كلية التربية بقنا

POETRY 4

Compiled and Prepared by:

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR

DR. SHAIMAA ADHAM

الفرقة الرابعة قسم اللغة

الانجليزية- كلية التربية بقنا

أستاذ المقرر:

أ.م. د. شيماء أدهم

العام الجامعي 2022-2023

الكلية: التربية

الفرقة الرابعة عام

التخصص: اللغة الانجليزية

عدد الصفحات: 197

القسم التابع له المقرر: اللغة الانجليزية بكلية الآداب بقنا

P O E T R Y 4

A NEW AGE

The 20th century was like no time period before it. Einstein, Darwin, Freud and Marx were just some of the thinkers who profoundly changed Western culture. These changes took distinct shape in the literature of the 20th century. Modernism, a movement that was a radical break from 19th century Victorianism, led to postmodernism, which emphasized self-consciousness and pop art. While 20th century literature is a diverse field covering a variety of genres, there are common characteristics that changed literature forever.

The modern age begins approximately after the death of **Queen Victoria**, it essentially beings with the **Twentieth Century**. A century that is full of new thought and new conflicts, an age that uses technology that is

accompanied with a lot of turm[1]oil and confusion. It is the age when manhood faced by two major wars: The First World War 1914-1918, The Second World War 1939-1945. Morale was also a key factor.

The First World War redrew the map of Europe and the Middle East. There is a new map of the whole world, the appearance of America as a great power, the raise and decline of the Soviet, and the emergence and decay of new thoughts and trends like the Communistic theories. In the Middle East, we find the mandatory existence of Israel and the two big wars with Arabs and the still conflict and tension. Disappearance of the Othman Great Nation and the Great Britain along with many other quick and severe changes that created a great deal of unrest and instability.

[1] Unrest, quarrel

The cost of all this in human terms was 8.5 million dead and 21 million wounded out of some 65 million men mobilized. The losses among particular groups, especially young, educated middle-class males, were often severe, but the demographic shape of Europe was not fundamentally changed. The real impact was moral. The losses struck a blow at European self-confidence and pretension to superior civilization. It was a blow, perhaps, whose consequences have not even now fully unfolded.

The human nature underwent a fundamental change "on or about December 1910." The statement testifies to the modern writer's fervent desire to break with the past, rejecting literary traditions that seemed outmoded and diction that seemed too genteel to suit an era of technological breakthroughs and global violence.

"On or about 1910," just as the automobile and airplane were beginning to accelerate the pace of human life, and Einstein's ideas were transforming our perception

of the universe, there was an explosion of innovation and creative energy that shook every field of artistic endeavor. Artists from all over the world converged on London, Paris, and other great cities of Europe to join in the ferment of new ideas and movements: Cubism, Constructivism, Futurism, and Imagism were among the most influential banners under which the new artists grouped themselves. It was an era when major artists.

The excitement, however, came to a terrible climax in 1914 with the start of the **First World War**, which wiped out a generation of young men in Europe, catapulted Russia into a catastrophic revolution, and sowed the seeds for even worse conflagrations in the decades to follow. By the war's end in **1918**, the centuries-old European domination of the world had ended and the **"American Century"** had begun.

For artists and many others in Europe, it was a time of profound disillusion with the values on which a whole civilization had been founded. But it was also a time when

the avant-garde[2] experiments that had preceded[3] the war would, like the technological wonders of the airplane and the atom which we call **modernism**. Among the most instrumental of all artists in effecting this change were a handful of **American poets.**

[2] **Avant-grade**: advanced
[3] **Precede**: comes before

Twentieth Century Literature

1. After 1918, ‘Modern’ defines the effect of literature that are to expand its range, to fragment its solidarity, to enlarge and profoundly change its audience, its forms and its subject matter.
2. the influence of Sigmund Freud works about ‘unconsciousness’ as a sort of psychological theories among other theories has influenced literary works; therefore, the characteristics of this century is that there are many works of art that are difficult to read because readers have to prepare themselves before reading the works by understanding psychology, anthropology, history and aesthetics to get the meaning and the values of works. It is then, existing the ‘Against Modernism’ as ‘Modernism’ is the key concept of this era that means to battle the chaotic writings.

Modernist Movement

Modernist poetry is, first and foremost, a rebellion against the excesses of Victorian romanticism, which put emphasis on beauty as the highest achievement of verse. Romantic poetry was considered overly flowery in its use of words and traditional aestheticism. The poems were less symbolic and more straightforward in approach, utilizing less metaphors and similes in the process. The desire for simplicity in poetry led to shorter, more compact lyrics. Eventually though, longer poems were also written as part of the Modernist literature.

Modernist poetry is believed to have begun in the 20th Century. The approach is mostly free verse and markedly influenced by Imagism. Imagism is fairly simple in its principles: neither subjective nor objective; compact;

and, musical rather than metronomic Modern poetry was considered an avante garde movement, with emphasis on sincerity, intelligence and the poet's clarity of vision. But how can a movement that has spanned more than a century be considered "modern"?

Modernist poetry is a mode of writing characterized by **two main** features: the first is technical innovation through the extensive use of **free verse** and the second a move away from the Romantic idea of an unproblematic poetic "self" directly addressing an equally unproblematic ideal reader or audience.

The questioning of the self and the exploration of technical innovations in modernist poetry are intimately interconnected. The dislocation of the authorial presence is achieved through the application of such techniques as collage, found poetry, visual poetry, the juxtaposition of apparently unconnected materials and combinations of all

of these. These developments parallel[4] changes in the other arts, especially painting and music, which were taking place [5]concurrently[6].

Another important feature of much modernist poetry in English is a clear focus on the surface of the **poem**. Much of this focuses on the literal meaning of the words on the page rather than any **metaphorical** or **symbolic** meanings that might be imputed to them.

Characteristics of the Modernist Poetry:

1- The emergence of a Modernist English-language

The roots of English-language poetic modernism can be traced back to the works of a number of earlier writers, including Walt Whitman, whose long lines approached a type of **free verse** and the **prose poetry.** However, these poets essentially remained true to the basic tenets of **the**

[4]Come along, یتوازی مع
[5] happen
[6] Happening in the same time.

Romantic movement and the appearance of the **Imagists** marked the first emergence of a distinctly modernist poetic in the language. They believed that **sound** could drive poetry. Specifically, poetic sonic[7] effects (selected for verbal and aural felicity, not just images selected for their visual evocativeness)[8] would also, therefore, become an influential poetic device of modernism.

2-Maturity and Responsibility:

The war also tended to undermine the optimism of the Imagists. This was reflected in a number of major poems written in its aftermath. The most famous English-language modernist work arising out of this post-war disillusionment is T. S. Eliot's epic "The Waste Land" (1922). Eliot was an American poet who had been living in London for some time. Although he was never formally associated with the

[7] Relating to sound
[8] Making you remembering something by reminding them of a feeling or memory.

Imagist group, **"The Waste Land"** in the form in which we now know it was published, and Eliot came to be seen as the **voice of a generation**. As it influenced by the economic and moral collapse, it reflected a serious voice that is characterized by **maturity**[9] and **responsibility.**

3- Long Poems:

Eliot's ***The Waste Land*** marked a transition from the short imagistic poems that were typical of earlier modernist writing towards the writing of **longer poems** or poem-sequences.

II- TheModernist Poets: T.S. Eliot, W. B. Yeats, and W.H. Auden

The modern age in poetry really begins with T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) (discussed in details lately). W. B. Yeats (1865-1939) was both a Romantic and modern poet. An Irishman with a lasting love of and concern for his county,

[9] The time when a person, thing is fully grown up or developed.

his early work was full of melody and decoration and his late poetry showed a big deal of sophistical philosophy. The third poet who belongs to this group is W. H. Auden. (1907-73) who is a great poet. His work was dominated by the burning intellectual, social, philosophical and political issues of post war Europe.

T. S. ELIOT

Thomas Stearns Eliot, author of ***The Waste Land***, has been called the most influential poet of the twentieth century. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, but became a British subject in 1927. For this reason, his works may be studied in British or American literature courses.

In 1906 he attended Harvard, where he was influenced by student groups who were interested in Elizabethan and Jacobean literature, the humanism of Irving Babbitt, and Indian mystical philosophy. He received additional education at the Sorbonne and at Oxford. In 1914 he moved to London and took a position at Lloyd's Bank. He held this job until 1925, when he joined

the publishing firm of Faber and Gwyer. The firm became **Faber and Faber** in 1929, and Eliot was appointed a director. In 1948

He won the **Nobel Prize** for literature

Already the strong affinities of Eliot's **symbolist style** with currently more influential poets like Wallace Stevens (Eliot's contemporary at Harvard and a fellow student of Santayana) have been reassessed, as has the tough **philosophical skepticism**[10] of his prose. A **master of poetic syntax**, a poet who shuddered to repeat himself, a dramatist of the terrors of the inner life (and of the evasions of conscience), **Eliot remains one of the twentieth century's major poets**.

That's not it at all, that's not what I meant at all"

—from "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," by T. S. Eliot

[10] Suspicious or doubting facts and religious believes.

The Waste Land

"The life of a soul,"

A General Idea about The Waste Land:

Because of his wide-ranging contributions to poetry, criticism, prose, and drama, some critics consider Thomas Sterns Eliot one of the most influential writers of the twentieth century. *The Waste Land* can arguably be cited as his most influential work. When Eliot published this complex poem in **1922**—first in his own literary magazine *Criterion,* then a month later in wider circulation in the *Dial*— it set off a critical firestorm in the literary world. The work is commonly regarded as one of the seminal works of **modernist literature**. Indeed, when many critics saw the poem for the first time, it seemed **too modern**. In the place of **a traditional work,** with **unified themes** and a **coherent structure**, Eliot produced a poem that seemed to incorporate many unrelated, little-known references to history, religion, mythology, and other disciplines. He even

wrote parts of the poem in foreign languages, such as Hindi. In fact the poem was so **complex** that Eliot felt the need to include extensive notes identifying the sources to which he was alluding, a highly unusual move for a poet, and a move that caused some critics to assert that Eliot was trying to be deliberately obscure or was playing a joke on them.

Yet, while the poem is obscure, critics have identified several sources that inspired its creation and which have helped determine its meaning. Many see the poem as a reflection of Eliot's disillusionment with the moral decay **of post–World War I Europe.** In the work, this sense of disillusionment manifests itself **symbolically** through a type of **Holy Grail**[11] legend. Eliot cited two books from which he drew to create the poem's symbolism. The 1922 version of *The Waste Land* was also significantly

[11] It the cup from which the Christ, Jesus, drank from in the holy dinner and Christians tried very hard it find it later but they did not. It becomes a symbol of the lost of valuable things.

influenced by Eliot's first wife Vivien and by his friend Ezra Pound, who helped Eliot edit the original 800-line draft down to the published **433 lines.**

The Waste Land is an allusive[12] and complex poem. As such, it is subject to a variety of interpretations, and no two critics agree completely on its meaning. It may be interpreted on three levels: the person, the society, and the human race.

Comment on The Waste Land:

An attempt to examine, line by line, the specific meaning of every reference and allusion in ***The Waste Land*** would certainly go beyond the intended scope of this entry. Instead, it is more helpful to examine the **overall meaning** of each of the **five sections** of the poem, highlighting some of the specific references as examples.

[12] Referring to thing in indirect way. تلميحي, ضمني

The Title:

But first a discussion of the poem's title ***The Waste Land*** is necessary. The title refers to a myth[13] from ***From Ritual to Romance***, in which Weston describes a kingdom where the king, known as the Fisher King, have been wounded in some way and he could not have children. This fact of being sterile[14] mythically affects the kingdom itself. With its vital, regenerative power gone, the kingdom has dried up and turned into a **waste land**. In order for the land to be restored, a hero must complete several tasks, or trials. Weston notes that this ancient myth was the basis for various other quest stories from many cultures, including the Christian quest for the Holy Grail. Eliot says he drew heavily on this myth for his poem, and critics have noted that many of the poem's references refer to this **idea**

[13] Unreal story
[14]Unable to have children

This study:

Now, let's have a general idea about the whole poem, starting with introducing the poem itself in **433** lines for general **reading**. It is followed by some notes and comments on the meaning of the difficult words. Then, this study makes a detailed analysis of the last section, section v (5).

Section V: What Thunder Said

Now, we come to a more detailed analysis of the last section of the poem. This section is entitled: **"And What Thunder Said"** concentrating on its first part:

V. What the Thunder Said

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 a 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

Here one can neither stand not lie nor sit

There is not even silence in the mountains

But dry sterile thunder without rain

There is not even solitude in the mountains

But red sullen faces sneer and snarl

From doors of mudcracked houses

If there were water

And no rock

If there were rock

And also water

And water

A spring

A pool among the rock

If there were the sound of water only

Not the cicada

And dry grass singing

But sound of water over a rock

Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees

Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop 357

But there is no water

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together 360
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
- But who is that on the other side of you?
What is that sound high in the air 366
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria

Vienna London

Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight

And fiddled whisper music on those strings

And bats with baby faces in the violet light

Whistled, and beat their wings

And crawled head downward down a blackened wall

And upside down in air were towers

Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours

And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

In this decayed hole among the mountains

In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel

There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.

It has no windows, and the door swings,

Dry bones can harm no one.

Only a cock stood on the rooftree

Co co rico co co rico 392

In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust

Bringing rain

 Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves

Waited for rain, while the black clouds

Gathered far distant, over Himavant.

The jungle crouched, humped in silence.

Then spoke the thunder

DA

Datta: what have we given? 401

My friend, blood shaking my heart

The awful daring of a moment's surrender

Which an age of prudence can never retract

By this, and this only, we have existed

Which is not to be found in our obituaries

Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider 407

Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor

In our empty rooms

DA

Dayadhvam: I have heard the key

Turn in the door once and turn once only 411

We think of the key, each in his prison

thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

Only at nightfall, aethereal rumours

Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

DA

Damyata: The boat responded

Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar

The sea was calm, your heart would have responded

Gaily, when invited, beating obedient

To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me 424

Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

***Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina* 427**

***Quando fiam uti chelidon* - O swallow swallow 428**

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie **429**

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe. 431

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata. 401

Shantih shantih shantih 433

The Waste Land **Section V: "What the Thunder Said"**

Theme and Technique

I- Theme

The final section of *The Waste Land* is dramatic in both its imagery and its events. The first half of the section builds to a climax[15], as suffering people become "hooded hordes swarming" and the "unreal" cities of Jerusalem, Athens, Alexandria, Vienna, and London are destroyed, rebuilt, and destroyed again. A decaying[16] chapel[17] is described, which

[15] The most important or exciting part of the accidents.
[16] Becoming weaker or less important
[17] Small church or room for Christian religious services.

suggests the chapel in the legend of the Holy Grail.[18] Atop the chapel, a cock crows[19], and the rains come, relieving the drought and bringing life back to the land. Curiously, no heroic figure has appeared to claim the Grail; the renewal has come seemingly at random, gratuitously.

The scene then shifts to the Ganges, half a world away from Europe, where thunder rumbles. Eliot draws on the traditional interpretation of "what the thunder says," as taken from the Upanishads (Hindu fables). According to these fables, the thunder "gives," "sympathizes," and "controls" through its "speech"; Eliot launches into a meditation on each of these aspects of the thunder's power. The meditations[20] seem to bring about some sort of reconciliation[21], as a Fisher King-type figure is shown sitting on the shore preparing to put his lands in order, a sign of his imminent[22] death or at least abdication[23]. The

[18] The lost cup of the Christ.
[19] Large shiny black bird that makes a loud sound
[20] Thinking deeply.
[21] Feeling friendly after arguing for a long time.
[22] Coming or going to happen soon.
[23] Retiring or leaving an important position or responsibility.

poem ends with a series of disparate fragments from a children's song, from Dante, and from Elizabethan drama, leading up to a final chant of "Shantih shantih shantih"—the traditional ending to an Upanishad.[24]

The last part, "What the Thunder Said", once again introduces the physical characteristics of the Waste Land through a stark[25] presentation of a parched[26] land badly in need of water:

> Here is no water but only rock
>
> Rock and no water and the sandy road
>
> ……
>
> And no rock
>
> If there were rock
>
> And also water
>
> And water

[24] مجموعة من الاطروحات الهنوسية الفلسفية القديمة
[25] Severe and unpleasantly clear
[26] Thirsty, dry

A spring

A pool among the rock

……

Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop

But there is no water

The excessive use of the lexical items related with wetness and dryness makes the theme of drought even more severe. This dry land reflects his idea about the king's fertility, being unable to create another generation. But, this problem is to be resolved spiritually. The repetition of the sounds **A and D**, instead of being a sound of actual rain, suggest ways how to restore the fertility of the land, it needs strength and zest.

I-The Sound Techniques:

a-Form and Rhythm:

Just as the third section of the poem explores popular forms, such as music, the final section of *The Waste Land* moves away

from more typical poetic forms to experiment with structures normally associated with religion and philosophy. **The rhythm is mostly iambic** trying to make a rising sound the parallels the rising in events. The length of the lines is dissimilar although **prevalence [27]of the pentameter.**

b- The Rhyme Scheme:

Eliot in this last part tries to keep his traditional commitment to a **recognized rhyme scheme**, although it is in a strict formal system, it is still found: notice "faces-places"/"crying-dying"/"drink-think"… etc.

c-Alliteration and Repetition:

The reasoned, structured nature of the final stanzas comes as a relief after the obsessively repetitive language and alliteration: ("If there **w**ere **w**ater / And no rock / If there were rock / And also water..."). The reader's relief at the shift in style mirrors the physical relief brought by the rain midway through the

[27] Popularity.

section. Both formally and thematically, then, this final chapter follows a pattern of obsession[28] and resignation. [29]

II-**The Imagery techniques:**

a-The initial imagery associated with the apocalypse at this section's opening is taken from the crucifixion[30] of Christ. Significantly, though, Christ is not resurrected here: we are told, "He who was living is now dead." The rest of the first part, while making reference to contemporary events in Eastern Europe and other more traditional apocalypse narratives, continues to draw on Biblical **imagery and symbolism** associated with the quest for the Holy Grail.

The repetitive language and harsh **imagery of this** section suggest that the end is perhaps near, that not only will there be no renewal but that there will be no survival either. Cities are destroyed, rebuilt, and destroyed, mirroring the

[28] Something that you cannot stop thinking or worrying about.
[29] Accepting the unpleasant things, surrendering, giving up.
[30] Being hanged and killed on the cross

cyclical downfall of cultures: Jerusalem, Greece, Egypt, and Austria, **Capitals falls, civilizations becomes to nothing just like this dried, dead land, just rocks with no water.**

b-Symbolism:. The symbolism surrounding the Grail myth is still extant but it is empty, devoid of people. (The land with no water or rain)No one comes to the ruined chapel, yet it exists regardless of who visits it. This is a horribly sad situation: **The symbols that** have previously held profound meaning still exist, yet they are unused and unusable. A flash of light—a quick glimpse of truth and vitality, perhaps—releases the rain and lets the poem end. Since we get the glass, we can fill in with water as symbol of getting religion and morals back. It is a hope.

C- Personification:

"What the thunder says": He recalls the thunder to speak as if he is a man who has the keys to solve the problems. He is a sign of the coming rain.The third idea expressed in the thunder's

speech—that of control—holds the most potential, although it implies hope and greenness.

Finally Eliot turns to the Fisher King himself, still on the shore fishing. The possibility of regeneration for the "arid plain" of society has been long ago discarded. Instead, the king will do his best to put in order what remains of his kingdom, and he will then surrender

III-Language a techniques.

The final lines of the poem comes in foreign language:

> I sat upon the shore
>
> Fishing, with the arid[31] plain[32] behind me 424
>
> Shall I at least set my lands in order?
>
> London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
>
> *Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina* 427

[31] Very dry, with no rain.
[32] Very clear. Large or flat land.

Quando fiam uti chelidon - O swallow swallow

428

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie 429

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.

431

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata. 401

Shantih shantih shantih 433

The king offers some consolation: "These fragments I have shored[33] against my ruins," he says, suggesting that it will be possible to continue on despite the failed redemption. It will still be possible for him, and for Eliot, to "fit you," to create art in the face of madness. It is important that the last words of the poem are in a non-Western language. He gives up the Western world as if he is saying that the answer is at the spiritual values

[33] Sit on the shore in the secure side of the river.

of the Eastern civilization.

***The tone** of the poem is clearly sad and melancholic[34] notice the use of word such as "dead, dying, rock, silence, solitude"

*** Diction of the poems and wording** is very evocative, notice words like "mountains, rock, sand" to convey the cruelty of the desert and luck of water. Later, by the end of the poem we have words like, "rain, water, shore" to convey the feeling of hope.

***words like "drop" and "drip"** make the best use of onomatopoeia.

Thus we come to the end of discussion of one of the greatest poems in the modern English poetry, "**THE WASRE LAND**" by a remarkable poet T.S. Eliot .

[34] Miserable, gloomy, unhappy, sad

"The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

By

T. S. Eliot

S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.
Ma percioche giammai di questo fondo
Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.

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

13. **In the room the women come and go**
14. **Talking of Michelangelo.**

15. **The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,**
16. **The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,**
17. **Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,**
18. **Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,**
19. **Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,**
20. **Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,**
21. **And seeing that it was a soft October night,**

22. Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

23. And indeed there will be time
24. For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
25. Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
26. There will be time, there will be time
27. To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
28. There will be time to murder and create,
29. And time for all the works and days of hands
30. That lift and drop a question on your plate;
31. Time for you and time for me,
32. And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
33. And for a hundred visions and revisions,
34. Before the taking of a toast and tea.

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

37. And indeed there will be time
38. To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
39. Time to turn back and descend the stair,
40. With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —
41. (They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
42. My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
43. My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —
44. (They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
45. Do I dare
46. Disturb the universe?
47. In a minute there is time
48. For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

49. For I have known them all already, known them all:
50. Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
51. I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
52. I know the voices dying with a dying fall
53. Beneath the music from a farther room.
    a. So how should I presume?

54. And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
55. The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
56. And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
57. When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,

58. Then how should I begin
59. To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
    a. And how should I presume?

60. And I have known the arms already, known them all—
61. Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
62. (But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
63. Is it perfume from a dress
64. That makes me so digress?
65. Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
    a. And should I then presume?
    b. And how should I begin?

66. Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
67. And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
68. Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? ...

69. I should have been a pair of ragged claws
70. Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

71. And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
72. Smoothed by long fingers,
73. Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,
74. Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
75. Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
76. Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
77. But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
78. Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
79. I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;
80. I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
81. And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
82. And in short, I was afraid.

83. And would it have been worth it, after all,
84. After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
85. Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
86. Would it have been worth while,
87. To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
88. To have squeezed the universe into a ball
89. To roll it towards some overwhelming question,

90. To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
91. Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—
92. If one, settling a pillow by her head
- **a. Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;**
- **b. That is not it, at all."**

93. And would it have been worth it, after all,
94. Would it have been worth while,
95. After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
96. After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—
97. And this, and so much more?—
98. It is impossible to say just what I mean!
99. But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
100. Would it have been worth while
101. If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
102. And turning toward the window, should say:
- **a. "That is not it at all,**
- **b. That is not what I meant, at all."**

103. No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
104. Am an attendant lord, one that will do
105. To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
106. Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
107. Deferential, glad to be of use,
108. Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
109. Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
110. At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
111. Almost, at times, the Fool.

112. I grow old ... I grow old ...
113. I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

114. Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
115. I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
116. I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

117. I do not think that they will sing to me.

118. I have seen them riding seaw ard on the waves
119. Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
120. When the wind blows the water white and black.
121. We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
122. By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
123. Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Preludes

BY T. S. ELIOT

I
The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passageways.
Six o’clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.

And then the lighting of the lamps.

II
The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street
With all its muddy feet that press
To early coffee-stands.
With the other masquerades
That time resumes,
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

III
You tossed a blanket from the bed,
You lay upon your back, and waited;
You dozed, and watched the night revealing
The thousand sordid images
Of which your soul was constituted;
They flickered against the ceiling.
And when all the world came back
And the light crept up between the shutters
And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,

You had such a vision of the street
As the street hardly understands;
Sitting along the bed's edge, where
You curled the papers from your hair,
Or clasped the yellow soles of feet
In the palms of both soiled hands.

IV
His soul stretched tight across the skies
That fade behind a city block,
Or trampled by insistent feet
At four and five and six o'clock;
And short square fingers stuffing pipes,
And evening newspapers, and eyes
Assured of certain certainties,
The conscience of a blackened street
Impatient to assume the world.

I am moved by fancies that are curled
Around these images, and cling:
The notion of some infinitely gentle
Infinitely suffering thing.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;
The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

The Journey of the Magi

BY T. S. ELIOT

A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.'
And the camels galled, sorefooted, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.

There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
and running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arriving at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you might say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

Preludes

BY

T. S. ELIOT

Preludes

BY T. S. ELIOT

I

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passageways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.

And then the lighting of the lamps.

II

The morning comes to consciousness
Of faint stale smells of beer
From the sawdust-trampled street
With all its muddy feet that press
To early coffee-stands.
With the other masquerades
That time resumes,
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

III
You tossed a blanket from the bed,
You lay upon your back, and waited;
You dozed, and watched the night revealing
The thousand sordid images
Of which your soul was constituted;
They flickered against the ceiling.
And when all the world came back
And the light crept up between the shutters
And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,
You had such a vision of the street
As the street hardly understands;
Sitting along the bed's edge, where
You curled the papers from your hair,
Or clasped the yellow soles of feet
In the palms of both soiled hands.

IV
His soul stretched tight across the skies
That fade behind a city block,
Or trampled by insistent feet
At four and five and six o'clock;
And short square fingers stuffing pipes,
And evening newspapers, and eyes
Assured of certain certainties,
The conscience of a blackened street
Impatient to assume the world.

I am moved by fancies that are curled
Around these images, and cling:
The notion of some infinitely gentle
Infinitely suffering thing.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;

The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

CRITICAL ANALYSIS

A lyric Poem

"Preludes" is a lyric poem in free verse, divided into four numbered parts of thirteen, ten, fifteen, and sixteen lines. These sections were written at different times during T. S. Eliot's years of undergraduate and graduate studies at Harvard University and in Europe.

'Preludes' is a series of four short poems written by T. S. Eliot early in his career and published in his first collection, *Prufrock and Other Observations*, in 1917. In the following post we intend to sketch out a brief summary and analysis of 'Preludes', exploring the meaning of these short masterpieces and their significance for Eliot's later poetry.

The title

The first place to start with a summary of ‘Preludes’ is with the title. Eliot, who would effectively end his poetry career with a long work named *Four Quartets*, was fond of musical titles for his poems. A ‘prelude’ – literally ‘before the play’ – is a brief musical composition that is played before the main piece. This suggests that these poems are small-scale: as well as being short, they are seeking to capture something small, in this case the details of everyday urban living. However, the times of day at which the four short poems that make up ‘Preludes’ take place suggest another meaning: the events and scenes described in ‘Preludes’ are, in a sense, building up to something, and are merely warm-ups to something bigger – such as getting ready to go to work in the morning.

The title is appropriate if it suggests a type of short musical composition in an improvisational or free style.

Since some of the images in this very early poem anticipate the barren, rubble-filled atmosphere of *The Waste Land* (1922) and other poems, it could be considered a "prelude" to Eliot's later works. The title may also be viewed as an ironic one, such as "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "Rhapsody on a Windy Night," because it creates expectations about the poem's contents that are not fulfilled. Although the first three sections or preludes move from evening to morning, the fourth returns to the evening hours without suggesting that anything in the poem is a preliminary to a more important or enlightening action or event.

Summary

What follows is a brief summary and analysis of 'Preludes'. The first poem is set on a winter evening at six o'clock. We are treated to the sights, sounds, and smells of this evening: the smell of the dinners being cooked in nearby restaurants,

the rain showering down on the chimney-pots of the houses, the wind blowing the fallen leaves and discarded newspapers across the street. This opening poem concludes with the coming of night and the lighting of the streetlamps.

The second poem takes place in the morning, when people are rising from bed and trudging to work, stopping at ‘coffee-stands’ for a pick-me-up on the way. There is still a faint smell of stale beer, a reminder of the previous night’s barroom goings-on. Countless people all over the town or city are getting ready to resume the ‘masquerades’ of daily life: work, school, and the like. The poem’s speaker imagines all of the people raising the ‘dingy shades’ in their ‘furnished rooms’ (i.e. rented rooms, implying that they’re possibly also squalid and cheap) to let in the morning light.

