Appendix
Diels: Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker (Herakleitos).

1.

1. Time present and time past
2. Are both perhaps present in time future
3. And time future contained in time past.
4. If all time is eternally present
5. All time is unredeemable.
6. What might have been is an abstraction
7. Remaining a perpetual possibility
8. Only in a world of speculation.
9. What might have been and what has been
10. Point to one end, which is always present.
11. Footfalls echo in the memory
12. Down the passage which we did not take
13. Towards the door we never opened
14. Into the rose-garden. My words echo
15. Thus, in your mind.
16. But to what purpose
17. Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves
18. I do not know.
19. Other echoes
20. Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?
21. Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,
22. Round the corner. Through the first gate,
Into our first world, shall we follow
The deception of the thrush? Into our first world.
There they were, dignified, invisible,
Moving without pressure, over the dead leaves,
In the autumn heat, through the vibrant air,
And the bird called, in response to
The unheard music hidden in the shrubbery,
And the unseen eyebeam crossed, for the roses
Had the look of flowers that are looked at.
There they were as our guests, accepted and accepting.
So we moved, and they, in a formal pattern,
Along the empty alley, into the box circle,
To look down into the drained pool.
Dry the pool, dry concrete, brown edged,
And the pool was filled with water out of sunlight,
And the lotus rose, quietly, quietly,
The surface glittered out of heart of light,
And they were behind us, reflected in the pool.
Then a cloud passed, and the pool was empty.
Go, said the bird, for the leaves were full of children,
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,
Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards,
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,
There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
I can only say, there we have been: but I cannot say where.
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.
The inner freedom from the practical desire,
The release from action and suffering, release from the inner
And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded
By a grace of sense, a white light still and moving.
Erhebung without motion, concentration
Without elimination, both a new world
And the old made explicit, understood
In the completion of its partial ecstasy,
The resolution of its partial horror.
Yet the enchainment of past and future
Woven in the weakness of the changing body,
Which flesh cannot endure.
The moment in the arbour where the rain beat,
The moment in the draughty church at smokefall
Be remembered; involved with past and future.
Only through time time is conquered.

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
With slow rotation suggesting permanence
Nor darkness to purify the soul
Emptying the sensual with deprivation
Cleansing affection from the temporal.
Neither plenitude 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.
Eructation of unhealthy souls
Into the faded air, the torpid
Driven on the wind that sweeps the gloomy hills of London,
Hampstead and Clerkenwell, Campden and Putney,
Highgate, Primrose and Ludgate. Not here
Not here the darkness, in this twittering world.
Descend lower, descend only
Into the world of perpetual solitude,
World not world, but that which is not world,
Internal darkness, deprivation
And destitution of all property,
Desiccation of the world of sense,
Evacuation of the world of fancy,
Inoperancy of the world of spirit;
This is the one way, and the other
Is the same, not in movement
But abstinence from movement; while the world moves
In appetency, on its metalled ways
Of time past and time future.

Time and the bell have buried the day,
The black cloud carries the sun away.
Will the sunflower turn to us, will the clematis
Stray down, bend to us; tendril and spray
Clutch and cling?
Chill.
Fingers of yew be curled
Down on us? 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,
Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
Will not stay still. Shrieking voices
Scolding, mocking, or merely chattering,
Always assail them. The Word in the desert
Is most attacked by voices of temptation,
The crying shadow in the funeral dance,
The loud lament of the disconsolate chimera.

The detail of the pattern is movement,
As in the figure of the ten stairs.
Desire itself is movement
Not 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.
East Coker

1. In my beginning is my end. In succession
2. Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,
3. Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place
4. Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.
5. Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,
6. Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth
7. Which is already flesh, fur and faeces,
8. Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.
9. Houses live and die: there is a time for building
10. And a time for living and for generation
11. And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane
12. And to shake the wainscot where the field-mouse trots
13. And to shake the tattered arras woven with a silent motto.

14. In my beginning is my end. Now the light falls
15. Across the open field, leaving the deep lane
16. Shuttered with branches, dark in the afternoon,
17. Where you lean against a bank while a van passes,
18. And the deep lane insists on the direction
19. Into the village, in the electric heat
20. Hypnotised. In a warm haze the sultry light
22. The dahlias sleep in the empty silence.
23. Wait for the early owl.

24. In that open field
25. If you do not come too close, if you do not come too close,
26. On a summer midnight, you can hear the music
27. Of the weak pipe and the little drum
28. And see them dancing around the bonfire
29. The association of man and woman
30. In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie—
31. A dignified and commodious sacrament.
32. Two and two, necessary conjunction,
33. Holding each other by the hand or the arm
34. Whiche betokeneth concord. Round and round the fire
35. Leaping through the flames, or joined in circles,
36. Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter
37. Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes,
38. Earth feet, loam feet, lifted in country mirth
39. Mirth of those long since under earth
40. Nourishing the corn. Keeping time,
41. Keeping the rhythm in their dancing
42. As in their living in the living seasons
43. The time of the seasons and the constellations
44. The time of milking and the time of harvest
45. The time of the coupling of man and woman
46. And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.
47. Eating and drinking. Dung and death.
48. Dawn points, and another day
49. Prepares for heat and silence. Out at sea the dawn wind
50. Wrinkles and slides. I am here
51. Or there, or elsewhere. In my beginning.
II

1. What is the late November doing
2. With the disturbance of the spring
3. And creatures of the summer heat,
4. And snowdrops writhing under feet
5. And hollyhocks that aim too high
6. Red into grey and tumble down
7. Late roses filled with early snow?
8. Thunder rolled by the rolling stars.
9. Simulates triumphal cars
10. Deployed in constellated wars
11. Scorpion fights against the Sun
12. Until the Sun and Moon go down
13. Comets weep and Leonids fly
14. Hunt the heavens and the plains
15. Whirled in a vortex that shall bring
16. The world to that destructive fire
17. Which burns before the ice-cap reigns.

18. That was a way of putting it—not very satisfactory:
19. A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,
20. Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle
21. With words and meanings. The poetry does not matter.
22. It was not (to start again) what one had expected.
23. What was to be the value of the long looked forward to,
24. Long hoped for calm, the autumnal serenity
25. And the wisdom of age? Had they deceived us,
26. Or deceived themselves, the quiet-voiced elders,
27. Bequeathing us merely a receipt for deceit?
28. The serenity only a deliberate hebetude,
29. The wisdom only the knowledge of dead secrets
30. Useless in the darkness into which they peered
31. Or from which they turned their eyes. There is, it seems to us,
32. At best, only a limited value
33. In the knowledge derived from experience.
34. The knowledge imposes a pattern, and falsifies,
35. For the pattern is new in every moment
36. And every moment is a new and shocking
37. Valuation of all we have been. We are only undeceived
38. Of that which, deceiving, could no longer harm.
39. In the middle; not only in the middle of the way
40. But all the way, in a dark wood, in a broumble,
41. On the edge of a grimpen, where is no secure foothold,
42. And menaced by monsters, fancy lights,
43. Risking enchantment. Do not let me hear
44. Of the wisdom of old men, but rather of their folly,
45. Their fear of fear and frenzy, their fear of possession,
46. Of belonging to another, or to others, or to God.
47. The only wisdom we can hope to acquire
48. Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.

49. The houses are all gone under the sea.
50. The dancers are all gone under the hill.

III

1. O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark,
2. The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the vacant,
3. 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 theatre, the lights are extinguished, for the scene to be changed with a hollow rumble of wings, with a movement of darkness on darkness, and we know that the hills and the trees, the distant panorama, and the bold imposing facade are all being rolled away—

Or as, when an underground train, in the tube, stops too long between stations, and the conversation 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.

You say I am repeating something I have said before. I shall say it again. Shall I say it again? In order to arrive there, to arrive where you are, to get from where you are not, you must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.

In order to arrive at what you do not know you must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.

In order to possess what you do not possess you must go by the way of dispossession.

In order to arrive at what you are not you must go through the way in which you are not. And what you do not know is the only thing you know, and what you own is what you do not own, and where you are is where you are not.

The wounded surgeon plies the steel that questions the distempered part; beneath the bleeding hands we feel the sharp compassion of the healer's art resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

Our only health is the disease if we obey the dying nurse.
Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind of our, and Adam's curse,
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.

The whole earth 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
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
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 buoy.)

1. I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
2. Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,
3. Patient to some degree, at first recognised as a frontier;
4. Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;
5. Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges.
6. The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten
7. By the dwellers in cities—ever, however, implacable.
8. Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder
9. Of what men choose to forget. Unhonoured, unpropitiated
10. By worshippers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.
11. His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,
12. In the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard,
13. In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,
14. And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.
15. The river is within us, the sea is all about us;
16. The sea is the land’s edge also, the granite
17. Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses
18. Its hints of earlier and other creation:
19. The starfish, the horseshoe crab, the whale’s backbone;
20. The pools where it offers to our curiosity
21. The more delicate algae and the sea anemone.
22. It tosses up our losses, the torn seine,
The shattered lobsterpot, the broken oar
And the gear of foreign dead men. The sea has many voices,
Many gods and many voices.
The salt is on the briar rose,
The fog is in the fir trees.
And the sea yelp, are different voices
Often together heard: the whine in the rigging,
The menace and caress of wave that breaks on water,
The distant rote in the granite teeth,
The wailing warning from the approaching headland
Are all sea voices, and the heaving groaner
Rounded homewards, and the seagull:
And under the oppression of the silent 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 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 falling 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
Or of a future that is not liable
Like the past, to have no destination.
We have to think of 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,
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 affection,
Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden illumination—
We had the experience but missed the meaning,
And approach to the meaning restores the experience
In a different form, beyond any meaning
We can assign to happiness. I have said before
That the past experience revived in the meaning
Is not the experience of one life only
But of many generations—not forgetting
Something that is probably quite ineffable:

The backward look behind the assurance
Of recorded history, the backward half-look
Over the shoulder, towards the primitive terror.
Now, we come to discover that the moments of agony
(Whether, or not, due to misunderstanding,
Having hoped for the wrong things or dreaded the wrong things,
Is not in question) are likewise permanent
With such permanence as time has. We appreciate this better
In the agony of others, nearly experienced,
Involving ourselves, than in our own.
For our own past is covered by the currents of action,
But the torment of others remains an experience
Unqualified, unworn by subsequent attrition.
People change, and smile: but the agony abides.
Time the destroyer is time the preserver,
Like the river with its cargo of dead negroes, cows and chicken coops,
The bitter apple and the bite in the apple.
And the ragged rock in the restless waters,
Waves wash over it, fogs conceal it;
On a halcyon day it is merely a monument,
In navigable 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.

I sometimes wonder if that is what Krishna meant—
Among other things—or one way of putting the same thing:

III

1
2
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;
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,
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
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.

V

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
When there is distress of nations and perplexity
Whether on the shores of Asia, or in the Edgware Road:
Men's curiosity searches past and future
And clings to that dimension. But to apprehend
The point of intersection of the timeless
With time, is an occupation for 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 existence 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 past and future also.
For most of us, this is the aim
Never here to be realised;
Who are only undefeated
Because we have gone on trying;
We, content at the last
If our temporal reversion nourish
(Not too far from the yew-tree)
The life of significant soil.


Little Gidding

1 Midwinter spring is its own season
2 Sempiternal though sodden towards sundown,
3 Suspended in time, between pole and tropic.
4 When the short day is brightest, with frost and fire,
5 The brief sun flames the ice, on pond and ditches,
6 In windless cold that is the heart's heat,
7 Reflecting in a watery mirror
8 A glare that is blindness in the early afternoon.
9 And glow more intense than blaze of branch, or brazier,
10 Stirs the dumb spirit: no wind, but pentecostal fire
11 In the dark time of the year. Between melting and freezing
12 The soul's sap quivers. There is no earth smell
13 Or smell of living thing. This is the spring time
14 But not in time's covenant. Now the hedgerow
15 Is blanched for an hour with transitory blossom
16 Of snow, a bloom more sudden
17 Than that of summer, neither budding nor fading,
18 Not in the scheme of generation.
19 Where is the summer, the unimaginable
20 Zero summer?

21 If you came this way,
22 Taking the route you would be likely to take
23 From the place you would be likely to come from,
24 If you came this way in may time, you would find the hedges
25 White again, in May, with voluptuary sweetness.
26 It would be the same at the end of the journey,
27 If you came at night like a broken king,
28 If you came by day not knowing what you came for,
29 It would be the same, when you leave the rough road
30 And turn behind the pig-sty to the dull façade
31 And the tombstone. And what you thought you came for
32 Is only a shell, a husk of meaning
33 From which the purpose breaks only when it is fulfilled
34 If at all. Either you had no purpose
35 Or the purpose is beyond the end you figured
36 And is altered in fulfilment. There are other places
37 Which also are the world's end, some at the sea jaws,
38 Or over a dark lake, in a desert or a city—
39 But this is the nearest, in place and time,
40 Now and in England.

41 If you came this way,
42 Taking any route, starting from anywhere,
43 At any time or at any season,
44 It would always be the same: you would have to put off
45 Sense and notion. You are not here to verify,
46 Instruct yourself, or inform curiosity
47 Or carry report. You are here to kneel
48 Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more
49 Than an order of words, the conscious occupation
50 Of the praying mind, or the sound of the voice praying.
51 And what the dead had no speech for, when living,
52 They can tell you, being dead: the communication
53 Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the
54 Living.
55 Here, the intersection of the timeless moment
ll

1 Ash on an old man's sleeve
2 Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.
3 Dust in the air suspended
4 Marks the place where a story ended.
5 Dust inhaled was a house—
6 The wall, the wainscot and the mouse.
7 The death of hope and despair,
8 This is the death of air.

