

Small white monkeys **stretch around in the dirt** beneath a tree but **do not get dirty**. They pick themselves up and **dash away across the concrete plane, bobbing out of sight**. During le plat Principal my left bell sleeve **slides through a rich sauce** as I reach for my glass, but when I retract it **the sauce slides right off. The white monkeys** watch me from a pylon, **far away. They are silent.**

Words by Sophie Collins

Grave

Sans

2 Weights

Grave Serif

51°29'57"N 0°06'50"W

Grave

LONDON NECROPOLIS RAILWAY

Regular

The City's Dead Unearthed & Scattered A New Burial System

Serif

Heavy

In the first half of the 19th century the population of London more than doubled, from a little under a million people in 1801 to almost two and a half million in 1851.[2] The city's dead had been buried in and around the local churches.[3] With a limited amount of space for burials, the oldest graves were regularly exhumed to free space for new burials.[4] Despite the rapid growth in population, the amount of land set aside for use as grave-yards remained unchanged at approximately 300 acres (0.5 sq mi; 1.2 km²), [8] spread across around 200 small sites. Even relatively fresh graves had to be exhumed

2 Weights

do not stand at my grave and weep

Grave

Grave

↳ I am not there ↳ I do not sleep

↳ I am a thousand winds ↳ that blow

Italic

↳ I am the diamond glints ↳ on snow

Italic

↳ the sunlight ↳ on ripened grain

Sans

↳ autumn rain ↳ when you awake

↳ morning's hush ↳ I am the swift

Serif

1 Weight

↳ uplifting rush of quiet birds in flight

