```
ght in the warm rain No
                                                             e deep in the salt marsh, heaving a c
                                                                                                               utlass, Bitten by flies, fou
                                                                                                                                                 ght. My house is a decayed house, And t
                                                                                                                                                                                                 he jew squats on the window sill, th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e owner, Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp, Blist
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ered in Br
                                                  r kne
                                                                                                          hs at night in the field overhead; Roc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            a, Sneezes at evening, poking the peevish gutter. I an o
ussels, patched an
                                                            d peeled in London. The goat coug
                                                                                                                                                    ks, moss, stonecrop, iron, merds. The
                                                                                                                                                                                                  woman keeps the kitchen, makes te
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Id man, A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e year Came Christ the tiger in depraved May, dogwood
dull head amo
                         ng windy spaces.
                                                            Signs are taken for wonders. "W
                                                                                                       e would see a sign": The word within a word,  unable to speak a word, Swaddled wit
                                                                                                                                                                                                   h darkness. In the juvescence of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           and ches
                   ng Judas, To be eaten, to be
                                                             divided, to be drunk Among
                                                                                                   whispers; by Mr. Silvero With caressing hands, at Limoges Who walked all night in the ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ong the Titians; By Madame de Tornquist, in the dark r
tnut. floweri
                                                                                                                                                                                                    xt room; By Hakagawa, bowing am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          oom Shifti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nowledge, what forgiveness? Think now History has m
                                                                                                  the door. Vacant shuttles Weave the wind. I have no ghosts, An old man in a draughty house
ng the can
                dles; Fraulein von Kulp Who turned
                                                               in the hall, one hand on
                                                                                                                                                                                                      Under a windy knob. After such k
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          any cunni
                                                                                                ring ambitions, Guides us by vanities. Think now She gives when our attention is distracted An
             ges, contrived corridors And issues, d
                                                                eceives with whispe
                                                                                                                                                                                                     d what she gives, gives with such
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             supple confusions That the giving famishes the cravin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         g. Gives to
ng passa
         What's not believed in, or if still believed,
                                                                  In memory only, r
                                                                                              econsidered passion. Gives to o soon Into weak hands, what's thought can be dispensed with Till
                                                                                                                                                                                                       the refusal propagates a fear. Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Ăre fathere
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ink Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices
                                                                                                                                                                                                      he devours. Think at last We hav
d by
       our heroism. Virtues Are forced upon us b
                                                                   our impudent c
                                                                                            rimes. These tears are shaken
                                                                                                                              from the wrath-bearing tree. The tiger springs in the new year. Us
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ached con
     ion, when I Stiffen in a rented house. Think
                                                                                                                               And it is not by any concitation Of the backward devils. I would m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        y. I that wa
                                                                    st I have not
                                                                                          made this show purposelessly
                                                                                                                                                                                                       eet you upon this honestl
                                                                                                                              n. I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it Since what
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Iterated? I have los
s n ear your heart was removed therefrom To los
                                                       e bea
                                                                     uty in terro
                                                                                          r, terror in inquisitio
                                                                                                                                                                                                       s kept must be adu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           t my sig
ht , smell, hearing, taste and touch: How should I
                                                                                         oser contact? These w
                                                                                                                                  ith a thousand small deliberations Protract the profit of their chil
                                                       use it f
                                                                                                                                                                                                       led delirium.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Excite the membrane, when the sense has coole
                                                                     or your c
With pungent sauces, multiply variety In a wildern
                                                                                                                                         spend its operations, will the weevil Delay? De Bailhache
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Mrs. Cammel, whirled Beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear
                                                       ess of m
                                                                      irrors. W
                                                                                        hat will the spider do, Su
                                                                                                                                                                                                        . Fresca.
                                                                                        Of Belle Isle, or running o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                d man driven by the Trades To a sleepy corner. Tenants of the house, Thou
In fractured atoms. Gull again st the wi nd, in t
                                                       he wind
                                                                     y straits
                                                                                                                                      n the Horn, White feathers in the snow, the Gulf claims, And
                                                                                                                                ar Tra-la-la-la-la-laire--nil nisi divinum stabile est; caetera fumus
ghts of a dry brain in a dry sea
                                                       ank with
                                                                      a Baed
                                                                                       eker: Bleistein with a Cig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            the gondola stopped, the old palace was there, how charming its grey and pink-- goat
                                  SO
                                                                                                                                through the little park, where Niobe presented her with a cabinet, a
s and monkeys, with such hair t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nd so departed. Burbank crossed a little bridge Descending at a small hotel; Princess Volupi
                                        00!--so
                                                       the cour
                                                                      tess pa
                                                                                       ssed on until she came
ne arrived, They were together,
                                                                                                                                ward with the passing bell Slowly: the God Hercules Had left him, t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                rses, under the axletree Beat up the
                                        and he
                                                                      nctive
                                                                                       music under sea Passe
                                                                                                                    d sea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   hat had loved him well. The ho
                                                                                        Burned on the water all the day.
                                                                                                                                But this or such was Bleistein's way: A saggy bending of the kn
dawn from Istria With even fee
                                          t. He
                                                       r shuttere
                                                                      d barge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                ees And elbows, with the p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        alms turned out, Chicago $
emite Viennese. A lustreles
                                                        rotrusive
                                                                      eye Sta
                                                                                       res from the protozoic slime At a per
                                                                                                                                spective of Canaletto. The smoky candle end of time Declines
                                                                                                                                                                                                             On the Rialto once. Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               e rats are underneat
                                                                     urs. The
                                                                                                                                ends A meagre, blue-nailed, phthisic hand To climb the wa
h the piles. The jew is underneath
                                                        oney in f
                                                                                       boatman smiles, Princess Volupine ext
                                                                                                                                                                                                          terstair. Lights, lights,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    She entertains
Sir Ferdinand Klein. Who clipped the
                                                                                        ump and pared his claws? Thought Burbank, meditating on Time's ruins, and the seven laws. Sw
                                                                                                                                                                                                       eeney Erect And the t
                                                        as And f
                                                                     lea'd his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        rees about
me, Let them be dry and leafless; le t the rocks G
                                                                                        I surges; and behind me Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches! Paint me a cavernous wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        unstilted Cyclades, Paint
                                                         roan wi
                                                                    th continua
                                                                                                                                                                                                    ste shore Cast in the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           me the b
                                                                                          me Aeolus above Reviewing the insurgent gales Which tangle Ariadne's hair And swell wit
old anfractuous rocks Faced by the snarled and y
                                                                    seas. Display
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             sails. Morning stirs the feet and hands (Nausi
                                                         elping
                                                                                                                                                                                                  h haste the perjured
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                caa
and Polypheme), Gesture of orang-outang Rises
                                                                                                                                                                                                O cropped out with
                                                          from
                                                                   the sheets in s
                                                                                           team. This withered root of knots of hair Slitted below and gashed with eyes, This oval
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      teeth: The sickle motion from the thighs Jackknifes upwa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  pink from nape to base, Knows the female temperament And wi
                                                                   Pushing the fra
                                                                                           mework of the bed And clawing at the pillow slip. Sweeney addressed full length to sh
  d at the knees Then straightens out from heel to
                                                           hip
                                                                                                                                                                                              ave Broadbottomed
                                                                                             istory, said Emerson Who had not seen the silhouette Of Sweeney straddled in th
    pes the suds around his face. (The lengthened
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              zor on his leg Waiting until the shriek subsides. The epileptic on the bed
                                                                 hadow of a man Is I
                                                                                                                                                                                            e sun). Tests the ra
      Curves backward, clutching at her sides. The
                                                                                              Find themselves involved, disgraced, Call witness to their principles And depre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           te Observing that hysteria Might easily be misunderstood; Mrs. Turner intimat
                                                                ladies of the corridor
                                                                                                                                                                                           cate the lack of tas
                                                                                                  Enters padding on broad feet, Bringing sal volatile And a glass of brandy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        g En l'an trentiesme de mon aage Que toutes mes hontes j'ay beues... Pipit sate up
       es It does the house no sort of good. But Dor
                                                              is, towelled from the bath
                                                                                                                                                                                         neat. A Cooking Eg
          right in her chair Some distance from where
                                                               I was sitting; Views of the
                                                                                                  Oxford Colleges Lay on the table, with the knitting. Daguerreotypes and
                                                                                                                                                                                         silhouettes, Her g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     randfather and great great aunts, Supported on the mantelpiece An Invitation to the Da
                                                                                                                                                                                      kidney. I shall not
            nce. . . . . . I shall not want Honour in H
                                                                                                      ilip Sidney And have talk with Coriolanus And other heroes of that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   want Capital in Heaven For I shall meet Sir Alfred Mond: We two shall lie together, lapt In a f
                                                               eaven For I shall meet Sir Ph
                                                                                                          Lucretia Borgia shall be my Bride; Her anecdotes will be more
              ive per cent Exchequer Bond. Is
                                                                 Il not want Society in Heaven,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   . I shall not want Pipit in Heaven: Madame Bl
                                                                                                                                                                                      amusing Than Pip
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  it's experience could provide
                                                  the Sev
                                                                 en Sacred Trances: Piccarda de
                avatsky will instruct me In
                                                                                                                Donati will conduct me. . . . . But where is the penny
                                                                                                                                                                                     world I bought To
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 eat with Pipit behind the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e red-eyed scavengers are creeping From
                                           and Golder's G
                                                                                                                                           trumpets? Buried beneath
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ing, weeping multitudes Droop in a hun
                    Kentish Town
                                                                   reen; Where are the eagles and the
                                                                                                                                                                                    some snow-deep
                                                                                                                                                                                                                Alps. Over buttered sc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ones and crumpets Weep
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     itor's replacement of original foo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                tnote] Le Directeur Malheur à la mall
                      dred A.B.C.'s ["ABC's" signifes endem
                                                                     ic teashops, found in all parts of London. Th
                                                                                                                                 e initials signify "Aerated Bread Co
                                                                                                                                                                                  mpany, Limited."--
                                                                                                                                                                                                             Project Gutenberg Ed
                         ureuse Tamise! Tamisel Qui coule si
                                                                       pres du Spectateur. Le directeur Conservateur Du Spectateur Empeste la prise. Les actionna
                                                                                                                                                                                 ires Réactionnaire
                                                                                                                                                                                                            s Du Spectateur Co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    nservateur Bras dessus bras dessous
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Font des tours A pas de loup. Dan
                            n égout Une petite fille En guenilles
                                                                         Camarde Regarde Le directeur Du Spectateur Conservateur Et crève d'amour. Mélange ad
                                                                                                                                                                                ultère de tout En
                                                                                                                                                                                                           Amerique, profess
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  eur; En Angleterre, jour naliste; C'est à gr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ands pas et en sueur Que vous
                                                                          re, conferencier; A Londres, un peu banquier, Vous me paierez bien la tête. C'est à Paris
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ophe Surexcité par Emporheb
suiv
                                 rez à peine ma piste. En Yorkshi
                                                                                                                                                                                que je me coiffe
                                                                                                                                                                                                          Casque noir de je
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 menfoutiste. En Al
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               lemagne, philos
                                       grand air de Bergsteigleben;
                                                                             J'erre toujours de-ci de-là A divers coups de tra la la De Damas jusqu'à Omaha. Je ce
en Au
                                                                                                                                                                               lebrai mon jour d
                                                                                                                                                                                                          e fête Dans une o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                asis d'Afrique Vêtu d'un
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e peau de gira
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        fe. On montrera mon cénota
 phe A
                                           ux côtes brûlantes de Moz
                                                                              ambique. Lune de Miel IIs ont vu les Pays-Bas, ils rentrent à Terre Haute; Mais une
                                                                                                                                                                             nuit d'été, les voi
                                                                                                                                                                                                         ci à Ravenne, A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               l'sur le dos écartant les
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     noux De qua
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         tre jambes molles tout gon
                                                                               drap pour mieux égratigner. Moins d'une lieue d'ici est Saint Apollinaire In Class
   flées
                                                                                                                                                                             e, basilique conn
                                                                                                                                                                                                        ue des amateur
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              s De chapitaux d'acanth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e que
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        touraoie le
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           vent. Ils vont prendre le tr
                                                             huit heures Prolonger leurs misères de Padoue à Milan Ou se trouvent le Cène, et un restaurant pa
     ain de
                                                                                                                                                                            s cher. Lui pense
                                                                                                                                                                                                         aux pourboire
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              s, et redige
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               son bi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         lan. Ils auro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nt vu la Suisse et travers
                                                                          ance. Et Saint Apollinaire, raide et a scétique, Vieille usine désaffectée de Dieu, tient e
      é la Fr
                                                                                                                                                                           ncore Dans ses p
                                                                                                                                                                                                        ierres ècroulan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              tes la forme pr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          se de Byzan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ce. The Hippopotamus
                                                                                             er et omnes revereantur Diaconos, ut mandatum Jesu Christi; et E
                                                                                                                                                                           piscopum, ut Jes
                                                                                                                                                                                                       um Christum,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             existentem filium
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              sbyteros autem, ut co
                                                                                                              Dei et conj
          ncilium
                                                                                                                                nem Apostolorum, Sine his Ecc
                                                                                                                                                                           esia non vocatur;
                                                                                                                                                                                                        de quibus su
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             adeo vos sic habeo.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            S. IGNATII
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              AD TRALLIANOS. An
                                                                                                                      epistle is read among you, cause that it b
             d whe
                                    n thi
                                                                                                                                                                          e read also in the
                                                                                                                                                                                                       church of the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Laodiceans. The br
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    oad
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            -backed hipp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               opotamus Rests on h
                                                     the mud; Alt ho
                                                                                                                       ugh he seems so firm to us He is merely
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ceptible to ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ryous shock: While
               is bell
                                                                                                                                                                           flesh and blood
                                                                                                                                                                                                       Flesh-and-blo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             od is weak and fra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  il. Sus
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ds, While the
                 he Tru
                                      e C
                                               hurch can n
                                                                                                                        er fail For it is based upon a rock. The h
                                                                                                                                                                          ippo's feeble step
                                                                                                                                                                                                       s may err In c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ompassing mate
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rial en
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                True Church need n
                                                                                                                                      The 'potamus can never
                   ever st
                                  ir To
                                              ather in
                                                                                                                                                                          reach The mango
                                                                                                                                                                                                       on the mango-
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              tree: But fruits
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           egranate and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                peach Refresh the C
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   pom
                                                                                                                        mating time the hippo's voice Betrays in
                     hurch
                               from o ver
                                              ea. At
                                                                                                                                                                          flexions hoarse an
                                                                                                                                                                                                        d odd. But eve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               rv week we h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ear rejoice
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e Church, at b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                eing one with God.
                       e hipp opota mu s's day l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                y- The Chu rch can sleep an
                                                                                                                                    sed in sleep; a t night he hu
                                                                                                                                                                         nts; God works in a
                                                                                                                                                                                                         mysterious wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           eed at once. I s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                aw the 'potamus ta
                                                                                                                        s pas
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  in loud hosannas. Blood of the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Lamb shall was
                     ing Ascendi ng
                                           from th
                                                                          e damp savann
                                                                                                                                               d quiring angels
                                                                                                                                                                          round him sing The
                                                                                                                                                                                                          praise of God,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                h him clean And hi
   sha II heavenly arm s enfold,
                                                                         e saints he shall be s
                                                                                                                        een Performing on a harp of gold. He sh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   all the martyr'd virgins kiss, Wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                rch remains below
                                          Among
                                                                                                                                                                          all be washed as wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                          ite as snow, By
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ile the True Chu
m
Wra pt in
           th e o ld miasmal mist.
                                                                     estaurant Le garcon délabré
                                                                                                                        qui n'a rien à faire Que de se gratter les
                                           Dans le R
                                                                                                                                                                          doigts et se pencher
                                                                                                                                                                                                           sur mon épaul
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e: "Dans mon pays il fera tem
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ps pluvieux, Du v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ent, du grand soleil,
et de la
                     uie ; C'est ce qu'
                                                                  le jour de lessive des gueux." (B
                                                                                                                       avard, baveux, à la croupe arrondie, Je te
                                                                                                                                                                          prie, au moins, ne ba
                                                                                                                                                                                                           ve pas dans la s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        oupe). "Les saules tremp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       és, et des bourgeo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ns sur les ronces-
             рl
                                           on appell
                            ns une averse, qu'on s'abrite. J'avais septtans, elle était plus petite. Elle
C'est là,
                                                                                                                       etait toute mouillée, je lui ai donné des pr
                                                                                                                                                                          mavères." Les tâches
                                                                                                                                                                                                            de son gilet mon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            tent au chiffre d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e trente-huit. "Je la
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                chatouillais, pour la
fa ir e rir
C 'e
                            e. J'éprouvais un instant de puissance et de délire." Mais alors, vieux lubri
                                                                                                                       que, a cet âge... "Monsieur, le fait est dur.
                                                                                                                                                                           I est venu, nous pelot
                                                                                                                                                                                                             er, un gros chien; M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  oi j'avais peur, je l'ai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               quittee a mi-chemin
                                Mais a lors, tu as ton vautour! Va t'en te décrotter les rides du visage:
                                                                                                                        iens, ma fourchette, décrasse-toi le crân
                                                                                                                                                                                                               des expériences com
                                                                                                                                                                           De quel droit payes-tu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               me moi? Tiens, voilà di
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               x sous, pour la salle
         de-bains. Phlébas, le Phénicie n, pendant quinze jours noyé, Oubliait les cris des mouettes et la
                                                                                                                         houle de Cornouaille, Et les profits et les p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e repassant aux étape
                                                                                                                                                                            ertes, et la cargaison d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                'etain: Un courant de sou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          s-mer l'emporta tres loin. L
         s de sa vie antérieure. Figurez-vo us don c, c'etait un sort penible; Cependant, ce fut jadis u
                                                                                                                        n bel homme, de haute taille. Whispers of
                                                                                                                                                                            mmortality Webster wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 s much possessed by death And saw the skull beneath the skin; An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             d breastless creatures
        under ground Leaned backward with a liples sign. Daffodil bulbs instead of balls Stared from
                                                                                                                         the sockets of the eyes! He knew that thou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   imbs Tightening its lusts and luxuries. Donne, I suppose, was su
                                                                                                                                                                             ght clings round dead I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ch another Who found
       no substitute for sense; To seize and clutch and penetrate, Expert beyond experience. He knew t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    sible to flesh Allayed the fever of the bone. . . . . Grishkin is
                                                                                                                         he anguish of the marrow The ague of the s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nice: her Russian eye Is
                                                                                                                                                                               keleton; No contact pos
       underlined for emphasis; Uncorseted, her friendly bust Gives promise of pneumatic bliss. The co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      btle effluence of cat; Grishkin has a maisonette; The slee
                                                                                                                          uched Brazilian jaguar Compels the scamp
                                                                                                                                                                                ering marmoset With su
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          k Brazilian jaguar Does n
       in its arboreal gloom Distil so rank a feline smell As Grishkin in a drawing-room. And even the Abst
                                                                                                                           ract Entities Circumambulate her charm; B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Sunday Morning Service
                                                                                                                                                                                 ut our lot crawls between
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          dry ribs To keep our metaphysics warm. Mr. Eliot's
   ook, look, master, here comes two religious caterpillars. The Jew of Malta. Polyphiloprogenitive The sapi
                                                                                                                            ent sutlers of the Lord Drift across the win
                                                                                                                                                                                  dow-panes. In the beginn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ing was the Word. In the beginning was the W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ord. Superfetation of [Greek
                        nd at the mensu al turn of time Produced enervate Origen. A painter of the Umbri
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               d God. The wilderness is cracked and b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      rowned But through the water
text in serted here], A
                                                                                                                             an school Designed upon a gesso ground
                                                                                                                                                                                    The nimbus of the Baptize
pale and thin Still shine
                                               ffending feet And there above the painter set The Father
                                                                                                                              and the Paraclete. . . . . The sable presbyt
                                                                                                                                                                                     ers approach The avenue o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d and pustular Clutching piacul
                           the uno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     f penitence; The young are re
                                                 nitential gates Sustained by staring Seraphim Where t
                                                                                                                                he souls of the devout Burn invisible and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ith hairy bellies pass between The
         ve pence. U nde r the pe
                                                                                                                                                                                      dim. Along the garden-wall t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              he bees W
                                              te, Blest office of the epicene. Sweeney shifts from ham
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               s Are controversial, polymath. Sween
         minate an
                               pistila
                                                                                                                                  to ham Stirring the water in his bath. The
                                                                                                                                                                                         masters of the subtle school
ey Am
The cir
                  the
                                  Nighti ngales [Greek text inserted here] Apeneck S weeney spr
                                                                                                                                   eads his knees Letting his arms hang dow
                                                                                                                                                                                          n to laugh, The zebra stripes alo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ng his jaw Swelling to maculate giraffe.
