Appendix One

Poem: THE WASTE LAND

1. The Burial Of The Death.

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of he 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 surprise 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 Russain, stamm' aus Litauen,
echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the
arch-duke '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 give 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 Irish Kind,
Wo wèlest du?

You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
'They call me the hyacinth girl.'

- Yet when Coe back, late, from the hyacinth garden,

Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I know nothing,
Looking into the heart of light silence.
Oed' und leer das meer.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyant,
Had a bad cold nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe.
With a wicked pack 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 one-eyed merchant, and this card,
Which blank is something he caries 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 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 in frequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

Flowed up the hill and down William Street,
To where saint Mary would not kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him crying:

'Setson!

' You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!

'That corpse you planted last year in the garden,

'Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?

'Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

'Oh keep the Dog far hence that's friends to men,

Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!

'You! Hypocrite lecteur! - mon semblable, - mon frere!'

II. A Game Of Chess

The chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glow on the marble, Where the glass
Held up by the standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Double the flames 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 colored 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 candled flames,
Flung there smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned the green orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam.
Above the antiques mental was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarious king
So rudely forced; yet they're 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 are thinking. Think.

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

'What is the noise'?
The wind under the door.
'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing'?
Nothing again nothing.

'Do
'You know nothing? Do you nothing? Do you remember
'Nothing'?

I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
'Are you alive or not? Is there nothing in your head'?

But
O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag-
It's so elegant
So intelligent
'What shall I do now? What shall I do'
'I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
'With my hair down, so. What shall we do tomorrow?
What shall we ever do?
The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock
upon the door.

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said-
I didn't mince my words. I said to her myself.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a
bit smart.
He'll want to know what you done with that
money he gave you
To get yourself some teeth he did, I was there.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.
And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor
Albert,
He's been in the army four years, he wants a
good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's others
will, I said.
Oh, is there, she said. Something o'that, I said.
Then I'll know who to thank, she said. And
give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME
If you don't like it you can on with it, I said.
Others can pick and choose if you can't
But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of
telling.
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so
antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
In can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said
(She's had five already, and nearly dies of
young George.)
The chemist said it would be all right, but I've
never been the same.
You are a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it
is, I said.
What you get married for if you don't want
children?

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME
Well, that Sunday Albert was home; they had
a hot gammon.
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the
beauty of it hot

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME
Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good
night, good night.

III. The Fire Sermon.

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of
leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The
nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich
papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette
ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;

Departed, have left no addresses.

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept ...

Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,

Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or Long.

But at my back in a cold blast I hear

The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation

Dragging its slimy belly on the bank

While I was fishing in the dull canal

On a winter evening round behind the gashouse

Musing upon the king my brother's wreck

And on the king my father's death before him.

White bodies naked on the low damp ground

And bones cast in a little low dry garret,

Rattled by the rat's foot only, year-to-year.

But at my back from time to time I hear

The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring

Sweeney to Mrs Porter in the spring.

They wash their feet in soda water

Et, O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole;

Twit Twit Twit

Jug Jug Jug Jug Jug Jug

So rudely forc'd.

Tereu

Unreal city

Under the brown fog of a winter noon

Mr Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant

Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

C.i.f.London: documents at sight,

Asked me in demotic French

To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel

Followed by a weekend at the Metropolis.

At the violet hours, when the eyes and back

Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits

Like a Taxi throbbing waiting,

I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,

Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see

At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives

Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,

The typist home at teatime clears her breakfast, lights

Her stove, and lays out food in tins.

Out of the window perilously 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 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 patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit...
She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brains allows one half-formed through to pass:
'Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over.'
When lovely women stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes 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 sometime hear
Beside a public bar in Lower Thames street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a latter and chatter from within
Where fishermen 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 Greenwhich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.

Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars

The stern was formed
A glided shell
Red and gold
The brisk well
Rippled both shores
Southwest wind
Carried down stream
The peal of bells
White towers
  Weiiala 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

IV. Death By Water

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,

Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.

A current under sea

Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell

He passed the stages of his age and youth

Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew

O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,

Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

V. What The Thunder Said

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 mountains

He who was living is now dead

We who were living are now dying

With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock

Rock and no water and the sandy road

The road winding above among the mountains

Which are mountains of rock without water

If there were water we should stop and drink

Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think

Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand

If there were only water amongst the rock

Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mud cracked houses
If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock
And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop 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 with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.
In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.
It has no windows, and the door swings,
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
DA
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
DA
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, aethereal rumours

Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA
Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, you heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands
I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam uti chelidon- O swallow swallow
Le Prince d’Aquitaine a la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then lle fit you. Hieronymo’s mad againe.
Shantih shantih shantih
Burnt Norton

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 not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose-garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

But to what purpose
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose-leaves
I do not know.

Others echo
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?
Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,
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 lotos rose, quietly, quietly,
The surface glittered our 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.

II

Garlic and sapphires in the mud
Clot the bedded axle-tree.
The trilling wire in the blood
Sings below inveterate scars
Appeasing long the artery
The circulation of the lymph
Are figured in the drift of stars
Ascend to summer in the tree.
We move above the moving tree
In light upon the sodden floor
Below, the boarhound and the boar
Pursue their pattern as before
But reconciled among the stars.
At the still point of the turning world.
Neither flesh nor flesheless
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,
Protects mankind from heaven and damnation
Which flesh cannot endure.
Time past and time future
Allow but a little consciousness.
To be conscious is not to be in time
But only in time can the moment in the rose-
garden,
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.

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
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 unwho!esome 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, Camden and Pimney,
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 abstention from movement; while the moves
In appetency, on its metalled ways
Of time past and time future.

IV
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.

V
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 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

I
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 are 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-
And to shake the wainscot where the field mouse trots
And to shake the tattered arm woven with a silence-motto.

In my beginning is my end. Now the light falls
Across the field, leaving the deep lane
Shuttered with branches, dark in the afternoon.
Into the village, in the electric 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, necessary coniunction,
Holding each other by the hand or the arm
Which be tokeneth 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 their 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.
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 meanings. The poetry does not matter.
It was (to start again) what one had expected.
What was to be the value of the long looked forward to,
Long hoped for calm, the autumnal serenity
And the wisdom of age? Had they deceived us,
Or deceived themselves, the quiet-voiced elders,
Bequeathing us merely a receipt for deceit?
The serenity only the 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 imposes 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 grimen, 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 humanity: humility is endless.
The houses are all gone under the sea.
The dances 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,
chairman 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
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 to 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 only thing you know
And what you own is what you do not own
And where you are is where you are not.

IV
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 shall
Die of the absolute paternal care
That will not leave us, but prevent 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 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.

V
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
attempts
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
One is no longer disposed to say, or the way in
which
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 unpromising. 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 become stranger,
the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime of one man only
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

The Dry Salvages

(Here and 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
dissolution.
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
If the petrel and the porpoise. In my
end is my beginning.

The Dry Salvages

(The dry salvages— presumably les trois
salvages—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.)

I
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 conveyer of
commerce;
Then only a problem confronting
the builder of
bridges
Then 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,
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
It hints of earlier and other creation:
The starfish, the horseshoe crab, the whale’s
backbone;
The pools where it offers to our curiosity
The more delicate algae and the sea anemone.
It tosses up our losses, the torn seine,
The shattered lobsterpot, the broken oar

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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.
The sea howl
And the sea yelp, are different voices
Often together heard: the whine in the rigging,
The menace and caress of wave that breaks on
I water,
The distant rote in the granite teeth,
And the wailing warning from the approaching
headland
Are all sea voices, and the heaving groaner
Rounded homewards, and the seafull:
And under the oppression of the silent fog
The toiling 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.

II
Where is the 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 failing powers,
The unattached devotion at 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 oceangless
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 blanks unchanging and
erosionless
Or drawing their money drying sails at
dockage;
Not as making a trip that will be unprayable
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 oft seems, 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, fulfillment, security or affection,
Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden
illuminations-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 hopes for the wrong things
or dreaded the wrong things,
Is not the 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.

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 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
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 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 come to port, and you whose bodies
Will suffer the trial and judgment 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.

IV
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,
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 will not reject them
Or wherever cannot reach them the sound of the sea's 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
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 Edward 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 lighting 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
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 the 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

Midwinter spring is its own season
Sempiternal though sodden towards sundown,
Suspended in time, between pole and tropic.
When the short day is brightest, with frost and fire,
The brief sun flames the ice, on pond and ditches,
In windless cold that is the heart's heat,
Reflecting in a watery mirror
A glare that is blindness in the early afternoon.
And glow more intense than blaze of branch, or brazier,
Stirs the dumb spirit: no wind, but pentecostal fire
In the dark time of the year. Between melting and freezing
The soul's sap quivers. There is no earth smell
Or smell of living thing. This is the springtime
But not in time's covenant. Now the hedgerow
Is blanched for an hour 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
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 fulfillment. 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 to kneel
Where prayer has been valid. And prayer is more
Than and order of words, the conscious occupation
Of the praying mind, or the sound
Of the voice praying
And what the dead had no speech for, when living,
They can tell you, being dead: the communication
Of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.
Here, the intersection of the timeless moment

II
Ash on an old man’s sleeve
Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.
Dust in the air suspended
Marks the place where a story ended.
Dust in breathed was a house-
The wall, the wainscot and the mouse.
The death of the hope and despair,
This is the death of air.

There are flood and drouth
Over the eyes and in the mouth,
Dead water and dead sand
Contending for the upper hand.
The parched evicerate soil
Gapes at the vanity of toil,
laughs without mirth.
This is the death of earth.

Water and fire succeed
The town, the pasture and the weed.
Water and fire deride
The sacrifice that we denied.
Water and the fire shall rot
The marred foundations we forgot,
Of sanctuary and choir.
This is the death of water and fire.

In the uncertain hour before the morning
Near the ending of interminable night
At the recurrent end of the unending
After the dark dove with the flickering tongue
Had passed below the horizon of his homing
While the dead leaves still rattled on like tin
Over the asphalt where no other sound was
Between three districts whence the smoke arose
I met one walking, loitering and hurried
As if blown towards me like the metal leaves
Before the urban dawn wind unresisting.
And as I fixed upon the down-turned face
That pointed scrutiny with which we challenge
The first-met stranger in the waning dusk
I caught the sudden look of some dead master
Whom I had known, forgotten, half recalled
Both one and many, in the brown backed features
The eyes of a familiar compound ghost
Both intimate and unidentifiable.
So I assumed a double part, and cried
And heard another’s voice cry: ‘What are you here?’
Although we were not. I was still the same,
Knowing myself yet being someone other-
And he a face still forming; yet the words sufficed
To compel the recognition they preceded.
And so, complaint to the 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 to forgive.
Both bad and good. Last season's fruit is eaten
And the full fed 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 to 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 after sight 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.

III
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 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 incarnation
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 shall be well
By the purification of the motive
In the ground of our beseeching

IV
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 suspiro
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 nor ostentatious,
An easy commence 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 we start.
We die with the dying:
See, they depart, and we go with them.
We are born with the dead:
See, they return, and bring us with them.
The moment of the rose and
the moment of the yew-tree
Are of equal duration. A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments. So, while the light fails
On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.

With the drawing of this Love and
the voice of this Calling
We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, remembered gate
When the last earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the 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 flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.