



## **The Gulf (1916)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

A Gulf of silence separates us from each other.  
I stand at one side of the gulf – you at the other.  
I cannot see you or hear you – yet know that you are there –  
Often I call you by your childish name  
And pretend that the echo to my crying is your voice.  
How can we bridge the gulf – never by speech or touch  
Once I thought we might fill it quite up with tears  
Now I want to shatter it with our laughter.

