Key Quotations

Read.

Revise.

Repeat.

Othello:

**Act I:**

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

* Iago, scene I

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe.

* Iago, scene I

Your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

* Iago, scene I

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

* Othello, scene II

My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

* Othello, scene III

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,

And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

* Othello, scene III

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

* Brabantio, scene III

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.

* Iago, scene III

I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind, will do as if for surety.

* Iago, scene III

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose

As asses are.

* Iago, scene III

**Act II**

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

* Othello, scene i

Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

* Iago, scene i

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit and lost

without deserving.

* Iago, scene iii

And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest,

Probal to thinking and indeed the course

To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue

In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful

As the free elements. And then for her

To win the Moor — were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god

With his weak function. How am I then a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,

Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!

When devils will the blackest sins put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now: for whiles this honest fool

Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,

That she repeals him for her body's lust;

And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch,

And out of her own goodness make the net

That shall enmesh them all.

* Iago, scene iii

**Act III**

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

* Othello, scene iii

Men should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

* Iago, scene iii

O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock

The meat it feeds on.

* Iago, scene iii

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,

To follow still the changes of the moon

With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,

Is once to be resolved.

* Othello, scene iii

She did deceive her father, marrying you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks

She lov'd them most.

* Iago, scene iii

Othello: I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago: Long live she so, and long live you to think so!

Othello: And, yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago: Ay, there's the point.

* Scene iii

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.

I'll not believe't.

* Othello, scene iii

O! now, for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!

* Othello, scene iii

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

* Othello, scene iii

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us.

* Emilia, scene

**Act IV:**

Who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch?

* Emilia, scene iii

Heaven me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

* Desdemona, scene iii

**Act V:**

O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

* Roderigo, scene i

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

* Othello, scene ii

[He kisses her]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword. One more, one more!

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after. One more, and that's the last!

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

* Othello, scene ii

What noise is this? Not dead — not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;

I would not have the linger in thy pain

* Othello, scene ii

I hold my peace, sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north;

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

* Emilia, scene ii

Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

* Iago, scene ii

I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;

Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,

Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,

And smote him thus.

* Othello, scene ii

I kissed thee ere I killed thee, no way but this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

* Othello, scene ii

**Keats Quotations:**

**"La Belle Dame Sans Merci"**

* "The sedge has wither'd from the lake, and no birds sing." ...
* "The squirrel's granary is full, and the harvest's done". ...
* "O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, Alone and palely loitering?" ...
* "O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, so haggard and woe-begone?" ...
* "I see a lilly on thy brow"
* I met a lady in the meads,

Full beautiful—a faery’s child,

Her hair was long, her foot was light,

And her eyes were wild.

* ‘I set her on my pacing steed’
* ‘She found me roots of relish sweet, and honey wild, and manna-dew’
* ‘She took me to her Elfin grot’
* ‘And there she wept and sighed full sore’
* ‘I saw pale kings and princes too, pale warriors, death-pale were they all/They cried – ‘La Belle Dame sans Merci/Thee hath in thrall!’
* ‘I saw their starved lips in the gloam/with horrid warnng gaped wide.’

**Key Ideas**

- Ideas of love, corruption and death: like Blake's The Sick Rose: Lady is personification of Death? Why is Knight 'alone and loitering'?
- Typical form of supernatural ballad: seduction of human by fairy (Thomas Rhymer). Also, typical possibility of a 'wasteland' made good by a visiting knight, as in grail legends. See references to haggard landscape.

**AO3 (language)**

- Oxymoronic title and parody of courtly love genre, a variant of the medieval supernatural ballad (based on Alain Chartier poem, C15)?
- Key Keatsian adjective used: 'pale' (in Grecian Urn and many others) hints at TB and mortality, the real world of love, loss and disappointment.
- Stanzas of three iambic lines and one languid, heavy one (used by Cloeridge earlier): effect is like a ghostly refrain..
- Use of narrative dialogue and Arthurian worlds heavily influenced by Spenser's The Fairie Queene (his Duessa a possible prototype for la belle dame?)
- Use of lexical ambiguity to reflect Keats' mistrust of women and Madonna/Whore syndrome: "she looked at me as she did love.."?

**Eve of St Agnes**

* Ah bitter chill it was!
* Her maiden eyes.
* She sighed for Agnes’ dreams; the sweetest of the year.
* Young Porphyro, with heart on fire for Madeline.
* He might gaze and worship all unseen; perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss
* The maiden’s chamber, silken, hush’d and chaste; where Porphyro took covert.
* She seem’d a splendid angel.
* So pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.
* Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress.
* Ah Porphyro, said she…..how pallid, chill and drear!
* Into her dream he melted.
* They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall.
* The lovers fled away into the storm.

**Key Ideas**

- Romantic celebration of erotic fantasy.
- Flaws of imagination/dreams and harsh realism of waking: superstition, legend, mythical qualities of medieval courtly love.. Madeline is both awake and asleep; love of transcience, half-states.
- Negative Capability: "into her dream he melted"
- Fascination with death, age, decay: Beadsman and Angela (the original poem had both of them die more graphically)

**AO3 (language)**

- Long narrative: 42 Spenserian stanzas, written in a fortnight. Beautifully sequencial. Adopted Spenserian form, possibly due to chivalric, medieval subject matter?
- The lack of heroic coupets and the longer last line with the caesura mid line departs completely from Classicists. Southey and Hunt both stigmatised the heroic couplet, called it 'detestable'.
- Binary opposites: bitter cold v warm fires, decay v youth, waking v sleeping, chastity v lust, life v death.
- Pictorial, visual tableaux: scenes reminiscent of Romeo and Juliet.
- Use of synaesthesia: mixed sense descriptions.

**Isabella**

* Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
* Lorenzo a young palmer in Love’s eye!
* They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep but to each other dream and nightly weep.
* A dreary night of love and misery.
* Lady! Thou leadest me to summer clime.
* Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers, know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.
* Why were they proud?
* Cut mercy with a sharp knife to the bone.
* The two brothers and their murder’d man.
* There was Lorenzo slain and bured in.
* Sorely she wept until the night came on.
* Isabel, my sweet! Red whortle-berries droop above my head.
* Love never dies, but loves, immortal Lord.
* Pale Isabella kiss’d it and low moan’d/’Twas love; cold, -dead indeed, but not dethroned.
* A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by/and cover-d it with mould, and o’er it set Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.
* And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun.
* For simple Isabel is soon to be among the dead.
* Isabel will die/will die a death too lone and incomplete/now they have ta’en away her Basil sweet.
* And so she pined and so she died forlorn.
* O cruelty to steal my Basil pot away from me!

**Key Ideas**

- examples of religious imagery and contrast of cold hatred of family honour with the warmth of young love. Isabelle’s brothers are ruthless capitalists who put profit above their concern for human happiness.

Written in ottava rima with eight-line stanzas of iambic pentameter in rhyme scheme abababcc.

**AO3 (language)**

- examples of religious imagery and repetition of same words help the reader to feel the unchanging nature of their devotion and joy to one another. You could also see the visit of Lorenzo’s ghost and Isabella’s exhumation of the head symbolising the loss of love, pleasure and beauty which results from society’s expectations.

**Lamia:**

* "The ever smitten Hermes empty left his golden throne,
bent on amorous theft."
* "He found a palpitating snake"
* "She seemed at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self."
* "It was no dream: or say it a dream was,
real are the dreams of Gods"
* "Into the recessed woods they flew:
nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do"
* "The serpent began to change: her elfin blood to madness ran"
* "Tis Apollonius sage: but too he seems the ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams"
* "Of wealthy lustre was the banquet room, filled with brilliance and perfume"
* " "Fool! Fool!!" repeated he.. shall I see three made a serpent's pray?"
* "Then with a frightful scream she vanished"

**Key Ideas**

* - Allegory of Keats' personal life and journey as a new poet (Lamia's transformation as a prelude to her bliss with Lycius). "Palpitating snake" - Fanny Brawne?
- Love of immortality/fantasy/Grecian myth: mortal with immortal. Shows Keats' yearning "to capture forever the apex of passionate intensity" (Perkins)
- Echoes of Milton's Paradise Lost and folk superstition (Burton's Anatomy)
- Women as paradoxical. Suggestion of Romantic subjugation of women: "she burnt, she loved the tyranny"
"Apollonius: as embodiment of truth/wisdom/reason/science, will eventually ruin Lycius' 'sweet dreams'.. Keats engaging in a Romantic debate: Hunt in 1818 gave lecture in which he said "the progress of knowledge limits the imagination and clips the wings of poetry"

**AO3 (language)**

* - Binary opposites and oxymorons: poem reflects huge conflicts in Keats' poetic philosophy.
- Sensuous and opulent description: synaesthesia. Landscapes of Corinth. Letters: "poetry should delight with a fine excess"
- Often described by critics as 'comic satire'..
- Key word 'pale' used again: Hermes associated with death of mortals.

**Death of a Salesman:**

**Key Quotations:**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Quote** | **When** | **Commentary** |
| ‘a melody is heard, played upon a flute…telling us of grass and trees.’ | p.7 | Flute represents hope – contrasts with rest of description.Nature as real god – pantheist. Links to his father. |
| ‘towering, angular shapes behind it, surrounding it on all sides.’ | p.7. | Concrete jungle – intimidating – house as a prison. |
| ‘an air of a dream clings to the place.’ | p.7 | Dynamic verb clings suggest danger. |
| ‘it’s all right. I came back.’ - Willy | p.8 | Foreshadows death. Link to cyclical structure. |
| ‘I’m tired to the death’ - Willy | p.9 | Again foreshadowing – flute fades away representing hope is lost. |
| ‘work a lifetime to pay off a house. You finally own it, and there’s nobody to live in it.’ - Willy | p.10 | Nihilism. Materialism.  |
| ‘Biff is a lazy bum!’‘There’s one thing about Biff – he’s not lazy.’ | p.11 | Contrast – Willy’s psychomachia. High expectations of Biff. |
| ‘be liked and you will never want.’ – Willy | p.26 | Wrong reading of the AD. Tragic flaw? |
| ‘to me you are. [slight pause] the handsomest.’ | p.29 | Corrects herself – aware of Willy’s fragile ego.  |
| ‘few men are idolised by their children the way you are.’ – Linda | p.29 | IronicIdea of religion |
| ‘you want him to be a worm like Bernard?’ | p.31 | Again, misreading of AD – ironic. |
| ‘when I was seventeen, I walked into the jungle and when I was twenty-one, I walked out and by God I was rich!’ – Ben | p.37 | Suggests AD is easy but jungle contradicts this. |
| ‘he’s not allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog.’ | p.44 | Threat of death – Linda knows reality. |
| ‘attention, attention must finally be paid to such a person.’ | p.44 | Repetition highlights urgency. Tragedy of common man.  |
| ‘Biff, his life is in your hands!’ | p.47 | Father/son – expectations of Biff. |
| ‘like a young god.’ – Willy | p.54 | Expectations of Biff – hyperbole. Religious influence. |
| ‘once in my life, I would like to own something outright before it’s broken.’ | p.56 | Materialism/nihilism/conspicuous consumption |
| ‘he died the death of a salesman.’ | p.63 | Ironic – compared to Requiem |
| ‘what happened in Boston, Willy?’ | p.74 | Willy rejects anagnorisis – Biff fails because he loses faith in father. |
| ‘the only thing you got in this world is what you can sell.’ – Charley | p.77 | Nihilistic – morals are dubious |
| ‘you end up worth more dead than alive.’ | p.77 | Foreshadowing, ironic. |
| ‘a fine troubled prince.’ – Biff describes Willy | p.90 | Irony/trying to help his ego |
| ‘you fake! You phony little fake!’ Biff | p.95 | Biff’s anagnorisis – finds out about affair. |
| ‘nothing’s planted. I don’t have a thing in the world.’ | p.98 | Symbolism – seeds to nurture. |
| ‘you blew me so full of hot air…’ | p.104 | Biff’s ego. |
| ‘I’m a dime a dozen, Pop!’ | p.105 | Common man – realism of speech. |
| ‘he had all the wrong dreams.’ | p.110 | Comment on AD. |
| ‘Nobody dast blame this man.’ | p.111 | Charley as pragmatist. |
| ‘Willy Loman did not die in vain. He had a good dream.’ | p.111 | Happy continuing dream – nihilistic. Sad ending. Cyclical structure. |
| We’re free…we’re free.’ | p.112 | Free from debt means freedom? |

**Brighton Rock:**

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Pinkie “**More than ever yet he has the sense that he was being driven further and deeper than he’d ever meant to go.”**

**Pinkie “it was as if he had been withdrawn suddenly by a hand out of any existence – past or presence, whipped away into zero – nothing.”**

**Pinkie “It was as if the flames had literally got him.”**

**Ida** "Her big breasts, which had never suckled a child of her own, felt a merciless compassion."

**Rose** "The Nelson Place eyes stared back at her without understanding. Driven to her hole the small animal peered out at the bright and breezy world..."

# Narrator “You cannot conceive, nor can I, of the appalling strangeness of the mercy of God.”

**Ida/Rose** “I know one thing you don't. I know the difference between Right and Wrong. They didn't teach you that at school.'
Rose didn't answer; the woman was quite right: the two words meant nothing to her. Their taste was extinguished by stronger foods--Good and Evil.”

**Ida** “It's a good world if you don't weaken.”

**Ida** “People change,' she said
'Oh, no they don't. Look at me. I've never changed. It's like those sticks of rock: bite it all the way down, you'll still read Brighton. That's human nature.”

**Pinkie** “He was like a child with haemophilia: every contact drew blood.”

**Pinkie** “It didn't matter anyway...he wasn't made for peace, he couldn't believe in it. Heaven was a word: hell was something he could trust.”

**Ida** “Fun... human nature... does no one any harm... Regular as clockwork the old excuses came back into the alert, sad and dissatisfied brain—

**Pinkie** “He put his mouth on her and kissed her on the cheek; he was afraid of the mouth-thoughts travel too easily from lip to lip.”

**Ida** “She wasn’t religious. She didn’t believe in heaven or hell, only in ghosts, Ouija boards, tables which rapped and little inept voices speaking plaintively of flowers”

**Crime Poetry**

**Ballad of Reading Gaol**

“Yet each man kills the thing he loves
By each let this be heard
Some do it with a bitter look
Some with a flattering word
The coward does it with a kiss
The brave man with a sword”

“For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.”

“Silently we went round and round,
And through each hollow mind
The memory of dreadful things
Rushed like a dreadful wind,
And horror stalked before each man,
And terror crept behind.”

I never saw sad men who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
We prisoners called the sky,
And at every happy cloud that passed
In such strange freedom by.

I walked, with other souls in pain,

Within another ring,

Who watch him when he tries to weep,

And when he tries to pray;

Who watch him lest himself should rob

The prison of its prey.

With yawning mouth the yellow hole

Gaped for a living thing;

The very mud cried out for blood

To the thirsty asphalte ring:

For the Lord of Death with icy breath

Had entered in to kill.

And all the while the burning lime

Eats flesh and bone away,

It eats the brittle bone by night,

And the soft flesh by day,

It eats the flesh and bone by turns,

But it eats the heart alway.

They stripped him of his canvas clothes,

And gave him to the flies:

They mocked the swollen purple throat,

And the stark and staring eyes:

And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud

In which their convict lies.

For, right within, the sword of Sin

Pierced to its poisoned hilt,

And as molten lead were the tears we shed

For the blood we had not spilt.

And wondered why men knelt to pray

Who never prayed before.

How else but through a broken heart

May Lord Christ enter in?

**Porphyria’s Lover**

* The rain set early in tonight
* When glided in Porphyria
* She shut the cold out
* Untied her hair and let the damp hair fall
* She put my arm about her waist and made her smooth white shoulder bare
* At last I knew Porphyria worshipped me
* That moment she was mine, mine
* And all her hair in one long yellow string I wound/three times her little throat around/and strangled her
* I am quite sure she felt no pain
* Her check once more blushed bright beneath my burning kiss
* And all night long we have not stirred/and yet God has not said a word!

**My Last Duchess**

* That’s my last Duchess painted on the wall looking as if she were alive.
* Will’t please you sit and look at her/
* Since none puts by the curtain I have drawn for you but I.
* Sit ‘twas not her husband’s presence only, called that spot of joy into the Duchess’ check.
* She had a heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad.
* She liked whate’er she looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
* She thanked men – good! But thanked somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked my gift of a none-hundred-years-old-name with anybody’s gift.
* I choose never to stoop.
* This grew; I gave commands; then all smiles stopped together.
* Notice Neptune, though, taming a sea-horse.

