

To Wasteland is just Orginally, Wasteland was good to be just a section. Or Piece. But the more I worked with it, the more it covered. T.S. Eliot is a Midwest guy with a English upbrigity. He's a show - oft, but in a dennue way. I've broken the poem into of formite about what Elist makes me think about I've tried to leave space for you to write your comments too. Paste your our profives in . Cross mine out. Most importantly, discover Eliat, discore poetry.





IS ELIOT

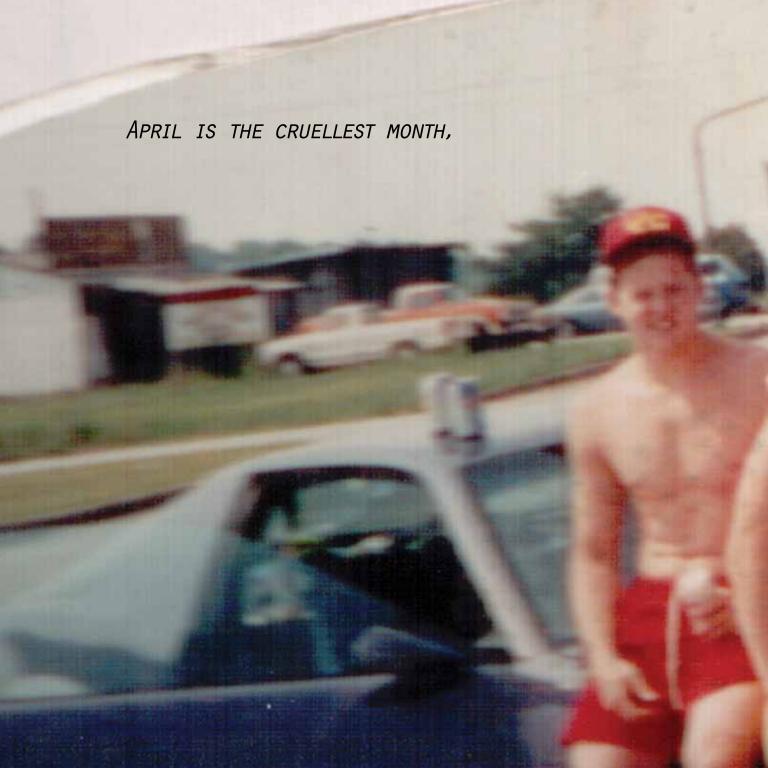
THE WASTE-LAND

ITHINK ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME

Dear Death,

3

I. The Burial of THE DEAD

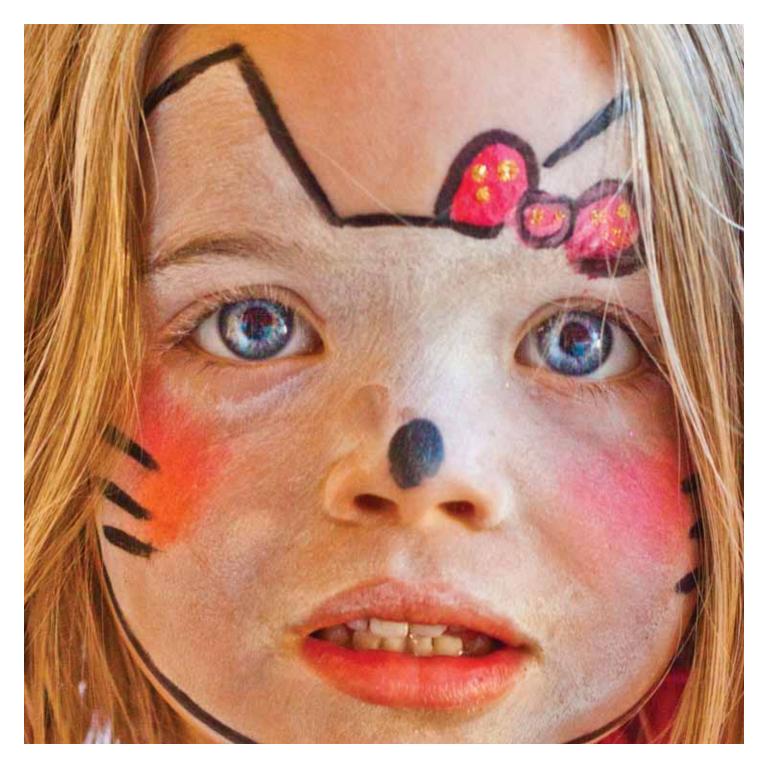




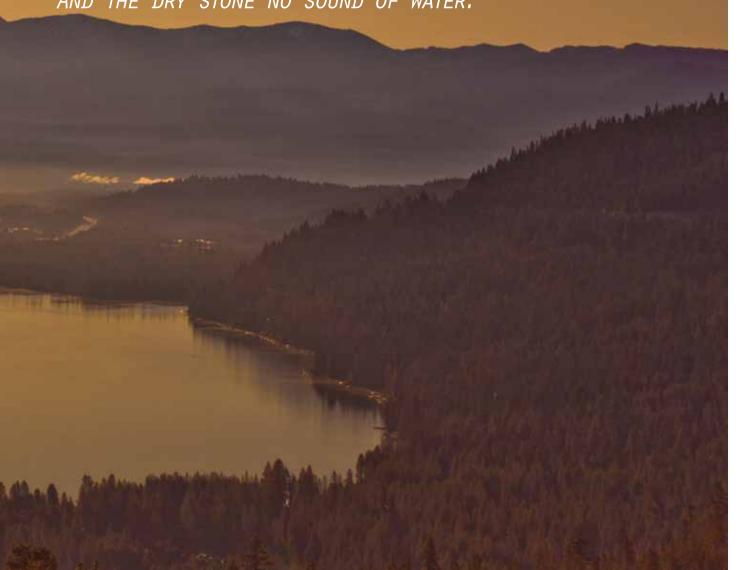
BREEDING

LILACS OUT OF THE DEAD LAND, MIXING
MEMORY AND DESIRE, STIRRING
DULL ROOTS WITH SPRING RAIN.
WINTER KEPT US WARM, COVERING
EARTH IN FORGETFUL SNOW, FEEDING
A LITTLE LIFE WITH DRIED TUBERS.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade, And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, And Drank coffee, and talked for an hour. Bin gar kine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.



AND WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN, STAYING AT THE ARCHDUKE'S, My cousin's, he took me out on a sled, AND I WAS FRIGHTENED. HE SAID, MARIE, MARIE, HOLD ON TIGHT. AND DOWN WE WENT. In the mountains, there you feel free. I READ, MUCH OF THE NIGHT, AND GO SOUTH IN THE WINTER. What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water,







THERE IS SHADOW UNDER THIS RED ROCK,

(COME IN UNDER THE SHADOW OF THIS RED ROCK),

AND I WILL SHOW YOU SOMETHING DIFFERENT FROM EITHER

YOUR SHADOW AT MORNING STRIDING BEHIND YOU

OR YOUR SHADOW AT EVENING RISING TO MEET YOU;

I WILL SHOW YOU FEAR IN A HANDFUL OF DUST.

FRISCH WEHT DER WIND

DER HEIMAT ZU,

MEIN IRISCH KIND,

WO WEILEST DU?

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
"They called me the hyacinth girl."

—Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Oed' und leer das Meer.

MADAME SOSOSTRIS, FAMOUS CLAIRVOYANTE,
HAD A BAD COLD, NEVERTHELESS
IS KNOWN TO BE THE WISEST WOMAN IN EUROPE,
WITH A WICKED PACK OF CARDS. HERE, SAID SHE,
IS YOUR CARD, THE DROWNED PHOENICIAN SAILOR,
(THOSE ARE PEARLS THAT WERE HIS EYES. LOOK!)
HERE IS BELLADONNA, THE LADY OF THE ROCKS,
THE LADY OF SITUATIONS.
HERE IS THE MAN WITH THREE STAVES, AND HERE THE WHEFE

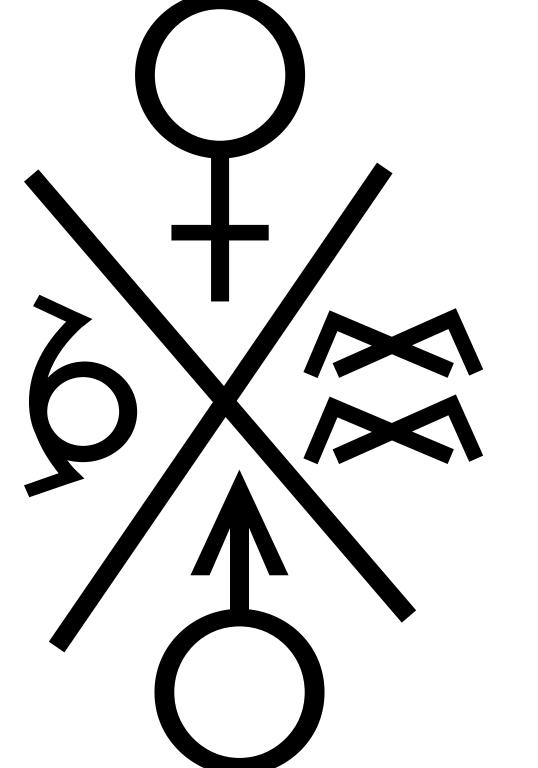


AND HERE IS THE ONE-EYED MERCHANT, AND THIS CARD

WHICH I AM FORBIDDEN TO SEE. I DO NOT FIND

THE HANGED MAN. FEAR DEATH BY WATER.

WHICH IS BLANK, IS SOMETHING HE CARRIES ON HIS BACK,



RING. I SEE CROWDS OF PEOPLE, WALKING ROUND IN A THANK YOU. IF YOU SEE DEAR MRS. EQUITONE, TELL HER I BRING THE HOROSCOPE MYSELF; ONE MUST BE SO CAREFUL THESE DAYS.

UNDER THE BROWN FOG OF A WINTER DAWN, UNREAL CITY,

Flowed up the hill and down King William Street, I HAD NOT THOUGHT DEATH HAD UNDONE SO MANY. AND EACH MAN FIXED HIS EYES BEFORE HIS FEET. A CROWD FLOWED OVER LONDON BRIDGE, SO MANY, SIGHS, SHORT AND INFREQUENT, WERE EXHALED,

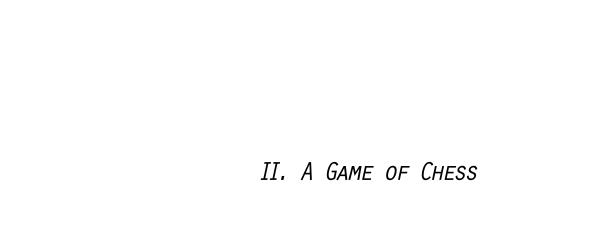
THERE I SAW ONE I KNEW, AND STOPPED HIM, CRYING: "STETSON! WITH A DEAD SOUND ON THE FINAL STROKE OF NINE. "YOU WHO WERE WITH ME IN THE SHIPS AT MYLAE!

TO WHERE SAINT MARY WOOLNOTH KEPT THE HOURS

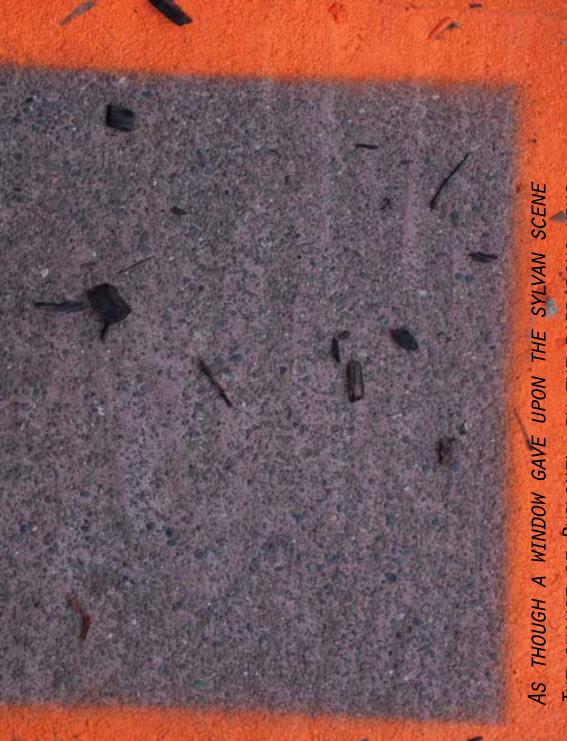
"THAT CORPSE YOU PLANTED LAST YEAR IN YOUR GARDEN, "HAS IT BEGUN TO SPROUT? WILL IT BLOOM THIS YEAR?

"You! HYPOCRITE LECTEUR!—MON SEMBLABLE—MON FRÈRE!" "OH KEEP THE DOG FAR HENCE, THAT'S FRIEND TO MEN, "OR HAS THE SUDDEN FROST DISTURBED ITS BED? "OR WITH HIS NAILS HE'LL DIG IT UP AGAIN!





THE CHAIR SHE SAT IN, LIKE A BURNISHED THRONE. GLOWED ON THE MARBLE, WHERE THE GLASS HELD UP BY STANDARDS WROUGHT WITH FRUITED VINES FROM WHICH A GOLDEN CUPIDON PEEPED OUT (ANOTHER HID HIS EYES BEHIND HIS WING) DOUBLED THE FLAMES OF SEVEN BRANCHED CANDELABRA REFLECTING LIGHT UPON THE TABLE AS THE GLITTER OF HER JEWELS ROSE TO MEET IT FROM SATIN CASES POURED IN RICH PROFUSION: IN VIALS OF IVORY AND COLOURED GLASS UNSTOPPERED, LURKED HER STRANGE SYNTHETIC PERFUMES. UNGUENT, POWDERED, OR LIQUID-TROUBLED, CONFUSED AND DROWNED THE SENSE IN ODOURS: STIRRED BY THE AIR THAT FRESHENED FROM THE WINDOW, THESE ASCENDED IN FATTENING THE PROLONGED CANDLE-FLAMES, FLUNG THEIR SMOKE INTO THE LAQUEARIA, STIRRING THE PATTERN ON THE COFFERED CELLING. HUGE SEA-WOOD-FED WITH COPPER BURNED GREEN AND ORANGE, FRAMED BY THE COLOURED STONE. IN WHICH SAD LIGHT A CARVED DOLPHIN SWAM. ABOVE THE ANTIQUE MANTEL WAS DISPLAYED.



THE CHANGE OF PHILOMEL, BY THE BARBAROUS KING SO RUDELY FORCED;

AND STILL SHE CRIED, AND STILL THE WORLD PURSUES, FILLED ALL THE DESERT WITH INVIOLABLE VOICE YET THERE THE NIGHTINGALE

"JUG JUG" TO DIRTY EARS. AND OTHER WITHERED STUMPS OF TIME WERE TOLD UPON THE WALLS; STARING FORMS LEANED OUT, LEANING, HUSHING THE ROOM ENCLOSED. FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLED ON THE STAIR. UNDER THE FIRELIGHT, UNDER THE BRUSH, HER HAIR SPREAD OUT IN FIERY POINTS CLAWED INTO WORDS, THEN WOULD BE SAVAGELY STILL. "MY NERVES ARE BAD TO-NIGHT. YES, BAD. STAY WITH ME. "SPEAK TO ME. WHY DO YOU NEVER SPEAK. SPEAK. "WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF? WHAT THINKING? WHAT? "I NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING. THINK."

WHERE THE DEAD MEN LOST THEIR BONES. I THINK WE ARE IN RATS' ALLEY

"WHAT IS THAT NOISE?"

IS THE WIND DOING?" "WHAT IS THAT NOISE NOW? WHAT

THE WIND UNDER THE DOOR,

NOTHING AGAIN NOTHING.

"Do

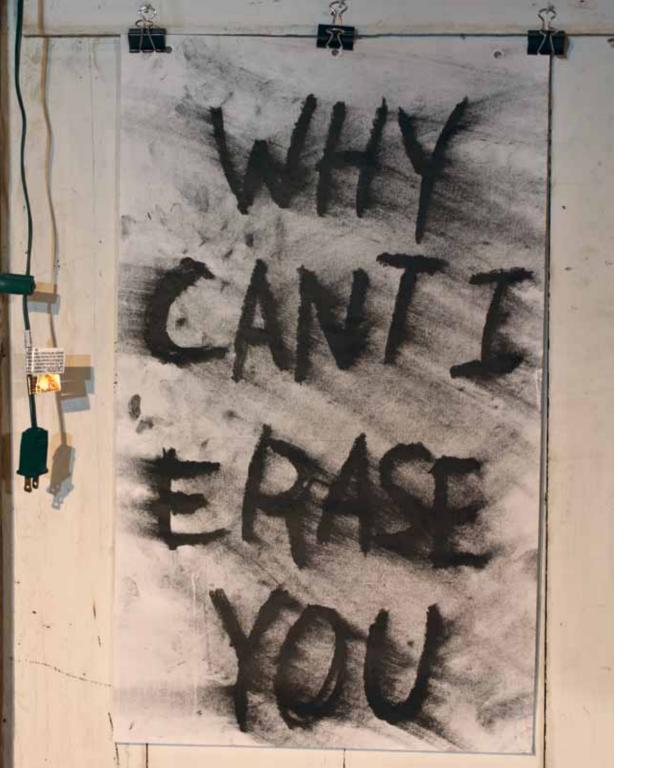
"You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember "Nothing?"

I REMEMBER

THOSE ARE PEARLS THAT WERE HIS EYES.

"Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?"





STREET TO-MORROW? THE E WHAT SHALL I D I AM, AND WALK O. WHAT SHALL W T'S SO ELEGANT
INTELLIGENT
'HAT SHALL I DO NOV OUT AS DOWN, RUSH HAIR ALL WE

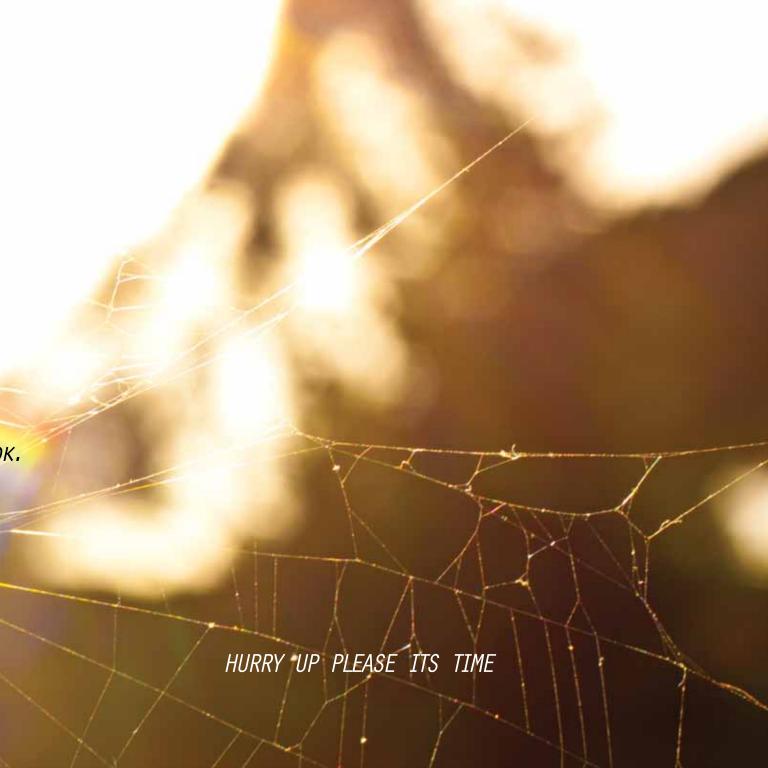
THE HOT WATER AT TEN.

AND IF IT RAINS, A CLOSED CAR AT FOR AND WE SHALL PLAY A GAME OF CHESS, PRESSING LIDLESS EYES AND WAITING FOR AND WAITI

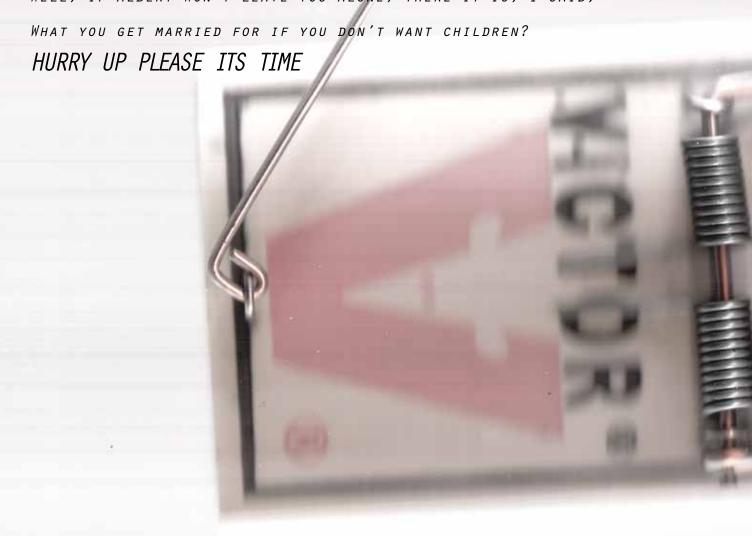




WHEN LIL'S HUSBAND GOT DEMOBBED, I SAID-I DIDN'T MINCE MY WORDS. I SAID TO HER MYSELF. HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME NOW ALBERT'S COMING BACK, MAKE YOURSELF A BIT SMART. HE'LL WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU DONE WITH THAT MONEY HE GAVE YOU TO GET YOURSELF SOME TEETH, HE DID, I WAS THERE. YOU HAVE THEM ALL OUT, LIL, AND GET A NICE SET, HE SAID, I SWEAR, I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT YOU. AND NO MORE CAN'T I. I SAID, AND THINK OF POOR ALBERT. HE'S BEEN IN THE ARMY FOUR YEARS, HE WANTS A GOOD TIME, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE IT HIM, THERE'S OTHERS WILL, I SAID. OH IS THERE, SHE SAID, SOMETHING O' THAT, I SAID, THEN I'LL KNOW WHO TO THANK, SHE SAID, AND GIVE ME A STRAIGHT LOC



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





WELL, THAT SUNDAY ALBERT WAS HOME, THEY HAD A HOT GAMMON,

AND THEY ASKED ME IN TO DINNER, TO GET THE BEAUTY OF IT HOT-

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

GOODNIGHT BILL. GOODNIGHT LOU. GOODNIGHT MAY. GOODNIGHT.
TA TA. GOODNIGHT. GOODNIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES, GOOD NIGHT, SWEET LADIES, GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NIGHT.



III. THE FIRE SERMON

THE RIVER'S TENT IS BROKEN: THE LAST FINGERS OF LEAF

CLUTCH AND SINK INTO THE WET BANK. THE WIND

CROSSES THE BROWN LAND, UNHEARD. THE NYMPHS ARE DEPARTED.

SWEET THAMES, RUN SOFTLY, TILL I END MY SONG.

THE RIVER BEARS NO EMPTY BOTTLES, SANDWICH PAPERS,

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, CARDBOARD BOXES, CIGARETTE ENDS

OR OTHER TESTIMONY OF SUMMER NIGHTS. THE NYMPHS ARE DEPARTED,

AND THEIR FRIENDS, THE LOITERING HEIRS OF CITY DIRECTORS;

DEPARTED, HAVE LEFT NO ADDRESSES.



By the waters of Ieman I sat down and wept. SWEET THAMES. RUN SOFTLY TILL I END MY SONG. SWEET THAMES, RUN SOFTLY, FOR I SPEAK NOT LOUD OR LONG. BUT AT MY BACK IN A COLD BLAST I HEAR THE RATTLE OF THE BONES, AND CHUCKLE SPREAD FROM EAR TO EAR. A RAT CREPT SOFTLY THROUGH THE VEGETATION DRAGGING ITS SLIMY BELLY ON THE BANK Whilf I WAS FISHING IN THE DULL CANAL ON A WINTER EVENING ROUND BEHIND THE GASHOUSE MUSING UPON THE KING MY BROTHER'S WRECK AND ON THE KING MY FATHER'S DEATH BEFORE HIM. WHITE BODIES NAKED ON THE LOW DAMP GROUND AND BONES CAST IN A LITTLE LOW DRY GARRET. RATTLED BY THE RAT'S FOOT ONLY. YEAR TO YEAR. BUT AT MY BACK FROM TIME TO TIME I HEAR THE SOUND OF HORNS AND MOTORS, WHICH SHALL BRING SWEENEY TO MRS. PORTER IN THE SPRING. U THE MOON SHONE BRIGHT ON MRS. PORTER AND ON HER DAUGHTER THEY WASH THEIR FEFT IN SODA WATER FT () CES VOIX D'ENFANTS, CHANTANT DANS LA COUPOLE!

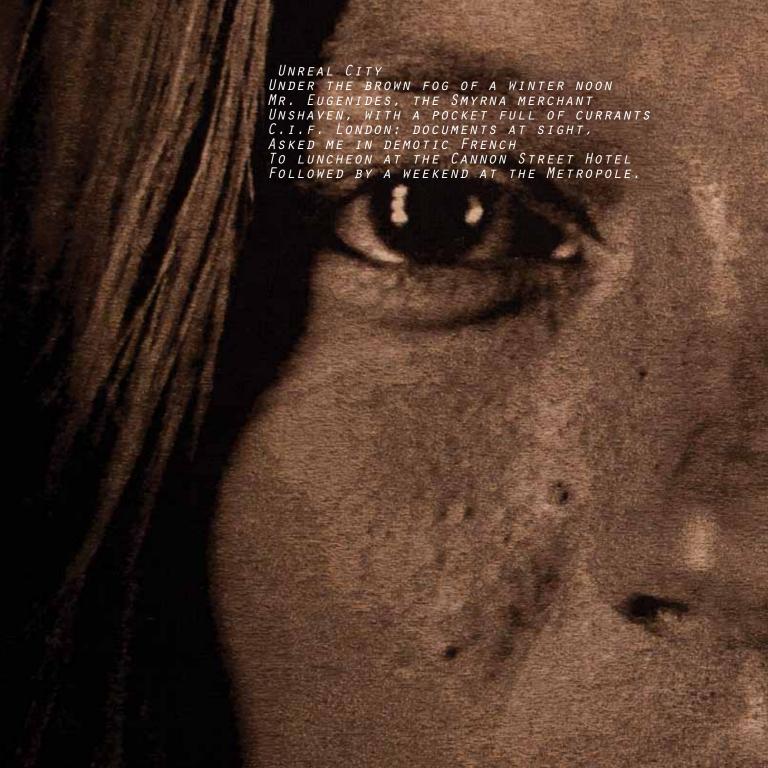
TWIT TWIT TWIT

JUG JUG JUG JUG JUG

SO RUDELY FORC'D.

TEREU





AT THE VIOLET HOUR, WHEN THE EYES AND BACK
TURN UPWARD FROM THE DESK, WHEN THE HUMAN ENGINE WAITS
LIKE A TAXI THROBBING WAITING,

I TIRESIAS, THOUGH BLIND, THROBBING BETWEEN TWO LIVES,

OLD MAN WITH WRINKLED FEMALE BREASTS, CAN SEE

AT THE VIOLET HOUR, THE EVENING HOUR THAT STRIVES

HOMEWARD, AND BRINGS THE SAILOR HOME FROM SEA,

AND GROPES HIS WAY, FINDING THE STAIRS UNLIT. . .





CREPT BY ME UPON THE WATERS"

THE RIVER SWEATS

OIL AND TAR

THE BARGES DRIFT

WITH THE TURNING TIDE

RED SAILS

WIDE

TO LEEWARD, SWING ON THE HEAVY SPAR.

THE BARGES WASH

Drifting Logs

Down Greenwich Reach

PAST THE ISLE OF DOGS,

WEIALALA LEIA

WALLALA LEIALALA

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER

BEATING OARS

THE STERN WAS FORMED

A GILDED SHELL

RED AND GOLD

THE BRISK SWELL

RIPPLED BOTH SHORES

Southwest wind

CARRIED DOWN STREAM

THE PEAL OF BELLS

WHITE TOWERS

WEIALALA LEIALALA
WALLALA LEIALALA

"TRAMS AND DUSTY TREES.

HIGHBURY BORE ME. "RICHMOND AND KEW

UNDID ME. BY RICHMOND I RAISED MY KNEES

SUPINE ON THE FLOOR OF A NARROW CANOE."

"MY FEET ARE AT MOORGATE, AND MY HEART UNDER MY FEET. AFTER THE EVENT HE WEPT. HE PROMISED 'A NEW START.'

I MADE NO COMMENT. WHAT SHOULD I RESENT?"

"ON MARGATE SANDS.

I CAN CONNECT

NOTHING WITH NOTHING.

THE BROKEN FINGERNAILS OF DIRTY HANDS.

MY PEOPLE HUMBLE PEOPLE WHO EXPECT

NOTHING."

LA LA

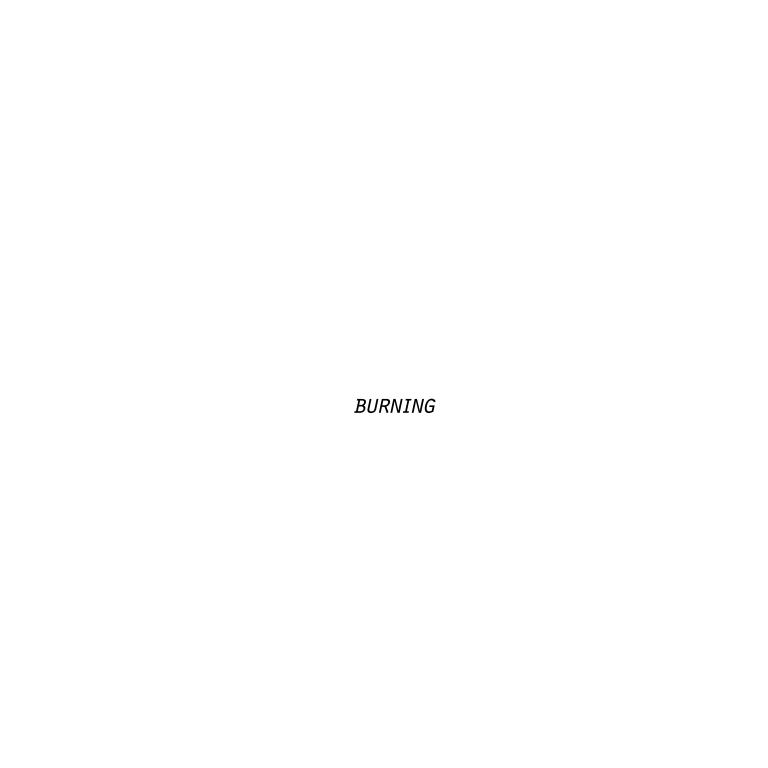
TO CARTHAGE THEN I CAME



BURNING BURNING BURNING

O LORD THOU PLUCKEST ME OUT

O LORD THOU PLUCKEST





PHLEBAS THE PHOENICIAN, A FORTNIGHT DEAD,
FORGOT THE CRY OF GULLS, AND THE DEEP SEA SWELL
AND THE PROFIT AND LOSS.

A CURRENT UNDER SEA

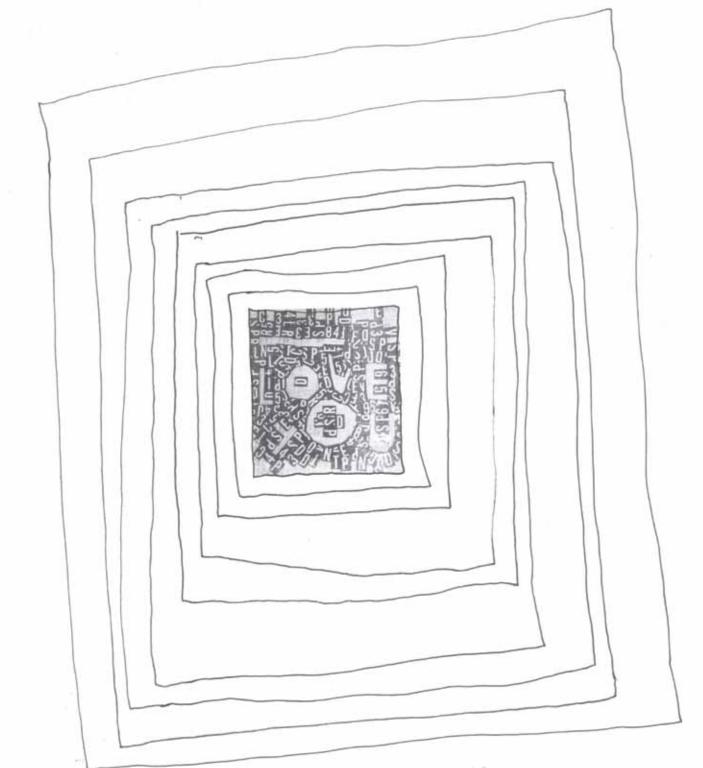
PICKED HIS BONES IN WHISPERS. AS HE ROSE AND FELL HE PASSED THE STAGES OF HIS AGE AND YOUTH ENTERING THE WHIRLPOOL.

GENTILE OR JEW

O YOU WHO TURN THE WHEEL AND LOOK TO WINDWARD,

CONSIDER PHLEBAS, WHO WAS ONCE HANDSOME AND TALL AS YOU.





V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

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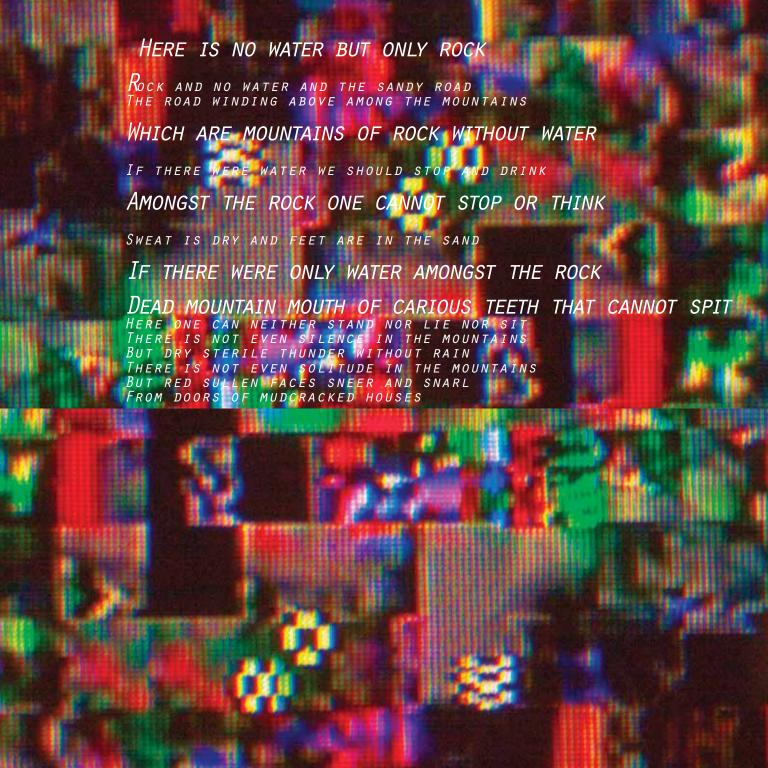
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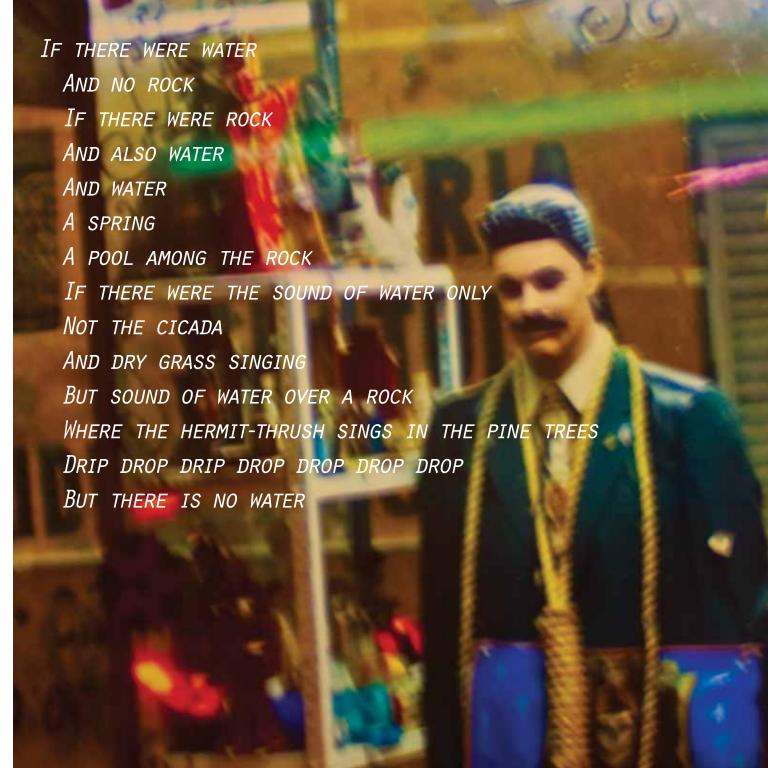
V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID







WHO IS THE THIRD WHO WALKS ALWAYS BESIDE YOU? WHEN I COUNT, THERE ARE ONLY YOU AND I TOGETHER BUT WHEN I LOOK AHEAD UP THE WHITE ROAD THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER ONE WALKING BESIDE YOU GLIDING WRAPT IN A BROWN MANTLE, HOODED I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER A MAN OR A WOMAN -BUT WHO IS THAT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF YOU?