9 There are flood and drouth
10 Over the eyes and in the mouth,
11 Dead water and dead sand
12 Contending for the upper hand.
13 The parched eviscerate soil
14 Gapes at the vanity of toil,
15 Laughs without mirth.
16 This is the death of earth.

17 Water and fire succeed
18 The town, the pasture and the weed.
19 Water and fire deride
20 The sacrifice that we denied.
21 Water and fire shall rot
22 The marred foundations we forgot,
23 Of sanctuary and choir.
24 This is the death of water and fire.

25 In the uncertain hour before the morning
26 Near the ending of interminable night
27 At the recurrent end of the unending

28 After the dark dove with the flickering tongue
29 Had passed below the horizon of his homing
30 While the dead leaves still rattled on like tin
31 Over the asphalt where no other sound was
32 Between three districts whence the smoke arose
33 I met one walking, loitering and hurried
34 As if blown towards me like the metal leaves
35 Before the urban dawn wind unresolved.
36 And as I fixed upon the down-turned face
37 That pointed scrutiny with which we challenge
38 The first-met stranger in the waning dusk
39 I caught the sudden look of some dead master
40 Whom I had known, forgotten, half recalled
41 Both one and many; in the brown baked features
42 The eyes of a familiar compound ghost
43 Both intimate and unidentifiable.
44 So I assumed a double part, and cried
45 And heard another's voice cry: 'What! are you here?'
46 Although we were not. I was still the same,
47 Knowing myself yet being someone other—
48 And he a face still forming; yet the words sufficed
49 To compel the recognition they preceded.
50 And so, compliant to the common wind,
51 Too strange to each other for misunderstanding.
52 In concord at this intersection time
53 Of meeting nowhere, no before and after,
54 We trod the pavement in a dead patrol.
55 I said: 'The wonder that I feel is easy,
56 Yet ease is cause of wonder. Therefore speak:
57 I may not comprehend, may not remember,'
58 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 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 aforesight and foresight.

Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age.

To set a crown upon your lifetime’s effort.

First, the cold friction of expiring sense.

Without enchantment, offering no promise.

But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit.

As body and soul 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 motives late revealed, and the awareness.

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 disfigured street.

He left me, with a kind of valediction.

And faded on the blowing of the horn.

There are three conditions which often look alike:

Yet differ completely, flourish in the same hedgerow:

Attachment to self and to things and to persons, detachment.

From self and from things and from persons; and, growing

between them, indifference.

Which resembles the others as death resembles life.

Being between two lives—unflowering, between.

The live and the dead nettle. This is the use of memory:

For liberation—not less of love but expanding.

Of love beyond desire, and so liberation.

From the future as well as the past. Thus, love of a country.

Begins as an attachment to our own field of action.

And comes to find that action of little importance.

Though never indifferent. History may be servitude.

History may be freedom. See, now they vanish.

The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved

them,

To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern.

Sin is Behovely, but

All shall be well, and

All manner of thing shall be well.
If I think, again, of this place,
And of people, not wholly commendable;
Of no immediate kin or kindness,
But some of peculiar genius,
All touched by a common genius,
United in the strife which divided them;
If I think of a king at nightfall,
Of three men, and more, on the scaffold
And a few who died forgotten
In other places, here and abroad,
And of one who died blind and quiet,
Why should we celebrate
These dead men more than the dying?
It is not to ring the bell backward
Nor is it an incantation
To summon the spectre of a Rose.
We cannot revive old factions
We cannot restore 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 discharge from sin and error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or 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 an 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
13 Is a step to the block, to the fire, down the sea's throat
14 Or to an illegible stone: and that is where we start.
15 We die with the dying:
16 See, they depart, and we go with them.
17 We are born with the dead:
18 See, they return, and bring us with them.
19 The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew-tree
20 Are of equal duration. A people without history
21 Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
22 Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails
23 On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
24 History is now and England.
25 With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this Calling
26 We shall not cease from exploration
27 And the end of all our exploring
28 Will be to arrive where we started
29 And know the place for the first time.
30 Through the unknown, remembered gate
31 When the last of earth left to discover
32 Is that which was the beginning;
33 At the source of the longest river
34 The voice of the hidden waterfall
35 And the children in the apple-tree
36 Not known, because not looked for
37 But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
38 Between two waves of the sea.
39 Quick now, here, now, always—
40 A condition of complete simplicity

41 (Costing not less than everything)
42 And all shall be well and
43 All manner of thing shall be well
44 When the tongues of flames are in-folded
45 Into the crowned knot of fire
46 And the fire and the rose are one.