

I

We are the hollow men  
We are the stuffed men  
Leaning together  
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!  
5. Our dried voices, when  
We whisper together  
Are quiet and meaningless  
As wind in dry grass  
Or rats' feet over broken glass  
10. In our dry cellar  
  
Shape without form, shade without colour,  
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;  
  
Those who have crossed  
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom  
15. Remember us — if at all — not as lost  
Violent souls, but only  
As the hollow men  
The stuffed men.

III

This is the dead land  
40. This is cactus land  
Here the stone images  
Are raised, here they receive  
The supplication of a dead man's hand  
Under the twinkle of a fading star.  
  
45. Is it like this  
In death's other kingdom  
Waking alone  
At the hour when we are  
Trembling with tenderness  
50. Lips that would kiss  
Form prayers to broken stone.

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams  
20. In death's dream kingdom  
These do not appear:  
There, the eyes are  
Sunlight on a broken column  
There, is a tree swinging  
25. And voices are  
In the wind's singing  
More distant and more solemn  
Than a fading star.  
Let me be no nearer  
  
30. In death's dream kingdom  
Let me also wear  
Such deliberate disguises  
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves  
In a field  
35. Behaving as the wind behaves  
No nearer —  
Not that final meeting  
In the twilight kingdom

IV

The eyes are not here  
There are no eyes here  
In this valley of dying stars  
55. In this hollow valley  
This broken jaw of our last kingdoms  
  
In this last of meeting places  
We grope together  
And avoid speech  
60. Gathered on this beach of the tumid river  
  
Sightless, unless  
The eyes reappear  
As the perpetual star  
Multifoliate rose  
65. Of death's twilight kingdom  
The hope only  
Of empty men.

*Here we go round the prickly year  
Prickly pear prickly pear*

70. *Here we go round the prickly pear  
At five o' clock in the morning.*

Between the idea  
And the reality  
Between the motion

75. And the act  
Falls the shadow

*For thine is the kingdom*

Between the conception  
And the creation

80. Between the emotion  
And the response  
Falls the Shadow

*Life is very long*

Between the desire

85. And the spasm  
Between the potency  
And the existence  
Between the essence  
And the descent

90. Falls the Shadow

*For Thine is the Kingdom*

For Thine is  
Life is  
For Thine is the

95. *This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper*