

The following is a short section from T.S. Elliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* in the constructed language SolReSol.

Translated into SolReSol by Evan Wilson, translated from Sylvia Beach's French version.

Underlined words were considered un-translatable.

LET us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.