No hope to acquire  
Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.  
The houses are all gone under the sea.  
The dancers are all gone under the hill.  
O dark dark dark. they all go into the dark,  
The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the vacant,  
The captains, merchant bankers, eminent men of letters,  
The generous patrons of art, the statesmen and the rulers,  
Distinguished civil servants, chairmen of many committees,  
Industrial lords and petty contractors, all go into the dark,  
And dark the sun and moon, and the almanach de gotha  
And the stock exchange gazette, the directory of directors,  
And cold the sense and lost the motive of action.  
And we all go with them, into the silent funeral,  
Nobody's funeral, for there is no one to bury.  
I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you  
Which shall be the darkness of god. as, in a the

Fog  
The tolling bell  
Measures time not our time, rung by the unhurried  
Ground swell, a time  
Older than the time of chronometers, older  
Than time counted by anxious worried women  
Lying awake, calculating the future,  
Trying to unweave, unwind, unravel  
And piece together the past and the future,  
Between midnight and dawn, when the past is all deception,  
The future futureless, before the morning watch  
When time stops and time is never ending;  
And the ground swell, that is and was from the beginning,  
Clangs  
The bell.  
Where is there an end of it, the soundless wailing,  
The silent withering of autumn flowers  
Dropping their petals and remaining motionless;  
Where is there an end to the drifting wreckage,  
The prayer of the bone on the beach, the unprayable  
Prayer at the calamitous annunciation?  
 there is no end, but addition: the trailing  
Consequence

So, he took me out on a sled,  
And I was frightened. he said, marie,  
Marie, hold on tight. and down we went.  
In the mountains, there you feel free.  
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.  
What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this stony rubbish? son of man,  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
And the dry stone no sound of water. only  
There is shadow under this red rock,  
(come in under the shadow of this red rock),  
And I will show you something different from either  
Your shadow at morning striding behind you  
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;  
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.  
 frisch weht der wind  
 der heimat zu  
 mein irisch kind,  
 wo weilest du?  
"you gave me hyaci”

Them as forever bailing,  
Setting and hauling, while the north east lowers  
Over shallow banks unchanging and erosionless  
Or drawing their money, drying sails at dockage;  
Not as making a trip that will be unpayable  
For a haul that will not bear examination.  
 there is no end of it, the voiceless wailing,  
No end to the withering of withered flowers,  
To the movement of pain that is painless and motionless,  
To the drift of the sea and the drifting wreckage,  
The bone's prayer to death its god. only the hardly, barely prayable  
Prayer of the one annunciation.  
 it seems, as one becomes older,  
That the past has another pattern, and ceases to be a mere sequence-  
Or even development: the latter a partial fallacy  
Encouraged by superficial notions of evolution,  
Which becomes, in the popular mind, a means of disowning the past.  
The moments of happiness - not the sense of well-being,  
Fruition, fulfilment, security or affecton,  
Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden illumin

The moment which is not of action or inaction  
You can receive this: 'on whatever sphere of being  
The mind of a man may be intent  
At the time of death' - that is the one action  
(and the time of death is every moment)  
Which shall fructify in the lives of others:  
And do not think of the fruit of action.  
Fare forward.  
 o voyagers, o seamen,  
You who came to port, and you whose bodies  
Will suffer the trial and judgement of the sea,  
Or whatever event, this is your real destination."  
So krishna, as when he admonished arjuna  
On the field of battle.  
 not fare well,  
But fare forward, voyagers.  
 lady, whose shrine stands on the promontory,  
Pray for all those who are in ships, those  
Whose business has to do with fish, and  
Those concerned with every lawful traffic  
And those who conduct them.  
 repeat a prayer also on behalf of  
Women who have seen their sons or husbands  
Set apart

Like a broken king,  
If you came by day not knowing what you came for,  
It would be the same, when you leave the rough road  
And turn behind the pig-sty to the dull facade  
And the tombstone. and what you thought you came for  
Is only a shell, a husk of meaning  
From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled  
If at all. either you had no purpose  
Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured  
And is altered in fulfilment. there are other places  
Which also are the world's end, some at the sea jaws,  
Or over a dark lake, in a desert or a city--  
But this is the nearest, in place and time,  
Now and in england.  
If you came this way,  
Taking any route, starting from anywhere,  
At any time or at any season,  
It would always be the same: you would have to put off  
Sense and notion. you are not here to verify,  
Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity  
Or carry report. you are here to kne

Lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent  
If the unheard, unspoken  
Word is unspoken, unheard;  
Still is the unspoken word, the word unheard,  
The word without a word, the word within  
The world and for the world;  
And the light shone in darkness and  
Against the word the unstilled world still whirled  
About the centre of the silent word.  
O my people, what have I done unto thee.  
Where shall the word be found, where will the word  
Resound? not here, there is not enough silence  
Not on the sea or on the islands, not  
On the mainland, in the desert or the rain land,  
For those who walk in darkness  
Both in the day time and in the night time  
The right time and the right place are not here  
No place of grace for those who avoid the face  
No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and deny the voice  
Will the veiled sister pray for  
Those who walk in dark

Every street lamp that I pass  
Beats like a fatalistic drum,  
And through the spaces of the dark  
Midnight shakes the memory  
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.  
Half-past one,  
The street lamp sputtered,  
The street lamp muttered,  
The street lamp said, “regard that woman  
Who hesitates toward you in the light of the door  
Which opens on her like a grin.  
You see the border of her dress  
Is torn and stained with sand,  
And you see the corner of her eye  
Twists like a crooked pin.”  
The memory throws up high and dry  
A crowd of twisted things;  
A twisted branch upon the beach  
Eaten smooth, and polished  
As if the world gave up  
The secret of its skeleton,  
Stiff and white.  
A broken spring in a factory yard,  
Rust that clings to the form that the strength has left  
Hard and curled and ready to snap.  
Half-past two,  
The street-lamp said,  
“remark the cat which flattens itself in the gutter,  
Slips out its tongue  
And devours a morsel of rancid but

En the sense has cooled,  
With pungent sauces, multiply variety  
In a wilderness of mirrors. what will the spider do,  
Suspend its operations, will the weevil  
Delay? de bailhache, fresca, mrs. cammel, whirled  
Beyond the circuit of the shuddering bear  
In fractured atoms. gull against the wind, in the windy straits  
Of belle isle, or running on the horn,  
White feathers in the snow, the gulf claims,  
And an old man driven by the trades  
To a a sleepy corner.  
 tenants of the house,  
Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.  
Growltiger was a bravo cat, who lived upon a barge;  
In fact he was the roughest cat that ever roamed at large.  
From gravesend up to oxford he pursued his evil aims,  
Rejoicing in his title of "the terror of the thames."  
His manners and appearance did not calculate to please;  
His coat was torn and seedy, he was baggy at the knees;  
One ear was soft

Ays on the wrong side of every door,  
And as soon as he's at home, then he'd like to get about.  
He likes to lie in the bureau drawer,  
But he makes such a fuss if he can't get out.  
Yes the rum tum tugger is a curious cat--  
And there isn't any use for you to doubt it:  
For he will do  
As he do do  
And there's no doing anything about it!  
The rum tum tugger is a curious beast:  
His disobliging ways are a matter of habit.  
If you offer him fish then he always wants a feast;  
When there isn't any fish then he won't eat rabbit.  
If you offer him cream then he sniffs and sneers,  
For he only likes what he finds for himself;  
So you'll catch him in it right up to the ears,  
If you put it away on the larder shelf.  
The rum tum tugger is artful and knowing,  
The rum tum tugger doesn't care for a cuddle;  
But he'll leap on your lap in the middle of your sewing,  
For there's nothing he enjoys like a horrible muddle.

A mystery cat: he's called the hidden paw--  
For he's the master criminal who can defy the law.  
He's the bafflement of scotland yard, the flying squad's despair:  
For when they reach the scene of crime--macavity's not there!  
Macavity, macavity, there's no on like macavity,  
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.  
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,  
And when you reach the scene of crime--macavity's not there!  
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air--  
But I tell you once and once again, macavity's not there!  
Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;  
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.  
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly doomed;  
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.  
He sway

Ls at the window-sill and gapes;  
The waiter brings in oranges  
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;  
The silent vertebrate in brown  
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;  
Rachel née rabinovitch  
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;  
She and the lady in the cape  
Are suspect, thought to be in league;  
Therefore the man with heavy eyes  
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,  
Leaves the room and reappears  
Outside the window, leaning in,  
Branches of wistaria  
Circumscribe a golden grin;  
The host with someone indistinct  
Converses at the door apart,  
The nightingales are singing near  
The convent of the sacred heart,  
And sang within the bloody wood  
When agamemnon cried aloud,  
And let their liquid droppings fall  
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.  
After the torchlight red on sweaty faces  
After the frosty silence in the gardens  
After the agony in stony places  
The shouting and the crying  
Prison and palace and reverberation  
Of thunder of spring over distant mou

Rises and slowly fades into silence  
And you see behind every face the mental emptiness deepen  
Leaving only the growing terror of nothing to think about;  
Or when, under ether, the mind is conscious but conscious of nothing—  
I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope  
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love  
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith  
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.  
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:  
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.  
Whisper of running streams, and winter lightning.  
The wild thyme unseen and the wild strawberry,  
The laughter in the garden, echoed ecstasy  
Not lost, but requiring, pointing to the agony  
Of death and birth.

Time  
The right time and the right place are not here  
No place of grace for those who avoid the face  
No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and deny the voice  
Will the veiled sister pray for  
Those who walk in darkness, who chose thee and oppose thee,  
Those who are torn on the horn between season and season, time and time, between  
Hour and hour, word and word, power and power, those who wait  
In darkness? will the veiled sister pray  
For children at the gate  
Who will not go away and cannot pray:  
Pray for those who chose and oppose  
O my people, what have I done unto thee.  
Will the veiled sister between the slender  
Yew trees pray for those who offend her  
And are terrified and cannot surrender  
And affirm before the world and deny between the rocks  
In the last desert before the last blue rocks  
The desert in the garden the garden in the desert  
Of drouth, spitting from the sun

The moment which is not of action or inaction  
You can receive this: "on whatever sphere of being  
The mind of a man may be intent  
At the time of death"—that is the one action  
(and the time of death is every moment)  
Which shall fructify in the lives of others:  
And do not think of the fruit of action.  
Fare forward.  
 o voyagers, o seamen,  
You who came to port, and you whose bodies  
Will suffer the trial and judgement of the sea,  
Or whatever event, this is your real destination.'  
So krishna, as when he admonished arjuna  
On the field of battle.  
 not fare well,  
But fare forward, voyagers.  
Lady, whose shrine stands on the promontory,  
Pray for all those who are in ships, those  
Whose business has to do with fish, and  
Those concerned with every lawful traffic  
And those who conduct them.  
 repeat a prayer also on behalf of  
Women who have seen their sons or husbands  
Setting forth, and not returning:  
Figlia del tuo figlio,

Seemed at play,  
The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at molesey lay.  
All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide--  
And growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side.  
His bucko mate, grumbuskin, long since had disappeared,  
For to the bell at hampton he had gone to wet his beard;  
And his bosun, tumblebrutus, he too had stol'n away-  
In the yard behind the lion he was prowling for his prey.  
In the forepeak of the vessel growltiger sate alone,  
Concentrating his attention on the lady griddlebone.  
And his raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and their bunks--  
As the siamese came creeping in their sampans and their junks.  
Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but griddlebone,  
And the lady seemed enraptured by his manly baritone,  
Disposed to relaxation, and awaiting no surprise--  
But the moonlight shone reflected from a thousand brigh

After the kingfisher's wing  
Has answered light to light, and is silent, the light is still  
At the still point of the turning world.  
Words move, music moves  
Only in time; but that which is only living  
Can only die. words, after speech, reach  
Into the silence. only by the form, the pattern,  
Can words or music reach  
The stillness, as a chinese jar still  
Moves perpetually in its stillness.  
Not the stillness of the violin, while the note lasts,  
Not that only, but the co-existence,  
Or say that the end precedes the beginning,  
And the end and the beginning were always there  
Before the beginning and after the end.  
And all is always now. words strain,  
Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,  
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,  
Will not stay still. shrieking voices  
Scolding, mocking, or merely chattering

Ings,  
Dry bones can harm no one.  
Only a cock stood on the rooftree  
Co co rico co co rico  
In a flash of lightning. then a damp gust  
Bringing rain  
Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves  
Waited for rain, while the black clouds  
Gathered far distant, over himavant.  
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.  
Then spoke the thunder  
Datta: what have we given?  
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  
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, aet

I, but what have I, my friend,  
To give you, what can you receive from me?  
Only the friendship and the sympathy  
Of one about to reach her journey’s end.  
I shall sit here, serving tea to friends.…”  
I take my hat: how can I make a cowardly amends  
For what she has said to me?  
You will see me any morning in the park  
Reading the comics and the sporting page.  
Particularly I remark  
An english countess goes upon the stage.  
A greek was murdered at a polish dance,  
Another bank defaulter has confessed.  
I keep my countenance,  
I remain self-possessed  
Except when a street piano, mechanical and tired  
Reiterates some worn-out common song  
With the smell of hyacinths across the garden  
Recalling things that other people have desired.  
Are these ideas right or wrong?  
Iii  
The October night comes down; returning as before  
Except for a slight sensation of being ill at ease  
I mount the stairs and turn the handle of the door  
And feel as if I had mounted on my han

He withered apple-seed.  
O my people.  
Although I do not hope to turn again  
Although I do not hope  
Although I do not hope to turn  
Wavering between the profit and the loss  
In this brief transit where the dreams cross  
The dreamcrossed twilight between birth and dying  
(bless me father) though I do not wish to wish these things  
From the wide window towards the granite shore  
The white sails still fly seaward, seaward flying  
Unbroken wings  
And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices  
In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices  
And the weak spirit quickens to rebel  
For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell  
Quickens to recover  
The cry of quail and the whirling plover  
And the blind eye creates  
The empty forms between the ivory gates  
And smell renews the salt savour of the sandy earth  
This is the time of tension between dying and birth  
The place of solitude where three dreams cross  
Between blues

Eat,  
The moment in the draughty church at smokefall  
Be remembered; involved with past and future.  
Only through time time is conquered.  
Iii  
Here is a place of disaffection  
Time before and time after  
In a dim light: neither daylight  
Investing form with lucid stillness  
Turning shadow into transient beauty  
Wtih slow rotation suggesting permanence  
Nor darkness to purify the soul  
Emptying the sensual with deprivation  
Cleansing affection from the temporal.  
Neither plentitude nor vacancy. only a flicker  
Over the strained time-ridden faces  
Distracted from distraction by distraction  
Filled with fancies and empty of meaning  
Tumid apathy with no concentration  
Men and bits of paper, whirled by the cold wind  
That blows before and after time,  
Wind in and out of unwholesome lungs  
Time before and time after.  
Eructa

T, and a different kind of failure  
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words  
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which  
One is no longer disposed to say it. and so each venture  
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate  
With shabby equipment always deteriorating  
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,  
Undisciplined squads of emotion. and what there is to conquer  
By strength and submission, has already been discovered  
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope  
To emulate—but there is no competition—  
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost  
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions  
That seem unpropitious. but perhaps neither gain nor loss.  
For us, there is only the trying. the rest is not our business.  
 home is where one starts from. as we grow older  
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complic

Y eyes and the indigestible portions  
Which the leopards reject. the lady is withdrawn  
In a white gown, to contemplation, in a white gown.  
Let the whiteness of bones atone to forgetfulness.  
There is no life in them. as I am forgotten  
And would be forgotten, so I would forget  
Thus devoted, concentrated in purpose. and god said  
Prophesy to the wind, to the wind only for only  
The wind will listen. and the bones sang chirping  
With the burden of the grasshopper, saying  
Lady of silences  
Calm and distressed  
Torn and most whole  
Rose of memory  
Rose of forgetfulness  
Exhausted and life-giving  
Worried reposeful  
The single rose  
Is now the garden  
Where all loves end  
Terminate torment  
Of love unsatisfied  
The greater torment  
Of love satisfied  
End of the endless  
Journey to no end  
Conclusion of all that  
Is inconclusible  
Speech without word and  
Word of no speech  
Grace to the mother  
For the garden  
Where all love ends.  
Under

Heavenly arms enfold,  
Among the saints he shall be seen  
Performing on a harp of gold.  
He shall be washed as white as snow,  
By all the martyr’d virgins kist,  
While the true church remains below  
Wrapt in the old miasmal mist.  
We are the hollow men  
We are the stuffed men  
Leaning together  
Headpiece filled with straw. alas!  
Our dried voices, when  
We whisper together  
Are quiet and meaningless  
As wind in dry grass  
Or rats' feet over broken glass  
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  
Remember us-if at all-not as lost  
Violent souls, but only  
As the hollow men  
The stuffed men.  
Eyes I dare not meet in dreams  
In death's dream kingdom  
These do not appear:  
There, the eyes are  
Sunlight

Ing away, and wanting their  
Liquor and women,  
And the night-fires going out, and the  
Lack of shelters,  
And the cities hostile and the towns  
Unfriendly  
And the villages dirty and charging high  
Prices:  
A hard time we had of it.  
At the end we preferred to travel all  
Night,  
Sleeping in snatches,  
With the voices singing in our ears,  
Saying  
That this was all folly.  
Then at dawn we came down to a  
Temperate valley,  
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of  
Vegetation;  
With a running stream and a water-mill  
Beating the darkness,  
And three trees on the low sky,  
And an old white horse galloped in  
Away in the meadow.  
Then we came to a tavern with  
Vine-leaves over the lintel,  
Six hands at an open door dicing for  
Pieces of silver,  
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.  
But there was no imformation, and so  
We continued  
And arrived at evening

Er behind you;  
And on the deck of the drumming liner  
Watching the furrow that widens behind you,  
You shall not think 'the past is finished'  
Or 'the future is before us'.  
At nightfall, in the rigging and the aerial,  
Is a voice descanting (though not to the ear,  
The murmuring shell of time, and not in any language)  
'fare forward, you who think that you are voyaging;  
You are not those who saw the harbour  
Receding, or those who will disembark.  
Here between the hither and the farther shore  
While time is withdrawn, consider the future  
And the past with an equal mind.  
At the moment which is not of action or inaction  
You can receive this: "on whatever sphere of being  
The mind of a man may be intent  
At the time of death"—that is the one action  
(and the time of death is every moment)  
Which shall fructify in the lives of others:  
And do not think of the fruit of action.  
Fare forward.  
 o voyage

Macavity's not there!  
And when the loss has been disclosed, the secret service say:  
"it must have been macavity!"--but he's a mile away.  
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,  
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.  
Macavity, macavity, there's no one like macacity,  
There never was a cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.  
He always has an alibit, or one or two to spare:  
And whatever time the deed took place--macavity wasn't there!  
And they say that all the cats whose wicked deeds are widely known  
(i might mention mungojerrie, I might mention griddlebone)  
Are nothing more than agents for the cat who all the time  
Just controls their operations: the napoleon of crime!  
Coming we had of it,  
Just the worst time of the year  
For a journey, and such a journey:  
The ways deep and the weather sharp,  
The very dead of winter.'  
And the camels galled, sore-footed,  
Refractor

O be redeemed from fire by fire.  
Who then devised the torment? love.  
Love is the unfamiliar name  
Behind the hands that wove  
The intolerable shirt of flame  
Which human power cannot remove.  
 we only live, only suspire  
 consumed by either fire or fire.  
What we call the beginning is often the end  
And to make and end is to make a beginning.  
The end is where we start from. and every phrase  
And sentence that is right (where every word is at home,  
Taking its place to support the others,  
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,  
An easy commerce of the old and the new,  
The common word exact without vulgarity,  
The formal word precise but not pedantic,  
The complete consort dancing together)  
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,  
Every poem an epitaph. and any action  
Is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat  
Or to an illegible stone: and that is where death is

In this,  
The eyes outlast a little while  
A little while outlast the tears  
And hold us in derision.  
I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river  
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,  
Patient to some degree, at first recognised as a frontier;  
Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;  
Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges.  
The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten  
By the dwellers in cities—ever, however, implacable.  
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder  
Of what men choose to forget. unhonoured, unpropitiated  
By worshippers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.  
His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,  
In the rank ailanthus of the april dooryard,  
In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,  
And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.  
 the river is within us, the sea is all about us;  
The sea is the land's edge also, the granite  
Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses

Quarter was allowed.  
The persian and the siamese regarded him with fear--  
Because it was a siamese had mauled his missing ear.  
Now on a peaceful summer night, all nature seemed at play,  
The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at molesey lay.  
All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide--  
And growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side.  
His bucko mate, grumbuskin, long since had disappeared,  
For to the bell at hampton he had gone to wet his beard;  
And his bosun, tumblebrutus, he too had stol'n away-  
In the yard behind the lion he was prowling for his prey.  
In the forepeak of the vessel growltiger sate alone,  
Concentrating his attention on the lady griddlebone.  
And his raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and their bunks--  
As the siamese came creeping in their sampans and their junks.  
Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but griddlebone,  
And the lady seemed enraptured by his manly baritone,  
Disposed to relaxation

Anscript  
Sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn.  
When evening quickens faintly in the street,  
Wakening the appetites of life in some  
And to others bringing the boston evening transcript,  
I mount the steps and ring the bell, turning  
Wearily, as one would turn to nod good-bye to rochefoucauld,  
If the street were time and he at the end of the street,  
And I say, “cousin harriet, here is the boston evening transcript.”  
Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future  
And time future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been is an abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual possibility  
Only in a world of speculation.  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end, which is always present.  
Footfalls echo in the memory  
Down the passage which we did

You to forgive  
 both bad and good. last season's fruit is eaten  
And the fullfed beast shall kick the empty pail.  
 for last year's words belong to last year's language  
 and next year's words await another voice.  
But, as the passage now presents no hindrance  
 to the spirit unappeased and peregrine  
 between two worlds become much like each other,  
So I find words I never thought to speak  
 in streets I never thought I should revisit  
 when I left my body on a distant shore.  
Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us  
 to purify the dialect of the tribe  
 and urge the mind to aftersight and foresight,  
Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age  
 to set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.  
 first, the cold fricton of expiring sense  
Without enchantment, offering no promise  
 but bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit  
 as body

Go over the starnbergersee  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight, into the hofgarten,  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
Bin gar keine russin, stamm' aus litauen, echt deutsch.  
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,  
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,  
And I was frightened. he said, marie,  
Marie, hold on tight. and down we went.  
In the mountains, there you feel free.  
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.  
What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this stony rubbish? son of man,  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
And the dry stone no sound of water. only  
There is shadow under this red rock,  
(come in under the shadow of this red rock),  
And I will

As a frontier;  
Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;  
Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges.  
The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten  
By the dwellers in cities—ever, however, implacable.  
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder  
Of what men choose to forget. unhonoured, unpropitiated  
By worshippers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.  
His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,  
In the rank ailanthus of the april dooryard,  
In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,  
And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.  
 the river is within us, the sea is all about us;  
The sea is the land's edge also, the granite  
Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses  
Its hints of earlier and other creation:  
The starfish, the horseshoe crab, the whale's backbone;  
The pools where it offer

Estoring  
Through a bright cloud of tears, the years, restoring  
With a new verse the ancient rhyme. redeem  
The time. redeem  
The unread vision in the higher dream  
While jewelled unicorns draw by the gilded hearse.  
The silent sister veiled in white and blue  
Between the yews, behind the garden god,  
Whose flute is breathless, bent her head and signed but spoke  
No word  
But the fountain sprang up and the bird sang down  
Redeem the time, redeem the dream  
The token of the word unheard, unspoken  
Till the wind shake a thousand whispers from the yew  
And after this our exile  
If the lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent  
If the unheard, unspoken  
Word is unspoken, unheard;  
Still is the unspoken word, the word unheard,  
The word without a word, the word within  
The world and for the world;  
And the light shone in darkness and  
Against the word the unstilled world still whirled  
About the centre of the silent word.  
O my people, what have I done unto thee

Ere were no more faces and the stair was dark,  
Damp, jaggèd, like an old man's mouth drivelling, beyond  
Repair,  
Or the toothed gullet of an agèd shark.  
At the first turning of the third stair  
Was a slotted window bellied like the figs's fruit  
And beyond the hawthorn blossom and a pasture scene  
The broadbacked figure drest in blue and green  
Enchanted the maytime with an antique flute.  
Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth blown,  
Lilac and brown hair;  
Distraction, music of the flute, stops and steps of the mind  
Over the third stair,  
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair  
Climbing the third stair.  
Lord, I am not worthy  
Lord, I am not worthy  
But speak the word only.  
Who walked between the violet and the violet  
Whe walked between  
The various ranks of varied green  
Going in white and blue, in mary's col

Ames of sevenbranched candelabra  
Reflecting light upon the table as  
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,  
From satin cases poured in rich profusion.  
In vials of ivory and coloured glass  
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,  
Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused  
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air  
That freshened from the window, these ascended  
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,  
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,  
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.  
Huge sea-wood fed with copper  
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,  
In which sad light a carvã¨d dolphin swam.  
Above the antique mantel was displayed  
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene  
The change of philomel, by the barbarous king  
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale  
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice  
And still she crie

I need to keep it  
Since what is kept must be adulterated?  
I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch:  
How should I use it for your closer contact?  
These with a thousand small deliberations  
Protract the profit of their chilled delirium,  
Excite the membrane, when the sense has cooled,  
With pungent sauces, multiply variety  
In a wilderness of mirrors. what will the spider do,  
Suspend its operations, will the weevil  
Delay? de bailhache, fresca, mrs. cammel, whirled  
Beyond the circuit of the shuddering bear  
In fractured atoms. gull against the wind, in the windy straits  
Of belle isle, or running on the horn,  
White feathers in the snow, the gulf claims,  
And an old man driven by the trades  
To a a sleepy corner.  
 tenants of the house,  
Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.  
Growltiger was a bravo cat, who lived upon a barge;  
In fact he was the roughest cat that ever roamed at large.  
From gravesend up to oxford he pursued his evil aims,  
Rejoicing in his title

Ure is a faded song, a royal rose or a lavender spray  
Of wistful regret for those who are not yet here to regret,  
Pressed between yellow leaves of a book that has never been opened.  
And the way up is the way down, the way forward is the way back.  
You cannot face it steadily, but this thing is sure,  
That time is no healer: the patient is no longer here.  
When the train starts, and the passengers are settled  
To fruit, periodicals and business letters  
(and those who saw them off have left the platform)  
Their faces relax from grief into relief,  
To the sleepy rhythm of a hundred hours.  
Fare forward, travellers! not escaping from the past  
Into different lives, or into any future;  
You are not the same people who left that station  
Or who will arrive at any terminus,  
While the narrowing rails slide together behind you;  
And on the deck of the drumming liner  
Watching the furrow that widens behind

Ter tea and cakes and ices,  
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,  
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,  
I am no prophet—and here’s no great matter;  
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal footman hold my coat, and snicker,  
And in short, I was afraid.  
And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,  
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
To say: “i am lazarus, come from the dead,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all”—  
If one, settling a pillow by her head,  
 should say: “that is not what I meant at all;  
 that is not it, at all.”  
And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
Afterwards

Apple-tree  
Not known, because not looked for  
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness  
Between two waves of the sea.  
Quick now, here, now, always--  
A condition of complete simplicity  
(costing not less than everything)  
And all shall be well and  
All manner of thing shall be well  
When the tongues of flames are in-folded  
Into the crowned knot of fire  
And the fire and the rose are one.  
1. the love song of j. alfred prufrock  
 s’io credesse che mia risposta fosse  
 a persona che mai tornasse al mondo,  
 questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.  
 ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo  
 non torno vivo alcun, s’i’odo il vero,  
 senza tema d’infamia ti rispondo.  
Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky  
Like a patient etherized upon a table;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,  
The muttering retreats 5  
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels  
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:  
Streets that follow like a tedious argu  
  
Ting forth, and not returning:  
Figlia del tuo figlio,  
Queen of heaven.  
 also pray for those who were in ships, and  
Ended their voyage on the sand, in the sea's lips  
Or in the dark throat which will not reject them  
Or wherever cannot reach them the sound of the sea bell's  
Perpetual angelus.  
To communicate with mars, converse with spirits,  
To report the behaviour of the sea monster,  
Describe the horoscope, haruspicate or scry,  
Observe disease in signatures, evoke  
Biography from the wrinkles of the palm  
And tragedy from fingers; release omens  
By sortilege, or tea leaves, riddle the inevitable  
With playing cards, fiddle with pentagrams  
Or barbituric acids, or dissect  
The recurrent image into pre-conscious terrors-  
To explore the womb, or tomb, or dreams; all these are usual  
Pastimes and drugs, and features of the press:  
And always will be, some of them especially

K of cards. here, said she,  
Is your card, the drowned phoenician sailor,  
(those are pearls that were his eyes. look!)  
Here is belladonna, the lady of the rocks,  
The lady of situations.  
Here is the man with three staves, and here the wheel,  
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,  
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,  
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find  
The hanged man. fear death by water.  
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.  
Thank you. if you see dear mrs. equitone,  
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:  
One must be so careful these days.  
Unreal city,  
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,  
A crowd flowed over london bridge, so many,  
I had not thought death had undone so many.  
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,  
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.  
Flowed up the hill and down king william street,  
To where saint mary woolnoth kept the hours  
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.  
There I saw one I knew

Ugh the dark cold and empty desolation,  
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters  
Of the petrel and the porpoise. in my end is my beginning.  
Eyes that last I saw in tears  
Through division  
Here in death's dream kingdom  
The golden vision reappears  
I see the eyes but not the tears  
This is my affliction  
This is my affliction  
Eyes I shall not see again  
Eyes of decision  
Eyes I shall not see unless  
At the door of death's other kingdom  
Where, as in this,  
The eyes outlast a little while  
A little while outlast the tears  
And hold us in derision.  
I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river  
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,  
Patient to some degree, at first recognised as a frontier;  
Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;  
Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges.  
The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten  
By the dwellers in cities—ever, however, implacable.  
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer

Abolie  
These fragments I have shored against my ruins  
Why then ile fit you. hieronymo's mad againe.  
Datta. dayadhvam. damyata.  
Shantih shantih shantih  
Because I do not hope to turn again  
Because I do not hope  
Because I do not hope to turn  
Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope  
I no longer strive to strive towards such things  
(why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?)  
Why should I mourn  
The vanished power of the usual reign?  
Because I do not hope to know again  
The infirm glory of the positive hour  
Because I do not think  
Because I know I shall not know  
The one veritable transitory power  
Because I cannot drink  
There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is nothing again  
Because I know that time is always time  
And place is always and only place  
And what is actual is actual only for one time  
And only for one place  
I rejoice that things are as they are and  
I renounce the blessed face

Tches,  
With the voices singing in our ears,  
Saying  
That this was all folly.  
Then at dawn we came down to a  
Temperate valley,  
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of  
Vegetation;  
With a running stream and a water-mill  
Beating the darkness,  
And three trees on the low sky,  
And an old white horse galloped in  
Away in the meadow.  
Then we came to a tavern with  
Vine-leaves over the lintel,  
Six hands at an open door dicing for  
Pieces of silver,  
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.  
But there was no imformation, and so  
We continued  
And arrived at evening, not a moment  
Too soon  
Finding the place; it was (you may say)  
Satisfactory.  
All this was a long time ago, i  
Remember,  
And I would do it again, but set down  
This set down  
This: were we led all that way for  
Birth or death? there was a birth,  
Certainly,  
We had evidence and no doubt. I had  
Seen birth and death

And, in the desert or the rain land,  
For those who walk in darkness  
Both in the day time and in the night time  
The right time and the right place are not here  
No place of grace for those who avoid the face  
No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and deny  
The voice  
Will the veiled sister pray for  
Those who walk in darkness, who chose thee and oppose thee,  
Those who are torn on the horn between season and season,  
Time and time, between  
Hour and hour, word and word, power and power, those who wait  
In darkness? will the veiled sister pray  
For children at the gate  
Who will not go away and cannot pray:  
Pray for those who chose and oppose  
O my people, what have I done unto thee.  
Will the veiled sister between the slender  
Yew trees pray for those who offend her  
And are terrified and cannot surrender  
And affirm before the world and deny between the rocks  
In the last desert before the last blue rocks  
The desert in the garden the garden in the desert  
Of drouth, spit

He serenity only a deliberate hebetude,  
The wisdom only the knowledge of dead secrets  
Useless in the darkness into which they peered  
Or from which they turned their eyes. there is, it seems to us,  
At best, only a limited value  
In the knowledge derived from experience.  
The knowledge inposes a pattern, and falsifies,  
For the pattern is new in every moment  
And every moment is a new and shocking  
Valuation of all we have been. we are only undeceived  
Of that which, deceiving, could no longer harm.  
In the middle, not only in the middle of the way  
But all the way, in a dark wood, in a bramble,  
On the edge of a grimpen, where is no secure foothold,  
And menaced by monsters, fancy lights,  
Risking enchantment. do not let me hear  
Of the wisdom of old men, but rahter of their folly,  
Their fear of fear and frenzy

Not only in the middle of the way  
But all the way, in a dark wood, in a bramble,  
On the edge of a grimpen, where is no secure foothold,  
And menaced by monsters, fancy lights,  
Risking enchantment. do not let me hear  
Of the wisdom of old men, but rather of their folly,  
Their fear of fear and frenzy, their fear of possession,  
Of belonging to another, or to others, or to god.  
The only wisdom we can hope to acquire  
Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.  
 the houses are all gone under the sea.  
 the dancers are all gone under the hill.  
III.  
O dark dark dark. they all go into the dark,  
The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the vacant,  
The captains, merchant bankers, eminent men of letters,  
The generous patrons of art, the statesmen and the rulers,  
Distinguished civil servants, chairmen of many committees,  
Industrial lords and petty contractors, all go into the dark,  
And dark the sun and moon, and the almanach de gotha  
And the stock exchange

Lad to be scattered, we did little good to each other,  
Under a tree in the cool of the day, with the blessing of sand,  
Forgetting themselves and each other, united  
In the quiet of the desert. this is the land which ye  
Shall divide by lot. and neither division nor unity  
Matters. this is the land. we have our inheritance.  
III  
At the first turning of the second stair  
I turned and saw below  
The same shape twisted on the banister  
Under the vapour in the fetid air  
Struggling with the devil of the stairs who wears  
The deceitful face of hope and of despair.  
At the second turning of the second stair  
I left them twisting, turning below;  
There were no more faces and the stair was dark,  
Damp, jagged, like an old man's mouth drivelling, beyond repair,  
Or the toothed gullet of an aged shark.  
At the first turning of the thing

Like a field of ripe corn.  
When evening quickens faintly in the street,  
Wakening the appetites of life in some  
And to others bringing the boston evening transcript,  
I mount the steps and ring the bell, turning  
Wearily, as one would turn to nod good-bye to rochefoucauld,  
If the street were time and he at the end of the street,  
And I say, “cousin harriet, here is the boston evening transcript.”  
Time present and time past  
Are both perhaps present in time future  
And time future contained in time past.  
If all time is eternally present  
All time is unredeemable.  
What might have been is an abstraction  
Remaining a perpetual possibility  
Only in a world of speculation.  
What might have been and what has been  
Point to one end, which is always present.  
Footfalls echo in the memory  
Down the passage whistles

Om the sacred wood  
And bubbling of the uninspired  
Mephitic river.  
Misunderstood  
The accents of the now retired  
Profession of the calamus.  
Tortured.  
When the bridegroom smoothed his hair  
There was blood upon the bed.  
Morning was already late.  
Children singing in the orchard  
(io hymen, hymenaee)  
Succuba eviscerate.  
Tortuous.  
By arrangement with perseus  
The fooled resentment of the dragon  
Sailing before the wind at dawn  
Golden apocalypse. indignant  
At the cheap extinction of his taking-off.  
Now lies he there  
Tip to tip washed beneath charles' wagon.  
12. la figlia che piange  
 o quam te memorem virgo…  
Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—  
Lean on a garden urn—  
Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—  
Clasp your flowers to you with a pained surprise—  
Fling them to the ground and turn   
Wit

Re old policies  
Or follow an antique drum.  
These men, and those who opposed them  
And those whom they opposed  
Accept the constitution of silence  
And are folded in a single party.  
Whatever we inherit from the fortunate  
We have taken from the defeated  
What they had to leave us - a symbol:  
A symbol perfected in death.  
And all shall be well and  
All manner of thing shall be well  
By the purification of the motive  
In the ground of our beseeching.  
The dove descending breaks the air  
With flame of incandescent terror  
Of which the tongues declare  
The one dischage from sin and error.  
The only hope, or else despair  
 lies in the choice of pyre of pyre-  
 to be redeemed from fire by fire.  
Who then devised the torment? love.  
Love is the unfamiliar name  
Behind the hands that wove  
The intolerable shirt of flame  
Which human power cannot remove.  
 we only live, only suspire  
 consumed by either fire or fire.  
What we call the beginning is often the end  
And to make and make

Istraction, music of the flute, stops and steps of the mind  
Over the third stair,  
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair  
Climbing the third stair.  
Lord, I am not worthy  
Lord, I am not worthy  
But speak the word only.  
Who walked between the violet and the violet  
Whe walked between  
The various ranks of varied green  
Going in white and blue, in mary's colour,  
Talking of trivial things  
In ignorance and knowledge of eternal dolour  
Who moved among the others as they walked,  
Who then made strong the fountains and made fresh the springs  
Made cool the dry rock and made firm the sand  
In blue of larkspur, blue of mary's colour,  
Sovegna vos  
Here are the years that walk between, bearing  
Away the fiddles and the flutes, restoring  
One who moves in the time between sleep and waking, wearing  
White light folded, sheathing about her, folded.  
The new years walk, restoring  
Through a bright cloud of tears, the years, restoring  
With a new version

Ing  
The soul's sap quivers. there is no earth smell  
Or smell of living thing. this is the spring time  
But not in time's covenant. now the hedgerow  
Is blanched for an hour with transitory blossom  
Of snow, a bloom more sudden  
Than that of summer, neither budding nor fading,  
Not in the scheme of generation.  
Where is the summer, the unimaginable  
Zero summer?  
 if you came this way,  
Taking the route you would be likely to take  
From the place you would be likely to come from,  
If you came this way in may time, you would find the hedges  
White again, in may, with voluptuary sweetness.  
It would be the same at the end of the journey,  
If you came at night like a broken king,  
If you came by day not knowing what you came for,  
It would be the same, when you leave the rough road  
And turn behind the pig-sty to the dull façade  
And the tombstone. and what you thought you would

He usual reign?  
Because I do not hope to know again  
The infirm glory of the positive hour  
Because I do not think  
Because I know I shall not know  
The one veritable transitory power  
Because I cannot drink  
There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is nothing again  
Because I know that time is always time  
And place is always and only place  
And what is actual is actual only for one time  
And only for one place  
I rejoice that things are as they are and  
I renounce the blessed face  
And renounce the voice  
Because I cannot hope to turn again  
Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something  
Upon which to rejoice  
And pray to god to have mercy upon us  
And pray that I may forget  
These matters that with myself I too much discuss  
Too much explain  
Because I do not hope to turn again  
Let these words answer  
For what is done, not to be done again  
May the judgement not be too heavy upon us  
Because these wings are no longer wings to fly  
But merely flap

Egret for those who are not yet here to regret,  
Pressed between yellow leaves of a book that has never been opened.  
And the way up is the way down, the way forward is the way back.  
You cannot face it steadily, but this thing is sure,  
That time is no healer: the patient is no longer here.  
When the train starts, and the passengers are settled  
To fruit, periodicals and business letters  
(and those who saw them off have left the platform)  
Their faces relax from grief into relief,  
To the sleepy rhythm of a hundred hours.  
Fare forward, travellers! not escaping from the past  
Into different lives, or into any future;  
You are not the same people who left that station  
Or who will arrive at any terminus,  
While the narrowing rails slide together behind you;  
And on the deck of the drumming liner  
Watching the furrow that widens behind you,  
You shall not think 'the past is finished'  
Or 'the future is before us'.  
At nightfall, in the rigging and the aerial

And woman  
And that of beasts. feet rising and falling.  
Eating and drinking. dung and death.  
 dawn points, and another day  
Prepares for heat and silence. out at sea the dawn wind  
Wrinkles and slides. I am here  
Or there, or elsewhere. in my beginning.  
Ii.  
What is the late November doing  
With the disturbance of the spring  
And creatures of the summer heat,  
And snowdrops writhing under feet  
And hollyhocks that aim too high  
Red into grey and tumble down  
Late roses filled with early snow?  
Thunder rolled by the rolling stars  
Simulates triumphal cars  
Deployed in constellated wars  
Scorpion fights against the sun  
Until the sun and moon go down  
Comets weep and leonids fly  
Hunt the heavens and the plains  
Whirled in a vortex that shall bring  
The world to that destructive fire  
Which burns before the ice-cap reigns  
 that was a way of putting it—not very satisfactory  
A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,  
Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle  
With words and meaning

He common wind,  
Too strange to each other for misunderstanding,  
In concord at this intersection time  
Of meeting nowhere, no before and after,  
We trod the pavement in a dead patrol.  
I said: "the wonder that I feel is easy,  
Yet ease is cause of wonder. therefore speak:  
I may not comprehend, may not remember."  
And he: "i am not eager to rehearse  
My thoughts and theory which you have forgotten.  
These things have served their purpose: let them be.  
So with your own, and pray they be forgiven  
By others, as I pray you to forgive  
Both bad and good. last season's fruit is eaten  
And the fullfed beast shall kick the empty pail.  
For last year's words belong to last year's language  
And next year's words await another voice.  
But, as the passage now presents no hindrance  
To the spirit unappeased and peregrine  
Between two worlds become much like each other,  
So I find words I never

Is blanched for an hour with transitory blossom  
Of snow, a bloom more sudden  
Than that of summer, neither budding nor fading,  
Not in the scheme of generation.  
Where is the summer, the unimaginable  
Zero summer?  
 if you came this way,  
Taking the route you would be likely to take  
From the place you would be likely to come from,  
If you came this way in may time, you would find the hedges  
White again, in may, with voluptuary sweetness.  
It would be the same at the end of the journey,  
If you came at night like a broken king,  
If you came by day not knowing what you came for,  
It would be the same, when you leave the rough road  
And turn behind the pig-sty to the dull facade  
And the tombstone. and what you thought you came for  
Is only a shell, a husk of meaning  
From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled  
If at all. either you had no purpose  
Or the purpos

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From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled  
If at all. either you had no purpose  
Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured  
And is altered in fulfilment. there are other places  
Which also are the world's end, some at the sea jaws,  
Or over a dark

Look, look, master, here comes two religious caterpillars.  
Jew of malta.  
Polyphiloprogenitive  
The sapient sutlers of the lord  
Drift across the window-panes.  
In the beginning was the word.  
In the beginning was the word.  
Superfetation of ,  
And at the mensual turn of time  
Produced enervate origen.  
A painter of the umbrian school  
Designed upon a gesso ground  
The nimbus of the baptized god.  
The wilderness is cracked and browned  
But through the water pale and thin  
Still shine the unoffending feet  
And there above the painter set  
The father and the paraclete.  
The sable presbyters approach  
The avenue of penitence;  
The young are red and pustular  
Clutching piaculative pence.  
Under the penitential gates  
Sustained by staring seraphim  
Where the souls of the devout  
Burn invisible and dim.

Nd hushed the shrunken seas;  
The person in the spanish cape  
Tries to sit on sweeney’s knees  
Slips and pulls the table cloth  
Overturns a coffee-cup,  
Reorganized upon the floor  
She yawns and draws a stocking up;  
The silent man in mocha brown  
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;  
The waiter brings in oranges  
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;  
The silent vertebrate in brown  
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;  
Rachel née rabinovitch  
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;  
She and the lady in the cape  
Are suspect, thought to be in league;  
Therefore the man with heavy eyes  
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,  
Leaves the room and reappears  
Outside the window, leaning in,  
Branches of wistaria  
Circumscribe a golden grin;  
The host with someone indistinct  
Converses at the door apart,  
The nightingales are singing

D poetics to confute—”  
 and—“are we then so serious?”  
Thou hast nor youth nor age  
But as it were an after dinner sleep  
Dreaming of both.  
Here I am, an old man in a dry month,  
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.  
I was neither at the hot gates  
Nor fought in the warm rain  
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving a cutlass,  
Bitten by flies, fought.  
My house is a decayed house,  
And the jew squats on the window sill, the owner,  
Spawned in some estaminet of antwerp,  
Blistered in brussels, patched and peeled in london.  
The goat coughs at night in the field overhead;  
Rocks, moss, stonecrop, iron, merds.  
The woman keeps the kitchen, makes tea,  
Sneezes at evening, poking the peevish gutter.  
 I an old man,  
A dull head among windy spaces.  
Signs are taken for wonders. “we would see a sign”:  
The word within a word, unable to speak a word,  
Swaddled with darkness. in the wind

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees  
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop  
But there is no water  
Who is the third who walks always beside you?  
When I count, there are only you and I together  
But when I look ahead up the white road  
There is always another one walking beside you  
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded  
I do not know whether a man or a woman  
—but who is that on the other side of you?  
What is that sound high in the air  
Murmur of maternal lamentation  
Who are those hooded hordes swarming  
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth  
Ringed by the flat horizon only  
What is the city over the mountains  
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air  
Falling towers  
Jerusalem athens alexandria  
Vienna london  
Unreal  
A woman drew her long black hair out tight  
And fiddled whisper music on those strings  
And bats wit

He oldest inhabitant croaks: "well, of all . . .  
Things. . . can it be . . . really! . . . no!. . . yes!. . .  
Ho! hi!  
Oh, my eye!  
My mind may be wandering, but I confess  
I believe it is old deuteronomy!"  
Old deuteronomy sits in the street,  
He sits in the high street on market day;  
The bullocks may bellow, the sheep they may bleat,  
But the dogs and the herdsmen will turn them away.  
The cars and the lorries run over the kerb,  
And the villagers put up a notice: road closed--  
So that nothing untoward may chance to distrub  
Deuteronomy's rest when he feels so disposed  
Or when he's engaged in domestic economy:  
And the oldest inhabitant croaks: "well, of all . . .  
Things. . . can it be . . . really! . . . no!. . . yes!. . .  
Ho! hi!  
Oh, my eye!  
My sight's unreliable, but I can guess  
That the cause of the trouble is old deuteronomy!"  
Old deuteronomy

Ught I should revisit  
 when I left my body on a distant shore.  
Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us  
 to purify the dialect of the tribe  
 and urge the mind to aftersight and foresight,  
Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age  
 to set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.  
 first, the cold fricton of expiring sense  
Without enchantment, offering no promise  
 but bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit  
 as body and sould begin to fall asunder.  
Second, the conscious impotence of rage  
 at human folly, and the laceration  
 of laughter at what ceases to amuse.  
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment  
 of all that you have done, and been; the shame  
Of things ill done and done to others' harm  
 which once you took for exercise of virtue.  
 then fools' approval stings, and honour stains.  
From wrong to wrong the exasperated spirit  
 proceeds, unless restored by that refining fire  
 where you must move in measure, like a dancer."  
The day was breaking. in the hour

The silent withering of autumn flowers  
Dropping their petals and remaining motionless;  
Where is there an end to the drifting wreckage,  
The prayer of the bone on the beach, the unprayable  
Prayer at the calamitous annunciation?  
 there is no end, but addition: the trailing  
Consequence of further days and hours,  
While emotion takes to itself the emotionless  
Years of living among the breakage  
Of what was believed in as the most reliable—  
And therefore the fittest for renunciation.  
 there is the final addition, the failing  
Pride or resentment at failing powers,  
The unattached devotion which might pass for devotionless,  
In a drifting boat with a slow leakage,  
The silent listening to the undeniable  
Clamour of the bell of the last annunciation.  
 where is the end of them, the fishermen sailing  
Into the wind's tail, where the fog cowers?  
We cannot think of a time that is oceanless  
Or of an ocean not littered with wastage

The dawn from istria  
With even feet. her shuttered barge  
 burned on the water all the day.  
But this or such was bleistein’s way:  
 a saggy bending of the knees  
And elbows, with the palms turned out,  
 chicago semite viennese.  
A lustreless protrusive eye  
 stares from the protozoic slime  
At a perspective of canaletto.  
 the smoky candle end of time  
Declines. on the rialto once.  
 the rats are underneath the piles.  
The jew is underneath the lot.  
 money in furs. the boatman smiles,  
Princess volupine extends  
 a meagre, blue-nailed, phthisic hand  
To climb the waterstair. lights, lights,  
 she entertains sir ferdinand  
Klein. who clipped the lion’s wings  
 and flea’d his rump and pared his claws?  
Thought burbank, meditating on  
 time’s ruins, and the seven laws.  
Observe: “our sentimental friend the moon!  
Or possibly (fantastic, I confess)  
It may be prester john’s

Slipped out and pocketed a toy that was running along the quay.  
I could see nothing behind that child’s eye.  
I have seen eyes in the street  
Trying to peer through lighted shutters,  
And a crab one afternoon in a pool,  
An old crab with barnacles on his back,  
Gripped the end of a stick which I held him.  
Half-past three,  
The lamp sputtered,  
The lamp muttered in the dark.  
The lamp hummed:  
“regard the moon,  
La lune ne garde aucune rancune,  
She winks a feeble eye,  
She smiles into corners.  
She smooths the hair of the grass.  
The moon has lost her memory.  
A washed-out smallpox cracks her face,  
Her hand twists a paper rose,  
That smells of dust and old cologne,  
She is alone  
With all the old nocturnal smells  
That cross and cross across her brain.  
The reminiscence comes  
Of sunless dry geraniums  
And dust in crevices,  
Smells of chestnuts in the streets,  
And female smells in shuttered rooms,  
And cigarettes in corridors  
And cocktail smells in bars.”  
The lamp lit

Lly blazing,  
He gave a great yawn, and his jaws were amazing;  
And when he looked out through the bars of the area,  
You never saw anything fiercer or hairier.  
And what with the glare of his eyes and his yawning,  
The pekes and the pollicles quickly took warning.  
He looked at the sky and he gave a great leap--  
And they every last one of them scattered like sheep.  
And when the police dog returned to his beat,  
There wasn't a single one left in the street.  
Malheur à la malheureuse tamise!  
Qui coule si pres du spectateur.  
Le directeur  
Conservateur  
Du spectateur  
Empeste la brise.  
Les actionnaires  
Réactionnaires  
Du spectateur  
Conservateur  
Bras dessus bras dessous  
Font des tours  
A pas de loup.  
Dans un égout  
Une petite fille  
En guenilles  
Camarde  
Regarde  
Le directeur  
Du spectateur  
Conservateur  
Et crève d’amour.  
In my beginning is my end. in succession  
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extende

The time. redeem  
The unread vision in the higher dream  
While jewelled unicorns draw by the gilded hearse.  
The silent sister veiled in white and blue  
Between the yews, behind the garden god,  
Whose flute is breathless, bent her head and signed but spoke no word  
But the fountain sprang up and the bird sang down  
Redeem the time, redeem the dream  
The token of the word unheard, unspoken  
Till the wind shake a thousand whispers from the yew  
And after this our exile  
If the lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent  
If the unheard, unspoken  
Word is unspoken, unheard;  
Still is the unspoken word, the word unheard,  
The word without a word, the word within  
The world and for the world;  
And the light shone in darkness and  
Against the word the unstilled world still whirled  
About the centre of the silent word.  
O my people, what have I done unto thee.  
Where shall the word be found, where will the word  
Resound? not here, there is not enough silence  
Not enough

O longer wings to fly  
But merely vans to beat the air  
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry  
Smaller and dryer than the will  
Teach us to care and not to care teach us to sit still.  
Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death  
Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.  
Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree  
In the cool of the day, having fed to sateity  
On my legs my heart my liver and that which had been  
Contained  
In the hollow round of my skull. and god said  
Shall these bones live? shall these  
Bones live? and that which had been contained  
In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping:  
Because of the goodness of this lady  
And because of her loveliness, and because  
She honours the virgin in meditation,  
We shine with brightness. and I who am here dissembled  
Proffer my deeds to oblivion, and my love  
To the posterity of the desert and the fru

Ervateur  
Bras dessus bras dessous  
Font des tours  
A pas de loup.  
Dans un égout  
Une petite fille  
En guenilles  
Camarde  
Regarde  
Le directeur  
Du spectateur  
Conservateur  
Et crève d’amour.  
In my beginning is my end. in succession  
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,  
Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place  
Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.  
Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,  
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth  
Which is already flesh, fur, and faeces,  
Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.  
Houses live and die: there is a time for building  
And a time for living and for generation  
And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane  
And to shake the wainscot where the field mouse trots  
And to shake the tattered arras woven with a silent motto.  
 in my beginning is my end.