**The Laboratory**

* Devil’s smithy
* Which is the poison to poison her prithee?
* He is with her, and they know that I know.
* Pound at thy powder – I am not in haste!
* To carry pure death in an earring, a casket, a signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket!
* With her head and her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop dead!
* That’s why she ensnared him.
* Let death be felt and the proof remain.
* He is sure to remember her dying face!
* You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!

**Peter Grimes**

* He took young Peter in his hand to pray but soon the stubborn boy from care broke loose.
* Nay once has dealt the sacrilegious blow on his bare head, and laid his parent low.
* Now lived the youth in freedom.
* With greedy eye he looked on all he saw.
* He laughed at law.
* But no success could please his cruel soul/he wished for one to trouble and control.
* None put the question “Peter, dost thou give this boy his food?”
* Pined, beaten, cold, punched, threatened and abused.
* Thus lived the lad in hunger, peril and pain.
* Another boy with equal ease was found.
* Th’ apprentice died.
* “They bade me leap to death, but I was loath to die; and every day, as sure as day arose, would these three spirits meet me ere the close.”
* “Again they come,” he muttered as he died.

**Atonement:**

* ‘her heart thud with luminous, yearning fantasies.’
* ‘she was one of those children possessed by a desire to have the world just so.’
* ‘her controlling demon’
* ‘she had no secrets’
* Imagination itself was a source of secrets’
* Writing stories not only involved secrecy; it also gave her all the pleasures of miniaturisation.’
* ‘made the family fortune with a series of patents on padlocks.’ – house
* ‘solid, secure and functional’ – the house
* ‘she was surprised that he should think she was raising the question on money’
* ‘Marshall took control of the conversation with a ten-minute monologue’
* ‘he dropped away into a light sleep in which his young sisters had appeared, all four of them, standing around his bedside…touching and pulling at his clothes. He woke, hot …. uncomfortably aroused.’
* ‘for what she knew, she knew’
* ‘she lay in the dark and knew everything.’ – Emily
* ‘unpainted cement which had turned brown and gave the building a mottled, diseased appearance.’
* ‘that the word had been written by a man confessing to an image in his mind….disgusted her profoundly’
* ‘order must be imposed’
* ‘her mother had lived in an invalid’s shadowland’
* ‘what she saw must have been shaped in part by what she already knew, or believed she knew.’
* ‘at last they were strangers, their pasts were forgotten’
* ‘she returned his gaze, struck by the sense of her own transformation.’
* He too, like Briony, would go out searching alone. This decision, as he was to acknowledge many times, transformed his life.’
* ‘within the half hour, Briony would commit her crime’
* ‘her childhood had ended, she decided’
* ‘she had no doubt. She could describe him. There was nothing she could not describe’
* ‘it was her own discovery. It was her story’
* ‘it was not simply her eyes that told her the truth. It was too dark for that.’
* ‘Lola was required only to remain silent about the truth.’
* ‘she trapped herself, she marched into the labyrinth of her own construction and was too young, too awestruck, too keen to please, to insist on making her own way back.’
* ‘How guilt refined the methods of self-torture, threading the beads of detail into an eternal loop, a rosary to be fingered for a lifetime.’
* ‘prison had made him despite himself.’
* ‘unable to sleep, thinking of another vanished boy’
* ‘I can never forgive what they did. Now that I’ve broken away I’m beginning to understand the snobbery that lay behind their stupidity.’
* ‘bluebells glimpsed through the woods that made him feel the need for reconciliation and fresh beginnings.’
* *‘I get the impression she’s taken on nursing as a sort of penance’*
* ‘let his name be cleared, then let everyone else adjust their thinking.’
* Bluebottles rose into the ait with an angry whining buzz, revealing the rotting corpse beneath’
* ‘everyone was guilty’
* ‘let the guilty bury the innocent’
* ‘she was abandoning herself to a life of structures, rules, obedience.’
* ‘whatever humble nursing she did…she would never undo the damage. She was unforgiveable’
* ‘there were parts of her she has completely forgotten.’
* ‘that a person is, among all else, a material thing, easily torn, not easily mended’