          ong
                                      tormy moon Slide westward toward the River
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Orion and the Dog Are veiled; and hushed t
          cles
                                                                                                                                    eath and the Raven drift above And Swee
                                                                                                                                                                                           ney guards the horned gate. Gloomy
                                   en seas; The person in the Spanish cape Tries to
                                                                                                                                                                                             é table cloth Overturns a coffee-cup, Reorgani
he shr
          unk
                                                                                                                                      sit on Sweeney's knees Slips and pulls th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            zed upon the floor She yawns and draws a stockin
g up; T
                               ilent man in mocha brown Sprawls at the window-sill and
                                                                                                                                         gapes; The waiter brings in oranges Ban
                                                                                                                                                                                                anas figs and hothouse grapes; The silent vertebrate in brown Contracts and concentrates, withdraws; Rach
         he s
                            ovitch Tears at the grapes with murderous paws; She a nd the I
                                                                                                                                          ady in the cape Are suspect, thought to
                                                                                                                                                                                                  be in league; Therefore the man with heavy eyes Declines the gambit, shows fatigue, Leaves the room an
el née Rabin
                                                                                                                                            mscribe a golden grin; The host with so
d reap
                         pears Outside the window, leaning in, Branches of wisteri
                                                                                                                                                                                                    meone indistinct Converses at the door apart, The nightingales are singing near T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         he Convent of
                       acred Heart, And sang within the bloody wood When Aga
                                                                                                                                               n cried aloud, And let their liquid dropp
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ings fall To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud. The Love Song of J. Alfred Pr
the S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ufrock S'io
                                                                                                                                                 mondo, Questa fiamma staria senza piu
                     esse che mia risposta fosse A persona che mai torn
                                                                                                                                                                                                           scosse. Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo Non torno vivo alcun,
cred
                                                                                              asse a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             s'i'odo il
                                                                                                                                                                                                              inst the sky Like a patient etherized upon a table; Let us go, throu
                               d'infamia ti rispondo. Let us go then,
                                                                                                  you and
                                                                                                                                                     I, When the evening is spread out aga
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ah certai
ero. S
                               ed streets, The mutte
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells: Streets that fo
alf-dese
                                                                                                                                                        tless nights in one-night cheap hotels
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                llow like
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               a tedi
                           Of insidious intent To I
ous argume
                                                                                                          u to an
                                                                                                                                                          overwhelming question.... Oh, do not
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ask, "What is it?" Let us go and make our visit. In the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 room th e women
come and go T alking of Michelangelo. The yello
                                                                      w fog t hat rubs
                                                                                                                                                              upon the window-panes, The yellow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-pan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  es Licked its ton
                                                                         e pools that stand
gue into the corners of the evening, Lingered upon th
                                                                                                                   in drain
                                                                                                                                                                 s, Let fall upon its back the soot that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   falls from chimneys, Slipped by the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     terrace, made a
sud den leap, And seeing thaat it was a soft O ctober night
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e yellow smok
                                                                      Curled once about the ho
                                                                                                                        use, and
                                                                                                                                                                       fell asleep. And indeed there will be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          time For th
                                                                                                                            will be
      at slides along the
                               street, Rubbi
                                              ng its back upon the window panes; There
                                                                                                                                                                          time, there will be time To prepare
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        a face to m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       eet the face
                                                                                                                                                                               the works and days of hands That I
     at you meet
                           There will be
                                                        to murder and create.
                                                                                                                                 e for all
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ift and dr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         op a ques
                       Time for you
                                                                                                                                       dred ind
tion o nyour plate;
                                          and time
                                                      for me. And
                                                                          time yet
                                                                                           for a hun
                                                                                                                                                                                      ecisions. And for a hundred visions
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ions, Bet
                                      the room t
                                                                                                                                             go Talk
                                                                                                                                                                                            ing of Michelangelo. And indeed there
ore the ta
          king of a toast and tea. In
                                                      he women co
                                                                                                 me and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             me To
wond er, "Do`
                   dare?" and, "Do I dare?" Ti me to turn
                                                                                                                                                                                                    air, With a bald spot in the middle of my hair-- (They
                                                                                                       d desce
                                                                                                                                                  nd the st
                                                                                                                                                                                                               ng firmly to the chin, My necktie rich a
                      hair is growing thin!")
                                                   My mor
say: "
         How his
                                                              ning coat,
                                                                                                              my coll
                                                                                                                                                         ar mounti
                                                                                                                    say: "Bu
d modest, b
                          ut asserted by
                                             a simple
                                                            pin-- (They will
                                                                                                                                                                 t how his a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                rms and legs are th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     h a minute will r
Do I
      d are
                           Disturb the universe? In
                                                        a minute th
                                                                                                                           time For d
                                                                                                                                                                         ecisions and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          whic
                                                                      ere is
everse
                           For I have known them all already, kno
                                                                                                                                  m all: Have
                                                                                                                                                                                   known the evenin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    as. morni
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ngs, afternoon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 s, I have measured out
my life
                                                                                                                                              ing with a dyin
                                                                                                                                                                                                   g fall Beneath the music from a farther r
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      oom. So how sho u
                            with coff ee spoons; I know the
                                                                      voices dy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Id I presume? And I have k
                                           already, known them all-- The eyes th at f ix y
                                                                                                                                                          ou in a formulated phrase, And when I am formulated, sprawling
now
                           the eves
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      When I am pinn ed and wriggling on the wall, Then h
     n
                         hould I beg
                                               n To spit out all the butt-ends of my days
                                                                                                                                                                                 and ways? And how
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              should
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    presume? An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         d I have known the arms already, kno
ow s
wn th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      re (But in the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        owned with light brown hair!) Is it perfu
                  e m all-- Arms that
                                               are bracelet
                                                                       ed and white and ba
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    lamplight, d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                long a table, or w
                                                                       so digress? Arms that lie a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        shawl. And should I then presume? And
me fr
                        om a dres
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rap about a
                   ould I begin?.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ts And wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 tched the s
how sh
                                                      ... Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narr
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ow stree
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e that rises from the pipes Of lonely m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      rs of silent seas. . . . . . . And the aftern
en in shirt-
                                             eves. le
                                                          aning out of windows? I should have been a pair of
                                                                                                                                                                                               ragged cl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                aws Scutt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ing across the floo
                                                                                 so peacefully! Smoothed by long fingers, As
oon, t he ev
                                            e ning, sle
                                                                                                                                                                                eep... tired... or
                                                                                                                                                                                                             it malinge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            rs. Stretched on the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       floor, here beside you and me. Should I, a
                                                                 eps
                                                                                       ave the strength to force the moment to its crisis? But though I have wept and fasted, wept
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       have seen my head (grown slightly bald) b
                                           ca kes and i ces. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                           and prave
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        d. Though
                                                                                                  m no prophet--and here's no great matter; I have seen the moment o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      And I have seen the eternal Footman hold m
            t in up
                                                                                                                                                                                                      f my greatn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ess flicker.
                                           nicker, And in short
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           orth it, after all, After the cups, the mar
                , and s
                                                                                                                                   s afraid. A
                                                                                                                                                                                                   nd would it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   have been w
y coat
                  e, the t
                                                                                            elain,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           and me, Would it have been worth while
                                                mong the p
                                                                                       rc
                                                                                                                                                                                                among som
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e talk of you
To have
                                    off the m at
                                                    ter wi
                                                                                   th
                                                                                       a sm
                                                                                                                                                                                           , To have sq
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ueezed the u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        niverse into a ball To roll it toward some ove
                                                                                     , c
T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ad, Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"-- If one, settling a pillow by her head, S
rwhelming qu
                         estion.
                                 To say: "I am Lazarus
                                                                                          om
                                                                                                                                                                                        from the de
                            is not what I meant at al
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              all." And would it have been worth it, after all, Would it have been worth while, After th
hould say: "That
                                                                                                                                                                                  hat is not it, at
                                                                               d s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor-- And this, and so
   e sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkle
                                                                                                                                                                             treets, After th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   t as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen: Would it have be
     uch more?-- It is impossible to say just
                                                                                                                                                                        what I mean! Bu
          orth while If one, settling a pillow or thr
                                                                                                                                                                   owing off a shaw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        I, And turning toward the window, should say: "That is not it at all, That is n
                                                                                                                                                               No! I am not Pri
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          nce Hamlet, nor was meant to be; Am an attendant lord, one that will do
ot wha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        he princ e; no doubt, an easy tool, Deferential, glad to be of use, Politic, c
o swell a pr
                                ogress,
                                                                                                                                                        ne or two, Advise t
                                                                                                                                                 but a bit obtuse; At
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   eed, almost ridiculous-- Almost, at times, the F ool. I grow old
autious, and meticul
                                ous; Ful
                                                      I of high sen
                                                                                                      tenc
                                                                                                                                          hall I part my hair be
                                                                                                y trousers rolled. S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     eat a peach? I shall wear white flannel trouser
I grow old... I s
                                wear the
                                                             bottoms of m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hind? Do I d aı
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s, and walk
                                                                                                                               ink that they will sing to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   hav e seen them ri ding
 upon the beach. I have h
                                                                                               each to each. I do not th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       seaward on the waves Combing the white hair o
                                                                             d blows the water white and black. We have lingered in the chamb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      wreathed with seaweed red and brown Till human voices wake
    aves blown back Whe
                                                                                                                                                                                                           ersofth es
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ea By sea-gir Is
                                                                                         f a Lady Thou hast committed-- Fornicatio
     us, and we d rown.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ha tw as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      another country And besides, the wen ch is dead. The Jew of
                                Portrait o
                                                                                                                                                                                                         n:b u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       t t
                                                                                         fog of a December afternoon Yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ene arrange itself--as it w ill seem to d o-- W
      Malta. I Among the
                                smoke and
                                                                                                                                                                                                         u hav
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                the ceiling o verh
                                                                                       d four wax candles in the darkened i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Four rings of light upon
      ed this a fternoon
                                or you"; An
                                                                                                                                                                                                           oom,
       ad. An a
                  tmosp he
                                re of Juliet
                                                                                      s tomb Prepared for all the things to b
                                                                                                                                                                                                         e said, or I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     eft unsaid. We have bee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 n, let us sa y, to
        ear the I atest P ole
                                                                                       e Preludes, through his hair and fing
                                Transmit th
                                                                                                                                                                                                         r-tips. "So intim
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ate, this Chopin, that I thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nk his soul
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Shou
                                                                                       iends Some two or three, who will n
                                                                                                                                                                                                         ot touch the blo
         be resur rected onl
                                y among fr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    om That is rubbed an d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  auestione
                                                                                       nversation slips Among velleities a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ught regrets Throug hatt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       nes o f viol
         concert room." --An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   enuated to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      they mean to me.
                                                                                        ets And begins. "You do not know
           ins Mingled with re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      how much
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    v friends.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          And
            ow, how rare and s
                                 trange it is
                                                                                           , to find in a life composed so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         much, so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     much of odds and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     . (For in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           dee d l
                                                                                             e not blind! How keen you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             are!) To fi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nd a friend who ha
              do not love it... yo
                                 u knew? you ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     these q
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ualities,
                                                                                           pon which friendship lives. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     t means that I say
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          With ou
              Who has, and give
                                  s Those qualities u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ow much
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               his to you--
                                                                                          ar!" Among the windings of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                nd the ariettes Of crack
                these friendship
                                   s--life, w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e violins A
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e d cornet
                                                                                       rdly hammering a prelude of it
                                   om-tom
                                                    begins Absu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     s own, Capricious monotone That
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   s at leas
                  definite "false n
                                   ote."
                                                         Let us take the
                                                                                      air, in a tobacco trance, Admire t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               he monuments Discuss the late events, C
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   orrect o
                                                                                    for half an hour and drink our bocks
ur w
                   atches by the
                                   publi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            II Now that lilac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    s are in bloom She h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   as a b owl of
                                                                      twists one in her fingers while she talks. "Ah, my frie
lilac
                     s in her roo m And
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        nd, you do not know, you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            not know Wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   at life is, y ou sh
                                                                               ands"; (Slowly twisting the lilac stalks) "You I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     m you, you let it flow, And youth is
ould
                      hold it in your h
                                                                                                                                                                                  et it flow fr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  d has
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              o re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              re call My
                                                                                 at situations which it cannot see." I smile, of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 drinking tea. "Y et with these April sunsets, that som
 mors
                               smiles
                                                                                                                                                                             course, And go on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ehow
  burie
                                                                                Paris in the Spring, I feel immeasurably at peac
                                                                                                                                                                      e, and find the world To be w
                                                                                                                                                                                                              onderful and youthful,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        after all." The voice returns like th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  stent ou
                                                                               roken violin on an August afternoon: "I am alwa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                u feel, Sure that across the gul f
    t-of-
                         une Of a b
                                                                                                                                                              ys sure that you understand My feeling
                                                                                                                                                                                                            s, always
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               sure that yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  re ach you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    t many a on
                                                                              nerable, you have no Achilles' heel. You will go o
                                                                                                                                                                                        prevailed You ca n say: at this po
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e has failed. But w hat have I, but
    and
                        You are invul
                                                                                                                                                      n, and when you have
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      what ha
                                                                             u, what can you receive from me? Only the friends
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       end. I shall sit here, serving te
     my fr
                       iend, To give yo
                                                                                                                                             hip and the sympathy
                                                                                                                                                                                            Of one about to reach her journey
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ly I remark An English countess goes
                                                                             ardly amends For what she has said to me? You wil
                                                                                                                                                                                              g in the park Reading the comics and th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e sporting page. Particular
v hat:
         how
                       can I mak e a cow
                                                                                                                                   I see me any mornin
upon the stage. A
                                   as murder
                                                                            ed at a Polish dance, Another bank defaulter has confessed.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ance, I remain self-possessed Excep
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             hen a stree t piano, mechanical and
ired Reiterates som
                                                                            the smell of hyacinths across the garden Recalling t
                      e worn
                                     -out common song With
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               eople have desired. Are these
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             eas right or
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         wrong? III
                                                              returning as before Except for a slight sensation of being ill at eas
The October night c
                                       s down:
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ount the stai rs and turn the handle of the do
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             or And feel a
I had m
                                                                          ands and knees. "And so you are going abroad; and w
                                                                                                                                                                                                            But that's a u
à-brac. " P
              ounted
                                                                                                                                      hen do you return?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    less a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ues tion. You
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hard
                                            ou are c
                                                                          oming back, You will find so much to learn." My smile falls heavily among the br
ly know
               when v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             erh aps you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           can write to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                beginni ngs never know our
 " Mv se
                                              ssion fla
                                                                         res up for a second; This is as I had reckoned. "I have been wondering frequently
                                                                                                                                                                           of late (But our
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ends!) Why we
                f-posse
                                                                        ends." I feel like one who smiles, and turning shall remark Sud
ave not d
                 evelope
                                                 d into fri
                                                                                                                                                                    xpression in a glass. My
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 self-possession g utters; w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       e are re
                  dark. "For ever
                                                                        aid so, all our friends, They all were sure our feelings wo
                                                                                                                                                     uld relate So closely! I myself can hardly
  ly in the
                                                    ybody s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  understand
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       We must
                                                                         rate. Perhaps it is not too late. I shall sit here, serving te
                                                                                                                                                       a to friends." And I m
    leave it
                   now to fate. You will writ
                                                       e, at any
                                                                                                                                                                                     ust borrow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            hanging shape To f
                                                                         Cry like a parrot, chatter like an ape. Let us take the air,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            should die
    ind expr
                    ession..
                                . dance, dance Like a dancing bear
                                                                                                                                                          in a toba
                                                                                                                                                                                        cco trance
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ! and what
     some aft
                      ernoon,
                                          Afternoon grey and smoky, evening yellow and rose; Should die and leave me sitting p
                                                                                                                                                            hand Wi
                                                                                                                                                                                           th the sm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     oke coming d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      o wn abo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ve the housetops;
                                                                       e a while Not knowing what to feel or if I understand Or whether wise o
     Doubtful
                        for auit
                                                                                                                                                             r foolish,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       too soon.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Would she
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 not have the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  gh t to smil e? Prelud
                        e, after a
                                                                        II? This music is successful with a "dying fall" Now that we talk of dying-
                                                                                                                                                                - And sh
                                                                                                                                                                                               ould I hav
       advantag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e the ri
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    es I The wint
                                                                        down With smell of steaks in passageways. Six o'clock. The burnt-out en
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      wraps The g
        er evenin
                         g settles
                                                                                                                                                                 ds of sm
                                                                                                                                                                                                 oky days
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            And n ow a g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                usty shower
                                                                       ered leaves about your feet And newspapers from vacant I
                                                                                                                                                                                                    eat Ón br
         rimy scra
                                                                                                                                                                    howers b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             oken blind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               s and chimney-pot
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      s, And at the c
                                                                                                                                             mps. II Th
          orner of t
                                                                       ab-horse steams and stamps. And then the lighting of the la
                                                                                                                                                                       e mornin
                                                                                                                                                                                                      g comes t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              o cons
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ciousness
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Of faint stale s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      mells of beer
                              sawdust- trampled street With all its muddy feet that press To early coffee-stands. With the other ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  I the hands That are raisi ng dingy shades In a th
            From the
                                                                                                                                                 squerade
                                                                                                                                                                                                        me resum
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 es. O
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ne thinks o fal
                                                ms. III You tossed a blanket from the bed, You lay upon your back, and waited; You ted; They flickered against the ceiling. And when all the world
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             did images Of which y
             sand furn
                                                                                                                                                    dozed, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                           hed the n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ight revealin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     g T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          he thousand sor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ween th
our
               soul was
                                   constitu
                                                                                                                                                                                                               he light cr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ept up bet
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e shut
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ters, And
                                                                       in the gutters, You had such a vision of the street As the stre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nds; Sittin
you
                heard the
                                    sparrows
                                                                                                                                                        et hardly
                                                                                                                                                                                  understa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ed's ed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ge, whe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              re You c
urled t
                 he papers
                                      from you
                                                                       r hair, Or clasped the yellow soles of feet In the palms of both soiled
                                                                                                                                                                                     V His sou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      I stretched tight across
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 the skies Th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 at fade b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ehind a c
                     Or tramp
                                                                                                                                                             tuffing p
ity block
                                                                      istent feet At four and five and six o'clock; And short square fingers s
                                        led by ins
                                                                                                                                                                                         ipes, And
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          evening newspapers, and eyes Assu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                red of cert
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ain certai
                                                                      kened street Impatient to assume the world. I am moved by fancies that
nties, The
                     conscienc
                                                                                                                                                                 are curl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                images, and cling: The notion of so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           me infinitely g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             entle Infin
itely sufferin
                       g thing. W
                                                                      and across your mouth, and laugh; The worlds revolve like ancient wome
                                                                                                                                                                   n Gather
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         nt lots. Rhapsod
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                y on a Windy Night Twelve o'clock. Alo
                                             ipe your h
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ing fuel in vaca
 ches of the s
                          treet Held
                                                                       synthesis, Whispering lunar incantations Disolve the floors of memory An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   precisions, Every street lamp tha
                                                                                                                                                                      d all its c
                                                                                                                                                                                                        lear relations, Its divisions and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          t I pass Be
   ats like a fata
                                                   m. And thi
                                                                        ough the spaces of the dark Midnight shakes the memory As a madman s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  dead geranium. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     alf-past one, The street lam
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        p sputtered,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Which opens o
                                                                        et lamp said, "Regard that woman Who hesitates toward you in the light of t
      The street la
                               mp mutter
                                                       ed, The stre
                                                                                                                                                                             he door
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e a grin. You se
                                                                                                                                                                                                               memory throw
        e the border
                                                           ss Is torn an d stained with sand, And you see the corner of her eye Twist s like a crooked
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              nd dry A crowd of twisted thing
                                  of her dre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  s up high
          s; A twisted b
                                                               n the beach Eaten smooth, and polished As if the world gave up The s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                roken spring
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                a factory yard, Rust that clings to th
                                      ranch upo
                                                                                                                                                                                     eleton, Stiff
              e form that th
                                                                      has left Hard and curled and ready to snap. Half-past two, The s
                                                                                                                                                                                          id, "Remark the cat which flat
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  utter, Slips out its tongue A
                                         e strength
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             tens itself in the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 nd devours a moi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    behind that child's eye.
                 sel of rancid
                                                                        the hand of the child, automatic, Slipped out and pocketed a t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            I could see nothing
                                                                                                                                                a pool, An old crab with barnacles on his back, Gripped the end
                                                                     ing to peer through lighted shutters, And a crab one afternoon in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d him. Half-past three
                     seen eyes in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        of a stick wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ich I he
                                                       puttered, The lamp muttered in the dark. The lamp hummed: "Regard the moon
                                                                                                                                                   La lune ne garde aucune rancune, She winks a feeble e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ve, She smil
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        es into c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     orners. She smoot
                                                        he grass. The moon has lost her memory. A washed-out smallpox cracks he mells That cross and cross across her brain. The reminiscence comes Of sunless
                                                                                                                                                   r face, Her hand twists a paper rose, That smells
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  of dust and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      gne, She is alone With all
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         old Col
the
                                                                                                                                                      dry geraniums And dust in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              crevices. Sm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ells of ch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               n the streets And fema
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       tnuts i
                                                                                                                                                       Four o'clock.
le sme
                                        Ils in shuttered rooms And cigarettes
                                                                                in corridors And cocktail smells in bars." The lamp said,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Here is the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        number o n the door
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Memory! You have the key,
The little
                                                                                  stair, Mount. The bed is open; the tooth-brush hangs on the
                                                                                                                                                          wall, Put yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       shoes at
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              for life." The last twist
                                              lamp spreads a ring on the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   he door, slee p, prepare
                                                                                  They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens, And
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                f the street I am
of the knife
                                                                                                                                                           along the tra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  aware of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                mpled edges o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       e damp soul
                                          ids Sprouting despon
                                                                                 dently at area gates. The brown waves of fog toss up to me Twi
                                                                                                                                                            sted faces fro
  s of housema
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              the street, And te ar from a pa
                                       uddy skirts An aimle
                                                                                 ss smile that hovers in the air And vanishes along the level of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               f the Boston
                                                                                                                                                              e roofs. The B
                                                                                                                                                                                              oston Evening Transc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ript The readers o
         Evening Transcri
                                   pt Sway in the wind
                                                                               like a field of ripe corn. When evening quick
                                                                                                                              ens faintly in the stre
                                                                                                                                                                et, Wakening the appetites of life in some An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         d to others bringin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               g the Boston Evening
                                                                      the bell, turning Wearily, as one would turn to no Transcript." Aunt Helen Miss Helen Slingsby was my
             ranscript, I mount the steps and ring
                                                                                                                                                                  hefoucauld, If the street were time
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              of the street, And I say, "Cousin
                                                                                                                                   d good-bye to Roc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nd he at t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  he end
                   here is the Boston Evening
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ared for by servants to the numbe
                                                                                                                                      maiden aunt. And
                                                                                                                                                                    lived in a sma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Il house near
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                a fashio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nable square C
                         r of four. Now wh
                                                                 en she died there was silence in heaven And silence at he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               were drawn and the u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d'his feet-- He was aware
                                                                                                                                        r end of the street
                                                                                                                                                                       The shutters
                                                             f thing had occurred before. The dogs were handsomely prov
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e parrot died too. The Dre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               nued ticking o
                        that this sort o
                                                                                                                                          ided for, But short
                                                                                                                                                                        ly afterwards th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        sden clock conti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d always been so careful while her mistress lived.
                    n the mantelpie
                                                         ce, And the footman sa t upon the dining-table Holding the second
                                                                                                                                           housemaid on his
                                                                                                                                                                          knees-- Who ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Cousin Nancy
                  Miss Nancy El
                                                      licott Strode across t
                                                                                 he hills and broke them, Rode across the hills a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    g to hounds Over the cow-pastu
                                                                                                                                             nd broke them-- Th
                                                                                                                                                                           e barren New En
                                                                                                                                                                                                            gland hills-- Ridin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         re. Miss Nanc
              y Ellicott smok
                                                                                 he modern dances; And her aunts were not quite
                                                                                                                                                sure how they felt
                                                                                                                                                                              about it, But they
                                                                                                                                                                                                 knew that it was mod
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ern. Upon the glazen she
           ch Matthew an
                                              d Waldo, guardian
                                                                                 s of the faith, The army of unalterable law. Mr. Apo
                                                                                                                                                 Ilinax When Mr. Ap
                                                                                                                                                                                ollinax visited the United State
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           s His laughter t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   inkled among
                                                                                                                                                  pus in the shrubber
                                                                                                                                                                                  y Gaping at the lad
                                                                                 on, that shy figure among the birch-trees, And of Pria
        the teacups. I
                                           thought of Fragili
                                        s. Phlaccus, at P
     e palace of Mr
                                                                            rofessor Channing-Cheetah's He laughed like an irresponsib
                                                                                                                                                     le foetus. HWith yo
                                                                                                                                                                                     ur aid indiffeis laug
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          arine and
                                                                      he sea's Hidden under coral islands Where worried bodies of drown
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ingers of surf
  profound Like
                                     the old man of t
                                                                                                                                                       ed men drift down
                                                                                                                                                                                        n the green silence.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Dropping from f
                                                                  ollinax rolling under a chair Or grinning over a screen
                                                                                                                              With seaweed i
                                                                                                                                                                                          e beat of centaur's ho
I looked for th
                                  e head of Mr. Ap
                                                                                                                                                         n its hair. I heard th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   turf As his dry an
                                                               the afternoon. "He is a charming man"--"But after all wha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ed,"-- "There was so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               mething he said th
d passionat
                               e talk devoured
                                                                                                                                 t did he mean?
