



**Villa Pauline (1916)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

But Ah! before he came  
You were only a name  
Four little rooms and a cupboard  
Without a bone,  
And I was alone!  
Now with your windows wide  
Everything from outside  
Of sun and flower and loveliness  
Comes in to hide –  
To play, to laugh on the stairs  
To catch unawares  
Our childish happiness  
And to glide  
Through the four little rooms on tip-toe  
With lifted finger,  
Pretending we shall not know  
When the shutters are shut  
That they still linger  
Long long after.  
Lying close in the dark  
He says to me hark,  
Isn't that laughter?

