

The Hollow Men (1925)
T.S. Eliot

POEMS

I. We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men . . .
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar . . .

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
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
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.

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

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

*supplication - begging

Hunted (c. 1925)
by Paul Eluard

A few grains of dust more or less
On ancient shoulders
Locks of weakness on weary foreheads
This theatre of honey and faded roses
Where incalculable flies
Reply to the black signs that misery makes to them
Despairing girders* of a bridge
Thrown across space
Thrown across every street and every house
Heavy wandering madnenses
That we shall end by knowing by heart
Mechanical appetites and uncontrolled dances
That lead to the regret of hatred

Nostalgia* of justice

*girders – supporting beams

*nostalgia – longing