

Westminster Bridge immersed

See 'Techniques' on ways to use immersed texts

We were travelling together across London and had stopped for a while on Westminster Bridge. My companion sighed. "Earth has not anything to show more fair than this," he exclaimed. "You'd have to be dull-brained not to appreciate it."



"Would such a person be able to see it as we see it," I said, "of course, he or she would have a sensitive soul."

"Who could pass by a sight like this," he went on, "So touching in its majesty!" This City is now famous for its river panoramas, of course.

My friend does like a good simile. "Like a garment," he said. "It wears the beauty of the morning like a garment!"

I wasn't convinced by the comparison but I let it go. Everything was silent and bare. I admired the ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples which lie open unto the fields and to the sky. They were all, indeed, bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

"Never did the sun more beautifully steep in sunshine this multitude of buildings," he exclaimed again, even more rapturously in his inimitable way.

I suppose it was the first time I'd really stopped to take it all in. There was a splendour to it. Whether more splendid than a mountain, valley, rock, or hill, I wouldn't like to say.

I never saw the city in this light before, it's true.

"I never felt a calm so deep!" he said. "I love the way the river glides, unaccountable to us, at his own sweet will. Dear God! the very houses seem asleep, don't they?"

Well, it was still very early and all that morning we had been travelling. My friend has a mighty imagination and a big heart.

"The boat we need is lying off Tilbury," I reminded him. "We still have a way to go." And so we moved on but the memory of that vision stayed with me.