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Dry Land

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I, a nomad-waste lander, wandered alone,
On the sun eclipsed day,
Oscillating on drab vales, and hills,
A stony rubbish, as Farsifal,
When all at once I saw,
The copious skulls agape with gap teeth
A Hades, beneath it a pile of corpses
Mocking at my desolation.

Continuous as the fallen cherubs
As grim as the eclipsed moon
They stretched in never ending line
Along with the sulphuric waste land
Myriads saw I at my amazed gaze
Tossing their skulls downwards with teeth agape, gasping.

The heat waves beside them are furious, but they
Never out did the handful dust of human pain
A waste lander, couldn't be gay, but disillusioned.
I such doleful waste lander:
I gazed and gazed, but with no promise
What curse had brought this pain to this Promised Land:

For oft, when on my death bed I lie
In vacant or in pessimistic mood,
All flash in my mind
What sin the waste landers did,
And then my heart with melancholy fills
And aches with skulls in Hades.
I, as Terisias, know
The crime of
Odiplus , Fisher King
And the ignorance of Sibyl.
I foresay, the penance of
Death by water is needed
For the fruitful Promised Land.

Note: Sources are from Wordsworth's Daffodils, Milton's Paradise Lost and T. E. Eliot's The Waste Land