

At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.

IV

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

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

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

V

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

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception
And the creation
Between the emotion
And the response
Falls the Shadow

Life is very long

Between the desire
And the spasm
Between the potency
And the existence
Between the essence
And the descent
Falls the Shadow

For Thine is the Kingdom

For Thine is
Life is
For Thine is the

*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.*

The Secret
Denise Levertov

Two girls discover
the secret of life
in a sudden line of
poetry.

I who don't know the
secret wrote
the line. They
told me

(through a third person)
they had found it
but not what it was
not even

what line it was. No doubt
by now, more than a week
later, they have forgotten
the secret,

the line, the name of
the poem. I love them
for finding what
I can't find,

and for loving me
for the line I wrote,
and for forgetting it
so that

a thousand times, till death
finds them, they may
discover it again, in other
lines

in other
happenings. And for
wanting to know it,
for

assuming there is
such a secret, yes,
for that
most of all.

Crossing the Bar
Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and
their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness
did I sue;

Clung to the whistling mane
of every wind.
But whether they swept,
smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the
blue;

Or, whether, Thunder-
driven,

They clanged his chariot
'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings
round the spun o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love
wist to pursue.

Still with unhurrying
chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic
instancy,

Came on the following
Feet,
And a Voice above their
beat—

'Naught shelters thee, who wilt
not shelter Me.'
I sought no more after that
which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little

children's eyes
Seems something,
something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely
for me!

I turned me to them very
wistfully;
But just as their young eyes
grew sudden fair

With dawning answers
there,
Their angel plucked them from
by the hair.

Come then, ye other children,
Nature's—share
With me' (said I) 'your delicate
fellowship;

Let me greet you lip to
lip,

Let me twine with you
caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's
vagrant tresses,

Banqueting
With her in her wind-
walled palace,
Underneath her azured
dais,

Quaffing, as your tireless
way is,

From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the
dayspring.'

Waking alone
In death's dream kingdom
Is it like this
star.

Under the twinkle of a fading
man's hand
The supplication of a dead
Are raised, here they receive
lost
Remember us—at all—not as
This is cactus land
With direct eyes, to death's
Those who have crossed

In the twilight kingdom
Not that final meeting
without colour,
Shape without form, shade
No nearer—
Behaving as the wind behaves
In a field

Or rat' feet over broken glass
staves
Rat's coat, crow's skin, crossed
Such deliberate disguises
Let me also wear
In death's dream kingdom
Let me be no nearer
Alas!

Headpiece filled with straw.
Leaning together
We are the suffred men
In the wind's singing
And voices are
There, is a tree swinging
Sunlight on a broken column

There, the eyes are
T.S. Eliot

These do not appear:
In death's dream kingdom
Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
II

The suffred men.
As the hollow men
Violent souls, but only
Are raised, here they receive
lost
Remember us—at all—not as
This is cactus land
With direct eyes, to death's
Those who have crossed

In the twilight kingdom
Not that final meeting
without colour,
Shape without form, shade
No nearer—
Behaving as the wind behaves
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There, the eyes are
T.S. Eliot

Thou darrest love from thee,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
'Ah, fondlest, blindest,
carelessly?'
Shade of His hand, outstretched
Is my gloom, after all,
Hails by me that foothall:
come!
Rise, clasp My hand, and
thee at home:

And is thy earth so
like a bursting sea.
That Voice is round me
bruit:
Come on at hand the
broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate,
spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts
My mangled youth has dead
The breasts of her
Never did any milk of hers once
tenderness:
My thirsting mouth,
Nigh and nigh draws the
chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic
instancy;

And now my heart is as a
shower of the dust:
My freshness spent its wavering
In the rash lusthead of my
young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me;
grim'd with sneers,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate,
spilt down ever
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Seeing none but I makes much
love apart?
Thou darrest love from thee,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
'Ah, fondlest, blindest,
carelessly?'
Shade of His hand, outstretched
Is my gloom, after all,
Hails by me that foothall:
come!
Rise, clasp My hand, and
thee at home:

And is thy earth so
like a bursting sea.
That Voice is round me
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My thirsting mouth,
Nigh and nigh draws the
chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic
instancy;

Those shaken mist a space
Eternity:
Even the linked fantasies, in
sounds
The tremmer, and the lute the
dream
Ya, falseth now even
stains on a stream.
Have puff'd and burst as sun-
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall
taste the mud?
I dimly guess what Time in
mists confounds:
Yet ever and anon a trumpet
thing!

Lo, all things fly thee, for
thou threst Me!
Share'd in shard on
marred.
'And is thy earth so
like a bursting sea.
That Voice is round me
bruit:
Come on at hand the
broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate,
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I swung the earth a trinker at my
whose blossom wist
Eternity:
Even the linked fantasies, in
sounds
The tremmer, and the lute the
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Ya, falseth now even
stains on a stream.
Have puff'd and burst as sun-
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My thirsting mouth,
Nigh and nigh draws the
chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic
instancy;

A voice comes yet more
Feet
And past those noised
instancy;
Deliberate speed, majestic
chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Nigh and nigh draws the
My thirsting mouth,
bless
Never did any milk of hers once
tenderness:
The breasts of her
Drop up in smoke.
I stand amid the dust o' the
mounded years—
From the dank thoughts
spilt down ever
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate,
grim'd with sneers,
And pulled my life upon me;
I shook the pillaring hours
And now my heart is as a
shower of the dust:
My freshness spent its wavering
In the rash lusthead of my
young powers,
I stepped in sleep,
And, slowly gazing, find me
wake.

Designer infinite!
Ah! must Thou char the wood
which yields
Whether man's heart or life it be
trumpet saith.
Whom wilt thou find to love
thou art!
His name I know and what his
cypress-crowned:
With glooming robes purpural,
Of all man's cloyed clay the
dingiest clod?
Black, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love
Ignoble thee.
Save Me, save only Me?
which yields
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trumpet saith.
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With them joyed and was
divine:
Of mine own moods, or wistful
make them shapers
Rose and drooped with;
All that's born or dies
shortings:
Spun'd of the wild sea-
arise
I knew how the clouds
skies:
On the wistful face of
importing

When she hit her
glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead
sanctifies.
I laughed in the morning's
eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with
all weather.
Heaven and I wept
together,
And his sweet tears were salt
with mortal mine:

When she hit her
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