



Monday or Tuesday
Woolf, Virginia

Published: 1921

Categorie(s): Fiction, Short Stories

Source: <http://gutenberg.net.au>

About Woolf:

Virginia Woolf (January 25, 1882 – March 28, 1941) was an English novelist and essayist regarded as one of the foremost modernist literary figures of the twentieth century. During the interwar period, Woolf was a significant figure in London literary society and a member of the Bloomsbury Group. Her most famous works include the novels *Mrs Dalloway* (1925), *To the Lighthouse* (1927), and *Orlando* (1928), and the book-length essay *A Room of One's Own* (1929) with its famous dictum, "a woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction".

Also available on Feedbooks for Woolf:

- *To the Lighthouse* (1927)
- *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925)
- *A Haunted House* (1921)
- *The Waves* (1931)
- *Orlando* (1928)
- *Mrs Dalloway in Bond Street* (1923)
- *Between the Acts* (1941)
- *The Duchess and the Jeweller* (1938)
- *The New Dress* (1927)
- *The Mark on the Wall* (1917)

Copyright: This work is available for countries where copyright is Life+70 and in the USA.

Note: This book is brought to you by Feedbooks
<http://www.feedbooks.com>

Strictly for personal use, do not use this file for commercial purposes.

Lazy and indifferent, shaking space easily from his wings, knowing his way, the heron passes over the church beneath the sky. White and distant, absorbed in itself, endlessly the sky covers and uncovers, moves and remains. A lake? Blot the shores of it out! A mountain? Oh, perfect—the sun gold on its slopes. Down that falls. Ferns then, or white feathers, for ever and ever——

Desiring truth, awaiting it, laboriously distilling a few words, for ever desiring—(a cry starts to the left, another to the right. Wheels strike divergently. Omnibuses conglomerate in conflict)—for ever desiring—(the clock asseverates with twelve distinct strokes that it is midday; light sheds gold scales; children swarm)—for ever desiring truth. Red is the dome; coins hang on the trees; smoke trails from the chimneys; bark, shout, cry "Iron for sale"—and truth?

Radiating to a point men's feet and women's feet, black or gold-encrusted—(This foggy weather—Sugar? No, thank you—The commonwealth of the future)—the firelight darting and making the room red, save for the black figures and their bright eyes, while outside a van discharges, Miss Thingummy drinks tea at her desk, and plate-glass preserves fur coats——

Flaunted, leaf—light, drifting at corners, blown across the wheels, silver-splashed, home or not home, gathered, scattered, squandered in separate scales, swept up, down, torn, sunk, assembled—and truth?

Now to recollect by the fireside on the white square of marble. From ivory depths words rising shed their blackness, blossom and penetrate. Fallen the book; in the flame, in the smoke, in the momentary sparks—or now voyaging, the marble square pendant, minarets beneath and the Indian seas, while space rushes blue and stars glint—truth? content with closeness?

Lazy and indifferent the heron returns; the sky veils her stars; then bares them.

Loved this book ?
Similar users also downloaded

Virginia Woolf

A Society

Virginia Woolf

In the Orchard

Virginia Woolf

Kew Gardens

Virginia Woolf

Moments of Being. "Slater's Pins Have No Points"

Virginia Woolf

The String Quartet

Virginia Woolf

A Woman's College from the Outside

Virginia Woolf

Solid Objects

Virginia Woolf

An Unwritten Novel

Virginia Woolf

The Lady in the Looking-Glass

Virginia Woolf

The Shooting Party



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind