

**[Draft 1]**

## **HOW TO LOSE THINGS/? /The GIFT OF LOSING THINGS**

One might begin by losing one's reading glasses  
oh 2 or 3 times a day – or one's favorite pen.

### **THE ART OF LOSING THINGS**

The thing to do is to begin by “mislaying”.

Mostly, one begins by “mislaying”:

keys, reading-glasses, fountain pens

– these are almost too easy to be mentioned,

and “mislaying” means that they usually turn up

in the most obvious place, although when one

is making progress, the places grow more unlikely

– This is by way of introduction.

I really want to introduce myself – I am such a

fantastic lly good at losing things

I think everyone shd. profit from my experiences.

You may find it hard to believe, but I have actually lost

I mean lost, and forever two whole houses,

one a very big one. A third house, also big, is

at present, I think, “misaid” – but

Maybe it's lost too. I won't know for sure for some time.

I have lost one long (crossed out) peninsula and one island.

I have lost – it can never be has never been found –

a small-sized town on that same island.

I've lost smaller bits of geography, like

a splendid beach, and a good-sized bay.

Two whole cities, two of the

world's biggest cities (two of the most beautiful

although that's beside the point)

A piece of one continent –

and one entire continent. All gone, gone forever and ever.

One might think this would have prepared me

for losing one averaged-sized not especially – – – exceptionally

beautiful or dazzlingly intelligent person

(except for blue eyes) (only the eyes were exceptionally beautiful and

But it doesn't seem to have, at all ... the hands looked intelligent)

the fine hands<

a good piece of one continent

and another continent – the whole damned thing!

He who loseth his life, etc... – but he who

loses his love – neever, no never never never again –

**[Draft 2]**

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
or many things seem really to be meant  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster

Start out with  
Begin with little things  
her words where they went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

The practice brings losses, lose them faster,  
faster  
The mastered art of losing's no disaster.

Look! I've had ten houses  
Look! and my last, or next to last,  
Two cities,

**[Draft 3]**

the art of losing isn't hard to master:  
so many things seem almost to be meant  
to be lost, that their loss is no disaster.

Begin with car keys  
I'll never  
the art of losing isn't hrd to master

The practice brings losses, lose them faster,  
you'll find your time well spent  
the mastered art of loss is no disaster.

**[Draft 4]**

the art of losing isn't hard to master  
so many things really seem to be meant  
to be lost, and the loss is no disaster —

[Drafts four, five and six are handwritten and unreadable, but in draft five she is trying out end words.]

**[Draft 7]**

The art of losing not so hard to master:  
so many things seem really to be meant  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Start slowly will you, keep, a face, a gesture  
Stood with your glasses  
Reading-glasses, car-keys, you can master  
easy things.

The art of losing isn't hard to master.  
The practice brings losses, lose them faster,  
forget the faster-money, home, intent,  
the mastered art of losing's no disaster.

Look! I myself have lost or  
next to last, at least, houses and

**[Draft 8]**

The art of losing isn't hard to master  
Practicing my  
and possibly will end disaster  
faster  
ent  
master

last, or  
ent  
disaster

ent  
master

arts  
ent  
disaster

**[Draft 9]**

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
innumerable things seem really to be meant so many things that  
to be lost, so their loss is no disaster.

Lose something everyday. Oh you can muster a list might muster  
the usual list: car-keys keys, reading-glasses, mortgages unsent –  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing bigger, losing faster,  
forgetting faster  
The practice losing big, losing faster: forgetting faster  
places and name and where it was you meant  
to go – None of them spells disaster disaster

Lose something every day. Oh, you can muster  
the usual list:  
Lose something every day. Lose every day. Oh anyone can muster  
the the packages unsent

Look! I have lost my mother's watch last two houses homes land my last, or  
next-to-last one of my three houses. Where they went beloved houses.  
isn't a problem, much less a disaster.

I've lost two cities, lovely ones,  
Two cities vanished, lovely ones, and vaster  
losses a cape, a continent.  
You won't believe the losses I can master.

Look! I have lost my mother's watch; my last, or  
next-to-last of three beloved houses went they went

Look! I have lost my mother's watch; my last, or  
next-to-last of three loved houses went  
into nowhere away somewhere, and they weren't a disaster.

Two cities, lovely ones. And on to vaster  
and vaster loss, a cape, a continent.  
the art of losing isn't hard to master.

geographical loss – a continent.  
The art of losing isn't too hard to master.

gesture?  
All that I write is false, it's evident  
the art of losing isn't hard to master.  
oh no.  
anything at all anything but one's love (Say it: disaster.)

**[Draft 10]**

with one exception. (Write it here)  
(Why not just write “disaster”?)

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
so many things seem really to be meant  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. A list might muster an hour's  
keys, reading glasses, money, good intent one one nights good intent  
The art of losing isn't hard to master/

Then practise losing bigger, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to go – and none will spell disaster.

Look! I have lost my mother's watch. My last, or  
next-to-last of three loved houses. They went.  
off into nowhere, but they weren't disaster. nothing so serious as disaster

I've lost two cities, lovely ones. Then vaster  
things, rivers, a cape, an entire continent. thing: islan a cape, a continent  
The art of losing isn't so hard to master.

But, losing you (eyes of Azure Aster)  
But you if I lose you (eyes of azure aster)  
all that I write is false. It's evident lies, now. I'm writing lies now. It's quite evident.  
tha rt of losing isn't hard to master.

I've written lies above. It's evident  
the art of losing isnt' hard to master  
with one exception. (Say it) That's disaster.  
with one exception (Write it!)  
(Say it – yes, disaster.)

**[Draft 11]**

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
so many things we seem really to be meant  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster. Lose something every day. Accept the fluster

Lose something every day. Grow comfortable with fluster  
lost keys, glasses, hour's intent.  
lost keys, The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practise losing bigger, lose faster:  
places, and names, and it was you meant  
to go. none will spell disaster.

Look! I have lost my mother's watch. My last, or  
next-to-last of three loved houses went.  
but nothing quite so serious as disaster.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. Then And faster  
then segments of geography; a continent.  
The art of losing's not so hard to master.

But, losing you [eyes of the small wild aster]  
above's all lies now. It's quite evident  
the art of losing wasn't hard to master  
with one exception  
except for (Say it! Say it!) that disaster.

I've written lies above. It's evident

the art of losing wasn't hard to master  
in gnereal, but (Say it!)  
with one exception, which  
not one exception is

The art of losing wasn't hard to master  
All losing hasn't een too hard to master  
but losing you

My losses haven't been too hard to master  
with with but th  
with this exception (Say it!) this disaster.

I've written lies. I wrote a lot of lies. It's evident  
the art of losing wasn't hard to master  
with one exception (Write it!) Write "disaster."

**[Draft 12]**

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
so many things seem really to be meant  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster

Try losing every day. Accept the fluster  
of the lost glasses, keys, houses, intent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing further, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to go. And non will spell disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And, look! my last, or  
next-to-last of three loved houses went.  
off into nowhere. That was not disaster.

I miss them. disaster. two rivers, then a cape; a continent.  
— of geography: a cape, a continent

But losing you (even a a gesture)  
above's all lies now. It is evident  
the art of losing isn't wasn't hard to master above's not lies, but it is evident  
with this exception (Write it!)  
but there  
will  
generally speaking

But, losing you (even to or gesture)  
above's not lies – it's only evident  
the art of losing isn't hard to master wasn't  
with this exception (Stupid! Write!)  
(Write it!) this disaster.  
except this loss (Oh, write it!) this disaster.

but this lost it (Go on! write it !) disaster.  
But losing you  
I haven't lied above, It's evident ( even gesture)

**[Draft 13]**

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
so many things seem really to be meant  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

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

Then practice losing further, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to go. none will spell disaster.

I lost my mother's watch, lovely ones, And, vaster,  
small realms, two rivers, then a continent. some realms of mine, two rives, a continent  
I miss them, but I would not say disaster.  
I'd never say disaster.

And losing you new (a special voice, a gesture)  
doesn't mean I've lied. It's evident  
the loss of love is possible to master,  
even if this looks like (Write it!) like disaster.

In losing you I haven't lied above. It's evident  
does not mean that I've I'm lying. It's evident  
the loss of love is something one must master  
even which it look like (Write it!) like disaster.

**[Draft 14]**

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
so many things seem really to be meant  
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.

The practice losing further, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will spell 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 ones. And, vaster,  
some realms of mine, two rivers, a continent x I owned,  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

Even In losing you (a joking voice, a gesture  
I love), I haven't lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
even when it looks (Oh write it!) like disaster.

Although it looks like (Write it) like disaster  
though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.  
These are not lies.  
though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

**[Draft 15]**

**ONE ART**

The art of losing isn't hard to master:  
so many things seem really to be meant 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 ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

Even losing you (a joking voice, a gesture  
I love), these (no lies. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

even losing you (the joking voice, It's evident  
(Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I still won't lie. It's evident.