

perfect. I had no concern with meals. I took no outside engagements. I had a round table in an upper room in another woman's house. The lighting was good, the windows were too high for me to see out, I had piles of paper, a dozen sharpened pencils and not a thing in the world to do but write. For two terrible days I sat looking at the paper with my mind as dry as a covered bridge, not an idea stirring. It gave me a queer panicky feeling. I wondered if this really could happen to me. Did I really have to carry weight to be able to run at all? I kept thinking of a dozen things I wanted to do, every one of which seemed far more important than finishing my book. I wondered what I could say by way of explanation. Would I really have to admit that it wasn't in me to write any more? But my mind warmed up at last and I finished the book. Now I am going to continue the same story, my own story. This time I write with a sense of urgency, poignant but not unpleasant. In the back of my head I can hear the old tune we sang at Sunday School: "Work for the Night is Coming" . . .

It is strange about Time. One day I was no more conscious of it than I was of the air I breathed. There was plenty of time, days and days, running in and out, thousands of them. Then all at once some place there jangled a warning bell.

Writing is not like any other kind of work. There is a fervor in it that overcomes fatigue or even pain. It is a fire in the blood, a shot in the arm. It holds us when life begins to ravel, just as all the earth gathers itself into the brief brightness of Indian Summer before the stillness of winter falls. I wonder if it is the desire to be remembered? Miss Millay spoke for all of us when she wrote: