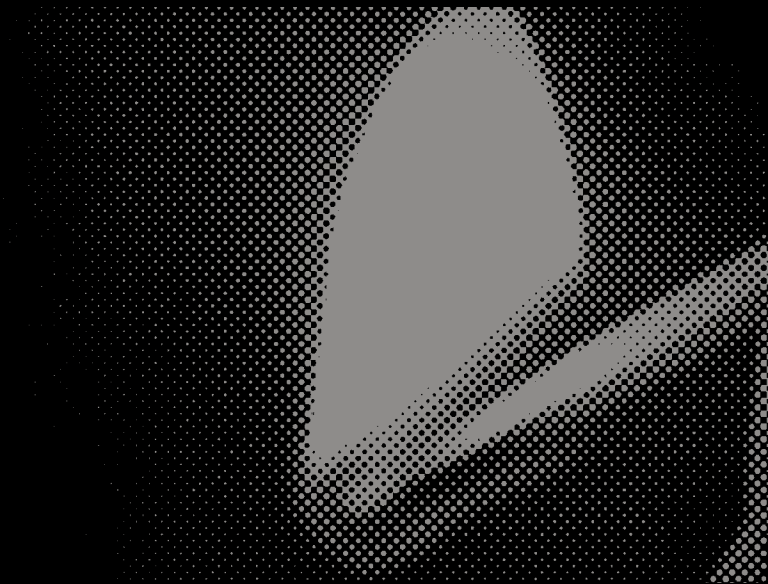
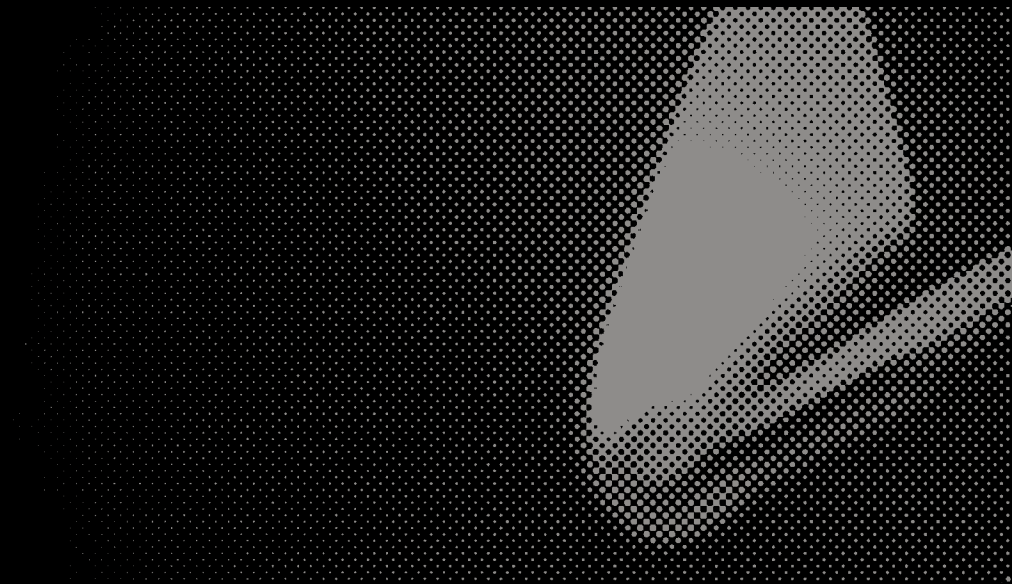


The death of air

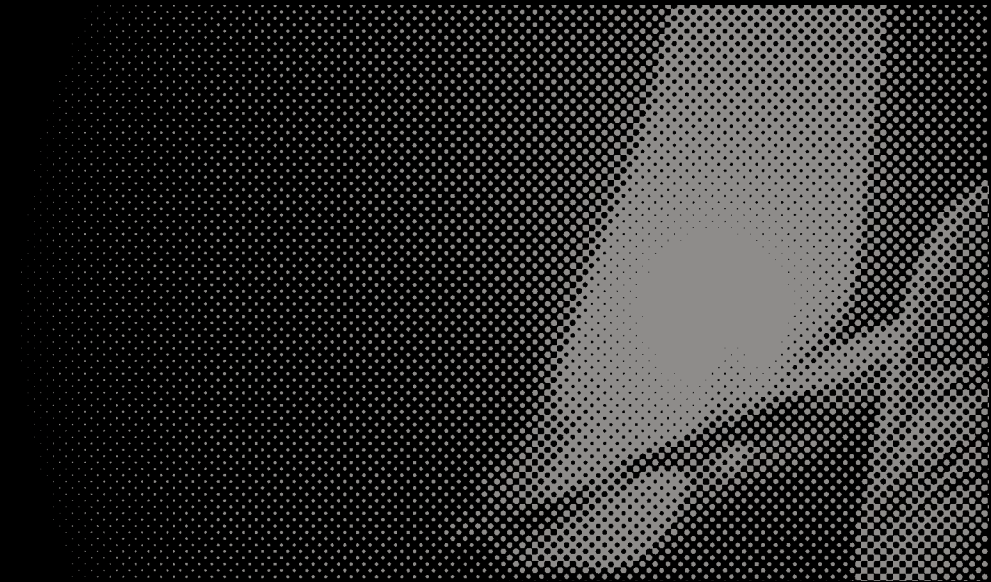
Ash on an old man's sleeve
Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.



Dust in the air suspended
Marks the place where a story ended.



Dust inbreathed was a house—
The wall, the wainscott and the mouse.



The death of hope and despair,
This is the death of air.



The death of earth.

There were flood and drouth
Over the eyes and in the mouth



Dead water and dead sand
Contending for the upper hand.



The parched eviscerate soil
Gapes at the vanity of toil



Laughs without mirth
This is the death of earth.



The death of water and fire.

Water and fire succeed
The town, the pasture and the weed



Water and fire deride
The sacrifice that we denied.



Water and fire shall rot
The marred foundations we forgot,



Of sanctuary and choir

This is the death of water and fire.



Excerpts from *Little Gidding*, by T. S. Eliot