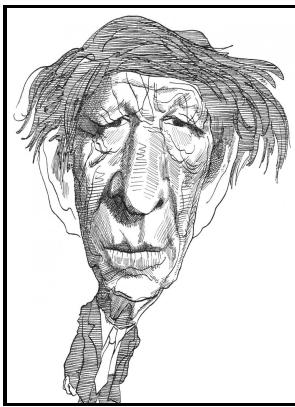


# Poetry and plain sense - a note on the poetic method of T.S. Eliot

Folcroft Press - T.S. Eliot



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**T. S. Eliot**

While it must be admitted that Milton is a very great poet indeed, it is something of a puzzle to decide in what his greatness consists. You cannot, that is, understand the Inferno without the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. A long step forward has been taken.

**Sand in the Oyster: Auden, Eliot, & the Making of a Poem by Dylan Thomas**

In any case, the actual content of the epigraph illuminates the following poem quite usefully, providing a suggestion of just how much one might miss by forgetting the classics.

**Dante. T.S. Eliot. 1921. The Sacred Wood; Essays on Poetry and Criticism**

Alfred Prufrock, was first published in Poetry, June, 1915; five other poems were originally published in Catholic Anthology, edited by Ezra Pound, 1915 , The Egoist London , 1917.

**The Waste Land**

Now I hear them, —ding-dong bell.

**Waste by T.S. Eliot**

My friend, blood shaking my heart The awful daring of a moment's surrender Which an age of prudence can never retract By this, and this only, we have existed Which is not to be found in our obituaries Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor In our empty rooms D A 410 Dayadhvam: I have heard the key Turn in the door once and turn once only We think of the key, each in his prison Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison Only at nightfall, aetherial rumours Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus D A Damyata: The boat responded Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar The sea was calm, your heart would have responded 420 Gaily, when invited, beating obedient To controlling hands I sat upon the shore Fishing, with the arid plain behind me Shall I at least set my lands in order? Eliot

appears nowhere, but his fingerprints are on everything. Thunder sounds in the distance; Christ, the slain and resurrected hero whose death effects restoration, walks the land; the mythic hero whose personal trials can secure communal blessing approaches the Chapel Perilous. Little Gidding is a village in Cambridgeshire visited by Eliot in 1936.

### **Waste by T.S. Eliot**

Yet it retains an occasional twinkle of humor. The reproach against Milton, that his technical influence has been bad, appears to have been made by no one more positively than by myself. As a result, past, present, and future are equally immediate, and Prufrock is paralyzed.

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