**“The Hollow Men” by TS Eliot**

English 10

**The Hollow Men**

*Mistah Kurtz-he dead*

 *A penny for the Old Guy*

 I

 We are the hollow men

 We are the stuffed men

 Leaning together

 Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!

 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

 Shape without form, shade without colour,

 Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

 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.

 II

 Eyes I dare not meet in dreams

 In death's dream kingdom

 These do not appear:

 There, the eyes are

 Sunlight on a broken column

 There, is a tree swinging

 And voices are

 In the wind's singing

 More distant and more solemn

 Than a fading star.

 Let me be no nearer

 In death's dream kingdom

 Let me also wear

 Such deliberate disguises

 Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves

 In a field

 Behaving as the wind behaves

 No nearer-

 Not that final meeting

 In the twilight kingdom

 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

 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.*