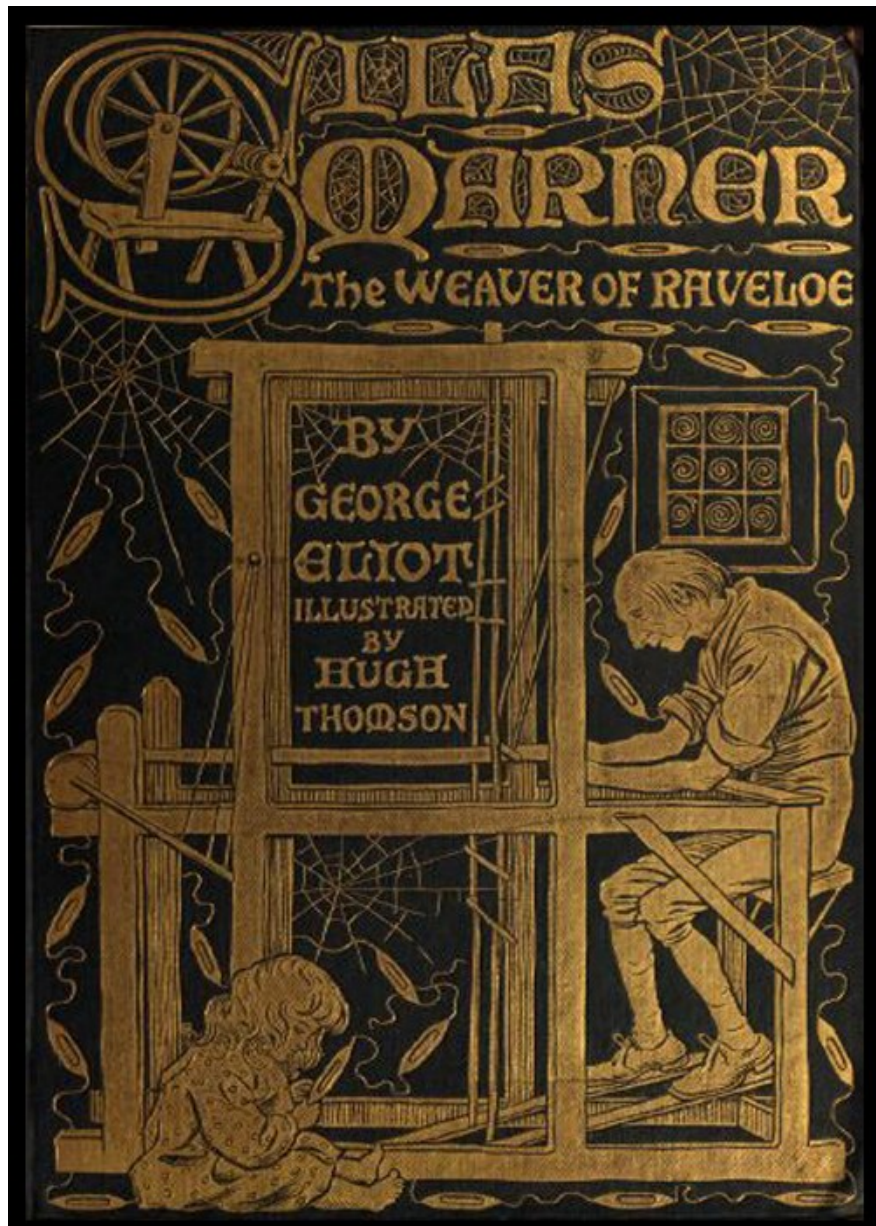


# Silas Marner Redacted: Poems

David Jibson



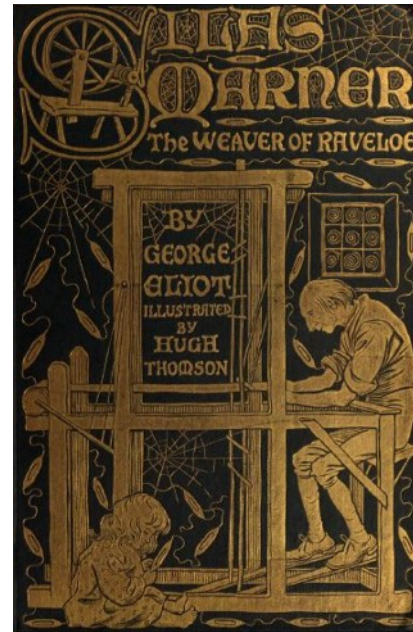
# Silas Marner Redacted

David Jibson

Here is my “redacted” version of the George Eliot novel, *Silas Marner*. I have removed text to leave a series of twenty short poems, each of which was taken from a single page of the novel. The order of the words is unchanged from the original.

