# Assignment 2 T.S. Eliot 3 Q (Due Tuesday, April 7)

# [*https://poets.org/poem/preludes*](https://poets.org/poem/preludes) *The poem is also copied below. My reading is in Google Classroom.*

1. Describe the poem’s setting,citing specific lines or phrases that allow you to envision the place Eliot describes.

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1. Eliot uses **personification** through this poem. List 3 examples:

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1. How would this poem be different if it were set in a small town like Terrell?

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# *Preludes*

[**T. S. Eliot**](https://poets.org/poet/t-s-eliot) **- 1888-1965**

**I**

**The winter evening settles down**

**With smell of steaks in passageways.**

**Six o'clock.**

**The burnt-out ends of smoky days.**

**And now a gusty shower wraps**

**The grimy scraps**

**Of withered leaves about your feet**

**And newspapers from vacant lots;**

**The showers beat**

**On broken blinds and chimney-pots,**

**And at the corner of the street**

**A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.**

**And then the lighting of the lamps.**

**II**

**The morning comes to consciousness**

**Of faint stale smells of beer**

**From the sawdust-trampled street**

**With all its muddy feet that press**

**To early coffee-stands.**

**With the other masquerades**

**That time resumes,**

**One thinks of all the hands**

**That are raising dingy shades**

**In a thousand furnished rooms.**

**III**

**You tossed a blanket from the bed,**

**You lay upon your back, and waited;**

**You dozed, and watched the night revealing**

**The thousand sordid images**

**Of which your soul was constituted;**

**They flickered against the ceiling.**

**And when all the world came back**

**And the light crept up between the shutters**

**And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,**

**You had such a vision of the street**

**As the street hardly understands;**

**Sitting along the bed's edge, where**

**You curled the papers from your hair,**

**Or clasped the yellow soles of feet**

**In the palms of both soiled hands.**

**IV**

**His soul stretched tight across the skies**

**That fade behind a city block,**

**Or trampled by insistent feet**

**At four and five and six o'clock;**

**And short square fingers stuffing pipes,**

**And evening newspapers, and eyes**

**Assured of certain certainties,**

**The conscience of a blackened street**

**Impatient to assume the world.**

**I am moved by fancies that are curled**

**Around these images, and cling:**

**The notion of some infinitely gentle**

**Infinitely suffering thing.**

**Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;**

**The worlds revolve like ancient women**

**Gathering fuel in vacant lots.**