



A Postcard Reading by
Elspeth Penfold

‘IV. Death by Water

Phlebas the Phoenician,
a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls,
and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.

A

current under sea
Picked his bones in
whispers. As he rose and
fell

He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew

O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.’

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