The third poem changes tack a little, and rather than using the first or third person the speaker addresses us directly using the second-person ‘you’. This time, the focus is on lying awake at night, unable to sleep (tossing the blanket off you is a nice touch: who hasn’t done this in frustration when plagued by insomnia?), watching the night revealing all the ‘sordid images’ lying deep inside the mind. This is a wonderful evocation of the way the mind becomes awash with horrible images when we can’t sleep.

Sleep continues to elude us, and then it’s morning, the light reappearing and the sparrows chirping outside. We are then treated to the most remarkable pair of lines in the whole of ‘Preludes’: how *can* the street *understand* our vision of it? One possible way to interpret this is to say that, when we’ve been kept up all night by unpleasant thoughts, we feel different about the world outside: while everyone else now stepping out into the street has been blissfully ignorant and asleep, we’ve been on a dark night

of the soul, and feel we have come to see the world for what it really is. And then, one must get up and get ready for work anyway, despite the sleepless night, taking the paper from one's hair (it's been in curlers all night) or massaging one's feet ready to begin the walk to work again.

The fourth and final poem returns to the evening for its setting: we get the bizarre, Laforgue-inspired image of 'His' soul 'stretched tight across the skies': God's, perhaps, whom the modern material world has forgotten in its impatience to get on with the tasks and chores of day-to-day living? This would make sense if we interpret the 'soul' stretched across the evening skies as a reference to the sunset. But this soul is also trampled beneath the 'insistent feet' of people heading home from work. The world is full of impatient activity and people striding confidently about their business: men stuffing their pipes,

reading the evening papers, eyes looking sure of themselves.

The street is corrupted, ‘blackened’ by pollution and industrialisation but also black in a more abstract, metaphorical way. But amongst all this, the speaker of the poem is ‘moved by fancies’ that can be found curled *around* these sordid urban images: some being who is gentle and suffering ‘infinitely’. But before he can get too romantically sentimental about this, the speaker seems to straighten himself up and clear his throat and recollect himself: you have to laugh.

The poem then ends with the bizarre image of these different worlds inhabited by people revolving ‘like ancient women’ who are gathering fuel ‘in vacant lots’.

Things don’t change, the world keeps turning, things largely remain constant. There seems to be little escape from the everyday urban life of drudgery: you get up, you go to work, you come home, you sleep (or try to), you do it

all again the next day. This picture of urban life makes 'Preludes' an important precursor – indeed, *prelude* – to T. S. Eliot's later poem *The Waste Land*

The point of View

The point of view shifts from an objective description of a city street on a "gusty" winter evening in prelude I to a more emotional first-person response to this scene in the middle of IV. The "you" in preludes I and IV could refer to the reader or to anyone who has walked the city streets. The scene moves from the dirty streets to dingy rooms at the end of II.

Rhythm and Meter

Although the line lengths and meters of "Preludes" are more uniform than those of many of Eliot's other poems, its forms show him experimenting with irregular and

fragmented structures. The first two lines begin in iambic tetrameter, like the "Sweeney" poems and several other early poems, but the third line, with only three syllables, creates an abrupt interruption in the rhythm; there is frequent variation from the eight-syllable iambic line through the rest of the poem.

Rhymes

Rhymes are interspersed irregularly in each prelude. They often link parts of related images, such as "wraps" and "scraps," or "stamps" and "lamps" in prelude I, or "shutters" and "gutters" in III. Prelude II has the most regular rhyme scheme (*abcadefdef*), with the three rhymes in the last six lines connecting the two sentences that make up this section and marking the transition from the street to shabby "furnished rooms."

Syntax

The syntax of the poem also mixes the regular and the irregular; its structures reinforce the perception that modern life is both fragmented and monotonous. The regular syntax and meter of the first two lines are followed by two fragments emphasizing the time—the end of the day. Next begins the first of many sentences and phrases starting with "and," several of them fragments, which contribute to the impression that this poem is an accumulation of images with connections and implications.

The Fragments Technique

'Preludes' is very effective of Eliot's poems and makes an important contribution to Eliot's development from "Prufrock" to 'The Waste Land'. Eliot is learning economy, vividness, and the value of impersonality and changes of vision. The mood and tone are vital: these constitute what the poem communicates, and every part of the poem is

intended to concentrate the overall impressions of sordid hopelessness, shabbiness, and disenchantment. The gentle comedy of "Prufrock" is gone. Instead of that there is a minor-key poem, an elegy of haunting, tragic intensity, made all the more touching by Eliot's final rejection of his own pity.

Eliot pursues a technique he was very fond of, technique of conveying the dehumanization by fragmenting the human elements of his poem into parts of the body: "muddy feet" and "hands" (Prelude II); hair, the soles of the feet, and "palms of both soiled hands" (Prelude III); "insistent feet", fingers and eyes (Prelude IV). In this way, no complete human soul or human body emerges. All is as mechanical and as dislocated as the action of a robot. It is Eliot's comment in certain moods on human behavior. The technique is greatly developed and expanded in ‘The Waste Land’.

The Imagery

'The Preludes' may appear to be imagistic representations of urban life, recorded without comment, but the objectivity and detachment are illusory. It is difficult to separate the objects of perception from the perceiving consciousness. The lonely cab-horse, the lighting of the lamps, the masquerades that time resumes, are imbued with the emotions of the observer. It is the observer who thinks of weary monotony and sameness of all the hands raising dingy shades, and perceives human beings as dismembered parts of the body—the muddy feet, the hands, the short square fingers, the eyes assured of certain certainties. This fragmentation is a negation of individual identity.

The tone

There is a greater complexity of tone and feeling in 'Preludes' III and IV than in I and II. The 'you' of the third 'Prelude' who has `such a vision of the street/ As the street

hardly understands' may be a street-walker from Philippe', Marie Donadieu (`Sitting along the bed's edge, where/You curled the papers from your hair') The reader is not given an objective rendering of her perceptions, however. The images are attributed to her consciousness by the controlling voice of the poem.

The mind of the 'you' is remorselessly contemplating its own processes and projecting them outwards in the guise of a woman's consciousness. There is a sharper distinction between the perceiving consciousness and the objects of perception in this 'Prelude' than in I and II — between the persona's vision of the street and the street itself. The notion of the soul constituted of a 'thousand sordid images' is a denial of any spiritual dimension to the self.

The opening lines of the fourth 'Prelude' are reminiscent of the evening spread out like a patient etherised upon a table in `Prufrock'. The concept of the soul

here is rather different from that in the third `Prelude'. There is a sensation of acute pain and suffering in its being racked across the skies and on the street.

Religious overtones

There are religious overtones in the lines, 'The conscience of a blackened street/Impatient to assume the world.' 'Blackness' implies a sense of sin, and 'conscience' of moral discrimination and responsibility. The distinction between subject and object is again blurred whose conscience is it? That of the street, or of the perceiving self? At this, point the poetic voice speaks directly for the first time and admit that it is not detached and impassive. There is a not of compassion and a tentative movement towards religious belief.

The notion of some infinitely gentle/Infinitely suffering thing is perhaps a compassionate perception of the suffering inherent in the images around which the poet's

fancies are curled, and in the souls constituted by these images. It is a reminder also of the suffering of Christ to redeem the sins of humanity. However, there is a change of tone, sad the religious vision is sardonically brushed aside. It is not entirely obliterated, though. The cynicism, perhaps conceals a nostalgia and wistfulness for an absent ideal. The typographical space emphasizes the gap between the ideal and the actual.

QUESTIONS

1) Why do you think Eliot titles these poems 'Preludes'?

2) The first 'prelude' describes 'The winter evening settles down', the second opens 'The morning comes to consciousness'; in the third prelude 'You dozed, and watched the night'. How does Eliot treat time in this poem? Do you read these preludes as different aspects of one

evening, night and dawn, or do you read them as separate moments?

3) Similarly, look at Eliot's use of pronouns: 'One', 'you', 'his', 'I'. Do you see these people as connected, or as separate from each other? Is it the same 'you' each time, or a different one? How far do these 'Preludes' connect? (Do they need to connect?)

4) 'And then the lighting of the lamps': What is the interaction of darkness and light in these poems, and of blindness and vision?

5) How does Eliot portray collective identity ('the hands / Raising dingy shades'; the 'short square fingers stuffing pipes'; the 'ancient women') as compared to individual figures in this poem?

6) What is the effect of the stanza beginning 'I am moved by fancies that are curled / Around these images, and cling' as compared to the rest of the Preludes?

7) ‘Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh’: look at how Eliot portrays smiling and laughing in this and other poems.

8) ‘The worlds revolve like ancient women / gathering fuel in vacant lots.’ How do you read the tone of these last two lines, and the ‘laugh’ that precedes them? Compare to the ending of Eliot’s poem ‘The Hollow Men’ (‘This is the way the world ends’…)

9) How do the senses (sight, smell, hearing, touch) interact in these poems?

"The Unknown Citizen"

by

W. H. AUDEN

Wystan Hugh Auden

(1907 –1973)

W. H. Auden, was an Anglo-American poet, born in England, York, later an American citizen, regarded by many as one of the greatest writers of the 20th century.[4] His work is noted for its stylistic and technical achievements, its engagement with moral and political issues, and its variety of tone, form and content.

The central themes of his poetry are love, politics and citizenship, religion and morals, and the relationship

between unique human beings and the anonymous, impersonal world of nature. Ever since, he has been admired for his unsurpassed technical virtuosity and an ability to write poems in nearly every imaginable verse form. He died in 1973 in Vienna, Austria

The Unknown Citizen

By Auden

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics [35]to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,[36]
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,
For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.
Except for the War till the day he retired
He worked in a factory and never got fired,
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink.

[35] Office of Statics, counting people … etc.
[36] Criticism

The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Installment Plan[37]

And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,
A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,[38]
Which our Eugenist[39] says was the right number for a parent of his generation.
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd[40]:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard

The Comment

[37] The system of paying for a thing in a regular payments until you finish the whole money.
[38] Inhabitants, people
[39] Scientists that are concerned with studying genetics.
[40] silly

Auden's "An Unknown Citizen" warns us about the dangers of modern society allowing ourselves to be reduced to faceless numbers Loosing identity and have been in too much control is dangerous as in giving up his individuality to the 'Greater Community' (line 5) and the kind of society that insists and depends on such sacrifices from its modern-day Saint.

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be

One against whom there was no official complaint,

And all the reports on his conduct agree

That, in the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, he was a saint,

For in everything he did he served the Greater Community.

Except for the War till the day he retired

The beginning of the **poem in the passive voice** is indicative of the citizen's lack of initiative.[41]. Here, the unknown citizen's life is constrained by the dictums and doctrines of the state.(The United State of America, the Union)e is described, at the outset, in terms of statistics. Furthermore, he is acknowledged as 'unknown'. Only his presence is acknowledged, not his individuality.

****

He worked in a factory and never got fired,

But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.

Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views,

For his Union reports that he paid his dues,

[41] The ability to make decisions without waiting for someone to tell you what to do.

(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)

And our Social Psychology workers found

That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink

He is said to have satisfied his Boss and the evaluation of his performance depended primarily on his employer's judgment. His employer, the company is named as Fudge Motors Inc.' **parodying** the name of the automobile giant Ford Motors Inc The social psychology workers acknowledged that he was popular with friends and enjoyed drinks with them. His being sociable is the evidence for his sound Social Psychology. Again, note that his individual psychology is relegated[42] to the background. In the attempt to please the state.

****

The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day

[42] To make someone or something less important than before.

And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.

Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,

And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.

Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare

He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan

And had everything necessary to the Modern Man,

A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.

He bought the newspaper and was updated about the current affairs. His reaction to the advertisements was typical, his responses to the questionares were as anticipated. Insurance Policies are an inherent part of Modern day life,and the speaker had his share of those. He was in a hospital once ,and left it cured as per his health

card. His statement of health is assessed by the hospital records. And he had everything necessary to the Modern Man,A phonograph, a radio, a car and a frigidaire.

****

Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace: when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation.
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard

His intelligence is appraised based on his capacity to adapt to installment schemes. He gave politically correct' and diplomatic responses to those who conducted Gallup polls. When the country was for peace he assumed the garb of a pacifist; when the nation was at war he put forward the fighting spirit. The Eugenist[43] determined that his number of children was just right for him; what he and his wife, the can produce better generations. He never interfered with his education and even the education of his children by the teachers, their stand was never questioned. Auden poses two rhetorical questions at the end: "Was he free? Was he happy?" "Happiness' and Freedom' are two very individual and extremely personal choices. Nevertheless, the state chooses to answer these significant questions too. Every detail about his life is put across in the form of a statistic.

[43] Scientists who are concerned with genetics.

The emotional, humanitarian or compassionate sides are just not portrayed.

Conformity and Anonymity in the Modern World

The Unknown Citizen" pertains to Auden's middle period of creation. It was the time of authoritarianism in Europe, and amid dictatorship in the various countries in Europe, and America built its new power neglecting the individual need of its citizens, Only the Union what matters. Man as a rational individual was losing his stance, distinctiveness and identity. The definition of the average citizen was confined to how well he conformed, how far he was predictable and how smoothly he rendered himself a cog in the wheel of society. The poem was written when the United States was going through tremendous social, political and economic changes in the late 1930's. The

Great Depression fundamentally changed the relationship between the government and its people.

During this period, Americans were issued cards with a personalized federal numbers better known as Social Security cards which in turn depersonalized the political system of the United States. Citizens were moulded[44] into forms determined by the state like a commodity or easy-money; productive, reproductive, obedient and national.

"Social Security Number? Birthdate? Nine digit telephone number starting with area code? Mother's Maiden Name?" In many ways, we are simply faceless numbers to modern society, not individuals with feelings and emotions and dreams. W.H. Auden, a well-known English poet and dramatist, discusses this important theme in his poem "An Unknown Citizen." Auden, being a modernist, is concerned with this modern idea of people losing their identities in the face of the changing,

[44] Put in forms

technological world. In the poem "An Unknown Citizen" Auden speaks of the dangers of modern society to the individual including anonymity, conformity, and government control.

