

# THE WASTE LAND

## by T. S. Eliot

*“Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis  
ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla  
pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:  
Σίβυλλα τί θέλεις; respondebat illa:  
ἀποθανεῖν θέλω.”*

*For Ezra Pound il miglior  
fabbro*

### I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruellest month, 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 keine 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. Only  
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.”