Sly spread  
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,  
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)  
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.  
I tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs  
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—  
I too awaited the expected guest.  
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,  
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,  
One of the low on whom assurance sits  
As a silk hat on a bradford millionaire.  
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 unreproved, if undesired.  
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;  
Exploring hands encounter no defence;  
His vanity requires no response,  
And makes a welcome of indifference.  
(and I tiresias have foresuffered all  
Enacted on this same divan or bed;  
I who have sat by thebes below the wall  
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)  
Bestows one final patronizing word

Ot in itself desirable;  
Love is itself unmoving,  
Only the cause and end of movement,  
Timeless, and undesiring  
Except in the aspect of time  
Caught in the form of limitation  
Between un-being and being.  
Sudden in a shaft of sunlight  
Even while the dust moves  
There rises the hidden laughter  
Of children in the foliage  
Quick now, here, now, always-  
Ridiculous the waste sad time  
Stretching before and after.  
 in my beginning is my end. in succession  
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,  
Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place  
Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.  
Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,  
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth  
Which is already flesh, fur and faeces,  
Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.  
Houses live and die: there is a time for building  
And a time for living

Tension between dying and birth  
The place of solitude where three dreams cross  
Between blue rocks  
But when the voices shaken from the yew-tree drift away  
Let the other yew be shaken and reply.  
Blessèd sister, holy mother, spirit of the fountain, spirit  
Of the garden,  
Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehood  
Teach us to care and not to care  
Teach us to sit still  
Even among these rocks,  
Our peace in his will  
And even among these rocks  
Sister, mother  
And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea,  
Suffer me not to be separated  
And let my cry come unto thee.  
The readers of the boston evening transcript  
Sway in the wind like a field of ripe corn.  
When evening quickens faintly in the street,  
Wakening the appetites of life in some  
And to others bringing the boston evening transcript,  
I mount the steps

Or the saint—  
No occupation either, but something given  
And taken, in a lifetime's death in love,  
Ardour and selflessness and self-surrender.  
For most of us, there is only the unattended  
Moment, the moment in and out of time,  
The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,  
The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning  
Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply  
That it is not heard at all, but you are the music  
While the music lasts. these are only hints and guesses,  
Hints followed by guesses; and the rest  
Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action.  
The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is incarnation.  
Here the impossible union  
Of spheres of evidence is actual,  
Here the past and future  
Are conquered, and reconciled,  
Where action were otherwise movement  
Of that which is only moved  
And has in it no source of movement—  
Driven by daemonic, chthonic  
Powers. and right action is freedom  
From dark

The coloured stone,  
In which sad light a carvã¨d dolphin swam.  
Above the antique mantel was displayed  
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene  
The change of philomel, by the barbarous king  
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale  
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice  
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,  
"jug jug" to dirty ears.  
And other withered stumps of time  
Were told upon the walls; staring forms  
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.  
Footsteps shuffled on the stair.  
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair  
Spread out in fiery points  
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.  
"my nerves are bad to-night. yes, bad. stay with me.  
"speak to me. why do you never speak. speak.  
"what are you thinking of? what thinking? what?  
"i never know what you

Ntenance,  
I remain self-possessed  
Except when a street piano, mechanical and tired  
Reiterates some worn-out common song  
With the smell of hyacinths across the garden  
Recalling things that other people have desired.  
Are these ideas right or wrong?  
Iii  
The October night comes down; returning as before  
Except for a slight sensation of being ill at ease  
I mount the stairs and turn the handle of the door  
And feel as if I had mounted on my hands and knees.  
“and so you are going abroad; and when do you return?  
But that’s a useless question.  
You hardly know when you are coming back,  
You will find so much to learn.”  
My smile falls heavily among the bric-à-brac.  
“perhaps you can write to me.”  
My self-possession flares up for a second;  
This is as I had reckoned.  
“i have been wondering frequently of late  
(but our beginnings never know our ends!)  
Why we have not developed into friends.”  
I feel like one who smiles, and turning shall remark  
Suddenly, his expression

Chatter like an ape.  
Let us take the air, in a tobacco trance—  
Well! and what if she should die some afternoon,  
Afternoon grey and smoky, evening yellow and rose;  
Should die and leave me sitting pen in hand  
With the smoke coming down above the housetops;  
Doubtful, for quite a while  
Not knowing what to feel or if I understand  
Or whether wise or foolish, tardy or too soon…  
Would she not have the advantage, after all?  
This music is successful with a “dying fall”  
Now that we talk of dying—  
And should I have the right to smile?  
The winter evening settles down  
With smell of steaks in passageways.  
Six o’clock.  
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.  
And now a gusty shower wraps  
The grimy scraps  
Of withered leaves about your feet  
And newspapers from vacant lots;  
The showers beat  
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,  
And at the corner of the street  
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.  
And then the lighting of the lamps.  
The morning comes to consciousness  
Of faint stale smells

Moved by fancies that are curled  
Around these images, and cling:  
The notion of some infinitely gentle  
Infinitely suffering thing.  
Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;  
The worlds revolve like ancient women  
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.  
4. rhapsody on a windy night  
Twelve o’clock.  
Along the reaches of the street  
Held in a lunar synthesis,  
Whispering lunar incantations  
Dissolve the floors of memory  
And all its clear relations  
Its divisions and precisions,  
Every street lamp that I pass  
Beats like a fatalistic drum,  
And through the spaces of the dark  
Midnight shakes the memory  
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.  
Half-past one,  
The street lamp sputtered,  
The street lamp muttered,  
The street lamp said, “regard that woman  
Who hesitates toward you in the light of the door  
Which opens on her like a grin.  
You see the border of her dress  
Is torn and stained with sand,

River plate,  
Death and the raven drift above  
And sweeney guards the horned gate.  
Gloomy orion and the dog  
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;  
The person in the spanish cape  
Tries to sit on sweeney’s knees  
Slips and pulls the table cloth  
Overturns a coffee-cup,  
Reorganized upon the floor  
She yawns and draws a stocking up;  
The silent man in mocha brown  
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;  
The waiter brings in oranges  
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;  
The silent vertebrate in brown  
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;  
Rachel née rabinovitch  
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;  
She and the lady in the cape  
Are suspect, thought to be in league;  
Therefore the man with heavy eyes  
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,  
Leaves the room and reappears  
Outside the window, leaning in,  
Branches of wistaria  
Circumscribe a golden grin;  
The host with someone

Vigable weather it is always a seamark  
To lay a course by, but in the sombre season  
Or the sudden fury, is what it always was.  
III  
I sometimes wonder if that is what krishna meant-  
Among other things - or one way of putting the same thing:  
That the future is a faded song, a royal rose or a lavender spray  
Of wistful regret for those who are not yet here to regret,  
Pressed between yellow leaves of a book that has never been opened.  
And the way up is the way down, the way forward is the way back.  
You cannot face it steadily, but this thing is sure,  
That time is no healer: the patient is no longer here.  
When the train starts, and the passengers are settled  
To fruit, periodicals and business letters  
(and those who saw them off have left the platform)  
Their faces relax from grief into relief,  
To the sleepy rhythm of a hundred hours.  
Fare forward, travellers! not escaping from the past  
Into different lives, or into any future

To have mercy upon us  
And pray that I may forget  
These matters that with myself I too much discuss  
Too much explain  
Because I do not hope to turn again  
Let these words answer  
For what is done, not to be done again  
May the judgement not be too heavy upon us  
Because these wings are no longer wings to fly  
But merely vans to beat the air  
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry  
Smaller and dryer than the will  
Teach us to care and not to care teach us to sit still.  
Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death  
Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.  
Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree  
In the cool of the day, having fed to sateity  
On my legs my heart my liver and that which had been  
Contained  
In the hollow round of my skull. and god said  
Shall these bones live? shall these  
Bones live? and that which had been contained  
In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping:  
Because of the goodn

