

# Duluth Harbor

by Ann Bogle

"*Oh, Peggy, I can't **decorative prose writing** bear much more of my hideous life. It revolts **ornamental prose object** me quite simply.' So wrote Jean Rhys to a friend--**poetic objective subtext** one of her very few friends--in 1941, thirty-eight **response times vary** years before her death at the age of eighty-eight. But **embellished speech** she could just as well have written those words when **plainspoken verse** she was thirty, or when she was sixty: she was never **linguistic shipper** one to celebrate the joys of existence, either privately **infused language** or in her fiction. 'Cold-cold as truth, cold as life. No, **guttural reaction** nothing can be as cold as life,' thinks a character in one **prose separation** of her novels.*

"*Nor did she find much **neural fiction** consolation in practicing her art. She had never wanted to be a **elegant style** writer; she insisted; she had never gotten any pleasure from **grey neutral** it at all. (And yet she always went on writing, even when nobody **Jean Rhys** cared if she did or not: if she stopped, she told an imaginary prosecutor **clarity** in her diary, 'I will not have earned death.') What she really wanted, **mere** she said, was just to be an ordinary, happy, protected woman, a feat that should not have been too difficult, given her undoubted beauty. Instead, she went ricocheting from one disaster to another throughout the course of a long life."*

