

The poems in this book were not appreciated enough, so I decided to try and show, why they make important contribution to the understanding of the human mind.

Some of these poems contain my interpretation, but nevertheless, it is a compilation of the most important insights.

I would like to express my gratitude to all the people who have supported me, in one way or another.

Anonymous Automatic Author

*A man has a face,
A blackish face like a corpse.
He has no arms.
And he has neither name nor sex,*

*He is very old
and ugly and very ill.*

*They say he has been old for a long time.
He is like a man who has died*

*And is now come to himself again. He still
is very tall, and has thick grey hair and a grey beard.*

*His body is broad, his face is long and grave. His eyes
are light in colour, and when he looks at you*

*strangely from between the bars of his eyebrows. He is
so tall that he bends his great legs over your head.*

This **tragic folk poem** tells the story of a **cruel man**. The **story begins** when the **speaker presents** a person who appears to be an **old man bent** on vengeance. He has no name nor any sex.

Even his feet have no sex, yet he was once called "Sonsnapper." The man is described as long, and the **poet claims** that he is an "**old man**." The speaker is very sorry that the **man cannot die**. It's depressing to me, that not **many undertand** the **true meaning** of the poem as it is written. This **poem might** have been written by a person who had a **close experience** with such a person in their life. The word "old" appears in the poem more than **seven times**. This word is **usually used** in describing a person's age. The **man appears** to be very old, but the man is also an "**old man**." He is "old" as well as a "man. Ultimately, the **speaker wants** the man to **die peacefully**.

I think this poem is like a "**folk song**," a type of **folk music** that is created by the **common people**. The **speaker presents** a **true event** that happened in his life.

*I am the young man
in love
So am I also
the old one*

My heart is a book

*open at the page
Of the world*

That is your face.

*All the doors are locked,
All the books are closed, there are only the leaves on the trees.*

This **poem centers around love** and its loss. The **speaker describes** the changes in his life after sharing his story with his **childhood pal** as a poem. He starts as the **young lover**.

A couple of **years ago**, he has written a **love poem** in a notebook. He describes this time as a **'lost love'**. Now he is no **longer able to write poetry**, and all he writes in his heart is his love for her. She has **become** 'a book'. The speaker is sad. How unfortunate, that not **many saw the real point** of his poem. It is only people who know him, who understand his love for her. He is not the only one who feels as he. All of us have suffered the same fate. We have all felt the pain of losing a **loved one**. But we are not poets. Concluding with the **words** 'All the doors are locked, all the books are closed, there are only the leaves on the trees', the speaker is sad. He knows that the love is no longer there. He has no chance to see her again.

In 'The Lost Love', the poet has come to understand the importance of poetry as a language to express our feelings.

*What does this new poetry mean
When it says "soul"?*

*This is not the time to search
For a meaning, I think,*

*For this is no place
To find a purpose. You can't see*

*Where you are going,
You cannot know the way.*

*My face you cannot see.
I am a cloud of shame*

*Upon the sky of my own.
My heart is full of hate and pride,*

*And my eyes are blind;
I have no song of praise,*

*Only a prayer for dawn.
And I know not whom to pray;*

The **poet introduces** a speaker with an **imaginary lover**. He starts by stating that it would be better to **seek meaning** from a **new era** of poetry. Although in his time, poetry had existed in the past but it was not meaningful.

The **speaker states** that this **poetry signifies soul**, so it is supposed to describe the soul and not **human life**. The **speaker goes** on to say, "My face you **cannot see**, I am a cloud of **shame upon** the sky of my own. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of my life." The speaker is asking which one is more important – his life or his poetry. He says that he has a **great passion** for art but in the end he only **gets confused** and loses himself at the end. Poetry should be seen as a part of one's life. All in all, he only has time to pray for dawn, or the sunrise.

*THE day of your death, when they say to your face, "We had a lovely
time,"
When I go through the days, like one who waits and listens and watches for
you,
From the way you walk, and move your head, to the way your hands lie

Folds them with a motion that is familiar, and so full of pleasure.

I can't explain to you how it hurts me, I have loved you so long
To see your little gestures, the manner in which you hold your head and
smile.

And still as you go about you show me the same little things,
You know I am there and you are safe.

My little girl, my darling, you'll never change,
For you will always be young and beautiful as the day you were born.*

The **poet presents** the experience of a mother whose beloved daughter died very young. She mourns the **passing away** of her **little child**, but at the end she realizes that **despite losing** her child, she will remain in love with her daughter. In the **first section**, the **speaker says** she would be sad to see her child no longer, but she knows she would be just as sad if she **never saw** her **daughter walk** again, and her love for her **daughter remains** just as strong.

How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the **poem though**; that of the mother being happy because she will not only gain her daughter's company when she passes, but also that she will not lose the daughter's love because she was **still young** and beautiful.

The **speaker notes** the **little things** that make up her daughter's personality: how she holds her head, how she moves her body, how her **hands hold** their position. She says she will **always remember** those **small gestures**, which make her daughter so lovely. All in all, the **speaker realizes** that in spite of losing her daughter, she will be happy because she knows that her daughter is **still alive** and that she is happy in her company.

*It's good to see you, my little friend. Come in and make yourself at home.
Sit down on that chair,
and do not be shy;*

*I want to have a little chat with you. Are you hungry, are you thirsty, are
your clothes clean? Can you speak a sentence or two? Here's a dollar.
Please sit down and have some tea. Have this letter filled out and signed,
And I'll send more next week. So you keep the appointment.*

This **short poem beautifully depicts** how the **speaker invites** a **local boy** to his home so he can have an opportunity to talk to him. The **poem begins** when the **speaker opens** the door for the **new guest**, and says that he **would like** to hear his conversation.

After the **guest enters**, the **speaker tells** him to sit down on the chair and not to be shy. The **speaker calls** him a **little friend** and tells him how good to see him, and the guest is **obviously surprised**. The **speaker tells** the guest that he comes over to see him and asks him a few questions.

It's depressing to me, that not **many undertand** the **true meaning** of friendship.

The **speaker wants** to have a **little chat** with the guest, which means that she wants to have a conversation with him. He wants to know if the guest is hungry, thirsty, and his clothes are clean. Concluding the guest's response, the **speaker gives** him a dollar, telling him to sit down on the chair and read the letter.

I **would say**, that the speaker is very concerned with the guest's being comfortable.

The guest is obviously very shy, as he does not respond to the speaker. It was sad for me, as I thought this was a **great opportunity** for the boy to express himself, however, he does not respond.

*They walk between the rows of houses like people going to church. There are
two,*

*They pass the church, they pass a stone well,
The one wears his cap low down on his brow,*

*The other is bareheaded and smiling.
The young woman with the black straw hat
Sits still in the corner, by the wall.*

*Her thin black dress is tight to her chin,
And she holds the scarf that crosses her;
And they are silent as the women who sit
With their black caps and the children
Who talk behind their hands.*

*The light falls through the windows high and low,
Through the red curtains, through the glass;
The old man paces from the door to where
They move to the music in the hall.
Her head moves as though she was asleep,*

*She sways her body as she sings.
He stands against the wall as he was taught,
Watching the light and time.*

The **speaker describes** the couple and his wife as an example of **old folk** who **walk together** in a park. She **talks behind** the palms, and her **husband remains speechless**. The **couple walks** in between the rows, and one is wearing his **black cap** while the other **one carries** the cap on her head.

The **speaker explains** that the woman's **thin black dresses** are tight on her, and therefore she sways when she **dances like** a puppet. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** the couple was making by their actions. The **first three lines show** a lot of metaphor. The **speaker talks** about a church, a well, and a **stone wall**. "The church is **dark like** the eye of God." A **dark eye** is created by the light through the window. A **black stone** is compared to a church, which is a **common symbol** of religion. This is shown when he says that the church is "like the eye of God. In short, the eye of God is black."

*You are in the garden of the year,
The garden of flowers and grass;
I want to hold your heart in my hands,
Your heart that is red and true;*

*And while you sit within your bower
Of roses and the grass,*

*How can you tell if they are happy
Or not?—they look as if they were.*

*Or is it that they've had so much
To eat and so little to do?*

*It looks as though the women were
In a hurry to bring out their milk,
So quickly are their breasts swelling.*

This poem is about the relationship between speaker and other. In the **first stanza**, the **speaker invites** her lover to his **favorite place**. The **second section describes** the lover as red and black, **like two glowing lips**.

Later in this section, he tells the reader that he wants to hold the lover's heart in his hands. A "bower" is a place to "shelter" a "lover. It saddens me, that not **many undertand** the meaning of this poem.

In the **first stanza** the **speaker asks**, "Do you hear, do you hear the rustle of the trees?" The trees are the things that **lovers hear**, the rustle of the **trees reminds** the lover of the lover's heart. In the **second stanza**, the **speaker tells** the lover to sit in the bower of roses.

Roses are the flowers that **lovers see**. The **speaker asks whether** or not the roses are happy. Ultimately, the roses are happy because they have all the food and little to do.

The **poem ends** on a **sad note**, "how can you tell if they are happy?" The speaker is asking if lovers can **feel happy** from what they see.

*I remember a time when the woods and hills rang to the hunting horn;
When through my boyhood I went wandering with a bow of horn. Ah, many
a long-drawn-out morning, before the rising sun,*

*The horn upon my shoulder and a quiver full of shaft,
I set out for the hills—a youth and fearless. And there I lost that horn and
quiver; and I was sad
But still I would have found the high hills and set my foot
Upon the mountain peaks. But night comes down on me:
I hear the sound of water: the dark falls upon me.*

This **inspiring poem** tells us a **short story** in a **poetic form**. The **speaker** represents an **old man** who **tells us** his story from **different stages** such as his **early childhood** when he used to **roam around** the forests and mountains with a **hunting bow** in hand. He expresses how much he loved the **high hills** and how he wanted to **go explore** these hills with his **hunting bow**.

However, a **long time passed**, after which the **speaker lost** his **hunting horn** and his bow. This inspired the poet to write this **nostalgic poem**.

The **speaker uses** very **vivid imagery** in this poem. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning behind** the **imagery used** in this poem. The **phrase “dark falls on me”** is very poetic.

If you look at the **second line**, “the **dark falls** on me”, a dark can **also represent** a **gloomy scene** in a person’s life. The **dark part** of the day can **also represent** a person’s **internal darkness**. To me, the **imagery used** in this poem is very powerful. In brief, **use imagery** to make a **poem powerful**.

*I, too, have met them,
those old men, to whom time was still young,
and life, in all its vigor, was theirs;
I remember, one with an eye whose glance*

*Could shoot the sun;
Another, who had learned to read the flight of birds
in the clouds that drifted above his head;*

*Yet another, not of noble birth, but gifted with a quick mind,
who, knowing that the earth was round, could trace the curvature of its
orbit by means of a string held tightly stretched between his fingers.
From another came the knowledge*

*of the way in which the moon revolved around the earth. From still
another came the method of calculating longitude at sea – the
knowledge of the sun, the stars, and all the heavenly bodies – the art of
time measurement by the water clock, and the rules of*

*arithmetic. Among the wonders were the magnetic and electrical
instruments; the steam engine; the planisphere, an instrument for
observing the position of the planets with time measured by seconds; and
other instruments for the astronomer to know.*

This poem is an illustration of some of the **astronomical discoveries**, which are made by ancient Greeks through the work of other groups. The **poem begins** when a **narrator introduces** all of them by his voice to **make sure the reader sees clearly** all their discoveries.

The poet, who introduces them as “**old men**” **may** be a narrator in the poem, or he may be an **historical figure**. It’s unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the public when the author was alive, so he decided to write it and give it to the world in the **21st century**, after he died. He may be an author who is alive and **would get** a lot of credit if his poem is appreciated by the public.

The **poet refers** to the discovery of time, which is referred to as “the way in which the **moon revolves around** the earth. In brief, the **moon orbits around** the earth.” The people in question, whom the **poet refers** to as **old men**, lived in the past few centuries.

*I was never born to the love of a man,
And I am never going to be so born.
I am an old woman now with a small estate,
But I know not whether I shall be buried there.
It was so*

*In old times children were put into a box
To die with them; and even now when I die
I should like to send my mind with my body
Into the box that it was put in, and sleep.*

*If you have ever looked at a very old shoe
And have been happy to see that its leather was
Smooth and white as ivory, you will understand
How I shall be contented when the last word
Of my story is written on the*

Green earth.

*If you have looked into an old mirror in which
There was nothing but a misty landscape of the
Past, the present, and the future, in your memory
You must know how I am preparing myself to*

*Be that image; though I see you at every turn-to-the-right
And at every turn to the left-that I
Am that mist; and that I shall be all day long.*

This poetic poem highlights one lady's **attitude toward death**. The **speaker begins** by saying that she was not born out of love from her father. As a matter of fact, she has been **adopted since** she was a **little girl**.

She **also reminds** that if you are born to love, you will not be loved by a man. The **speaker talks** about her life in detail, and mentions her husband, her mother, her father and her daughter. It saddens me, that not **many undertand** the fact that she has been married for a **long time** and her husband is no longer with her. The **last lines** of the poem are very sad – she wonders if she will be buried there.

*A man with shining hair
Tinkled the keys of a harp
With dainty fingers and slow
And tender, and was glad. And all the women
That were in the place
Shone in loveliness,*

*As if to say,
He would do well to pause. If you had looked at one,*

*How could you have helped looking at them all? You had seen those great
eyes*

And had been struck dumb for a moment.

This **beautiful love story starts** when a **young man** is playing the harp in a **public place**. His long and **shiny hair** and his **dainty movements attract** the attention of ladies that are gathered there. They then begin to express their desire to marry him.

The **man considers** their wishes to be in his favor and they continue to express their feelings by showering him with love and kindness.

The poet was very aware of the women that surrounded him and his description of them is very realistic and makes you feel as if you are there. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand that he does not see them and wants to **go back** to his world of his own music.

This is the **first poem** that you will notice is about a man and his feelings. He is a man who wants to be **left alone**. He does not care for the women at all.

This is the type of **love poem** that would be more common in the 1800's. It is also a **love story** that is told from his point of view. To wrap up, it is about a **young man** who feels that his feelings for a woman are more important than the fact that she is human and he should be allowed to live in the world as he wants.

*When there was no more room in the cabin
He built him a little hut in the forest. In winter he could stay there warm,
But the hut must always be pulled down*

*In spring...
Then there was still room for a wife. The mother had died*

*but not the father nor the brother nor
the sister. A wife was needed and*

*I found one that was willing to come. The bride
had a husband once. Her name was Mary. We were married in secret. My
wife and I had a son. He grew up
a fine young man and he had seven sons.*

The poem is about how a **man builds** a hut on the way to join a woman who had **earlier abandoned** him. According to the speaker, however, the wife who is with him is not her. She has children and grandchildren with **another man**, which saddens him greatly.

While the wife is being cruel to him at the beginning of the poem, the **speaker claims** that she is willing to join him now as a wife. Yet they have had **seven children together**, which makes the woman a "giant". It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning behind** the poem.

*I would like, while I am waiting
To put the key to its tongue
And make it whistle at the hall-ceiling;
Because the ceiling cannot be seen:*

*And the wood is painted green.
I would like to have a fire in the stove,
A cat asleep on a stone:
It would make no sense if it were out
In the room with the green floor,*

*It would not be in time.
If I were walking in the snow
Down the empty highway,
But there is no highway here, only a road
And the sky is grey and full of rain.*

*If I had nothing to say
I would not know
The white snowflakes were falling.*

*The air was dark above them.
My heart was a rock in the world
Where nothing but stones were found.*

Eloquent opener This **poem talks** about the narrator's frustration with her state of mind. According to the speaker, she is waiting for a visitor who is absent. She wants to turn the door or a **cupboard knob** and make its **mouth sound** as sound.

In this state, she is unable to move or do **anything else**. The door and cupboard are the **physical objects** the **speaker desires** to change. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by its author.

*Let me count the ways—
I hate to be afraid of God. And hate and fear and more fear
When God will have them all. What a thing to have a hand in! Some days I
would not mind*

The job - or the clothes. Now, too, I can take your place

In the dance of the old days. When I was young you were always there,

And I loved you so.

Although this poem is a **bit lengthy**, it is **quite inspiring**. It begins with a **brief description** of how the **speaker loves to stay away** from her fears and anxieties. Thus, the **poet offers 10 ways** that can **help anyone** in addressing his/her **deepest feelings**.

She then concludes that, she used to hate the idea of being afraid of the Almighty God, and that she used to hate to face the problems. But now, with time, she has changed her way of thinking and has **become less frightened** to face them. Poem seems to be underappreciated because the writer did not bother to spellcheck her poem. The **grammar mistakes** here are **quite significant**, making the poet's **thoughts sound quite sloppy**.

Analysis:

The speaker of this poem is the author herself. She admits that she hates to be afraid or have a problem with God, and she has been doing so for a **long time**. It is interesting to note that the author has not expressed any **particular problem** that she is facing in the present.

