



And the fire and the rose are
one.



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Little Gidding (From Four Quartets)

We shall not cease from
exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first
time.
Through the unknown,
unremembered gate
When the last of earth left to
discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked
for
But heard, half-heard, in the
stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than
everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are
in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire