## The Hollow Men by TS Eliot

1. Noun - Plural
2. Noun
3. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
4. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
5. Coordinating Conjunction
6. Noun - Plural
7. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
8. Proper Noun
9. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
10. Determiner
11. Adjective
12. Coordinating Conjunction
13. Noun
14. Verb
15. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
16. Verb - Present Tense
17. Noun
18. Verb
19. Noun
20. Noun
21. Verb - Non 3Rd Person Singular Present
22. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
23. Verb
24. Noun
25. Adverb
26. Adjective
27. Proper Noun
28. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
29. Pronoun
30. Noun
31. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
32. Noun
33. Noun
34. Coordinating Conjunction
35. Proper Noun
36. Determiner
37. Verb-3Rd Person Singular Present
38. Verb-3Rd Person Singular Present
39. Determiner
40. Verb-3Rd Person Singular Present

## The Hollow Men by TS Eliot

We are the hollow $\qquad$

We are the stuffed men

Leaning together
$\qquad$ filled with straw. Alas!

Our dried voices, when

We whisper together

Are $\qquad$ and $\qquad$

As $\qquad$ in $\qquad$

Or rats' feet over broken glass

In our dry cellar
$\qquad$ without form, $\qquad$ without $\qquad$

Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed

With direct $\qquad$ , to $\qquad$ other Kingdom

Remember us-if at all-not as lost

Violent souls, but only

As
the hollow $\qquad$

The stuffed $\qquad$ .

II
$\qquad$ I dare not meet in dreams

In _Verb - PresentTense_dream kingdom

These do not appear:

There, the eyes are
$\qquad$ on a broken $\qquad$

There, is a tree swinging

And voices are

In the $\qquad$ 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 $\qquad$

Rat's coat, $\qquad$ , crossed staves

In a field

Behaving as the wind behaves

No nearer-

Not that final meeting

In the twilight kingdom

III

This is the $\qquad$ land

This is $\qquad$ land

Here the $\qquad$ 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
$\qquad$ alone

At the hour when we are
$\qquad$ with $\qquad$

Lips that would kiss

Form prayers to broken stone.

IV

The $\qquad$ are not here

There are no eyes here

In this valley of dying $\qquad$

In this hollow $\qquad$

This broken $\qquad$ of our $\qquad$ kingdoms

In this last of $\qquad$ places

We grope together

And
avoid speech

Gathered on this beach of the tumid river
$\qquad$ , unless

The $\qquad$ reappear

As the perpetual $\qquad$

Multifoliate rose

Of death's twilight kingdom

The hope only

Of empty men.

V

Here we go round the prickly $\qquad$

Prickly $\qquad$ prickly $\qquad$

Here we go round the prickly $\qquad$

At five o'clock in the morning.
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.

