

Prose Rhythm

Quiet descended on her, calm, content,
as her needle, drawing the silk smoothly
to its gentle pause, collected the green
folds together and attached them, very
lightly to the belt. So on a summer's
day waves collect, overbalanced, and
fall; collect and fall; and the whole
world seems to be saying "that is all"
more and more ponderously, until even
the heart in the body which lies in the
sun on the beach says too, That is all.
Fear no more, says the heart. Fear no
more, says the heart, committing its
burden to some sea, which sighs
collectively for all sorrows, and renews,
begins, collects, lets fall. And the body
alone listens to the passing bee; the wave
breaking; the dog barking, far away
barking and barking. (*Mrs. Dalloway*,
Virginia Woolf)

The long and short scheme

Slowly, he opened the book thumbing
through its pages, stroking its cover.

(dot—dash—dash—dash)

He opened the door, slowly, thumbing
through its pages, stroking its cover.

(dash—dot—dash—dash)

Slenderly, languidly, their hands set
lightly on their hips, the two young
women preceded us out onto a rosy-
colored porch, open toward the sunset,
where four candles flickered on the table
in the diminished wind. (The Great

Gatsby, F. Scott Fitzgerald) (dot—dot—
dash—dash—dash—dash)