



# **Workflow Versioning**

The typist home at teatime, who begins  
~~to clear~~ ~~away~~ her ~~(broken)~~ breakfast, lights  
 Her stove, and lays out squalid food in time;  
 Prepares the room and sets the room to rights.

Out of the window perilously spread  
 Her drying combinations meet the sun's last rays,  
 And on the divan ~~piled~~, (at night her bed),  
 Are stockings, dirty camisoles, and stays.

A bright kimono wraps her as she sprawls  
 In nervous torpor on the window seat;  
 A touch of art is given by the false  
 Japanese print, purchased in Oxford Street.

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs,  
 Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest,  
 Knowing the manner of these crawling bugs,  
 I too awaited the expected guest.

A youth of ~~beauteous~~, spotted about the face,  
 One of those simple loiterers whom we say  
 We may have seen in any public place  
 At almost any hour of night or day.

Pride has not fired him with ambitious rage,  
 His hair is thick with grease, and thick with scurf,  
~~and~~ his inclinations touch the stage -  
 Not sharp enough to associate with the turf.

He, the young man carbuncular, ~~will stare~~  
 Boldly about, in "London's one cafe",  
 And he will tell her, ~~with a casual air~~,  
 Grandly "I have been with Nevinston today".

Perhaps a cheap house agent's clerk, who flits  
 Daily, from flat to flat, with one bold stare;  
 One of the low on whom assurance sits  
 As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.

He munches with the same peristent stare,  
 He knows his way with women (and that's that!)  
 Impertinently tilting back his chair  
 And dropping cigarette ash on the mat.

The time is now propitious, as he guesses,  
 The meal is ended, she is bored and tired;  
 Endeavours to engage her in caresses,  
 Which still are unreprieved, if undesired.

# T.S Eliot - The Waste Land

## with edits and notes by himself, his wife Vivien Eliot and Ezra Pound