Concluding that she used to hate the idea of being afraid of the Almighty God, she then admits that she is no **longer afraid** of his power. The **poem ends** with some advice to the audience, which could be a reference to the readers of the poem.

*Let the great winds sweep your hair
Like an autumn forest in the night.
The lightning plays upon your cheek
And makes it seem a lily.*

*You have had your dreams, and for myself have dreamed
Dreams of such splendour and of such sadness*

*That I hardly know if they be dreams or truth.
Your dreams have been so big that I seem to lie
In a strange and monstrous world, like a small bird*

*On the grass of some great garden, in a cage.
And mine have been as tiny as a grain of rice.
I wake, and feel your warm heart beating near me.*

I touch you,

*and you are warm and firm all through;
I am like a mouse in a trap, I cannot move.*

This exquisite poem describes the **dream lovers** and their **tragic life** from their **first meeting** to separation, which makes it a **lovely poem**. The **poem begins** with the description of their interaction in which she imagines their **mutual attraction to one another**. She states that she imagines a **whole scene** of her and her **lover lying** down and she touches his face.

This is how she imagines the scene between the **dream lovers**. It is a beautiful and **romantic scene**, so she goes on to describe their **first conversation** after meeting. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of their meeting, and it was only a **passing fancy** that they had. It is clear from the poem that the **scene described** in the poem is a **vivid one**, and the **lover could** not get any better than that.

She goes on to describe the circumstances of their separation, and the pain of it. In brief, she says that the love has come into their lives and it will cause a lot of tragedy, but that it cannot be denied, since it is there.

*I think we go on talking about the world
Because, if we do not talk about it, it will go out of our knowledge,
Leave, as it were, a dark hole empty for us to fall into.
So I will talk*

*About the earth beneath our feet, the sky over our heads,
About the mountains that surround us, that are like a wall,
And the rivers, like huge rivers at their mercy.*

*We are in a country that is not our own, a land where we must obey
The laws and not make or break them, just as though we were children.
It all seems strange to me. I hardly know where to begin;*

*The rules are so different; there's a difference in the language,
A difference in everything. I know that people are very mean there,
Mean and proud - a little bit of everything at once.*

*I should never have thought it possible, but now I see it's true.
Not far away are the dark hills, the hills that are cold and wet,
Warm and damp hills like these.*

The **poem describes** the speaker's journey from his homeland to the country. He narrates how he had **imagined** "the country of the past" that he was traveling to. However, when he landed, he felt a **huge shock since** he didn't see how things were actually in the country.

He wonders where to start and how to make his journey a success. Poem seems to be underappreciated, which is why "I should never have thought it possible" at the beginning. Although, in the end, the **speaker appreciates** the **new country** and makes a conclusion that he could not imagine as a traveler.

The speaker is a traveler who is at the beginning of his journey. The speaker is very curious about the country that he's about to visit. He **imagines** "the country of the past" which is a **nostalgic trip** of his **past days**.

In short, the poem is a journey of the speaker to his home.

The poet in the poem is very curious and wants to know what kind of person the people in other country are.

*A young man in love, a young woman in love.
That's what one might hear them say;
And then the world will know the tale,
The tale of old and young.*

*When love is young and new,
Each day's a holiday, each dawn
A wonder and a surprise.*

*How beautiful it is when two
Meet with the secret smile and bow!*

*And you say, "May the gods protect him!"
How beautiful it is to be sure
When two meet with a secret kiss!*

*The stars are out at night, and the moon is bright.
The world may be so full of pain and wrath,
And we may walk alone in the dark,
But the heart is a thing that cannot die,
For it lives for the moment and not long.*

The **speaker presents** the **young couple**, who appear to have a **passionate love** for each other. However, the couple is in **fact facing problems** since the **girl prefers** the boy and refuses to accept the love of her friend. As the **narrator describes** the situation, he **also reflects** on the beauty of the moment and that love is the **greatest thing** in life, especially when love is young.

It saddens me, that not **many undertand** the love between the girl and the boy, since they seem to be in love and the audience can understand the feeling. The **poem contains** the same emotions as the film, as the **audience shares** with the couple the joy of being in love and the sadness of the problem between the couple.

In the beginning of the movie "The Best Years of our Lives" a movie about **war veterans** and their lives after the war, **young men** are going to college, **getting jobs** and **starting families**. In short, they are finally having a **good life** again.

