

## Darkest Hour

### "The Light At The Edge of The World"

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After the torchlight red on sweaty faces  
After the frosty silence in the gardens  
After the agony in stony places  
The shouting and the crying  
Prison and palace and reverberation  
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains  
He who was living is now dead  
We who were living are now dying  
With little patience

Here is no water but only rock  
Rock and no water and the sandy road  
The road winding above among the mountains  
Which are mountains of rock without water  
If there were water we should stop and drink  
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think  
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand  
If there were only water amongst the rock  
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit  
[Ahh]  
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit  
There is not even silence in the mountains...  
[Ahh...]

(This is an excerpt of a Poem by T.S. Eliot called What the Thunder Said in a collection called 'The Waste Land')

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