Paces about her room again, alone,  
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,  
And puts a record on the gramophone.  
"this music crept by me upon the waters"  
And along the strand, up queen victoria street.  
O city city, I can sometimes hear  
Beside a public bar in lower thames street,  
The pleasant whining of a mandoline  
And a clatter and a chatter from within  
Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  
Of magnus martyr hold  
Inexplicable splendour of ionian white and gold.  
 the river sweats  
 oil and tar  
 the barges drift  
 with the turning tide  
 red sails  
 wide  
 to leeward, swing on the heavy spar.  
 the barges wash  
 drifting logs  
 down greenwich reach  
 past the isle of dogs.  
 weialala leia  
 wallala leialala  
 elizabeth and leicester  
 beating oars  
 the stern was formed  
 a gilde

Rld becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated  
Of dead and living. not the intense moment  
Isolated, with no before and after,  
But a lifetime burning in every moment  
And not the lifetime of one man only  
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.  
There is a time for the evening under starlight,  
A time for the evening under lamplight  
(the evening with the photograph album).  
Love is most nearly itself  
When here and now cease to matter.  
Old men ought to be explorers  
Here or there does not matter  
We must be still and still moving  
Into another intensity  
For a further union, a deeper communion  
Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,  
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters  
Of the petrel and the porpoise. in my end is my beginning.  
The dry salvages  
(the dry salvages - presumably les trois sauvages - is a small  
Group of rocks, with a beacon, off the n.e. coast of cape ann,  
Massachusetts. salvages is pronounced to rhyme with assuages.  
Groaner: a whistling

He raven drift above  
And sweeney guards the horned gate.  
Gloomy orion and the dog  
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;  
The person in the spanish cape  
Tries to sit on sweeney’s knees  
Slips and pulls the table cloth  
Overturns a coffee-cup,  
Reorganized upon the floor  
She yawns and draws a stocking up;  
The silent man in mocha brown  
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;  
The waiter brings in oranges  
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;  
The silent vertebrate in brown  
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;  
Rachel née rabinovitch  
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;  
She and the lady in the cape  
Are suspect, thought to be in league;  
Therefore the man with heavy eyes  
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,  
Leaves the room and reappears  
Outside the window, leaning in,  
Branches of wistaria  
Circumscribe a golden grin;  
The host with someone

Tugger is a curious cat--  
And there isn't any need for me to spout it:  
For he will do  
As he do do  
And theres no doing anything about it!  
I. the burial of the dead  
April is the cruellest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.  
Winter kept us warm, covering  
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding  
A little life with dried tubers.  
Summer surprised us, coming over the starnbergersee  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight, into the hofgarten,  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
Bin gar keine russin, stamm' aus litauen, echt deutsch.  
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,  
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,  
And I was frightened. he said, marie,  
Marie, hold on tight. and down we went.  
In the mountains, there you feel free.  
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.  
What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this stony rubbish? son of man

A van passes,  
And the deep lane insists on the direction  
Into the village, in the elctric heat  
Hypnotised. in a warm haze the sultry light  
Is absorbed, not refracted, by grey stone.  
The dahlias sleep in the empty silence.  
Wait for the early owl.  
In that open field  
If you do not come too close, if you do not come too close,  
On a summer midnight, you can hear the music  
Of the weak pipe and the little drum  
And see them dancing around the bonfire  
The association of man and woman  
In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie˜  
A dignified and commodious sacrament.  
Two and two, necessarye coniunction,  
Holding eche other by the hand or the arm  
Whiche betokeneth concorde. round and round the fire  
Leaping through the flames, or joined in circles,  
Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter  
Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes,  
Earth feet, loam feet, lifted

past the isle of dogs.  
 weialala leia  
 wallala leialala  
 elizabeth and leicester  
 beating oars  
 the stern was formed  
 a gilded shell  
 red and gold  
 the brisk swell  
 rippled both shores  
 southwest wind  
 carried down stream  
 the peal of bells  
 white towers  
 weialala leia  
 wallala leialala  
"trams and dusty trees.  
Highbury bore me. richmond and kew  
Undid me. by richmond I raised my knees  
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe."  
"my feet are at moorgate, and my heart  
Under my feet. after the event  
He wept. he promised 'a new start'.  
I made no comment. what should I resent?"  
"on margate sands.  
I can connect  
Nothing with nothing.  
The broken fingernails of dirty hands.  
My people humble people who expect  
Nothing."  
 la la  
To carthage then I came  
Burning burning burning burning  
O lord thou pluckest me out  
O lord thou pluckest  
Burning

The little drum  
And see them dancing around the bonfire  
The association of man and woman  
In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie—  
A dignified and commodiois sacrament.  
Two and two, necessarye coniunction,  
Holding eche other by the hand or the arm  
Whiche betokeneth concorde. round and round the fire  
Leaping through the flames, or joined in circles,  
Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter  
Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes,  
Earth feet, loam feet, lifted in country mirth  
Mirth of those long since under earth  
Nourishing the corn. keeping time,  
Keeping the rhythm in their dancing  
As in their living in the living seasons  
The time of the seasons and the constellations  
The time of milking and the time of harvest  
The time of the coupling of man and woman  
And that of beasts. feet rising and falling.  
Eating and drinking. dung and death.  
 dawn points, and another day  
Prepares for heat and silence

Arth is our hospital  
Endowed by the ruined millionaire,  
Wherein, if we do well, we shall  
Die of the absolute paternal care  
That will not leave us, but prevents us everywhere.  
 the chill ascends from feet to knees,  
The fever sings in mental wires.  
If to be warmed, then I must freeze  
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires  
Of which the flame is roses, and the smoke is briars.  
 the dripping blood our only drink,  
The bloody flesh our only food:  
In spite of which we like to think  
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood—  
Again, in spite of that, we call this friday good.  
So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—  
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of l'entre deux guerres  
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt  
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure

S murdered at a polish dance,  
Another bank defaulter has confessed.  
I keep my countenance,  
I remain self-possessed  
Except when a street piano, mechanical and tired  
Reiterates some worn-out common song  
With the smell of hyacinths across the garden  
Recalling things that other people have desired.  
Are these ideas right or wrong?  
III  
The October night comes down; returning as before  
Except for a slight sensation of being ill at ease  
I mount the stairs and turn the handle of the door  
And feel as if I had mounted on my hands and knees.  
“and so you are going abroad; and when do you return?  
But that’s a useless question.  
You hardly know when you are coming back,  
You will find so much to learn.”  
My smile falls heavily among the bric-à-brac.  
“perhaps you can write to me.”  
My self-possession flares up for a second

In the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)  
Is it perfume from a dress  
That makes me so digress?  
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.  
 and should I then presume?  
 and how should I begin?  
. . . . . . . .  
Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets  
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes  
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?  
I should have been a pair of ragged claws  
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.  
. . . . . . . .  
And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!  
Smoothed by long fingers,  
Asleep … tired … or it malingers,  
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.  
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,  
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?  
But though I have wept and fast

, madam, are the eternal humorist,  
The eternal enemy of the absolute,  
Giving our vagrant moods the slightest twist!  
With your aid indifferent and imperious  
At a stroke our mad poetics to confute—”  
 and—“are we then so serious?”  
Thou hast nor youth nor age  
But as it were an after dinner sleep  
Dreaming of both.  
Here I am, an old man in a dry month,  
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.  
I was neither at the hot gates  
Nor fought in the warm rain  
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving a cutlass,  
Bitten by flies, fought.  
My house is a decayed house,  
And the jew squats on the window sill, the owner,  
Spawned in some estaminet of antwerp,  
Blistered in brussels, patched and peeled in london.  
The goat coughs at night in the field overhead;  
Rocks, moss, stonecrop, iron, merds.  
The woman keeps the kitchen, makes tea,  
Sneezes at evening, poking the peevish gutter.  
 I an old man,  
A dull head among windy spaces.  
Signs are taken for wonders. “we would see a sign

Young are red and pustular  
Clutching piaculative pence.  
Under the penitential gates  
Sustained by staring seraphim  
Where the souls of the devout  
Burn invisible and dim.  
Along the garden-wall the bees  
With hairy bellies pass between  
The staminate and pistilate,  
Blest office of the epicene.  
Sweeney shifts from ham to ham  
Stirring the water in his bath.  
The masters of the subtle schools  
Are controversial, polymath.  
And the trees about me,  
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks  
Groan with continual surges; and behind me,  
Make all a desolation. look, look, wenches!  
Paint me a cavernous waste shore  
Cast in the unstilled cyclades,  
Paint me the bold anfractuous rocks  
Faced by the snarled and yelping seas.  
Display me aeolus above  
Reviewing the insurgent gales  
Which tangle ariadne’s hair  
And swell with haste the perjured sails.  
Morning stirs the feet and hands  
(nausicaa and polypheme),  
Gesture of orang-outang  
Rises from the sheets in steam.  
This withered root of knots of hair

Elain, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,  
To have squeezed the universe into a ball  
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
To say: “i am lazarus, come from the dead,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all”—  
If one, settling a pillow by her head,  
 should say: “that is not what I meant at all;  
 that is not it, at all.”  
And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,  
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—  
And this, and so much more?—  
It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:  
Would it have been worth while  
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,  
And turning toward the window, should say