

Transcript of a letter to Edward Marsh, April 1915.

*King's College, Cambridge. The Papers of Rupert Chawner Brooke. RCB/S/5/2, 215*

'April {215} At sea.

Dear Eddie,

When I had a touch of  
the sun, in Egypt, I saw a  
lovely letter of yours to Denis,  
- the only breath of England  
I've ~~seen~~ felt. You seemed  
to have been in very  
perilous places : far more, certainly,  
than we.

Patrick and I are both hale  
+ fit again, though notably  
thinner. However, as everyone  
has grown very fat on idleness,  
it's as well. The  
first few days afloat I was

still convalescent. So I could  
lie in my bunk + read + write  
in a delicious solitude all day. I  
actually did jot down a line  
or two. Nothing yet complete  
(except a song, worthless alone,  
for Denis to put lovely notes  
around) : but a sonnet or  
two almost done : + the  
very respectable + shapely  
skeleton of an ode-threnody. All  
of which shall travel to you,  
if + when they are ~~ready~~ done.  
I saw Sir Ian – or, rather, he  
saw me : lying (did you see Denis' photograph  
of me?) on a couch of pain. It was  
very sweet of him. He made a  
proposal, which, for the time, I didn't  
accept. It hands vaguely over my  
future. It might be fun, after

a campaign in my present capacity. But  
it's really so jolly being with Oc + Denis  
+ Charles + Patrick + Kelly, that  
it'll have to be very tempting company  
to persuade me to give it up.  
I cannot write to you any description of my  
life. It is entirely featureless. It would  
need Miss Austin to make anything  
of it. We glide to + fro on an  
azure sea + forget the war –  
I must go + censor my platoon's  
letters –  
My long poem is to be about the existence  
- + non-locality – of England. And it  
contains the line –  
    “In Avons of the heart her rivers run.”  
Lovely, isn't it?  
Freiburg sends his chin-chin. I've  
no doubt there'd be other messages,  
if I could find anyone.  
    ever Rupert

I do think we're awfully  
lucky to have our  
new G.O.C. in C. I hope  
he'll be very brilliant  
over it.'