

2016

Dame Edith Sitwell

Gail White

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

White, Gail (2016) "Dame Edith Sitwell," *PoemMemoirStory*. Vol. 15, Article 17.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol15/iss2016/17>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

DAME EDITH SITWELL

When you're this ugly—not just plain,
But pigface ugly—soon your brain
Suggests that, like a circus clown,
You play it up instead of down.

Hence all that Byzantine brocade,
The turbans piled like marmalade
On toast, and on one finger's peg
A topaz like a robin's egg.

I clung to fame like grasping Death,
Wrote poetry and played *Macbeth*.
I and my brothers read *Facade*
And thought ourselves as grand as God.

Though no one's mother, no one's wife,
I made myself a charming life,
Regretting only—now and then—
My utter lack of charm for men.