shoe
Thank the Lord it came alone
What if it were two.*

- Piet Hein

Are you smiling? And thinking? Are you? That's what Gruks do for you.

Piet Hein was a polymath : he was a mathematician, an inventor, a designer, a poet...His first Gruk became an anthem of resistance against the Nazis occupying his homeland - Denmark - and by his own admission, he played "mental ping-pong" with... Niels Bohr, no less. He helped Scandinavian architects come up with new designs after the war by applying his mathematical prowess to the issue. He also invented a "perpetual calendar" and he devised games. He wrote close to 7000 gruks in his lifetime.

He was a many-splendoured thing.

Like our friend.

Dear Friends,

We read (and hopefully learnt) **George Herbert's** "The Pulley" 2 weeks ago.

Herbert was born in a wealthy family where education was valued and he and his siblings were encouraged to pursue their studies. His father died when he was only 3 and he was brought up by his mother. But his godfather played an important role in young Herbert's upbringing too, stepping in to take a lively and continued interest in him.

He was none other than the great **John Donne**, whose poem will be our companion this week.

No man is an island,
Entire of itself,
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less.
As well as if a promontory were.
As well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own were:
*Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind,
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.*

John Donne 1572-1631

It is a little jewel, this poem. But what makes me catch my breath is the short 3-letter word "**any**". So small, even tiny, yet it embraces all mankind.

John Donne is one of the Metaphysical poets of the 17th century. His 'Death be not proud' is majestic in its disdain towards the 'necessary end'. But it is this meditation on what it means to be human - a part of the main - that sets Donne apart and puts him among the greatest poets of all time. And so, in spite of the rather lugubrious ending, the poem is uplifting.

What a wondrous way to think of our place in this world - an everlasting sense of universal belonging.

Dear Friends,

This week's poem and introduction comes from [Naseeruddin Shah](#) - celebrated actor and fine interpreter of literary texts and poetry. Enjoy!

Faiz Ahmed 'Faiz' (1911-1984) all his life was a trade union activist and a member of the Communist Party of Pakistan. His seemingly romantic poetry is actually political in nature and has emerged from a heart and mind deeply concerned with social inequality, political oppression and upliftment of the less fortunate and written with a generosity that takes in all of humanity. The first government of Pakistan, concerned about his political affiliations and hands-on activism among factory workers and postal employees, accused him and other Communist party members, along with some high ranking Army officers of a plot to overthrow the government- a trumped-up charge which it took him almost four years of imprisonment to be acquitted of. He was, for almost six months, kept in solitary confinement and not even given pen and paper or books to read. It was during this period of confinement that some of his most intense poetry emerged, including this '**Qita**' (four line poem).

*"Mataa-e-lauh-o qalam chhin gaya to kya gham hai,
Ki-khoon-e-dil mein dubo li hain ungliyaan maine.
Zubaan pe muhr lag gayee to kya, ki rakh di hai
Har halqa-a-zanjeer mein zubaan maine"*

Translation:

"If ink and pen are snatched from me what grief is it
when I have dipped my fingers in my heart's blood.
What if a seal has been set on my tongue:
I have given a tongue to every ring of my chains."

May 7, 2020 - Thursday's Treat - 6

Dear Friends,

We celebrate today the birthday of one of our finest poets and thinkers, who won the Nobel prize for literature in 1913.

Of course we are speaking of [Tagore](#). He is this colossus in the world of Bengali letters having produced poetry and short stories, songs and novels and critical essays. He is the only man whose songs are sung as national anthems in two countries - India and Bangladesh. Kazi Nazrul Islam called him the "[world poet](#)" and spoke admiringly of how he had transformed the language he wrote in, by his innovative use of modern Bengali.

What a man he was ...

His contribution to education was distilled in the founding of Santiniketan, calling for the open skies to be the roof over his students' heads, recognising that nature can truly nurture. He was not afraid to lock horns with both Gandhi and the British on a number of issues, erring on the side of logic and science while always, always singing of freedom.

"Perhaps the central issues that moved Tagore most are the importance of open-minded reasoning and the celebration of human freedom", says Amartya Sen.

And today, we would like to share with you a song whose variegated meanings continue to inspire and charm.

*There are numerous strings in your lute
Let me add my own among them.*

*Then when you strike your chords
My heart will break its silence
And my life will be one with your song...*

*There are numerous strings in your lute
Let me add my own among them.*

*Amidst your numberless stars,
Let me place my own little lamp...*

*There are numerous strings in your lute
Let me add my own among them.*

*In the dance of your festival of lights
My heart will throb*

And my life will be one with your smile...

*There are numerous strings in your lute
Let me add my own among them.*

Rabindranath Tagore
(1861-1941)

April 30, 2020 - Thursday's Treat - 5

Dear Friends,

A school student made to read metaphysical poetry is a recipe for revolt, you think. A right to refuse. Something s/he'll never repeat. From which there's no retreat.

But what if your teacher slipped 'The Pulley' under the radar? And made you think of the enchantment of how words and language and ideas can seep into your mind and heart?

Rapture. Romance. Radiance

The Pulley

GEORGE HERBERT

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can.
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;

Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

George Herbert -1593-1633

This poem, when we first turned to it, looked like a surefire cure for insomnia - written by a *priest*? In the 17th century?? About God (eye-rolling aplenty)?? We were 14, please understand.

But in the hands of our impassioned teacher, we discovered its clever use of "rest", even hidden in the very last word of the poem, God as a parent-figure, both human and humane, the poem a reminder to pause and be grateful.

By the time we had been taught to appreciate Herbert's skill, his love and manipulation of language, the conversational style at the beginning leading to the thoughtful wisdom at the end, we had grown to love it.

The poem? - rendered to memory automatically, forevermore.

George Herbert was a poet, orator and priest of the Church of England. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge and was close to King James I who was impressed by his scholarship and oratory. Always interested in the Church, he took his vows when in his thirties. He was noted for unfailing care for his parishioners, bringing the sacraments to them when they were ill and providing food and clothing for those in need. He died at the age of 39 of consumption.

April 23, 2020 - Thursday's Treat-4

Dear Friends,

Mathematician, philosopher, astronomer and poet...there was one such who gave us a slim volume that even today with words of beauty and rigorous precision guides us much as a star would to a better understanding of our world. In his work, which has touched millions deeply, there are layers and nuances and echoes.

This week's offering through Prof. Ken Albala is a multi-sensory celebration of creativity. Not a word more. Click on the link below and let yourself be mesmerized

<https://youtu.be/R57iX4HrAUK>

April 16, 2020 - Thursday's Treat-3

Dear Friends,

In the hope that you have been in W.H. Davies' company all week, we bring you a poem from someone who knew Davies intimately, who stretched out a hand to help him up when he was down, recognised his talent and eased his path to the publishers.

Edward Thomas

He was known mostly for his war poetry but we bring you this week, one of his charming poems of quiet lyricism.

The train, noisy and modern, stops at the station and allows the poet a moment's pause - *that minute* - to commune with nature, stillness and birdsong.

Adlestrop

Yes. I remember Adlestrop—
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

April 09, 2020 - Thursday's Treat-2

Dear Friends,

As you look at this poem and glance through it, you will notice two words that are repeated at the beginning of every verse. It's what we have caught ourselves saying, something we have heard from our friends and family.

And yet now with uncertain futures and a forced but necessary 'lockdown', what we do seem to have is **precious time**. Okay, some of us are working from home - but we've cut out on the commute! Yes, housework is like the tide, keeps coming at us. Of course the family is always hungry, but take that as a compliment to the fine art of home cooking.

So we do have time. And **W.H Davies'** wise poem, written just over a hundred years ago, is still apt.

In the words of his biographer:

"But he went to school with Wordsworth's sonnet "The World is too much with us", and echoes from that sonnet resound throughout his work as from few other poems."

Let no more time be wasted - on to....

Leisure

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

- W. H. Davies
(1871-1940)

April 02, 2020 - Thursday's Treat-1

Dear Friends,

With the lockdown still in progress, we find we cannot open the Library yet.

Since we do not want to keep flooding you with messages of updates, we would like you to know that we will send a message **when we reopen**.

END OF NOTICE. YOU CAN STOP READING HERE.

BUT THE ADVENTUROUS and THE PASSIONATE MAY CONTINUE...

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. How often have we wondered at the simplicity of those words - they are everyday words, used by everybody everywhere. But when Keats strung them together, in that order, like so many pearls on a thread, they became poetry. So here's the idea: learn **a poem a week**.

We will get to the end of this tunnel, we will. And in the meanwhile, we will have gathered a treasure of grace and loveliness, wisdom and strength in our hearts, our minds.

Until then, stay safe, **learn a poem a week**.

Thursday's Treat - watch for it. The one we suggest for today, for this week, is strangely relevant: read the Wikipedia note after the poem. So let's start with

JENNY KISS'D ME

Jenny kiss'd me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
Say I'm growing old, but add
 Jenny kiss'd me.

Jenny kiss'd Me (original title: *Rondeau*) is a poem by the English essayist **Leigh Hunt**. It was first published in November 1838 by the *Monthly Chronicle*.

The poem — per its original title, a *rondeau* — was inspired by Jane Welsh, the wife of Thomas Carlyle. According to anthologist Martin Gardner, "Jenny kiss'd Me" was written during a flu epidemic, and refers to an unexpected visit by the recovered Hunt to the Carlyle household and being greeted by Jenny.

Leigh Hunt also wrote the lovely, illuminating **Abou Ben Adhem**, which we learnt way back in school, but which comes flooding back each time the moon is full and the room is flooded with light.

March 18, 2020 - Caution - Closing Library

Dear Friends,

With concern for all and in keeping with Government rules, we have decided to close the library from tomorrow (19th March) until the 31st of March.

Please try and return the books you have borrowed by the end of today. Please do not worry if you cannot - **keep yourself safe : nothing is more important**. The books can be returned when we reopen. There will be no fine levied.

We would like to assure you that the Library will carry forward the membership when we resume, for the number of days lost.

And like Dumas' Three Musketeers, let this be our motto too:

All for one

One for all

Cheers!

All of us at the Library

March 14, 2020 - Let's be careful

Dear Friends,

You all know that it is a thin line between panic and wisdom. We have decided to err on the side of caution at the Library.

All our programmes stand cancelled until further notice.

The Library, however, will be open. You are welcome to come and borrow books and read. Our doors and windows will be wide open. No air conditioning.

Cheers and practice simple safety measures.

all of us at MCubed