

Metaphors

5. You are the bravest little woman I know, Amelia, and that stiff upper lip of yours is a credit to the whole British nation. 6. Years had passed since I last beheld the plain of Amarna, yet in eternal Egypt a decade is no more than the blink of an eye. 7. Any artefact made of or covered with gold could start the gossip mills grinding and lead to the usual exaggeration. 8. I passed a crocodile of choir boys, in starched collars and peculiar caps, on their way to Tom Gate. 9. All undergraduates and graduates and wives and tradespeople walked that unmistakable English church-going pace which eschewed equally both haste and idle sauntering. 10. Criss-cross about the world he travelled with them, waxing in wickedness like a Hogarthian page boy. 11. She was entrancing, with that fragile beauty which in extreme youth sings out for love and withers at the first cold wind. 12. I went there full of curiosity and the faint, unrecognised apprehension that here, at last, I should find that low door in the wall, which opened on an enclosed and enchanted garden, which was somewhere, not overlooked by any window, in the heart of that grey city. 13. Long hours of work in her youth, authority in middle life, repose and security in her age, had set their stamp on her lined and serene face. 14. Here was planted the seed of what would become his life's harvest. 15. A nightmare distorted the images of the evening into horrific shapes. 16. Everything was black and dead-still in the quadrangle; only at the quarter-hours the bells awoke and sang over the gables. 17. He could tell her nothing new of the wonders of his presentation and knighthood; and his civilities were worn out like his information. 18. Some literary works rise above neat distinctions of genre to carve out new riverbeds. 19. I insist on the freedom, on my own right to browse at will among the basic texts that are the inheritance of centuries – be they those of St. Augustine, Pascal, or Blake. 20. Blake grieved over the fate of the human soul, a divine spark/alien into matter and hungering for an otherworldly home in the Kingdom of Light. 21. To himself, born in the Year of the Judgement, Blake assigned a providential mission, that of a knight, who, armed with pen, graving tool, and brush, would deal the dragon of the lie a mortal wound. 22. If a ever a phantom-city had its own history, a city of street lamps in the fog, of sobs in the dark, of slinking prostitutes, of drunkards, of people reeling from hunger – then the London of Blake's poetry has pride of place, ahead of Dickens's London, ahead of Balzac's Paris, of Gogol's and Dostoevsky 's St. Petersburg. 23. By Blake, Eternity, measurable in clock seconds, trails endlessly into oblivion and reaches indefinitely into the future. 24. To be free is to refute the false eternity (an endless succession of moments lapsing into nothingness) and false infinity (illusory space, indefinite duration), and to know true eternity and true infinity as the eternal Now. 25. The Sky is an immortal Tent built by God; and every space that a Man views around his dwelling-place is his Universe on the verge of which the Sun rises and sets.