

I

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
5. Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
10. In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
15. Remember us — if at all — not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

III

This is the dead land
40. This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.

45. Is it like this
In death's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
50. Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

II

Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
20. In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear:
There, the eyes are
Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging
25. And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.
Let me be no nearer

30. In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
35. Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer —
Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom

IV

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
55. In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our last kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
60. Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
65. Of death's twilight kingdom
The hope only
Of empty men.

*Here we go round the prickly pear
Prickly pear prickly pear*

70. *Here we go round the prickly pear
At five o' clock in the morning.*

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion

75. And the act
Falls the shadow

For thine is the kingdom

Between the conception
And the creation

80. Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire

85. And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent

90. Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is the

95. *This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper*