

Fill in the gaps with given phrases. There is one extra phrase.

rocks, who, forgotten, daughter, world, scent, pulse, tooth, June, shores, forward

T.S. Eliot “*Marina*”

Quis hic locus, quae regio, quae mundi plaga?

What seas what shores what grey and what islands

What water lapping the bow

And of pine and the woodthrush singing through the fog

What images return

O my

Those who sharpen the of the dog, meaning

Death

Those glitter with the glory of the hummingbird, meaning

Death

Those who sit in the sty of contentment, meaning

Death

Those who suffer the ecstasy of the animals, meaning

Death

Are become insubstantial, reduced by a wind,

A breath of pine, and the woodsong fog

By this grace dissolved in place

What is this face, less clear and clearer

The in the arm, less strong and stronger—

Given or lent? more distant than stars and nearer than the eye

Whispers and small laughter between leaves and hurrying feet

Under sleep, where all the waters meet.

Bowsprit cracked with ice and paint cracked with heat.

I made this, I have

And remember.

The rigging weak and the canvas rotten
Between one and another September.
Made this unknowing, half conscious, unknown, my own.
The garboard strake leaks, the seams need caulking.
This form, this face, this life
Living to live in a of time beyond me; let me
Resign my life for this life, my speech for that unspoken,
The awakened, lips parted, the hope, the new ships.

What seas what what granite islands towards my timbers
And woodthrush calling through the fog
My daughter.