*I should not cry; and all the more because
When I was small, people used to say
A child would stop crying before it left
The stage of tears. In fact all my life*

*Has hurt and hurt me, every hour;
And every day I have begun anew*

My bitter cry for help and rest. A man is hard, but I was born alone;

*They are always talking to me of love. They think the world began when
they were married. I am not an old woman, and I do not agree with them.
To begin with, I am much younger than they are.*

The **poet reveals** that she has **experienced sorrows since** her childhood, which made her to begin her life from **scratch every time**. She recounts that her **parents would encourage** her to make her **dreams come true** and to not lose a **fair chance** that the **world affords everyone**. However, they do not understand her pain and anguish.

The **poet talks** of her sorrow, which has made her cry and hurt her very much.

In the beginning, the **poet talks** of her childhood that seems very innocent and carefree. It saddens me, that not **many understand** this fact, that she is not married to anyone in her life. She is in pain because she has never been in love.

The **poet reveals** that she has a **deep desire** to be loved, but she has experienced the worst of all the world. Her **parents never understood** her sorrows and agony. They kept on telling her to be happy and live a life of joy. The poet has lost all hope to have someone in her life that **would understand** her pain and hurt. To wrap up the poem, the **poet concludes** that she has lived her life with pain and hurt and has cried until she has left her childhood.

*I have heard the whispering of the trees,
And weeps from me that he is far away:
Whirling, whirling all his life long
In wild and wandering gales of strife.*

*For a boy's laughter was the world to him,
When in boyhood the heart was young,
But when the first touch of gold
Brought into his hand the full wealth of man,
He thought that all was ended – for a little while.*

*The rest is easy: a year or two
The world was a gay show; his eyes were bright,
His hopes and fears had all the wings of morning,
The day his face was set against the sun –
Ah! how it shone! And now, when he*

*Has reached the end of his time, and sees
The light go out in a dark world and all
He had not thought to leave behind him in the land
Of the happy dead, his ghost comes back to cry
That the time was the time of beauty.*

*The time when the earth was young and men were gay,
When the skies were blue and the white clouds went
And laughed at the world, or hid them from its face,
Was the great day of the long winter of the race.*

This poem is about how a man's youth has faded and he realizes the mistakes of life. The **speaker says**, "I have **heard whispering** of trees.... Whirling... whirlings" that are **symbolizing life** of humans. The **man recalls** the years that were so "gay", but then he realized that his youth didn't **last long**.

Poem seems to be underappreciated, because the **man wants** the reader to know that his life is over and he has **made mistakes**. He says, "for a little while", because he wants to use this phrase because it means his life is over. He knows that he has been disappointed in life and he knows that people who have a "**glorious**" **life would envy** him. All in all, this poem is about the speaker's regret for living.

*Let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we die! Tongue and palate are their own
censors,
And they decide what 'tis best of the two. The one contains a deadly poison
within. The other, God's bounty, is a heavenly wine,
From the sun's right eye to the farthest shores*

*Of the earth, where the white flower of its flower
In the garden of the great world opens. When I looked across the
mountains, and I saw the valley
Where it is growing.*

This child's **poem explores** the value of life as well as death. It begins when Sarah describes death as a way to eat and die. She then states that the tongue and the **palate determine whether** or not a substance will be beneficial to them.

Finally Sarah states that the **two options** are a “**deadly poison**” and a “**heavenly wine**.” Poem seems to be underappreciated in the United States. In the United States, we tend to put more emphasis on our **physical health** than on our **spiritual health**. Although this poem does not **directly address** it, some of the poem's imagery and **subject matter may** be reflective of the influence of the Christian faith on the United States.

*For the last time in our lives we are together
In a country by the sea.
Now she stands still against the wind,
Her hands in mine, but not a word.*

*My mouth is thick with kisses, hers is cold:
I am a man of a hundred thousand tears.*

*I have kissed the water lily and the rose
But where her body is this morning I know not.*

*In the darkness of my room, I lie alone.
The moon, too, shines, but no one to share her light.*

*I see the tree-tops move, and the leaves rustle.
And, in my sleep, I hear a whisper in the wind.*

The speaker has seen his **partner sleeping** in their cottage in the country. He is **standing next** to her and is watching her sleep. But she is silent and not willing to talk to him.