From *Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia*:

“Found poetry is a type of poetry created by taking words, phrases, and sometimes whole passages from other sources and reframing them (a literary equivalent of a collage) by making changes in spacing and lines, or by adding or deleting text, thus imparting new meaning. The resulting poem can be defined as treated: changed in a profound and systematic manner; or untreated: virtually unchanged from the order, syntax and meaning of original text.”



Title: *Silas Marner: The Weaver of Raveloe*  
Author: Eliot, George [Evans, Mary Anne] (1819-1880)  
London: Macmillan, 1907 Edition  
Illustrator: Thomson, Hugh (1860-1920)

Redacted poems: © David Jibson, 2024  
All rights reserved.

All original source materials are in the public domain.

### *Winter*

men experience vagueness  
as winter  
a long course ended  
beyond the signs  
of loneliness

### *A Village*

a village of old sheep  
lay nestled in a hollow  
never reached by  
the summits of fashion

### *Mockery*

scornful mockery of the scoundrels  
could darkly echo the mind  
A shadowy shape taken  
by primitive wants  
illuminated by fear

### *Dead Man*

a dead man, eyes set  
limbs stiff, made of iron;  
said "Good-night,"  
and walked off  
on his legs, soul  
loose from his body

### *Metamorphosis*

a metamorphosis of an artisan  
distinguishing himself  
in the hidden world of  
a mysterious consciousness  
mistaken for a spiritual light  
he had inherited from his mother

### *Expressions*

un-nurtured souls  
like young winged things  
object to expressions of interest  
broken off at two in the morning

### *Love's End*

he lived in bitterness  
like the spider  
in his solitude  
Love at last finished

### *History*

faith and love  
have prominent eyes  
that look to see  
an expression of  
willing satisfaction  
broken in pieces  
This is history

### *Miser*

a heap of coins  
silver gold  
sixpences crowns and  
half-crowns  
unborn children  
spread before him  
countless days that  
belonged to the past

### *Trickle Down Economics*

the rich ate and drank freely  
and the poor thought the rich  
were entirely right and  
a fine thing for the poor  
on a large scale  
the precious burden of  
work to be done  
the hours long,  
plenty in perfect abundance

### *The Walk Home*

walking home near four o'clock  
buttoning his coat he set off  
undertaking a remarkable feat  
of locomotion  
through gathering mist  
in the darkness  
his feet dragging along

### *Grief*

loss served the slow  
current of bereavement  
that so withered a life  
a wide cheerless unknown  
a life snatched away  
the earth broken  
crushed by grief  
sat in loneliness  
and moaned very low

### *Complacency For Dinner*

complacency hot and savory  
would cost nothing warmed over  
have it for supper  
A piece of very fine pork  
this night

### *Ghos'es*

There's folks can't see ghos'es  
And there's reason  
I never see'd a ghos' myself,  
I haven't got the smell for 'em  
And the smell's what I go by.  
ghos'es want me  
to believe in 'em,  
As if ghos'es 'ud want to be  
believed in by anybody.

### *Uncertain Heart*

on-coming of twilight  
veiled by falling  
trackless snow  
touched consciousness  
chilled and faint  
Turning towards a  
red uncertain heart

### *Messengers*

in the purest air  
white-winged messengers  
make their way  
at an early hour

In that moment  
encircling arms  
feel the burden  
flung away

### *A Bit O' Garden*

a bit o' garden  
I can dig it for you  
work some soil  
work at the hard digging  
mark out the beds  
I think the flowers  
can see us and know  
what we are talking about.

### *Early Spring*

crawling forth in the early spring  
the sunshine grew thick  
in the meadows  
where the flowers grew  
and winged things murmured  
happily above the  
bright petals.



### *In Spite of Time*

bright autumn Sunday  
The bells of the  
old church  
ringing the cheerful peal  
a bright Sunday morning  
eligible for church-going  
well-clad people  
we recognize  
in spite of Time

### *The End*

God and man  
little short of madness  
believe the testimony  
of an angel who knows  
deep sorrow and despair  
without innocence  
the end

“THE CHILDREN ALWAYS CALLED HIM  
‘OLD MASTER MARNER’”

London: Macmillan, 1907 Edition  
Illustrator: Thomson, Hugh (1860-1920)