

## Remembering the *Text-as-Body*: Memory in Elizabeth Bishop's Poetry

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Born February 8, 1911, in Worcester, Massachusetts, the crucial events of Elizabeth Bishop's life occurred within her very first years. Her father William died of Bright's Disease when she was just eight months old. Her mother, Gertrude Bulmer, then moved to her grandparents' house in Nova Scotia, as she had lost her U.S. citizenship upon her husband's death. Mrs Bulmer soon suffered a series of nervous breakdowns and was committed to the Nova Scotia Hospital in Dartmouth in 1916. Elizabeth Bishop's life was thus punctuated by the loss of loved ones and it tremendously influenced her nomadic way of life, as she kept traveling abroad as well as throughout the United States. Her work persistently registers loss as well, thematizing as it does the loss of geographical and physical markers, loss of roots, loss of her parents followed by her little cousin Arthur, loss of her childhood friend Gwendolyn and later friends such as Marianne Moore, Lota de Macedo Soares, and Robert Lowell, and, above all, loss of personal identity (a crisis emphasized by her poetry's frequent interrogation of gender [and genre] classifications). Throughout her work these very losses propel a thematic insistence on building up, restoring, regaining, and remembering. Yet references to the losses themselves are frequently veiled in her poetic work, as she always refused "self-outpouring" – contrary to most of her contemporaries who adopted the confessional mode such as poet Robert Lowell, her dearest friend. Here and there, her poems discreetly bear the trace of lost times, places, and people in the shape of tributes, dedications, references, or allusions. Many poems describe memories of lived or dreamed experiences, some try to picture familiar landscapes or to reconstruct memories from scraps while others are written in memory of those who disappeared. "First Death in Nova Scotia" (*CP* 125-6) thus brings back the memory of her little cousin's funeral, "Visits to St. Elizabeth's" (*CP* 133-5) reminds the reader of Pound's chaotic life, and "North Haven" is explicitly subtitled "*In memoriam: Robert Lowell.*" In 1964, in a tribute to Bishop's poetry for the Academy of American Poets, Robert Lowell remarked:

This is a very dear evening to me. Elizabeth Bishop is the contemporary poet that both I and Randall Jarrell admire the most. Her poems come slowly. You feel she never wrote a poem just to fill a page. If the poem stops coming, she'll often put it away several years—or forever if it doesn't come. I think she's hardly ever written a poem that wasn't a real poem. There's a beautiful formal completeness to all of Elizabeth's poetry. I don't think anyone alive has a better eye than she has, the eye that sees things and the mind behind the eye that remembers, and the person that remembers would be very hard to characterize, but it's a person with a good deal of tolerance and humor. Really, it defeats me to sum up the personality, but that's far more important.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Words in Air: The Complete Correspondence Between Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell*, New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 2008, p. 559.

Indeed, in Bishop's poetry loss triggers the need to recover one's integrity and reconnect with one's body through the medium of writing, through what we can call the *text-as-body*. Yet the desire for *re-cognition* intrinsic to her work is mostly conveyed through memory: loss and memory thus become two interdependent notions in an ambivalent dialectic that develops throughout her career. However, as Costello remarks, Bishop's recourse to memory is "not recuperation" (Costello, 175). It is not a means of transcendence; instead, she turns away from this romantic and symbolist conception to view memory "as a thread of life, a dynamic principle of limited continuity in a world of discontinuities." In fact, memory is not only the direct link to things past, but an access to the poetic subject's identity (which implies a physical relation to the body). Moreover, although it first appears as a way to recognize and revisit some old familiar places, we soon discover that it is also a means to reconcile the self with its own identity, and above all a way for the poet to reflect on her own means of expression.

### **Mnemonic poetry**

Memory is very often defined as an ability to remember things, places, people, and experiences. We all have traumatic, disturbing or pleasant memories. Whether visual, aural, auditory, or olfactory, Bishop's poetry is a way to access and convey a photographic, corporeal, and selective memory. Throughout the *Complete Poems*, her poetry displays echoes, reminiscences, and memories that appear to be veiled and tinged with a bittersweet feeling or haunted by the shadows of bodies (whether real or ethereal) belonging to the past. Yet, the irony of the history of language establishes a connection between "memory—a term of Latin origin—and the idea of mourning conveyed by the English language. Indeed, the Indo-European root of the word "*memory*" leads us to the heart of Bishop's poetry: the gothic "*maurnan*" and the English "*mourn*", establishing a direct link between memories and loss. For Elizabeth Bishop self-recognition originates in the necessary mourning of the lost object (whatever it may be), as she makes clear in 1976 in "One Art" :

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! My last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely one. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster. (CP 178)

Three years before her death, Bishop seems to be trying to convince her reader—and herself—that loss is “no disaster” through the anaphora, although the repetition clearly emphasizes the opposite feeling. Indeed the form of the villanelle does nothing but accentuate the weight of the losses the speaker wants to trivialize. The poem's theme of loss is developed by the memory of those lost objects, as loss triggers memory and vice versa... Precisely, in a chapter entitled “Memory's eye” (Costello, 175-213), Bonnie Costello rightly reminds us that the muse of poetry, *Calliope*, was born of *Mnemosyne*, goddess of memory, thus establishing an intrinsic link between poetry and memory. However, if memory is Bishop's primary source of poetic inspiration, she strongly resists the idealization of the past and brings back vivid images through synaesthesia and a painterly eye.

It is in Elizabeth Bishop's third book of poems, *Questions of Travel*, that the feelings of wandering, escape, uprooting, and melancholy evolve into questions of memory. The book is divided into two sections, “Brazil,” devoted to the eponymous country, and “Elsewhere,” presenting a resurgence of childhood memories: “Manners” (CP 121-2) is subtitled “For a child of 1918,” “Sestina” (CP 123-4) pictures a child and her grandmother, “First Death in Nova Scotia” (CP 125-6) is about Little Cousin Arthur's death, and “Filling Station” (CP 127-8) recalls a childhood memory. For critic David Kalstone, this chapter marks a turning point in Bishop's career:

Her questions of travel modulate now, almost imperceptibly, into questions of memory and loss [...] Crusoe lives an exile's life in civilized England, lord in imagination only of his “un-rediscovered, un-renamable island.” In “The Moose,” we are city-bound, on a bus trip away from Nova Scotia, and the long lean poem reads like a thread the narrator is laying through a maze – to find her way back (251).

Indeed, while world travel had long been the poet's chosen method of living (or surviving), free of any attachment and fleeing any kind of agonizing stasis, it happens that her trips eventually fuel both her writing and her memories. Going away always ends up being synonymous with a movement backward, back home, back to oneself, as recognizing leads to remembering. Bishop's poetry employs memory to *re-member* things and past events, i.e., to gather members together on different levels – the members of a family, the sentence members of a text, and the various limbs of the poem as body in a metonymic way. Once away, Bishop seems more inclined to recall memories and remember things past. The poet herself expresses her surprise at the suggestive power of expatriation in a letter to her friend Ilse Barker, as it is in Brazil that everything comes back to the surface: “It is funny to come to Brazil to experience total recall about Nova Scotia – geography must be more mysterious than we realize ” she writes (Harrison, 505).

Her ability in Brazil to immerse herself in her childhood memories is underscored in her translation of a young Brazilian girl's diary, *The Diary of Helena Morley*, which

reminds her of her own childhood and of many other stories from the past. Her reminiscence proceeds from the particular to the universal:

The more I read the book the better I liked it. The scenes and events it described were odd, remote, and long ago, and yet fresh, sad, funny, and eternally true. The longer I stayed on in Brazil the more Brazilian the book seemed, yet much of it could have happened in any small provincial town or village, and at almost any period of history [...] Certain pages reminded me of more famous and "literary" ones: Nausicaa doing her laundry on the beach, possibly with the help of her freed slaves; bits of Chaucer; Wordsworth's wandering beggars<sup>2</sup> [...].

Her fifteen-year stay in Brazil also triggered the redaction of most of her short stories gathered in *The Collected Prose*. This book is itself significantly placed under the aegis of memory, as it is divided in two parts, "Memory: Persons and places" and "Stories," and two essays have titles corroborating this idea: "Efforts of Affection: A Memoir of Marianne Moore" (*CProse* 121-156) and "Memories of Uncle Neddy" (*CProse* 227-250). But if her prose writings enabled the poet to write her memories in a more direct and intimate way, the poems attempt to dissimulate the "self" and suppress any hint of intimacy.

Most of Bishop's poems bear traces of a child's world. One thinks of the circus and mechanical horse in "Cirque d'hiver" (*CP* 31), fairytales as in "The Riverman" (*CP* 105-9), animal fables in "Rainy Season; Sub-Tropics" (*CP* 139-142) or "The Hanging of the Mouse" (*CP* 143-5), nursery rhymes in "Jerônimo's House" (*CP* 34) and "Visits to St. Elizabeth's" (*CP* 133-5), princess stories in "Florida" (*CP* 32-3), and the myriad of surrealist or imaginary figures who regularly break into the daily world (e.g., "First Death in Nova Scotia" *CP* 125-6, "Sestina" *CP* 123-4). What's more, this tendency to sketch childhood memories can also be found in Bishop's desire to draw her own jacket for her last book for which she uses colors strongly reminiscent of childhood:

Yesterday I actually got out watercolors and designed my own book jacket for the book of poems that will come out, I hope, next fall. It's to be called *Geography III*, and looks like an old-fashioned school-book, I hope (*OArt* 602).

Like Wordsworth who often inspired her—and for whom the child is the parent of the adult—Bishop favors an innocent look which she calls "infant sight" ("Over 2,000 Illustrations and a Complete Concordance," *CP* 57-9), a privileged witnessing of time past, a look one wears by dint of observing the things as an adult: "—and looked and looked our infant sight away" (*ibid.* 59, l.74). Throughout the reading of the *Complete Poems* we understand that these childlike incursions are part of the very process of recollection, itself linked to resilience. Etymology shows that the origin of this word comes from "*resilire*," denoting 'jump backwards, spring' and for Bishop memory is precisely a medium that makes it possible to spring again and reconcile the subject with its<sup>3</sup> origins through active nostalgia. Kalstone agrees that "the links between her adopted life and the springs of childhood observation puzzled and encouraged her, as if they were somehow a key to writing and resilience (Kalstone, 197)". Moreover, with the poem "First Death in Nova Scotia" (*CP* 125-6), the poet suggests that there is a

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<sup>2</sup> Bishop, *Library of America*, 2008, pp. 342-3

<sup>3</sup> We are using the impersonal possessive adjective but we could as well use "he" or "she" as the poetic subject is composed of a plurality of occurrences—Jean-Michel Maulpoix calls it the 4<sup>th</sup> person of the singular.

chronology in memory, as Bishop's *Complete Poems* are punctuated by deaths to which numbers are attributed—the chronology of a macabre series in which little Arthur's death stands as the starting point. It becomes apparent that for Bishop memory serves as an aid in the quest for identity, providing, according to Bonnie Costello, “a rhetorical structure around which identity forms”.

The second section of *Question of Travels*, subtitled *Elsewhere*, begins with “Manners” (CP 121) whose subtitle “For a child of 1918” gives the impression that it deals with a private memory, both title and subtitle extending the theme of childhood and parental relationships. However, the last line of the first quatrain undermines the reader's expectations.

My grandfather said to me  
as we sat on the wagon seat,  
“Be sure to remember to always  
speak to everyone you meet.”

We met a stranger on foot.  
My grandfather's whip tapped his hat.  
“Good day, sir. Good day. A fine day.”  
And I said it and bowed where I sat.

Then we overtook a boy we knew  
with his big pet crow on his shoulder,  
“Always offer everyone a ride;  
don't forget that when you get older,  
my grandfather said. So Willy  
climbed up with us, but the crow  
gave a “Caw!” and flew off. I was worried.  
How would he know where to go?                    (CP 121, 1-16)

The temporal and biographical anchorage provided by the first person narrator—as well as the confessional mode of the three first lines—are immediately counterbalanced by a mock version of the conventional discourse of adult to child. Moreover, the rhythm, the intermittent rhyme (seat/meet, hat/sat, “shoulder/older”), the internal rhymes, as well as the paronomastic effects enhance the music of the verses and give the impression of a nursery rhyme. It then creates a light atmosphere detaching the poetic subject from any sentimentalism. Thus we see that for Bishop, memory is anything but an ostentatious self-exhibition. For Costello, precisely, it is a means of self-identification:

What Bishop most often remembers is a childhood world fractured by symbolic awareness. The experience of loss becomes associated with a symbolic discovery of discontinuity between real and symbolic presences. But the experience of memory provides, outside of any single moment of the present that it may disrupt, a thread of life, a rhetorical structure around which identity forms (Costello, 188).

Similarly, the parodic mode is used again in “Filling Station” (CP 127-8) through an incongruous and absurd scene portraying the daily life of a family of gas station attendants, seen through the bewildered eyes of an attentive child:

Oh, but it is dirty!  
—this little filling station,  
oil-soaked, oil-permeated  
to a disturbing, over-all  
black translucency.  
Be careful with that match!

Father wears a dirty,  
oil-soaked monkey suit  
that cuts him under the arms,  
and several quick and saucy  
and greasy sons assist him  
(it's a family filling station),  
all quite thoroughly dirty.

Do they live in the station?  
It has a cement porch  
behind the pumps, and on it  
a set of crushed and grease-  
impregnated wickerwork;  
on the wicker sofa  
a dirty dog, quite comfy.

Some comic books provide  
the only note of color—  
of certain color. They lie  
upon a big dim doily  
draping a taboret  
(part of the set), beside  
a big hirsute begonia.

Why the extraneous plant?  
Why the taboret?  
Why, oh why, the doily?  
(Embroidered in daisy stitch  
with marguerites, I think,  
and heavy with gray crochet.)

(CP 127-8, 1-33)

At first sight, the poem seems to describe the bare memory of a filling station, but we quickly realize that the poem is a means to reconnect with a place in a childhood memory. Indeed, some expressions resonate like the voice of an adult addressing the child (“be careful with that match”, l. 6), others reproduce a childish tone through the exclamations (“Oh but this is dirty”, l. 1) or the repetitive interrogations (“Do they really live in the station?”, l. 14, “Why the extraneous plant?/Why the taboret?/Why, oh why the doily?”, l. 28-30), while some images denote the curious spirit of a child attracted by the dog (“a dirty dog”, l.20) and by the comics (“Some comic books”, l. 21). The poet invests the space, sketches the past again and revisits the familiar through memory. It is then incumbent on the reader to follow the thread in the image of the poem “Paris, 7 A.M.” (CP 26-7), in which Bishop weaves together memory and introspection through eye rhymes (stare/star) and polyptotonic full rhymes:

[...] It is like introspection  
to stare inside, or retrospection,  
a star inside a rectangle, a recollection: (CP 26, 14-6)

Similarly, in "Filling Station" (CP 127-8) along the five first stanzas we follow the gradual mechanism of memory through the evocation of an experience we believe to be the main theme of the poem, although it actually hides another one that surfaces in the sixth and last stanza:

Somebody embroidered the doily.  
Somebody waters the plant,  
or oils it, maybe. Somebody  
arranges the rows of cans  
so that they softly say:  
Esso—so—so—so  
to high-strung automobiles.  
Somebody loves us all. (CP 128, 34-41)

The experience is in fact that of the absent mother whose trace infuses the poem's texture. Conspicuous by her absence, she is hidden behind the impersonal pronoun "somebody" endlessly scanned in the last stanza. Thus in Bishop's poetry, memory works as a mode of recognition affecting the various layers of a multi-faceted medium: not only is it a simple way to recognize a place or to recognize loss and absence, it also enables both the poet and the reader to reflect on the poem itself. Finally, it is a way of recognizing and recovering the subject's identity.

However, what is the best way to access memory? If we investigate the process of how memory is constructed and transmitted in Bishop's poetry, we see that, if the most trivial object is able to trigger the subject's memory, there is nothing like a painting to activate the deepest remembrance. The most obvious examples of this phenomenon appear in what we can call Bishop's *poems-as-painting* in which she blurs the boundaries between past and present, text and picture, imagination and recollection.

### **Art as anamnesis:**

Bishop's return to Washington in 1966 and the death of her companion Lota de Macedo Soares in 1967 marked a turning point in her life and poetry. If she did not entirely renounce traveling (Galapagos and Peru in 1971, Norway and Sweden in 1972, Greece in 1976), her last decade of writing—and her last book of poems, "Geography III", in particular—signal a movement back to herself and to her art as demonstrated by poems such as "In the Waiting Room" (CP 159-161), "The Moose" (CP 169-173), "One Art" (CP 178) and "Poem" (CP 176-7).

"Poem" makes it possible to probe art, and more particularly poetry, as a means of generating identification. Through the ekphrasis of a family painting, the poem illustrates not only Bishop's trademark attention to detail, but her painterly knowledge and acute capacity for observation. Her photographic memory of the canvas provides access to vivid memories of a familiar place, enabling the poetess to travel back to

her origins. Moreover, anamnesis becomes the privileged vehicle for geographic and generic exploration, as both works of art (painting and poem) open the way for identification.

In the poem, Bishop discusses a picture painted by a great-uncle, a theme recycled from an early work, "Large Bad Picture" (*CP* 11-2), collected in *North & South*. The object is identified as a trace from the past, activating the process of recognition, from which a mental representation is made possible. A "minor family relic" (l.7), the object draws us back into the domain of the family:

About the size of an old-style dollar bill,  
American or Canadian,  
mostly the same whites, gray greens, and steel grays  
--this little painting (a sketch for a larger one?)  
has never earned any money in its life.  
Useless and free, it has spent seventy years  
as a minor family relic  
handed along collaterally to owners  
who looked at it sometimes, or didn't bother to.

It must be Nova Scotia; only there  
does one see gabled wooden houses  
painted that awful shade of brown.  
The other houses, the bits that show, are white.  
Elm trees, low hills, a thin church steeple  
--that gray-blue wisp--or is it? In the foreground  
a water meadow with some tiny cows,  
two brushstrokes each, but confidently cows;  
two minuscule white geese in the blue water,  
back-to-back, feeding, and a slanting stick.  
Up closer, a wild iris, white and yellow,  
fresh-squiggled from the tube.  
The air is fresh and cold; cold early spring  
clear as gray glass; a half inch of blue sky  
below the steel-gray storm clouds.  
(They were the artist's specialty.)  
A specklike bird is flying to the left.  
Or is it a flyspeck looking like a bird?

Heavens, I recognize the place, I know it!  
It's behind--I can almost remember the farmer's name.  
His barn backed on that meadow. There it is,  
titanium white, one dab. The hint of steeple,  
filaments of brush-hairs, barely there,  
must be the Presbyterian church.  
Would that be Miss Gillespie's house?  
Those particular geese and cows  
are naturally before my time.

A sketch done in an hour, "in one breath,"  
once taken from a trunk and handed over.  
*Would you like this? I'll probably never  
have room to hang these things again.*

*Your Uncle George, no, mine, my Uncle George,  
he'd be your great-uncle, left them all with Mother  
when he went back to England.  
You know, he was quite famous, an R.A....*

I never knew him. We both knew this place,  
apparently, this literal small backwater,  
looked at it long enough to memorize it,  
our years apart. How strange. And it's still loved,  
or its memory is (it must have changed a lot).  
Our visions coincided-- "visions" is  
too serious a word--our looks, two looks:  
art "copying from life" and life itself,  
life and the memory of it so compressed  
they've turned into each other. Which is which?  
Life and the memory of it cramped,  
dim, on a piece of Bristol board,  
dim, but how live, how touching in detail  
--the little that we get for free,  
the little of our earthly trust. Not much.  
About the size of our abidance  
along with theirs: the munching cows,  
the iris, crisp and shivering, the water  
still standing from spring freshets,  
the yet-to-be-dismantled elms, the geese. (CP 176-7)

The process of recollecting the place unfolds gradually. The subject initially trivializes the object by characterizing it as "useless, and free" (l.6), an insignificant picture that has been ignored until now: previous owners have "looked at it sometimes, or didn't bother to" (l.9). But the second stanza initiates a change of attitude toward the object in question, which attracts her eye against her will. This is the very moment when recognition and relocation of memories can start. Thus the white space between the first two stanzas (l.9-10) seems to materialize the space into which memories suddenly rush. It appears as an intimate place invisible to the reader's eye, in which the mute subject discreetly faces her past.

The second stanza clearly manifests a sudden desire to read and decipher the painting, and the voicing of a hypothesis conveyed by the epistemic modality inserts the subject into the painting: "It must be Nova Scotia" (l.10). The extended ekphrasis that proceeds (l.10-27) can be followed through the various prepositions and adverbial phrases of place: e.g., "there" (l.10), "in the foreground" (l. 15), "in the blue water (l. 18), "Up closer" (l. 20), "from the tube" (l. 21), "to the left" (l. 26). Doubt and uncertainty give way to certitude: "only there/does one see gabled houses/painted that awful shade of brown" (l. 10-2). Then, suddenly another interstrophic gap (l.27-8) materializes the intimate reflections of the subject, accelerating the mnemonic process, as memories become more and more vivid—the subject cannot help but exclaim: "Heaven, I recognize the place, I know it!" (l.28). Here the voice clearly embodies the recognition of the place as well as the myriads of images issuing from it. Memory not only scarifies the body of the text through the stigmata of an oral presence, but also marks the body of the subject herself through the use of interjection. Moreover, the process of recognition is stimulated by the following

hesitation of a voice lost in sensations: "It's behind—I can almost remember the farmer's name" (l. 29). But the voice of the subject is quickly doubled by that coming from the past and made visible through the italics in the fourth stanza, dialogism thus provoking confusion through filiations: beings and eras become superimposed through kinship.

*Would you like this? I'll probably never  
have room to hang these things again.  
Your Uncle George, no, mine, my Uncle George,  
he'd be your great-uncle, left them all with Mother  
when he went back to England. (CP 177)*

Which uncle are we talking about? And whose mother is she? Bodies themselves become superimposed as well as the different artistic frames – that of the poem and that of the painting. The eye of the poet thus supplants the painter's, and the poem becomes a painting and vice-versa. In no time at all, the body of the subject is dragged into the painting and the painting itself becomes a dissected body. The eponymous object becomes a real incarnation of the past (a relic?), a spot of the physical memory of the subject, directly linked to the body whose cry ("Heaven") is the direct manifestation. The mnemonic painting thus becomes a pretext for the subject to question itself in the image of the personal pronoun "I," a process that evolves through repetition: "I recognize," "I know" (l.28), "I can almost remember" (l.29), "I never knew him" (l.45). Recognition permits the establishment of filiations made visible in the fusion of the singular pronouns into the plurals "we" and "our": "We both knew this place" (l.45), "Our vision coincided" (l.50). However there remains a fundamental interrogation. Can we really trust memory as a vehicle for accessing the past? Doesn't the desire to remember outstrip our ability to remember effectively? Bishop herself seems to raise the question:

art "copying from life" and life itself,  
life and the memory of it so compressed  
they've turned into each other. Which is which? (CP 177, 52-4)

As for the poem, does it really succeed in putting the right words on images and memories? After all, this poem *par excellence*, with all its dashes and interrogation marks, throws into question language's capacity to mean, to show and to remember.

### **Conclusion**

For Elizabeth Bishop memory is a way to recover one's self, as well as to feel at home again in one's body, and in one's poem. Poems are the best receptacles for memories; however, they can also challenge the integrity of one's memory. This is how in "Santarém" (CP 185-6), the subject questions the relevance of her own memory:

Of course I may be remembering it all wrong  
after, after—how many years? (CP 185, 1-2)

We might wonder whether recourse to memory isn't, after all, a way to refer to a fear of one's disappearance: isn't the urge for remembering a way to reveal a deep fear of

self-obliteration? Indeed evoking, searching and challenging memory through poems works as a photographic fixer – a means to fix or settle the various objects (or subjects) of love, as well as the poetic subject itself. Writing memory through poetry would then be a way to survive loss, or rather maybe live with it.

**Abbreviations:**

**CP:** Elizabeth Bishop, *Complete Poems*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1991.

**CProse:** Elizabeth Bishop, *The Collected Prose*, New York: Farrar Straus and Giroux, 1984.

**OArt:** Elizabeth Bishop, *One Art*, Letters selected and edited by Robert Giroux, New York: The Noonday Press, 1994.

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