                                                                                                                                                             "-- "His pointed ear
                                                                                                                                                                                             s... He must be unbalanc
                                                          ed." Of dowager Mrs. Phlaccus, and Professor and Mrs. Chee
                                                                                                                                                               a slice of lemon, an
                                                                                                                                   tah I remember
                                                                                                                                                                                                 d a bitten macaroon. Hysteria
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            are of becoming i
at I might
                              have challeng
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                As she laughed I was aw
                          d in her laughte
                                                                                                                                                                 squad-drill. I was dr
nvolve
                                                       r and being part of it, until her teeth were only accidental stars
                                                                                                                                     with a talent for
                                                                                                                                                                                                    awn in by short gasps, inhaled at each momentary recovery, lost
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         finally in the dar
                                                    oat, bruised by the rippl
                        verns of her thr
                                                                               e of unseen muscles. An elderly waiter w
                                                                                                                                                                                                        preading a pink and white checked cloth over the rusty
                                                                                                                                       ith trembling ha
                                                                                                                                                                    nds was hurriedly s
                     ying: "If the lad
                                                 y and gentleman wish
                                                                               to take their tea in the garden, if the lady a
                                                                                                                                                                       sh to take their tea i
                                                                                                                                                                                                            n the garden..." I decided that if the shaking o
                                                                                                                                          nd gentleman wi
                   d be stopped, s
                                              ome of the fragments
                                                                                of the afternoon might be collected, and I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   I subtlety to this end. Conversa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             tion Galante I obse
                                                                                                                                            concentrated my
                                                                                                                                                                          attention with carefu
                                                                                                                                              y be Prester John
                 rve: "Our senti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        attered lantern hung
                                                                                on! Or possibly (fantastic, I confess) It ma
                                           mental friend the mo
                                                                                                                                                                              's balloon Or an old b
              oft To light poo
                                        r travellers to their
                                                                                distress." She then: "How you digress!" A
                                                                                                                                                 nd I then: "Some o
                                                                                                                                                                                 ne frames upon the ke
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ys That exquisite no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             cturne,
                                                                                                                                                  o body forth our va
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               this refer to me?" "Oh
             with which
                                       explain The night
                                                                                and moonshine: music which we seize T
                                                                                                                                                                                    cuity." She then: "Does
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        no. it is I w
          ho am inane." '
                                    You, madam, are th
                                                                                                                                                       of the absolute, Gi
                                                                                                                                                                                         ving our vagrant moods th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   r air indifferent a
                                                                                  e eternal humorist, The eternal enemy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       e slightest twist! With you
                                                                                       poetics to confute--" And--"Ar
                                                                                                                                                                                             s?" La Figlia Che Piange O quam t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e memorem Virgo... Stand on the
       nd imperious A
                                 t a stroke our mad
                                                                                                                                                         e we then so seriou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               highest pavement o
                                                                                                                                                            in your hair-- Clasp
      f the stair-- Lea
                               n on a garden urn-
                                                                                                                                                                                                 your flowers to you with a pained surprise-- Fling them to the ground
                                                                                        Weave, wea ve the sunlight
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           and turn With a fugi
                                                                                                                                                                                                      would have had him leave, So I would have had her stand a
    tive resentmen
                             t in your eyes: Bu
                                                                                       t weave, we ave the sunlig
                                                                                                                                                              ht in your hair. So I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nd grieve, So he wo
 uld have left As
                                                                                                      n and bruised
                                                                                                                                                                  , Ás the mind deserts
                                                                                                                                                                                                              the body it has used. I should find Some wa
                           the soul leaves t
                                                                                       he body tor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 y incomparably ligh
                                                                                                                                                                    e and faithless as a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      mile and shake of the hand
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              She turned away,
t and deft, Som
                        e way we both sh
                                                                                       ould under
                                                                                                      stand, Simpl
but with the a
                      utumn weather Co
                                                                                                                                                                        many days, Many days
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        and many hours: H
                                                                                       mpelled my
                                                                                                       imagination
er hair over
                                                                                       rms full of fl
                                                                                                       owers. And
                                                                                                                                                                           I wonder how they shoul
                    her arms and her a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 d have been togethe
                  have lost a gestur
r! I should
                                                                                      e and a pose.
                                                                                                        Sometimes
                                                                                                                                                                               these cogitations still amaz
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e The troubled midnig
                                                                                      HE WASTE LAN D "Nam Siby
                                                                                                                                                                                   lam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                s meis vidi in ampulla pen
ht and th
                e noon's repose. T
                                                                                                                                                                                       bat illa: apothanein thelo." I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD April is the cruelles
                                                                                      rent: Sibylla ti theleis; responde
dere, et
               cum illi pueri dice
                                                                                     out of the dead land, mixing Memo
                                                                                                                                                                                            ry and desire, stirring Dull roots with spring rain. Winter kept us
t mon
             th, breeding Lilacs
                                                                                                                                                                                                h dried tubers. Summer surprised us, coming over t
                                                                                    n forgetful snow, feeding A little life wit
war
          m, covering Earth i
he
          Starnbergersee W
                                                                                    ith a shower of rain; we stopped in the colo
                                                                                                                                                                                                       nnade, And went on in sunlight, into
                                                                                     drank coffee, and talked for an hour. Bin gar keine
       the Hofgarten, And
      . stamm' aus Litaue
                                                                                                     deutsch. And when we were childr
                                                                                                     chduke's, My cousin's, he too
   en, staving at the ar
 k me out on a sled
was frightened. He s
aid, Marie, Marie, ho
ld on tight. And do
```

nner sleep Dreaming of both. Here I am, an

old man in a dry month, Being read t

o by a boy, waiting for rain. I was neither at the hot gat

es Nor fou

POEMS by T. S. ELIOT

Geronti

on Thou hast nor

youth nor age But as it were an after di