What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

A WOMAN DREW HER LONG BLACK HAIR OUT TIGHT AND FIDDLED WHISPER MUSIC ON THOSE STRINGS AND BATS WITH BABY FACES IN THE VIOLET LIGHT WHISTLED, AND BEAT THEIR WINGS AND CRAWLED HEAD DOWNWARD DOWN A BLACKENED WALL AND UPSIDE DOWN IN AIR WERE TOWERS TOLLING REMINISCENT BELLS, THAT KEPT THE HOURS AND VOICES SINGING OUT OF EMPTY CISTERNS AND EXHAUSTED WELLS. IN THIS DECAYED HOLE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS
IN THE FAINT MOONLIGHT, THE GRASS IS SINGING

Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.

ONLY A COCK STOOD ON THE ROOFTREE
CO CO RICO CO CO RICO
IN A FLASH OF LIGHTNING. THEN A DAMP GUST
BRINGING RAIN

GANGA WAS SUNKEN, AND THE LIMP LEAVES WAITED FOR RAIN, WHILE THE BLACK CLOUDS GATHERED FAR DISTANT, OVER HIMAVANT.

THE JUNGLE CROUCHED, HUMPED IN SILENCE,

THEN SPOKE THE THUNDER
DA

DATTA: WHAT HAVE WE GIVEN?





MY FRIEND, BLOOD SHAKING MY HEART

THE AWFUL DARING OF A MOMENT'S SURRENDER

WHICH AN AGE OF PRUDENCE CAN NEVER RETRACT

BY THIS, AND THIS ONLY, WE HAVE EXISTED

WHICH IS NOT TO BE FOUND IN OUR OBITUARIES

OR IN MEMORIES DRAPED BY THE BENEFICENT SPIDER

OR UNDER SEALS BROKEN BY THE LEAN SOLICITOR

IN OUR EMPTY ROOMS

TURN IN THE DOOR ONCE AND TURN ONCE ONLY WE THINK OF THE KEY, EACH IN HIS PRISON THINKING OF THE KEY, EACH CONFIRMS A PRISON ONLY AT NIGHTFALL, AETHEREAL RUMOURS

DAYADHVAM: I HAVE HEARDDATHE KEY

REVIVE FOR A MOMENT A BROKEN CORIOLANUS

DAMYATA: THE BOAT RESPONDED

GAILY, TO THE HAND EXPERT WITH SAIL AND OAR

YOUR HEART WOULD HAVE RESPONDED

GAILY, WHEN INVITED, BEATING OBEDIENT

TO CONTROLLING HANDS

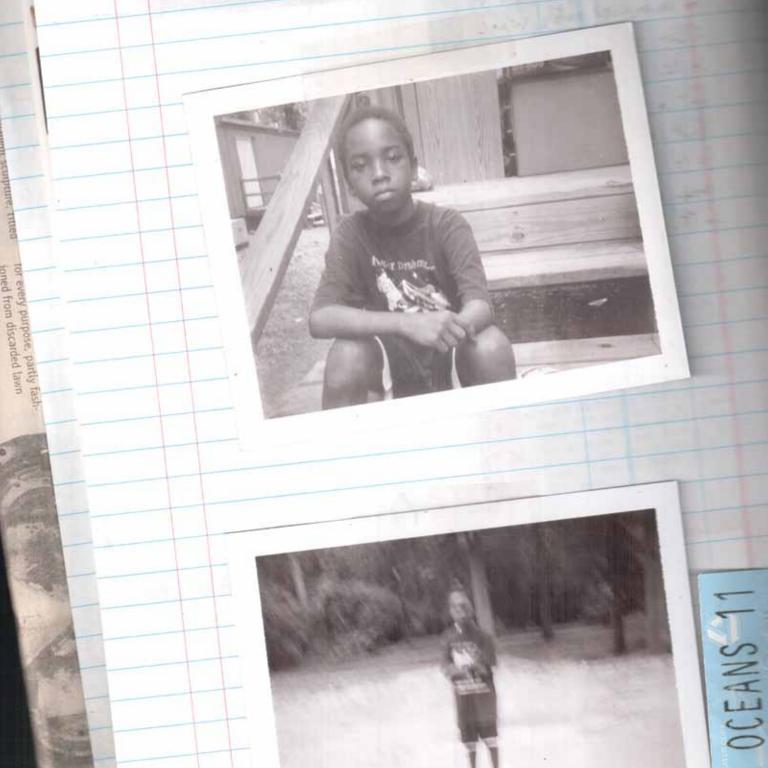
I SAT UPON THE SHORE
FISHING, WITH THE ARID PLAIN BEHIND ME
SHALL I AT LEAST SET MY LANDS IN ORDER?
LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN FALLING DOWN FALLING

O SWALLOW SWALLOW

These fragments I have shored against my ruins Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe. Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.









SHANTIH SHANTIH SHANTIH

Seem it is banken than the traver that I don't know why peoples become photography. This was the last

Bom in 52h - Le

I has the CAXT.

I has the CAXT.

I has the company though thems a though confirt in contributs SOMETIMES HARD. SOMETIMES ITS EASY, I'M Josh. ay they for themsohre or what I would in their the post exter II

Monghe it is me

And mot enjoyi.

May be its the times.

Eregone is just so

broz? Regardless.

I just don't

understand. And

sometimes, that;

just the way

its got to be.



