From “The Tables Turned” (1798):
by William Wordsworth

[...] One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things-
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
(lines 21-32)

From T.S. Eliot’s The Wasteland (1922)
[...]
Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled.\(^1\)
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours\(^2\)
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying, ‘Stetson!’\(^3\)
‘You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!’\(^4\)
‘That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
Or keep the Dog far hence, that’s friend to men,
‘Or with his nails he’ll dig it up again!’\(^5\)
(lines 60-75)

\(^1\) a reference to lines from Dante’s Inferno
\(^2\) the church named is in the financial district of London
\(^3\) a hat manufacturer
\(^4\) the battle at Mylae (260 B.C.) was a victory for Rome against Carthage.
\(^5\) a reference to lines from John Webster’s Jacobean drama, The White Devil, in which a crazed woman fears that the corpses of her murdered relatives will be disinterred.