The anonymity[45] of the unknown citizen is shown in Auden's repeated use of **metaphor**. Auden shows the reader everything the unknown citizen was and was not-"a saint" (line 4), "wasn't odd in his views" (line 9), "normal in every way" (line 15), "was insured" (line 16), "had everything necessary to the Modern man" (line 20), "held proper opinions for the time of year" (line 23), and added the right number of children to the population (line 25.). While it seems as though the unknown citizen is praised for these qualities. In the earlier times a person who submitted to God was a saint, now the one who conforms to society is. The modern-day-definition of the saint therefore suits the citizen aptly. He is said to have served

[45] The state of not having your name known.

the Greater Community that comes across as the Bureaucracy.. **The capitalization** exemplifies the authority of the same. The only exceptions are the war, and day he retired. Does this imply that he did not deserve even retirement?

Auden is **mocking** how anonymous the man has become. This citizen is completely defined by his statistics, not by any of his qualities or feelings. He isn't even given a name but is referred to by a number. The government of the modern society especially in America can produce reports to show that he did all the right things. He had the right opinions, owned the right products, and even had the correct number of kids. In this poem, people have become noting more than commodities that must fulfill their roles for the wheel to turn. Conformity has created apathetic and obedient citizens which is exactly what the government wants.

Lastly an unknown citizen falls prey[46] to the modern American government control. The **speaker** in this poem is the modern government and authority itself. That's why Auden uses plurals like ours. The poem is written in rather a **choppy[47]** way as though it is a statistical report listing all his "assets." The modern government does not truly care about him, only the fact that he does what he is told. **Words are capitalized** like Greater Community, Installment Plan, Modern Man, and Public Opinion to show the emphasis that the government puts on these concepts.

Everything about his life is closely monitored, even his private life as the government knows things like the fact that he likes to drink. The modern American government does not care about people's happiness or freedom as evidenced by the last lines. "Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd: Had anything been wrong, we

[46] Victim فريسة و ضحية
[47] Irregular, changing

should certainly have heard." There is no need to ask for any more. He was a good follower and that is what counts.

The poem comes generally in the traditional form of the iambic rhythm, rhyming in couplets, "day-way", 'retired-fired", "views- dues," "man- plan" …….etc. Auden's sense of humor is very clear in this poem, from the ironical use of the title till the satirical view he directs to the society of the modern life.

THE MOVEMENT

THE MOVEMENT

'The Movement,' term coined to describe a group of British poets that coalesced during the 1950s, about the same time as the rise of the 'Angry Young Men'. 'The Movement' poets addressed everyday British life in plain, **straightforward** language and often in traditional forms. It first attracted attention with the publication of the anthology *New Lines*, edited by Robert Conquest. Among its writers were Philip Larkin, Kingsley Amis, Donald Davie and Thom Gunn. Conquest saw the group's work "free from both mystical and logical compulsions and - like modern philosophy - is empirical in its attitude to all that comes." Larkin's best known books were THE LESS DECEIVED (1955), THE WHITSUN

WEDDINGS (1964), and HIGH WINDOWS (1974).

"Next, Please"

by

PHILIP LARKIN

PHILIP LARKIN (1922-85)

A Biography

Philip Arthur Larkin was born on August 9, 1922, in Coventry. He attended the City's King Henry VIII School between 1930 and 1940 After leaving King Henry VIII, he went to St. John's College, Oxford, After graduating, Larkin lived with his parents for a while, before being appointed Librarian at Wellington, Shropshire, in November of 1943. Here, he studied to qualify as a professional librarian, but continued to write and publish. In 1945, ten of his poems, which later that year would be included in The North Ship, appeared in Poetry from Oxford in Wartime.

In December of 1984 he was offered the chance to succeed Sir John Betjeman as Poet Laureate but declined, being unwilling to accept the high public profile and associated media attention of the position. Philip Larkin died of cancer at 1.24 a.m. on Monday December 2 1985. He was 63 years old.

"Next, Please"

Philip Larkin

Always too eager for the future, we

Pick up bad habits of expectancy.

Something is always approaching; every day

Till then we say,

Watching from a bluff the tiny, clear

Sparkling armada of promises draw near.

How slow they are! And how much time they waste,

Refusing to make haste!

Yet still they leave us holding wretched stalks

Of disappointment, for, though nothing balks

Each big approach, leaning with brasswork prinked,

Each rope distinct,

Flagged, and the figurehead wit golden tits

Arching our way, it never anchors; it's

No sooner present than it turns to past.

Right to the last

We think each one will heave to and unload

All good into our lives, all we are owed

For waiting so devoutly and so long.

But we are wrong:

Only one ship is seeking us, a black-

Sailed unfamiliar, towing at her back

A huge and birdless silence. In her wake

No waters breed or break.

The Comment

Philip Larkin's poem, **Next, Please,** is a direct look at the folly of expectancy. A light beginning develops into dark gallows-humour. Another important recurring theme that Larkin tackles is an endless wish entitled ***Next, Please*.**

"**Next Please**" sounds like a shop or doctor's waiting room and the references to death in the last stanza hint at the answer. This is Death calling! The Grim Reaper is calling this title out loud to us all.

The poem is self explanatory as indicated in the title. Larkin sticks to reality and an empirical tone in various themes. He conveys a message to the reader that death is the natural and inevitable fate of all human beings. Similar though in a different context, Larkin very clearly calls our insights that being humans, nothing can stop us .In other words, there is no end for our desires. But the real, empirical view denotes the opposite which is that our

desires are like a ship without "anchor". The poem starts as follows :

''Next Please'' opens with a statement of the emotional concept with which it is concerned:

Always too eager for the future, we Pick up bad habits of expectancy. Something is always approaching; every day Till then, we say, and a parable begins, the poet grasping the arm of the reader on a rocky headland, looking out to sea. He is not referring to the bad habit of expecting things, but rather bad habits of how we go about expecting things. Larkin states that “Something is always approaching” as a way of confirming that there is something to expect, and allowing the reader to discern precisely what about expecting things he is referring to; expecting a specific event to happen does not give an excuse for expecting extravagant consequences to come along with the event. Larkin shows that these expectations are built upon

pretenses that have not been proven, but are mere speculation.

The poem goes on to elaborate the concept through a metaphor. Life's events are seen as a line of approaching ships.

Watching from a bluff the tiny, clear

The sparkling armada of promises

long awaited, ready to unload their cargoes into the lives of poet and reader. (Larkin uses the words 'we' and 'our' throughout.) Larkin uses the word bluff to show that the foundation from which one looks to the future is not solid ground; it is pure speculation. The thing forgotten (death) lies as the hidden groundwork for all other expectations; an armada can be recognized as something associated with war, and the main outcome of war is death.This is a parable, consciously overblown and made ridiculous, description replacing purpose, but it is done, for a purpose of the poet's own:

though nothing balks Each big approach, leaning with brasswork prinked, Each rope distinct,

Flagged, and the figurehead with golden tits Arching our way

But, however distinct, these vessels and their cargoes are illusory. Yet we deserve all that they do not bring, the poet says. They owe us because we have waited: we should be rewarded for our patience.In the event, of course, there is no such thing as reward. At its root is the unspoken assertion that *what is desired* takes on the form of a metaphor, shimmering but unreal, while that *which happens* is intellectually ungraspable, real, and inescapable.

The words “flagged” and “figurehead” represent the idealization of the future that is not based upon a solid fact; the ideal is just a pleasant way that man “[arches his] way”, or envisions his path, into the certainty of death. Each time a situation presents itself to man, he is inclined to believe that all the best will come from it.

The image of our watching for the future is similar to someone who watches for ships from a cliff. When we watch, the ships approach like hope, but growing clearer all the time. So there is no stop for our hopes and wishes. This in itself is a gift from God to continue and never stop. The wishes are sparkling beautifully in our mind's portrayal eyes. When we are disappointed, we try again and start imagining our desires dreamily.

Oliver Boyd believes that:

In the poem, the ships are glittering sailing vessels, with ornamented figure-heads - the objects of our desires are always more attractive before they are realized. When they are realized they begin to pale; the ships reach us, but do not anchor. They turn, and recede once more into the distance.

Larkin is making the point that our hopes are never fulfilled, but that, when they are fulfilled, the fulfillment is only temporary. Here Larkin uses the sparkling ships for

our coloured wishes. These wishes fill our hearts with happiness and we eagerly watch for the ships to come near to fulfill our desire. Along our ages and when young, we hurry to reach our aim but only disappointment awaits us.

But we are wrong;

Here the author strikes down any hope that man has for the happier tomorrow. And it is here that the works emotionally and metaphysically diverge. In Larkin's poem, comedy is dropped like a mask to reveal what he sees as the future truth. A kind of portal becomes apparent:

Only one ship is seeking us, a black- sailed

unfamiliar, towing at her back

a huge and birdless silence. In her wake no waters breed or break.

Death itself comes, at the end, in the form of a metaphor.

There is a delicate craftsmanship in this poem. All aspects of meaning and ornament are carefully counterpoised. Under the humour is an emotion that is saved from being terror only by its orderliness; and, beneath that, the fear of the end of order cannot be spoken, because it is mute. Only one ship is seeking us, death itself.

When we become old and the wishes will no longer seem sparkling and the reality unfolds itself like a black sailed ship which is the only factual symptom .Thus, death will be waiting for us but this time our feeling is just the opposite. Larkin warns all human beings to be modest in their wishes and not exceed the normal limit.

Larkin uses a very simple language to denote the meaning he wants to convey . The theme of wish and disappointment moves in a cycle without a stop. As usual

Larkin sticks to the systematic rhymes as AA BB but the theme is about disillusionment after waiting for a long time. The run on lines of poetry (enjambments) continue as if a driver were very quick and wanted to reach his aim but the conclusion of this poem contrasts strongly with the rest of the poem.

How to see the poem.

If we were to remove the craftsmanship, the elegant rhyme, the humor, to look at the philosophy beneath, what should we find? Human existence inevitably depends on expectation. People spend their lives in waiting in hope. Surely patience must count for something. It does not. Death comes (it is the only expectation which actually happens) and for us the world is over.

The only time we ever experience is now. The future and the past contaminate the present with anticipation and

reminiscence which are the reasons for our absentmindedness. If we lived in the present then we'd remember where we left our keys. Some people are perpetual optimists, living in a state of hopeful expectation - "something will turn up" as Mr. Micawber said in David Copperfield. It has been said that the normal state of mind is one of a mild and unrealistic optimism. The future didn't look so rosy to Philip Larkin.

This poem doesn't hope for death, or lament it, or resent it. This poem looks towards its *effect on the living*, also, in a different way. After he dissembles any hope or expectation the reader may have, Larkin reveals that hidden among the “armada” is a single ship that is seeking the dreamer- death. Larkin demonstrates how death is the one reliable expectation that the reader may have, and ironically it brings with it none of the flourishes looked for among other ships. The one ship that the reader may count on does not need to be looked for to be found, and this knowledge

leads to the mistaken conception among humanity that other things are certain to be found- when no such promise has been made. Implicit in the poem is the assertion that one cannot expect things to pass just because one would like them to, one cannot expect that the future is certain, one cannot mold the future as if it were already solidly grasped, and one must not live in hope of a better tomorrow; one should live for the day- an uncomplicated, unequivocal truth that stands for itself, and is never a disappointment since there are no expectations to disappoint.

There is a secret to reading *Next, Please* by Philip Larkin, and once you understand that secret pleasurable knowledge will be yours to forever hold on to- to guide you through life, and help you understand all those little disappointments you've faced. The secret is that there is one thing that you can absolutely count on, one thing that you can look forward to that will fulfill your need to satisfy

expectations, and that thing does not pass anyone by. Hopefully death is the only thing you are counting on, because it is the only thing that provides a permanent future for you and everyone else. Through the use of literary techniques including tone, speaker, enjambment, rhyming couplets, figurative language, and diction he shares his wisdom on the disappointment brought by pretentious hopes.

The presentation of this poem lends to the idea that the speaker is the author himself- dressed in his own thoughts and ideas. Larkin once said he wanted readers to get the impression of “a chap chatting to chaps” (PoetryArchive.org), and the tone is one of an experienced life passing on wisdom gleaned from disappointment. Note the tone in the first stanza. Lexis such as “eager” and “expectancy” have rather positive connotations, yet there is a tension when we see the phrase “bad habits”.

The author uses words like “we”, “our” and “us” throughout the poem which causes a sense of community through the collective 1st person terms, and this doesn't allow a stratification to occur between speaker and audience. This creates trust between Larkin and the reader that gives his words more merit; Larkin has experienced the death of his own high expectations and leads the reader to the only logical statement about expectations that he can conjure.

The phrasing of the title *Next, Please*, is often used when speaking politely to another person- as if the gentleness of the word “Please” will lessen the offensive nature of the commanding “Next” and oblige the listener to acquiesce. “Please” is also used as an expression of desire- it is an entreaty that betrays intense hope and want; as in “will the next promise for the future please fulfill my desire!” With these multiple connotations associated with the phrase “Next, Please” the author achieves a

conversational tone as one who has been there, so to speak, and therefore is applying the poem to the collective human experience.

Now that the author has been shown to establish connection with the reader, the use of structure will demonstrate the natural inclination of mankind to project expectations into the future. When one uses punctuation it creates a forced pause, and because it is in the context of a poem the punctuation begs of itself why and what is next? The effect causes an impatience in the reader who then desires to quickly move on.

Larkin uses rhyming couplets throughout the poem (aabb ccdd etc.), and therefore the reader knows to expect that the message of the poem is one of uniformity; there will be nothing new presented and the theme is a universally constant one- it applies

in all cases. The first three lines of each stanza are mostly in iambic pentameter, while the last line of each is much shorter and is either four or six syllables in length.

The second stanza is rather cinematic in nature. This technique is rather typical of such of Larkin's work. He often provides us with vivid mental images. We are taken to a cliff by the seaside. From here we see an approaching metaphorical "armada of promises". It brings to mind the phrase that "one day our ship will come in."

He uses a three-part list to premodify this image; it is "tiny, clear" and "Sparkling". This "armada" is laden with alluring "promises" and seems a very attractive proposition to the onlooker. However, we have a hint of caution when we note the time-reference lexis in the second half of this stanza: "slow", "time" and "haste". He seems to be suggesting that much of life is spent waiting for rewards rather than having them. The third stanza shows us Larkin's pivot word "Yet"

. He will often set up a scene then interject a “yet” or “but” or “however” to turn the conversation round. The naval semantic field is extended with lexis like “balk”, “brasswork” and “rope”. Note the poet’s effective use of postmodification too, here: brasswork is “prinked” and ropes are “distinct”, but the first line has given us a very clear negative land-based metaphor in the lines: “holding wretched stalks Of disappointment” We have been tantalised but are destined to be let down. Such is Larkin’s pessimistic view of life.