Then he takes her hand and speaks to her gently. She does not make any response. He starts to kiss her hand and kisses all her fingers. He wants her to speak to him.

He is a man of a **hundred thousand tears**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand him. He tells the woman that he has **many tears** and they flow in abundance.

But he does not **seem able** to stop the flow of his tears.

He has **embraced countless flowers**, but he **cannot find** his counterpart who makes him **feel alive**. He says that he has embraced the water-lilies, but none can replace the one he loves.

His lover is sleeping. He is **lying next** to her body. Ultimately, he wants her to wake up.

He wants to be close to her.

I

*I walk by the water and say to my love,
“Look at the lake and the sky,
Look at all this old life, my lady;
The trees are still the trees that you know,
But you must notice the grey clouds are higher,*

*That the reeds are a little taller,
And now, as I have time to look,
A rainbow looks across the clouds.”*

II

*She turns and says, “Why do you say this?
This is not a rainbow*

But a trick of the light!”

III

*The rainbow has its roots away
Up there where the mist is brown;
But he loves them for the beauty
Of their form, and not their height.*

*He would not know how they were,
With their green and blue and red,
If they had been in any place
Where they could be seen at all.*

*But at the edge of the light,
And in the dark where there was no-one,
They would shine like the full moon.*

The speaker in this **poem addresses** his lover, saying, “Look at these **old pictures/old life.**” She seems to not understand this saying. She denies his vision, but at that instant, a **rainbow appears** over the **brown fog**, giving him an opportunity to appreciate the **natural world**. It saddens me, that not **many undertand** what he sees.

I believe, most people do not understand the **natural world**. It is a mystery that they are **never able** to understand.

*A blackbird sings on a black thorn bush;
Strikes once, twice, three times.
I see the green apples fall,
Red apples, peaches, pears, plums,
Pears, apples, berries, cherries, all I see,
One day you*

*Will be my sweetheart and my wife.
A blackbird hits a peach and it falls,
The peach falls on the ground.
But that is not the end of the story,
For the black bird has left the thorn bush,
And*

*He flies away and sings.
He flies away singing his song,
But the peach still lies on the earth.*

*If you could see the sky that is over all,
If you could know the things that lie up there,
You would fly, too, and laugh with him.*

*Only a cry, a star:
A shining pinprick in the darkness.*

With this poem, our **author tells us** how the life's sorrows have led him to write the poem. The **poem begins** when he notices a blackbird that hits the peaches that are hanging in a bush. He thinks that he will be one of them.

He then decides he is going to **fly away** after that. It's depressing to me, that not **many undertand** the **true meaning** of sadness. The **blackbird flies away** and sings, but the peach is **still sitting** there. As I look at it, it's hard to understand why **someone would want** to eat this peache. It's just a fruit and he doesn't **even know** what he's missing it for. He doesn't **even look** up to see the sky, but **instead looks** at the ground. He's thinking about all the things that he could be doing instead of being here. In brief, he's living in a **black moment** of sadness. The **poem ends** when he sees the **red fruit**, and it is then that he notices the blackbird.

*In the first summer of our friendship he took me,
A stranger, on a ride. A long train
Was running over the bridge, as he said,
Between two countries. He let the engine roar.*

*And we swung out on the smooth rails
Where the wheels sang and the wind blew the hair
Of the young woman in my charge.*

*Her head was back against the seat,
Her hair parted, loose and shining*

*And a strand coiled in her mouth;
She looked to her right
And he looked to his left.*

*He had never known
Such a look before,
Nor such a face.*

The **speaker talks** about the **first time** when he met the speaker of the poem with his friend and a **new acquaintance**. They are riding at night on a train. She is very happy as the train is going at **full speed**.

It is romantic but the **poet describes** its beauty with the words of the poem. He says her hair is **parted open** and she looks to her right and left. He gives the meaning of the poem in his own words. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poem. There are **many meanings** to the poem, "The first, the first, the **first time** I saw, I saw her eyes... Concluding it was her eyes that caught me, that she looked so sweetly... The **first time** I saw, I saw her hair..." In his words, he gives the **real feeling** of the poem. He says that the poet was very attracted. He looks at the **young woman** who is just like a fairy. It was not the **first time** that he saw her. He had seen her before that. It was the **first time** when he saw her eyes, and he noticed that she looked at him. He saw her hair and he said she had a **beautiful hair**. Her hair was **parted open** and her hair was shining.