The agony of lost opportunity is further extended in the fourth stanza. It starts with alliteration of the repeating “f” sounds and if we had originally thought the “promises” on board had been material wealth, now, the highly sexual figurehead metaphor suggests our love life is equally doomed to failure. The naval lexis is obvious in the penultimate stanza. Apparently, the ships will dock and deliver their alluring cargo, however in the last line we are

met with another of Larkin's pivot words are we are told categorically that: "we are wrong".

We will not get this delivery, whether material or sexual. It has all been in vain. Is Larkin chastising us for being fooled for so long? That depends on how you read it and that depends too on your philosophy of life. Do you view your glass half empty or half full? Are you naturally pessimistic or optimistic? That will determine your approach to Larkin's verse; he might confirm your worst fears or challenge you to fight your corner and suggest life is NOT full of disappointment.

For most readers of this poem, our supposed rewards are depicted as a line of approaching ships that will unload their precious cargoes into our lives. In this nihilistic poem, Larkin describes vividly the void and nothingness that comes after death. Interestingly, one student summed the poem up as being not about hopelessness but hopefulness.

He was delighted to see how we “consider that happiness is just around the corner despite its repeated failure to appear.” How do you react to this personal response to the piece? Do you agree? Or disagree? The clear references to death are startling in the final section. If the first five verses have been about life, then this final stanza is about death. It is the only thing that we can be certain of in life. He seizes the naval image of a ship and sets out a morbid message. The sails are “black”. The connotations are clear. The ship itself is eerily called an “unfamiliar” and astern, we witness a “huge and birdless silence”. This is a very emotive line.

The simple and moving alliterative last line rams home the point with “w” and “b” to pound out the beat. We have a nihilistic, cheerless end to life. No celebration; it is just silent and motionless.

Enjambments creates the sensation that at the end of each line something will follow it; this builds up the expectation of the final stanza where there can be nothing to follow, and therefore gives heaviest emphasis to the final lines. Caesura prevents the reader from wishing to linger over any one idea; in a way the reader skims over the ideas that are presented as if they are light and of little consequence. The universality created by the rhyme scheme, the sense of impatience to get on to the next point caused by enjambment, and the lack of serious weight given to ideas due to caesura all contribute to the final effect of the poem; the one thing not looked for is the one thing that must be found.

Larkin points out that we always have a multiplicity of hopes, that 'spring eternal', many of which change to expectation and even anticipation. The hopes are all promises made by no-one, merely assumed by ourselves, so approach like ships towards a harbour. But then they do not dock, they keep going past for they were not promised to us but thinking made it so, and the facts burst on us and leave us just the stalks without the expected flowers. But, no mind, there'll be another along in a minute, perhaps even three at once.

The only thing certain in life, aside perhaps from taxes, is death. Whatever your hopes may be, the only thing you can really expect is death. Religions may offer you other well-delineated ("every rope") hopes for after death, but these are promises just as airy as the ones we made for ourselves, and only death can be guaranteed actually to come, and with nothing in its wake. And it will surprise you.

Toads

By Philip Larkin

Walking around in the park
Should feel better than work:
The lake, the sunshine,
The grass to lie on,

Blurred playground noises
Beyond black-stockinged nurses -
Not a bad place to be.
Yet it doesn't suit me.

Being one of the men
You meet of an afternoon:
Palsied old step-takers,
Hare-eyed clerks with the jitters,

Waxed-fleshed out-patients
Still vague from accidents,
And characters in long coats
Deep in the litter-baskets -

All dodging the toad work
By being stupid or weak.
Think of being them!
Hearing the hours chime,

Watching the bread delivered,
The sun by clouds covered,
The children going home;
Think of being them,

Turning over their failures
By some bed of lobelias,
Nowhere to go but indoors,
Nor friends but empty chairs -

No, give me my in-tray,

My loaf-haired secretary,
My shall-I-keep-the-call-in-Sir:
What else can I answer,

When the lights come on at four
At the end of another year?
Give me your arm, old toad;
Help me down Cemetery Road.

Poetry Of Departures

Sometimes you hear, fifth-hand,
As epitaph:
He chucked up everything
And just cleared off,
And always the voice will sound
Certain you approve
This audacious, purifying,
Elemental move.

And they are right, I think.
We all hate home
And having to be there:
I detest my room,
It's specially-chosen junk,
The good books, the good bed,
And my life, in perfect order:
So to hear it said

He walked out on the whole crowd
Leaves me flushed and stirred,
Like Then she undid her dress
Or Take that you bastard;
Surely I can, if he did?
And that helps me to stay
Sober and industrious.
But I'd go today,

Yes, swagger the nut-strewn roads,

Crouch in the fo'c'sle
Stubbly with goodness, if
It weren't so artificial,
Such a deliberate step backwards
To create an object:
Books; china; a life
Reprehensibly perfect.

IMAGISM

Imagism:

1- The poet must simply present an image

2- The poet does not comment

3- The poet should use words necessary to the paint the image, not to fit the rhythm or rhyme (free verse)

Imagism was a **movement** in early **twentieth** century **Anglo–American poetry** that favored precision[48] of **imagery**, and **clear, sharp language**, as opposed to decorous language and unnecessary meter and rhyme. The Imagists rejected the sentiment and artifice typical of much Romantic and Victorian poetry. This was in contrast to their contemporaries, the Georgian poets.

Based in **London** about **1910**, the Imagists were drawn from Britain, Ireland, and the **United States**. Though somewhat unusual for the time, the Imagists featured a significant number of women writers amongst

[48] **Precision**: correctness / accuracy/ greatness

their major figures. Historically, Imagism is also significant because it was the first organized **Modernist literary movement or group** in the history of English literature.

Imagism called for a return to what were seen as more Classical values, such as directness of presentation, **economy of language**, and a willingness to experiment with **non-traditional verse forms**. **The focus on the "thing in itself"** (an attempt at isolating a single image to reveal its essence) also mirrors contemporary developments in avant-garde art, particularly **Cubism** and the famous **painter Picasso.**

Imagism is generally credited with opening the field of English-language verse, allowing new and experimental styles of poetry to flourish and influence all English-language poetry of the twentieth century.

Epilogue

By Ezra Pound

O chansons foregoing
You were a seven days' wonder.
When you came out in the magazines
You created considerable stir in Chicago,
And now you are stale and worn out,
You're a very depleted fashion,
A hoop-skirt, a calash,
An homely, transient antiquity.
Only emotion remains.
Your emotions?
Are those of a maitre-de-cafe.

The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter

BY EZRA POUND

After Li Po

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chōkan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.
At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever, and forever.
Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed

You went into far Ku-tō-en, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden;
They hurt me.
I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Chō-fū-Sa.

TRADITIONALISM

"THE ROAD NOT TAKEN"

by

Robert Frost

Traditionalism:

Traditional writers include acknowledged masters of **traditional forms** and **diction** who write with a readily recognizable craft, often using rhyme or a set metrical pattern. Often they are from the U.S. Eastern seaboard or from the southern part of the country, and teach in colleges and universities. Richard Eberhart and Richard Wilbur; the older Fugitive poets John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren; such accomplished younger poets as John Hollander and Richard Howard; **Robert Frost**, and the early Robert Lowell and are examples. They are established and frequently anthologized.

Their respect for nature, and profoundly conservative values of the Fugitives. These qualities grace much poetry oriented to traditional modes. Traditionalist poets are generally precise, realistic, and witty. The Traditionalist Movement contained some poets have found within rhyme and formal regularity: Traditional poets, unlike many experimentalists who distrust "too poetic" diction, welcome resounding **poetic lines.**

Robert Frost:

Frost (1874-1963) was born in San Francisco, California, in America. There, Robert graduated from high school. .Frost attended **Dartmouth** and **Harvard**, married Miss White in 1895. Robert would make several efforts to run farms throughout his life, but rarely with much financial success.

In 1912 Robert travelled to England where he worked as a **full time poet**. He came into contact with other poets such as F.S.Flin, Wilfred Gibson, Edward Thomas and **Erza Pound**. Edward Thomas in particular offered Robert a lot of encouragement, recognising the originality

of Frost's poetry. However with the onset of the First World War Robert returned to America, and from 1916 to 1938 he worked as an English professor at Amerherst college.

Robert Frost was awarded four **Pulitzer Prizes**, and received many honourary degrees including two from Oxford and Cambridge University.

Robert Frost passed away in January 1963.

Robert Frost and the Modernism:

Robert Frost is considered by many to be America's finest poet. Robert Frost was a leading figure in the Modernist movement, however unlike his contempories such as Eliot or Pound, Robert Frost favoured more **traditional metrics and forms of poetry.** He is considered as a prominent member of the **Traditionalist Movement** in poetry which included a group of poets who claimed back to the traditional form of poetry. He also composed his poetry by using the language and experiences of his everyday life; however the beauty of Frost's poetry lies in its layers of **ambiguities** and deeper meanings hidden behind these everyday themes.

"The Road Not Taken”

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

A critical Analysis of the Poem

The theme

The speaker stands in the woods, considering a fork in the road. Both ways are equally worn and equally overlaid with un-trodden leaves. The speaker chooses one, telling himself that he will take the other another day. Yet he knows it is unlikely that he will have the opportunity to do so. And he admits that someday in the future he will recreate the scene with a slight twist: He will claim that he took the less-traveled road. He wanted to explore the both two roads.

I.

In the first stanza the color yellow can indicate the season of the year and it is color associated with brightness and joy. Oh, happy day, beautiful autumn foliage - oh, wait, a decision, an indecision, a contemplation and a sorrow that one cannot clone one's self and live two lives. . .and so we look, we gaze, we try to see as far ahead as we can wondering what might be beyond the next bend. . .to no avail.[49] Sometimes, it appears on impulse (though we've pondered[50] long), that we choose to follow another road, the look of it as fair as the other, nothing to indicate the possibility of unjust[51] dilemma; [52]we begin to rationalize our choice by viewing it as perhaps better, greener, more fruitful when in fact either choice can bring us good results.

II.

[49] No avail: useful thing / benefit لا طائل منه
[50] Ponder: think for a long time يفكر مليا
[51] Unjust: unfair
[52] Dilemma: problem

At the end of the **second stanza**, the speaker states that there was really not much difference in the two roads; neither had really been worn by traffic, though one had been given more wear than the other. Rather than being sorry that he took the untraveled road, the poet seems to be saying that he would probably do the same thing again. In other words, both roads were in about the same condition; it is what the man does with his choice that makes **the difference**. The road which leads them to what they believe to be happiness.

III.

"I doubted that I shall ever come back," the traveler has made his decision. We choose in our lives, or is Frost really questioning the validity of such a mindset. Is there really only one choice, do we truly not receive a second chance? How many of us change careers, does this not give us the opportunity to go back, to explore a road

IV.

"I shall be telling this with a sigh, somewhere ages and ages hence:" Here this man stands in his yellow wood, having just made a decision to travel a road he is compelled to feel may be less traveled and he's already projecting his fate onto the future? Is the sigh one of completion or one of regret? **The future** will answer this question whether it was the right or wrong choice.

Finally, we can say that one of Frost's commonest subjects is the choice the poet is faced with two roads, two ideas, two possibilities of action. "The Road Not Taken" deals with the choice between two roads, and with the results of the choice which the poet makes. It raises the evident question of whether it is better to choose a road in

which many travel, or to choose the road less traveled and explore it yourself. The speaker will someday, sighing, tell others that he took the unknown road when faced with a choice.

He knew that the decision he made would determine the outcome of his life, and that he would have to be devoted to the road he chose. " It also shows that the speaker may not want to be like everybody else, a follower, but instead, chose a different road and be himself, a leader. **This poem supports concept of individualism, caution, commitment as the speaker decided not to come back, and accepting the challenges of life.**

I-Sound Techniques:

a-Form:

The poem comes in 4 stanzas, each stanza contains 4 lines.

b-Rhyme scheme:

It is a strict, repeated rhyming **a b a a b**

c-Rhythm and meter:

This poem has an iambic tetrameter base. But, he followed the rules and broke the rules with intention when he felt it necessary to the work. Using a spondee (two syllables of equal stress) with the words TWO ROADS, he reinforces the equality of the two roads from the get-go. An analysis of his use of iambs and anapests throughout the work helps to reinforce the meanings and layers of the poem.

II- Imagery techniques:

a-symbolism: by the end of the poem we realize that the poet's choice of a road as a symbol of any choice of life between alteratives that appear almost equally

attractive but will result through the years in a large difference as one gets experience.

b-images: the pictures of "the yellow woods" and 'the road" are very clear.

b-Personification:

Here, Frost uses personification, saying that the road has a claim and it, (the road) wanted:

And **having** perhaps the better **claim,**
Because it was grassy and **wanted** wear;

III- Language techniques:

a-the tone: the tone of the poem is lightly sad, this feeling iis supported with the poet use of words such as 'black", "sigh"

b- irony: this ironical voice of the poet is inescapable: the poet was hesitant to choose the untrodden, new road at the beginning but" *'and that made all the difference."*

c- Diction: the poet's choice of words is very evocative, words like, 'long", "grassy" and 'doubted" assured the hesitation the poet had.

Once by the Pacific

Robert Frost

The shattered water made a misty din.
Great waves looked over others coming in,
And thought of doing something to the shore
That water never did to land before.
The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,
The cliff in being backed by continent;
It looked as if a night of dark intent
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.
Someone had better be prepared for rage.
There would be more than ocean-water broken
Before God's last Put out the Light was spoken.

Acquainted with the Night

BY ROBERT FROST

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

"In a Station of the Metro"

By

Ezra Pound

Ezra Pound:

Ezra Pound was born in Hailey, Idaho, United States of **America**, in 1885. He completed two years of college at the University of Pennsylvania and earned a degree from Hamilton College in 1905.

After teaching at Wabash College for two years, he travelled abroad to Spain, Italy and London, where, as **the literary executor[53] of the scholar[54] Ernest Fenellosa**, he became interested in **Japanese and Chinese poetry**. He married Dorothy Shakespear in 1914 and became London editor of the Little Review in 1917.

In 1924, he moved to Italy, Pound became involved in **Fascist politics**, and did not return to the United States until 1945, when he was arrested on charges of treason for broadcasting Fascist propaganda by radio to the United States during the Second World War.

---

[53] **Executer** : the person responsible for.
[54] **Scholar**: academic/ researcher/ teaching

In 1946, he was acquitted, but declared mentally ill. The jury[55] of the Bollingen-Library of **Congress Award** decided to recognize his poetic achievements, and awarded him the **prize** for the Pisan Cantos (1948). Pound returned to Italy and settled in Venice, where he died, a semi-recluse,[56] in 1972.

[55] **Jury**: the board of the judges
[56] **Recluse** : loneliness/ isolation/ عزلة

Ezra Pound and the Imagism:

Ezra Pound is the Grandfather of **Modern Literature**, Ezra Pound was the most influential figure in modern poetry. He masterminded a cultural **revolution**. Ezra Pound is generally considered the poet most responsible for defining and promoting a modernist aesthetic in poetry. In the early teens of the twentieth century, he opened a seminal exchange of work and ideas between **British and American** writers**.**

Ezra Pound, the most aggressively modern of these poets, made **"Make it new!"** his battle cry. In London Pound encountered and encouraged his fellow expatriate T. S. Eliot, who wrote what is arguably the most famous poem of the twentieth century--**The Waste Land**--using revolutionary techniques of composition, such as the collage. Both poets turned to untraditional sources for inspiration, **Pound to classical Chinese poetry** and Eliot to the ironic poems of the 19th century French symbolist poet

Jules Laforgue. H. D. (Hilda Doolittle) followed Pound to Europe and wrote poems that, in their extreme concision and precise visualization, most purely embodied his famous doctrine of **imagism**.

His own significant contributions to poetry begin with his promulgation of **Imagism**, a movement in poetry which derived its technique from **classical Chinese and Japanese poetry**--stressing clarity, precision, and economy of language, and foregoing traditional rhyme and meter in order to, in Pound's words, **"compose in the sequence[57] of the musical phrase, not in the sequence of the metronome."** His later work, for nearly fifty years, focused on the encyclopedic epic[58] poem he entitled "The Cantos."

[57] **Sequence**: series/ succession/ chain تسلسل
[58] **Epic**: heroic grand classic poem.

Full text:

Ezra Pound's

"In a Station of the Metro"

"In a Station of the Metro"

The apparition of these faces in the crowd**:**
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Introduction

It's a great example of what **Imagism** can be. It's great because it manages to be so haunting with so few words. Several things make the poem a critical text. It's one of the very earliest modernist texts Think of the worst excesses of Romantic poetry: rank[59] sentimentality,[60] tortured syntax, and excessive[61] length -- "**In a Station of the Metro**" was a highly influential, important poem in its moment.

As a representative of Imagism itself, which emphasized concrete[62]imagery and brevity,[63] it is difficult to do better. It's also a good representative of what became known as Orientalism, a general Western literary interest in Eastern poetic tradition, the Chinese and Japanese poetry.

To be a bit more poetic about it, there are few poems that have this unmistakable quality of inspiration. It's like a

[59] **Rank**: category/ class
[60] **Sentimentality**: over-romanticizing,
[61] **Excessive**: extreme / too much
[62] Concrete: real/ actual / existing
[63] Brevity: shortness

clear high note. There's the power and beauty of the l**anguage** itself, how it forces the mind to transform the mundane[64] **image** of people **moving** on a **train platform**[65] into a **garden**.

One that became not merely important in the poet's own work but in the development of the most important poetic movement of his century. It's easy to say: "make it new." It's hard to make it happen, and that's what Pound did. **Shortness** is a major benefit. Short poems are hard to write. a poem of this sort one is trying to record the precise instant.

A critical reading of a classic Imagist poem "In a Station of the Metro'

'In a Station of the Metro', written by Ezra Pound in 1913, is the Imagist poem *par excellence*. In just two lines, Pound distils the entire manifesto for Imagism into a vivid piece of

[64] **Mundane**: ordinary, boring
[65] Platform: raised area/ side of the road الرصيف

poetry, what T. E. Hulme had earlier called ‘dry, hard, classical verse’. But what does the poem mean, precisely? You can read ‘In a Station of the Metro’ here. Below, we offer a few words of analysis on this striking poem, which is one of Ezra Pound’s most famous pieces of writing.

The poem can be summarised in one sentence. The speaker, in a station at the Paris Metro underground system, observes that the faces of the crowds of people are like the petals hanging on the ‘wet, black bough’ of a tree. Yet this paraphrase already adds too much to Pound’s poem, or rather subtracts too much from it. Start with that image. The central image of the faces as petals is clear and simple, and can instantly be visualized. It draws together the urban world of the Paris Metro with the natural world, the world of leaves and tree boughs. Pound was influenced here by the Japanese haiku form, which utilises images from nature to connect the momentary with the timeless, the miniature

with the transcendent. The idea of people's faces being like 'petals' suggests their fragility and the brevity of life.

In formal terms, this couplet doesn't snap shut like one of Alexander Pope's:

Words are like Leaves; and where they most abound,
Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.

Nor is the verse as metrically regular as Pope's leafy rhyming couplet. But as with T. E. Hulme's ground-breaking modernist poems, there are assonantal echoes which help to give the poem a kind of loose unity: 'apparition' picks up the 'Station' from the title, while the 'ow' sounds of 'crowd' and 'bough' move towards each other without fully rhyming. Here it is worth bearing in mind (despite our describing the poem a moment ago as a 'two-liner') that that the poem is arguably not a two-line verse at all, since the title, 'In a Station of the Metro', forms an integral part of the poem's meaning and message.

The modern urban setting of the couplet is lost if the title is not granted its rightful place as originating line of a poem for which the altogether more rural image of the 'wet, black bough' acts as a terminus.

As with Hulme's most famous poems, such as 'The Embankment', a chain of sound-associations forms a link between the images of the poem, and the urban and the rural find themselves juxtaposed. But the poem stays in the memory partly because of the frailty of the image which is being suggested: petals on a bough will not be there forever, just as the faces in the Metro a hundred years from now will not belong to the same people. Like Hulme's poems, and like much imagist verse, the poem is a *memento mori*, a reminder of the inevitability of death: its brevity is closely linked with its theme, which is partly the brevity of life. (One of T. E. Hulme's fragments read simply: 'Old houses were scaffolding once / and workmen whistling'.)

The other thing worth highlighting about Pound's use of images is the relation he draws between them: here there is no straightforward simile (the faces aren't described as *like* the petals on the bough), nor is there metaphor (e.g. 'the faces *are* petals'): instead, punctuation is used to bring the two images together with as few words as possible. Such a technique is less about juxtaposing, or placing side by side, the two images, and more about superposition, that is, placing one on top of the other.

Obviously this is impossible in poetry where we move from one line to the next in a linear fashion; but Pound's clever use of punctuation and typography helps to convey the immediacy of the analogy, as it would strike the observer who thought it up. (If you're in the Metro or Underground and think that the faces of your fellow commuters look like petals, this is instant, and not something that conventional poetic language can reflect with complete accuracy.)

In short, ‘In a Station of the Metro’ briefly encapsulates the main driving idea behind the Imagist movement. Ezra Pound once defined an image as ‘an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time’, and this is exactly what this poem offers. Yet it cries out for analysis and discussion, since its striking style and form suggest much in just a few words. The brevity of life, the brevity of the Imagist poem. Short, and bittersweet.

The story behind the poem:

Pound said the story behind this poem that takes place in an undergrounded metro train station:

> Three years ago in **Paris** I got out of a "metro" train at La Concorde, and saw suddenly a beautiful face, and then another and another, and then a beautiful child’s face, and then another beautiful woman, and I tried all that day to find words for what this had meant to

me, and I could not find any words that seemed to me worthy, or as lovely as that **sudden emotion.**

And that evening, …… it was a word, the beginning, for me, of **a language in colour**, **colours being like tones in music**:

"The apparition of these faces in the crowd:

Petals, on a wet, black bough."

Connotative power of the word "apparition":

The **connotative power** of the word ***apparition*** in the first line of that poem. Accordingly, one critic has called it "the single word which lifts the **couplet** from bald statement to

poetry." Many have commented upon the various connotations of the word.

It has been stated that the word **suggests** "the supernatural or the immaterial and a sudden unexpected experience"; that it "first establishes the sensation of unreality and the lack of precision which is then reinforced by the **metaphor**, and which, therefore permeates[66] the mood of the poem," and that through its use Pound seems to suggest that life "can be made to seem bearable[67] only by the metaphor of an 'apparition,' a **ghost of the bright beauty of things that grow freely in the sunlight**." All of these remarks direct our attention to the importance of the word *apparition* which results in its particular richness within the poem.

The word "apparition" gives a sense of **mystify** to the image "these faces in the crowd." "'Apparition' reaches

[66] **Premade**: flood/ pervade / ينفذ فى – يخترق
[67] **Bearable**: can be afforded / endurable يمكن احتمالها

two ways, toward ghosts and toward visible revealings"[68] Indeed, Pound's use of the word "apparition" expresses his feelings about "these faces in the crowd." In other words, his use of the word "apparition" allows him and his reader to walk the edge between what can be seen and what cannot be seen, which not only mystifies the image "these faces in the crowd" but gives a depth to it. By "apparition", Pound was able to convey the feeling of surprised discovery which such a vision in such a place must evoke.

Images in the poem:

"In a Station of the Metro" relies on just **two images**, both presented in a simple, direct way, plus the catalyst of one word which is not straightforward description: "apparition." Through the metaphoric suggestion of that word, Pound fuses[69] the mundane **image** of "faces in the crowd," with an

[68] Revealing: enables clear vision ذو رؤية واضحة كاشفة
[69] **Fuse**: mix

image possessing visual beauty and the rich connotations of countless poems about spring.

In the second line, by inserting the two adjectives "wet" and "black" in between the two flower **images** "Petals" and "a bough," the poet suggests that the "ki" or season, a basic component in a **haiku**[70]poem, is between spring and winter and the time is probably the evening, which is between day and night and between death and life. Pound succeeds in building up a mood of mystery. This mood of mystery is deepened particularly by the color "black," whose profound darkness points to an unfathomable depth.

Punctuation:

The final and most important change Pound had made to the punctuation in this poem is his use of the colon at the end of line one, making a relationship between the two

[70] Haiku: a short, unrhymed, Japanese poem addressing Nature or the four seasons of the year.

lines. The colon tended to subordinate the first line to the second by indicating that by itself line one was incomplete, its function being primarily that of introducing the "Image" in line two which the colon informs us is necessary to complete the first line's meaning.

Rhyme and Rhythm:

But then there's the more specific and rarer achievement of expressing that insight in a new form of **unrhymed couplets**. How do we think about this? The first step, after hearing the poem—seeing and registering its lines—would be listening for the *syllable,* the opening phoneme "In" joined with the following "a." We have some forty phonemes or pure sounds to work with as English syllables—a scale of notes half the range of an **ordinary piano**

The title seems more informally, relaxed "In a *Sta*tion of the *Met*ro," two long anapestic rhythm that rise,

cluster, and fall gracefully to the first line, creating a **dynamic** movement of the title reflectingthe sense of excitement and surprise.

Instead of iambic rhythm that seems too formal the first line takes over to adjust the pattern to our liking, "The **appar*it*ion** of these ***fac***es in the ***crowd***"—a lovely sprung rhythm, mysteriously musical, three extended anapestic phrasings(anapestic trimetric line).

CONFISSIONAL MOVEMENT

The Confessional Poetry

Confessional Poetry is an autobiographical mode (movement) of verse that reveals the poet's personal problems with unusual frankness. The term is usually applied to certain poets of the **United States from the late 1950s to the late 1960s**, notably **Robert Lowell**, whose *Life Studies* (1959) and *For the Union Dead* (1964) deal with his divorce and mental breakdowns. Lowell's candour had been encouraged other poets to follow his confessional kind of poetry. **The term** is sometimes used more loosely to refer to **any personal or autobiographical, private poetr**y. Its genius

comes from the romantic confusion between poetic excellence and inner torment.

Confessional Poetry emphasizes the intimate, and sometimes unflattering, information about details of the poet's personal life, such as in poems about illness, personal life, marriage, divorce, children, family…etc. The confessionalist label was applied to a number of poets of the 1950s and 1960s such as John Berryman, Allen Ginsberg, Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, Theodore Roethke, Anne Sexton, and William De Witt Snodgrass have all been called 'Confessional Poets'.

“Mirror”

by

Sylvia Plath

Sylvia Plath

1932-1963 , Boston , MA

Sylvia Plath, pseudonym **Victoria Lucas**, (born October 27, 1932, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.—died February 11, 1963, London, England), American poet whose best-known works, such as the poems "Daddy" and "Lady Lazarus" and the novel *The Bell Jar*, starkly express a sense of alienation and self-destruction closely tied to her personal experiences and, by extension, the situation of women in mid-20th-century America..

After graduation, Plath moved to Cambridge, England, on a Fulbright Scholarship. In early 1956, she

attended a party and met the English poet Ted Hughes. Shortly thereafter, Plath and Hughes were married, on June 16, 1956.

In 1962, Ted Hughes left Plath for Assia Gutmann Wevill. That winter, in a deep depression, Plath wrote most of the poems that would comprise her most famous book, *Ariel*.

Plath's poetry is often associated with the Confessional movement, and compared to the work of poets such as Lowell and fellow student Anne Sexton. Often, her work is singled out for the intense coupling of its violent or disturbed imagery and its playful use of alliteration and rhyme.

Although only *Colossus* was published while she was alive, Plath was a prolific poet, and in addition to *Ariel*, Hughes published three other volumes of her work posthumously, including *The Collected Poems*, which was

the recipient of the 1982 Pulitzer Prize. She was the first poet to posthumously win a Pulitzer Prize.

Mirror

By Sylvia Plath

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
Whatever I see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful ,
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes.
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Summary

In this poem, a mirror describes its existence and its owner, who grows older as the mirror watches.

The mirror first describes itself as “silver and exact.” It forms no judgments, instead merely swallowing what it sees and reflecting that image back without any alteration. The mirror is not cruel, “only truthful.” It considers itself a four-cornered eye of a god, which sees everything for what it is.

Most of the time, the mirror looks across the empty room and meditates on the pink speckled wall across from it. It has looked at that wall for so long that it describes the wall as “part of my heart.” The image of the wall is interrupted only by people who enter to look at themselves and the darkness that comes with night.

The mirror imagines itself as a lake. A woman looks into it, trying to discern who she really is by gazing at her

reflection. Sometimes, the woman prefers to look at herself in candlelight or moonlight, but these are “liars” because they mask her true appearance. Only the mirror (existing here as lake) gives her a faithful representation of herself.

Because of this honesty, the woman cries and wrings her hands. Nevertheless, she cannot refrain from visiting the mirror over and over again, every morning. Over the years, the woman has “drowned a young girl” in the mirror, and now sees in her reflection an old woman growing older by the day. This old woman rises toward her out of the mirror like “a terrible fish.”

Analysis

In this short but beloved poem, the narrator is a wall mirror in what is likely a woman's bedroom. The mirror is personified - that is, it is endowed with human traits. It is able to recognize monotony, commenting on the regularity of the wall that it reflects most of the time. Further, while it

does not offer moral judgment, it is able to observe and understand its owner (the woman) as she grapples with the reality of aging.

Compared to most of the others in Plath's oeuvre, this poem is not particularly difficult to analyze. Though the speaker is a mirror, the subjects are time and appearance. The woman struggles with the loss of her beauty, admitting each day that she is growing older. Though the woman occasionally deludes herself with the flattering "liars" candlelight and moonlight, she continually returns to the mirror for the truth. The woman needs the mirror to provide her with an objective, unadulterated reflection of self, even though it is often discomfiting, causing her "tears and an agitation of hands." The mirror is well aware of how important it is to the woman, which evokes the Greek myth of Narcissus, in which a young man grows so transfixed with his own reflection that he dies.

Some critics have speculated that the woman is vexed by more than her changing physical appearance. They posit that the woman is observing her mind, her soul, and her psyche, stripped of any guile or obfuscation. By seeing her true self, she becomes aware of the distinction between her exterior and interior lives. In other words, she might be meditating on the distinction between a "false" outer self of appearance, and a "true" inner self. After Plath's 1963 suicide, many critics examined the writer's different facets, contrasting her put-together, polite, and decorous outer self with her raging, explosively-creative inner self. Perhaps Plath is exploring this dichotomy in "Mirror." The slippery and unnerving "fish" in the poem may represent that unavoidable, darker self that cannot help but challenge the socially acceptable self.

The critic Jo Gill writes of "Mirror" that even as the mirror straightforwardly describes itself as "silver and exact," it feels compelled to immediately qualify itself. Gill writes,

"as the poem unfolds we see that this hermetic antonym may be a deceptive facade masking the need for communion and dialogue." The mirror actually dominates and interprets its world, and thus has a lot more power than it seems to suggest. It does not merely reflect what it sees, but also shapes those images for our understanding. Gill notes that the poem is catoptric, meaning that it describes while it represents its own structure; this is down through the use of two nine-line stanzas which are both symmetrical, and indicative of opposition.

The second stanza is significant because it, as Gill explains, "exposes...the woman's need of the mirror [and] the mirror's need of the woman." When the mirror has nothing but the wall to stare at, the world is truthful, objective, factual, and "exact," but when the woman comes into view, the world becomes messy, unsettling, complicated, emotional, and vivid. Thus, the mirror is "no longer a boundary but a limninal and penetrable space." It reflects

more than an image - it reflects its own desires and understanding about the world.

Overall, "Mirror" is a melancholy and even bitter poem that exemplifies the tensions between inner and outer selves, as well as indicates the preternaturally feminine "problem" of aging and losing one's beauty.

Symbol Analysis

From the beginning of the poem, where we find out that the mirror is "unmisted" and "swallows" everything, to the end of the poem, where a girl is drowning and a fish is rising, this poem revolves around water. Here, water is both a reflecting surface and an actual lake. So, water, in this poem, is both clear and mysterious.

- Line 2: While this line doesn't explicitly address water, it uses the word "swallow" as a **metaphor** for reflecting. The word makes us think of water, which

can itself swallow things, taking them beneath its surface.

- Line 3: Again, a water-related term is used as a **metaphor**. "Unmisted" stands in here for "unchanged."
- Lines 10-11: Here we find out that the mirror is a lake. It's a cool image, shifting from the silver of a mirror to the silver of clear water. Then we hear that a woman is searching the reaches of the water for what she really is; if you've ever spent some time peering into water, you'll know that it can be mesmerizing like this. The mythical Greek figure Narcissus even died looking into his reflection in a pond.
- Line 14: The tears are another form of water, and the woman is physically interacting with the water of the lake by stirring it up with her hands. She's taking her frustration out on the water.

Lines 17-18: This drowning and rising up is, yet again, a **metaphor**. With the young girl drowning, and the old woman rising, it seems most likely that the water is a metaphor for time, or aging. Also note that because the old woman rises up "like" a terrible fish, this part of the line isIn talking about mirrors, the sense of sight is pretty important. So, of course, colors and darkness figure into this poem. From silver to pink to moonlight, this poem uses colors and light to give the reader images as they read about a mirror.

- Line 1: The color in this line gives us the major clue that – ah ha! – the speaker is not a person, but a **personified** mirror. Since this is the first line, we think of the color silver throughout the poem whenever we think of the mirror.
- Lines 7-8: So the mirror is silver, but now we get the image of the pink, speckled wall, which the mirror reflects most of the time. This pink, speckled image

is less exotic and exciting than the mirror's silvery surface. But then in line 8, we find out that this speckled pink wall is like part of the mirror's heart – and hearts often make us think of the color red.

- Line 9: In this line, we get our first glimpse of darkness, which separates the mirror from the pink wall it believes is part of its heart. The mirror also mentions that faces play a part in this separation. What does this mirror feel about human faces if it sees them on the same plane as darkness?
- Line 13: We hear a lot about darkness in this poem, but it is only appropriate, in a poem about reflections, that we'd see what is lighting up the reflection. However, we only hear that, when it comes to reflections, candles and the moon are liars, that the light they provide is false. The mirror's declaration **personifies** the candles and the moons, giving them human qualities, like the ability to lie.

- Line 16: Again, in this line, we see faces and darkness. But instead of the faces separating the mirror from the pink wall, faces replace the darkness. We'd expect the sky, in the morning, to replace the darkness, but instead, the woman's face is the first thing reflected in the lake.

-

In a poem about a mirror, we can expect a lot of reflections. Plath only uses the word "reflect" once, though. Instead of just repeating this word again and again, she uses personification and metaphor to get her point across. Moreover, the reflections in this poem aren't those of someone checking to make sure she doesn't have anything stuck in her teeth. The emphasis on reflections in this poem shows the importance of appearance to the woman in the poem, and, perhaps, to women in general.

- Line 2: "Swallow" is a **metaphor** for reflecting. This line is also an example of **personification** – mirrors don't see or swallow anything – but Plath's poem makes this character so believable that we have to remind ourselves that mirrors don't have eyes or mouths.
- Line 6:
- **Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.** Again, we see **personification** and **metaphor** teaming up to mean reflection. The metaphor is that the mirror is reflecting the opposite wall, not "meditating on" (or thinking about) it, and the personification is that mirrors don't meditate, people do.
- Lines 7-8:
- **It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long. I think it is part of my heart.**

- Mirrors don't see, and they don't look; hence we have another example of **personification** used to create a **metaphor** for reflection. This time, we find out that it's possible for the mirror to feel that whatever it reflects is a part of its heart, further personifying the mirror.
- Line 11:
- **Searching my reaches for what she really is.** Here we see the importance of reflections. Now, the mirror is a lake, and a woman is searching its waters to learn something about herself. This line is starting to dive into the wider function of reflection in this poem. The woman is treating her reflection in the water as if it could reveal something about herself, and not just her appearance.
- Line 13:
- **I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.** Ah ha! We caught you, Plath, you used the word

reflect! But not without some **personification**, of course. The mirror is providing an accurate reflection, as if it takes pride in what it does, or as if it has some loyalty to this woman.

- Lines 18-19:

In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman

Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

- These two lines give reflections physical power. Of course, this power is abstract – only a figurative young girl and a figurative old woman are in the waters of the lake, but it's a very cool image nonetheless. This line takes reflections from being about present appearances and makes them about past and future appearances, all through the **metaphor** of drowning and rising in the waters of the lake.

- Form:

- Free Verse

- This poem is written in free verse, which means that it has no set pattern of rhythm or rhyme. Yet, Plath uses rhythm and rhyme deliberately. While her lines have no repeating pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables, they read gracefully and naturally.

  While none of these lines rhymes blatantly, Plath uses slant rhymes, or words that sound similar, but don't quite rhyme. An example of this is the lines ending in "darkness" and "fish" – these two words sound similar, but the slant makes the rhyme surprising and fresh. Plath also uses repetitive phrases, like "over and over" and "day after day." These phrases, and Plath's attention to sound, help

bring a little rhythm and rhyme into this poem's free verse.

The Black Arts Movement

The power of Struggle

Black Arts Movement:

In the struggle for racial equality in the US, the mid 1960s were a turning point. The civil rights era, 1955 – 65, had produced legislation against segregation, but everyday and institutional racism continued to blight African American life, as did economic deprivation. The black nationalist era, 1965 – 75, was less pacific than the decade which it succeeded and as a result the soundtrack for the new movement was not the folk songs and gospel music of the civil rights marchers, but assertive soul, funk and free-jazz. At the movies, the complementary blaxploitation movement was ushered in by Sweet Sweetback's *Baadasssss Song* and *Shaft*, both released in 1971.

The late 1960s and 1970s also produced an unprecedented amount of powerful, politically-driven poetry. Much of this revolutionary verse was written for live performance and this, together with the poets' near-universal use of instrumental accompaniment, sometimes by a single conga drum, sometimes by a larger group, meant their work transferred well to disc. The demotic language the poets favoured also helped them reach a broader audience than poetry traditionally enjoyed. On the timeline of emancipatory expression, the revolutionary poets and their musicians are the precursors of hip hop and modern rap.

The Black Arts Movement stands as the single most controversial moment in the history of African-American literature--possibly in American literature as a whole. Although it fundamentally changed American attitudes

both toward the function and meaning of literature as well as the place of cultural literature in English departments.

History and Roots

By the **1920s** it was clear that an unprecedented[71] flowering of literary expression was in full bloom.[72] Called alternately the **New Negro Renaissance**. This literary movement changed the old attitudes of self-pity and apology were replaced by a frank acceptance of the position of African Americans in American society.

The political and social upheavals brought about by the **civil rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s** resulted in a new generation of black poets. With roots in the **Civil Rights Movement**, from **Martin Luther King** to **Malcolm X** and the **Nation of Islam**, and **the Black Power**

[71] **Unprecedented**: first time/ not before
[72] **Bloom**: blossom.

Movement, **Black Arts** found a **new inspiration** to explore the African American cultural and historical experience.

Poets in the Black Arts Movement include:, **Gwendolyn Brooks**, **James Weldon Johnson,** Ed Bullins, Eldridge Ceaver, Jayne Cortez, Harold Cruse, Mari Evans, Hoyt Fuller, Nikki Giovanni, Lorraine Hansberry, Gil-Scott Heron, Maulana Ron Karenga, Etheridge Knight, Adrienne Kennedy, Haki R. Madhubuti, Larry Neal, Ishmael Reed, Sonia Sanchez, Ntozake Shange, Quincy Troupe, **John Alfred Williams** and lately **Amiri Baraka.**

-I-

"Lift Every Voice and Sing"

James Weldon Johnson

Lift every voice and sing,
'Til earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on 'til victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
'Til now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who has by Thy might
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God,
where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world,
we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand,
True to our God.
True to our native land.

-II-

Ka'baa

"The Closed Window"

By Imamu Amiri Baraka

A closed window looks down
on a dirty courtyard, and black people
call across or scream or walk across
defying physics in the stream of their will

Our world is full of sound
Our world is more lovely than anyone's
though we suffer, and kill each other
and sometimes fail to walk the air

We are beautiful people
with african imaginations
full of masks and dances and swelling chants

with african eyes, and noses, and arms,
though we sprawl in grey chains in a place
full of winters, when what we want is sun.

We have been captured,
brothers. And we labor[73]
to make our getaway, into
the ancient image, into a new

correspondence with ourselves
and our black family. We read magic
now we need the spells, to rise up
return, destroy, and create.

[73] Labor: effort/ work hard

III

Dreams

Langston Hughes, 1902 - 1967

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

I
Lift Every Voice and Sing

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

"Lift Every Voice and Sing"

Critical Analysis

"**Lift Every Voice and Sing**" — often called "**The Negro National Hymn**," "The Negro National Anthem," "**The Black National Anthem**," or "**The African-American National** Anthem"— was written as a poem by James Weldon Johnson (1871–1938) and then set to music by his brother John Rosamond Johnson (1873–1954) in 1900.

History:

"Lift Every Voice and Sing" (now also known as "Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing") was publicly performed first as a poem as part of **a celebration of Lincoln's Birthday** on February 12, **1900** by 500 **school children** at the segregated Stanton School. Its principal, James Weldon Johnson, wrote the words to introduce its **honored guest** Booker T. Washington.

The poem was **later** set to music by Mr. Johnson's brother, John, in 1905. Singing this song quickly **became a way for African Americans to demonstrate their patriotism[74] and hope for the future**. In calling for earth and heaven to "ring with the harmonies of Liberty," they could speak out subtly against **racism**.[75] The poem was

[74] **Patriotism**: nationalism/ loyalty/ devotion.
[75] **Racism**: unfair treatment of people because they belong to different race.

adopted as **"The Negro National Anthem."** By the 1920s, copies of "Lift Every Voice and Sing" could be found in black churches across the country, often pasted into the hymnals.[76]

During and after the **American Civil Rights Movement**, the poem experienced a **rebirth**, especially when **Malcom X** quoted some of its lines in every **speech** he said, to give the poem its **popularity** as the official **African American National Hymn.**

On January 20, 2009, the Rev. Joseph Lowery (former president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference) used the poem's third stanza to begin his speech in the inauguration ceremony for **President Barack Obama.**

The poem's theme

The poem's theme is a celebration of and thankfulness to God for the hard-won spoils of **liberty**. Because of the history of African American **slavery** in America, the poem holds an **additional layer**[77] of meaning for African American liberation, for which the brave fighters struggled against segregation,[78] Jim Crow laws, and black codes.

[76] **Hymnals**: the Christian prays.
[77] **Layer**: level.
[78] **Segregation**: isolation.

The paraphrase:

First Stanza: "Lift every voice and sing, till earth and Heaven ring"

In the first stanza, the speaker is exhorting[79] his listeners to sing, to make a glorious noise unto Heaven. The voices are to "**ring with harmonies of liberty**." The speaker demands that the singing be wide-spread to the sea and sky.

He asks that the song be filled with "**the faith that the dark past has taught us**," and with "the hope that the present has brought us." And he urges his hearers to "**march on till victory is won."** He suggests that victory is not an end in itself, especially victory for **freedom**, but something that requires eternal vigilance,[80] lest it be lost.

Second Stanza: "Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod"

The speaker then reminds his fellow travelers that their way has not been easy; the road has been "**stony."** not a smooth[81] ride. This difficulty was especially noted earlier on "**when hope unborn had died.**" Even before the people could have hope, the hope seemed to have vanished.[82] But still with "weary feet" and by unflagging[83] courage, they have finally arrived at that place their forefathers had struggled hard to achieve.

They have marched on undaunted over a path "watered" by tears, and they have trod through the sludge of "the blood of the slaughtered." The past is gloomy, but

[79] **Exhort**: urge/ encourage/ push
[80] **Vigilance**: attention/ caution/ care.
[81] **Smooth**: flat/ soft.
[82] **Vanished**: disappeared/ gone/missed
[83] **Unflagging**: tireless/ persistent.

now they stand "[w]here the white gleam of our bright star is cast." Hope has now been brought alive by their valiant **struggle.**

Third Stanza: "God of our weary years, God of our silent tears"

The third stanza is a thanksgiving prayer to God. The speaker acknowledges[84] that God has always been with them as they have struggled for liberty through the "weary years" with "silent tears." He recognizes that God has brought them "into the light," and he prays that they will remain on the right path.

He asks God to keep their feet from straying from His mercy and guidance; he also implores the Divinity to help them not become intoxicated with the worldliness that takes their attention from God. The speaker then pleads that they may "forever stand" "shadowed beneath [God's] hand." And he expresses his will that they remain faithful to God, and to their homeland.

[84] **Acknowledg**e: admit/

Commentary

A group of young men in Jacksonville, Florida, arranged to celebrate Lincoln's birthday in 1900. My brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, and I decided to write a song to be sung at the exercises. I wrote the words and he wrote the music. Our New York publisher, Edward B. Marks, made mimeographed copies for us, and the song was taught to and sung by a chorus of five hundred colored school children.

Shortly afterwards my brother and I moved away from Jacksonville to New York, and the song passed out of our minds. But the school children of Jacksonville kept singing it; they went off to other schools and sang it; they became teachers and taught it to other children. Within twenty years it was being sung over the South and in some other parts of the country. Today the song, popularly known as the Negro National Hymn, is quite generally used. The lines of this song repay me in an elation, almost of

exquisite anguish, whenever I hear them sung by Negro children.

This poem was written in 1900 for the celebration of Abraham Lincoln's birthday at a segregated black school, and in particular to introduce Booker T. Washington–at the time the most recognized black person in the country.

Almost immediately, the audience recognized its power, and James' brother John set it to music. That version began to circulate taped in the back covers of hymnals in black churches, and it was adopted as "the Negro National Anthem" by the NAACP in 1919.

The combination of pain, hope, faith, and a sense of steady progress, enhanced even more by the steady march of the musical setting, has made this part of the standard hymnody of many churches, both black and white.

The first stanza of the poem focuses on singing and music. The speakers of the poem say that we should all lift our voices and sing together like one big happy family in honor of liberty. The song that the speakers call on us to sing is full of hope and faith.

The second stanza digs into the very difficult history of African-Americans. The speakers refer to the "stony" road that African-Americans have walked and the "rod" that was used to "chast[en]" them. The stony road and the rod are both metaphors that suggest the violence and difficulty of the African-American experience. Even so, the speakers call on us listeners to continue to have hope. They say that African-Americans have come a long way, through a lot of hardship, and now they're standing at the brink of a new, more hopeful future. Hurray!

The final stanza of the poem focuses on God. The speakers acknowledge that, if they've come this far, it's because of the Big Boss sitting up there in the clouds: God.

It's God who has guided the speakers through difficult paths, and the speakers ask God to continue to guide them. The poem ends with the speakers hoping that they will "forever" be true to their God and to their native land (America).

Students will:

- Develop a familiarity with the origins of "The Black National Anthem" in reference to author, time, purpose, circumstance, and mood.
- Analyze and discuss the figurative language and imagery of the poem to derive meaning from significant, historical events
- Recognize the effect that music and rhythm have on written words.

1. Why are there so many metaphors in this poem? What does the use of metaphor accomplish, do you think?
2. Even though this is a poem about the African-American experience, the words "African-American" are never explicitly mentioned. Is this poem only applicable to the African-American experience, or

can it be applied to the experiences of other groups of people as well?

3. Why do you think the poem is written in three stanzas?
4. Given that this poem is also a "song," what does it suggest about the relationship between music and poetry?
5. Back in 1900, when this poem was written, African-Americans were a long way from equal rights. Why are the speakers of this poem so hopeful about achieving their freedom?

II

Amiri Baraka - "Ka 'Ba"

Amiri Baraka was the founding artist behind the Black Arts Movement, a largely literary movement which emerged from the reaction to Malcolm X's assassination. The Black Arts Movement (or BAM) has been characterized at times as the aesthetic equivalent of Black Power - indeed many of the works of the movement are very explicitly in favor of black power & black seperatism. Ishmael Reed, an artist often associated with the movement but who never formally joined it, characterizes BAM as the beginning of a political multiculturalism which rejects the assimilation of marginalized groups in favor of "doing your own thing."

In "Ka 'Ba", Baraka clearly reflects on these themes. The

title immediately elicits a connection to Islam, as the Kaaba is the most sacred place in Islam, a shrine in the religion's most sacred mosque. Islam was often associated with Black Power, as the Nation of Islam provided much of the leadership for this movement. Baraka thus agrees with the Nation of Islam in that he seems to view Islam as integral to the development of a black seperatist identity.

BAM works are also often defined by their open celebration of blackness and black people, and this is clearly evident in Baraka's work - he says that black people "[defy] physics in the stream of their will" and that their "world is more lovely than anyone's / tho we suffer." This radical celebration of blackness, even whilst acknowledging the hardships of black people in America, is fully characteristic of the concept of Black Power endemic to BAM. Baraka closes the poem by asking "What will be the sacred words?" that will free his people from bondage.

Given the title of the poem, we may be led to believe that these "sacred words" are Islamic, but perhaps the words he has just used are indeed the words he speaks of - BAM could then fulfill its ambition as the literary wing of black liberation.

III

“Dreams”

By

Langston Hughes

Dreams” by Langston Hughes is a two-stanza poem with an ABCB rhyme scheme that highlights the value of “*dreams*” by presenting two situations that revolve around the loss of those “*dreams*.” The first stanza reflects on the possible death of dreams in an “if” scenario, which indicates “*dreams*” do not have to “die” since they can be nurtured. In fact, to Hughes, they should be nurtured if a person desires to “fly” above the common aspects of life to something more adventurous and breath-taking. However, the second stanza references a more certain turn that “*dreams*” will take, in regard to “when dreams go.” In this wording, there is no choice in the matter since “*dreams*”

will “go,” no matter what a person does, but the harshness of life once that departure occurs makes “[h]old[ing] fast to” them advisable.

This grand importance of “*dreams*” is the focal point of the poem as Hughes advises the reader to never willingly let them go.

As a child, he grew up in the times of racial inequality. As a result, his poems often shared the recurring theme of hope, breaking free from racial inequality, and to strive for a better future. This theme was very evident in the poems “Dreams” and “I Dream a World”, by Langston Hughes. This common theme is a result of the era Hughes grew up in. James Langston Hughes was born on Feb. 1, 1902, in Joplin, Missouri, 37 years after slavery was officially abolished in the United States. As you can imagine, racism and racial discrimination was a big problem during this time.

As a child, Hughes often heard stories from his grandmother, Mary Patterson Langston, about abolitionists

and courageous slaves who struggled for their freedom. These stories gave Hughes a sense of nobility towards black people ("Langston Hughes: Childhood"). Growing up, Hughes attended middle school in Kansas, Illinois. There he was the minority in his classroom, having only two African Americans in the entire class ("Langston Hughes: Childhood"). Although Hughes was a minority and often faced black stereotypes, he was focused and excelled in school. At his eight grade graduation, he was elected class poet. According to Hughes, he continued to wright poems because he felt he “couldn’t let his white friends down”

Hughes, an accomplished poet, is remembered by many as one of the architects of the Harlem Renaissance and an important African American voice. He’s less remembered for his connection to the civil rights leader.

Hughes wrote a number of poems about dreams or dealing with the subject of dreams, but they weren't really positive poems — they were truthful reflections of the struggle he and other black Americans faced in a time of institutionalized and mainstream cultural racism. What happens to a dream deferred, he asked: sometimes it just becomes a "heavy load." Other times, it explodes.

References

References

https://www.poetryfoundation.org/
https://www.shmoop.com/
https://poemanalysis.com/
https://www.teachforamerica.org/stories/how-to-analyze-a-poem-in-6-steps
https://www.poemhunter.com/

Enani M. M. and M. S. Farid.A Book of English Verse. The Anglo-Egyptian Bookshop.

YOU DO

Present a research as a comparative study about the three earlier poems on the levels of:

1- Theme of racism and the black people's case of struggle and freedom
2- The imagery in the poems that serve the main theme
3- Symbolism that reinforces and signifying this long history of struggle and stubbornness.
4- Figurative language used by the poets in each poem and their effectiveness to deliver their thought and emotions.

Poetry Presentation Project Assignment:

Each student will teach the class one poem. The poem should be presented in an informative and engaging manner. The presenter's goal is to ensure that ALL students fully understand the meaning of the poem; yet remember that you are TEACHING, not just TELLING the class what the poem means. The presentation will take 10-15 minutes. You may work with a partner and teach two related poems (two poems with a similar theme or two poems by the same author). Partner presentations will take 20-30 minutes. Both partners will receive the same grade and should do the same amount of work. Mrs. Fischer will not referee partnerships; therefore, think carefully before partnering up.

What to DO for your Presentation:

1. Prepare a HANDOUT for your classmates. At a minimum that handout must include the text of the poem. The handout should also include some or all of the following:

a. A 'Motivational' task or activity to get the class interested in your topic. This warm-up should be brief (no more than three minutes).

b. Follow-up Questions for after the class has read the poem.

c. Follow-up Activity for after the discussion of the poem.

d. Be creative! Bring in artwork, an interactive activity, act like a game show host.

1-Think about what lessons your teachers have done over the years that have really excited your interest. Make the class fun. This should not be an ordinary presentation.

2. Read the poem aloud to the class with feeling and clear articulation. Ensure that you are familiar with the poem and

can practically recite it by heart. Know what all the words in the poem mean. Bonus points if you can flawlessly recite the poem by heart.

3. Create a **PowerPoint, Smart Board**, or equivalent visual aid to support your lesson. This does not mean that you will be reading from the PowerPoint; it means that the class will have a clear visual aid to help support their understanding of the poem. The PowerPoint should be useful to your classmates; it should not be full of tiny writing which students will not have the time or desire to read.

4. In your discussion with the class, and aided by your PowerPoint, be sure to address the steps to reading poetry. Ensure that the class fully understands the following:

a. How literary elements contribute to the overall meaning of the poem. In other words, you must do more than simply identify the literary elements. You must explain how these elements deepen our understanding of the overall poem and its theme.

b. A full and analytical understanding of the theme. Ensure that all students fully understand the meaning of the poem by the end of the presentation. In order to do this, you must fully understand the meaning of the poem first.

Remember: This is a lesson. Ask the class questions, solicit answers from them. You need not tell them everything they need to know. Help them figure out the answers themselves.

5. Conclude with a summary of the important ideas that you covered in the lesson and possibly with a fun closing activity. You may come up with some type of quick game where students can demonstrate what they learned, a brief reflective writing assignment, etc.

Assessment Grade

Your presentations will be graded based on three main categories: (1) the quality of your ability to present the information, (2) the quality of your analysis, and (3) the quality of the materials you have created for your presentation.

Preparedness

Completely prepared and obviously rehearsed. All materials were submitted in a timely manner. Presenter ready to begin immediately on his/her presentation date/time. The lesson flows smoothly.

Professional Demeanor

Stands up straight; establishes eye contact with the audience during the presentation. The tone of the presentation is professional (not juvenile). The presenter conducts the class with seriousness and maturity .

Thoroughness of Discussion

The poem was effectively discussed and analyzed. The discussion was substantial, interesting, and thorough. All students can now understand the poem .

Effectiveness of Lesson

The poem was taught, not TOLD. The presenter explains the poem and helps the students understand through asking questions and providing analysis. The speaker engages with the class .

Discussion of Theme

The theme is thoroughly analyzed and explained. The presenter shows how the theme relates to the poem as well as how the theme works as a universal idea .

Discussion of Literary Elements

The poem is fully analyzed for the use of literary elements and techniques. This discussion may include: tone, mood, metaphor, simile, personification, symbolism, imagery, rhyme scheme, poem form, etc. Any unfamiliar terms are defined. Examples are provided from the poem, and each example is also discussed in terms of how it adds to the overall MEANING of the poem .

Quality of the Handout and Power Point

The handout with the poem and other information or activity is neat, organized, useful, and submitted in a TIMELY manner. The questions are appropriate and effective in helping the class understand the poem. The Power Point is an effective teaching tool. It helps the students understand the poem. It is visually pleasing, informative, and an effective visual aid for the lesson .

Relevancy of the “Lesson ”

The questions and/or activities which the presenter uses to solicit feedback from the class are effective and relevant. The questions and/or activities clearly pertain to the poem and help the students learn how to understand the poem .