

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.

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*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 understand** 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 understand** 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 understand** 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 understand** 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 understand** 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 understand** 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 understand** 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.

*I would see you in your life
Not in the long long night we share,
But with the dawn and the dew and rain
And all the singing of the birds. The world was young with music then,
The world was green and golden*

*And like a ripe apple red
And the apples in her garden were red too
So pretty was she.*

This poem is about a garden. It begins when the **speaker imagines** his mother while she is planting the flowers or herbs in a dream that goes on until she realizes that the speaker is talking about her in his poem. He describes her life from the time of her childhood to adulthood and shows how she was always in love.

The **first two stanzas describe** the speaker as a child and shows how the speaker and his mother were in love with each other. In the **third stanza** he tells how **everything around** them is so beautiful. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning behind** this **beautiful poem**.

My mother is very special to me. She is my **best friend**. She is my **best friend**. She is my **best friend**. She is my **best friend**.

My name is Richard. My name is Richard. My name is Richard. My name is Richard.

My mother is very special to me. It is hard to find a mother as good, as good as my mother. It is hard to find a mother as good, as good as my mother. Ultimately,

My mother is very special to me. My name is Richard. She is my **best friend**. She is my **best friend**. She is my **best friend**. She is my **best friend**.

My mother is very special to me.

*I remember how to ride
the horses, and in my childhood
I was one of a pair, so I could
have all the pleasures of riding

from the first moment to the last
of the journey.*

The **speaker presents a dream sequence**. Here the **speaker describes** his childhood as **riding horses**. He **also recalls** how he used to **feel excited whenever** he got on the horses.

The **memories make the reader realize** that he still has **vivid recollections** of his **earlier years**. He recalls a few occasions of when his childhood was a very **important part** of his life. The **first mention** of riding the **horses comes in the first line** of the poem.

The **poem continues** with an alliteration of a, e, i, o, u, and w. Poem seems to be underappreciated.

The **second line** of the **poem uses** the word from. The **first line** of the **second section (lines 4-5)** mentions the words of. The **third line** can be broken down into **two parts**:

The **first part contains** the words. The **second part contains** the words.

Both sections of the **second line** are examples of alliteration. The **second line** of the poem also contains two words that are **pronounced differently**, that is the words and.

Structure:

Structurally, the poem can be broken down into **three parts**. To wrap up the structure, the **poem ends with two lines**. Each of the parts of the **structure help** to define the meaning of the poem and the speaker's thoughts.

The **first part describes** the speaker's childhood.

*O this is the world of man, and of men,
A wind blows in from the North Sea, a mist
Beats against the window-panes. Oh, if only I could say what the winds*

*Are saying and the mist is saying;
For I can hear it crying:*

*"Life is a mystery, life is an enigma. The way of knowledge lies through
pain." Are saying: "Let there be light." "The way of truth lies straight. A
man has only to do his duty. When duty is done, we know what is right."*

The **poem centers around** the idea that despite the complexity of life, the individual should focus on the duty and do the **right thing**. In the **first part** of the poem, which is called the opening, the **speaker talks** about man and men with **different ideas** and perspectives on how life should be lived. He speaks of the North Sea which is a part of the **ocean surrounding** the **northern part** of Europe.

In contrast to the person's idea that all men are equal, the speaker then suggests that the wind of the North Sea and the mist are **also important**. It saddens me, that not **many understand** or do not realize that these wind and mist are **also living** and thinking. They are **also trying** to do what is right by doing their duty.

In the **second stanza**, the **speaker speaks** of how humans are the world of man and men which is why he can hear these winds and mist. He **also mentions** how the way of **knowledge lies** through pain. Concluding the **second stanza**, he states that Let there be light and The way of **truth lies straight**. What I like about both of these ideas, is that they are not only true in the world of man but they are **also true** for life in general.

*An old man,
his hand upon the wall, is walking up the avenue;
he comes to a window.
A lady in the room draws back and peers out,
then lets her fan fall
and comes out gracefully before she closes the
window. She is lovely, beautiful, slender and tall;
she stands beside him and gazes at him,
with her hand on his arm;
her lips are parted;
the hair of her head is gold;
in her eyes
are
no sleep.
She is so beautiful that the men fall upon their faces in worship;
his heart is drunk with love for her. He rises,
and she rises with him. They walk to the moon, under the stars, where
there is fire and water,
where all things are
beautiful. And the night passes on like a silver wave through the dark.
But I feel in the darkness a thing that is not beautiful,
a sense of pain, a pain that is only known to the blind and deaf.*

This poem is an expression of love. It begins when an **old man** is **seen walking** in an avenue. As he nears a room, he feels a lady is looking out through a **window beckoning** him in.

The **lady appears** to be very beautiful as she draws the curtains, stands, and gazes at the **old man**. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated

First

This poem is about the man who **feels love towards** a lady, but he can't enjoy it because of a problem, a pain. He describes the pain in the darkness. This pain has been felt by **many blind and deaf people**.

When they **see something** they don't like, they **must turn away**.

Second

The **old man** is very lonely. He thinks about love, but does not know how to feel it. He wonders if life will bring more pain.

Third

The lady is very beautiful. All in all, it is a very **romantic poem**.

Fourth

The lady is very mysterious. The man is curious to know more about her, but he doesn't have the courage to ask her.

*For a moment, while I am in love,
I am not sad, I say it again
To myself as to the reader;
And now I can give the reason why.
All my love is like the sea-light that passes over us,
and will never*

*touch him or come near him;
for him and his are only shadows of shadows,
shadows that are dark and cold,
while we sit smiling under the sea,
the water clear and bright,*

*and when he falls asleep
your hands are on his eyes,
and if you hold them there
he cannot see even what is in front of his face.*

*But if he gets free
the instant the sun comes up,
his eyes are too bright with light
to be able to bear it.
And your hands fall away,
but he cannot bring himself to put up the blinds
or to cover up those bright eyes.*

*The sunlight
is like a stream of water shining in between the trees,
and the birds outside are like bits of gold
falling from a tree and ringing on the ground.*

This **poem describes** the **strong bonds** of love between a **married couple**, and how this **bond breaks**. The **speaker begins** at the end of the day, when the **wife says goodbye** to her husband, as they go their **separate ways**. She begins to reminisce the events she shared with her husband, and the reasons why she loves him.

It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **full meaning behind** this poem, and the **deeper meaning behind** the symbolism. It takes a lot more effort to interpret this poem, and even more effort to understand

the symbolism. There is a lot of symbolism in this poem, that **would take** a lifetime to understand, so I do not want to explain it, because I can not explain it.

There are **many examples** of this poem, and even a **better example** is this. In short, the poem is about a couple who are in a **loving relationship**, and yet they are having trouble being together because they are in **different worlds**, one of the worlds is the world of the shadow, the shadow is the subconscious, and the subconscious is the **dream world**.

*At the foot of the mountain
where the pines are silent,
a little stream runs out of sight. All day it flows along,*

*and then at nightfall
the hills around it
are dark with pines. The pine smell is
in the air and
it is cold. The wind is blowing. It is a
strange wind
and makes the

hair stand up.*

This **poem talks** about the beauty of nature and its **life-saving qualities**. When the **speaker visits** the wilderness, he sees a **tiny stream flowing** in between the hills. He **describes every detail** and finds the river with water as cold as winter.

The **author observes** there is no sound in the forest and everything is **quiet except** for the sound of a wind. He **feels calm** because the environment is different and peaceful. The **speaker says** the pines are **always standing** in the forest and they are beautiful. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of a poem.

One day, The **speaker went** to the woods and felt the need to stay in those **wild place**. He **felt happy** in his own words. He **also described** the scenery and talked about the trees.

He said the mountains are dark in the evening and they are so cold. However, the woods are dark too. The **speaker said** the stream is running at the foot of the mountain. He **also said** that's the only thing that is running. In brief, the **poem talks** about the feeling of the speaker when he visited the woods. It is a very **great poem**.

The **first sentence** is very interesting. The **first sentence states** the time of day which is in the evening.

*In a palace, all the gold I own
I would give to you, love, as a gift. But I have not enough. Love,
You are my all. My one thought is for you
And I shall never have enough*

To give you all that you deserve. When you are well, I'll come back

and ask you for your part. Good-bye. Yours ever,

A lover.

This **simple poem** is about a **young educated woman**, who has fallen in love with her boyfriend. She wants him to know how much she loves him. A person's name or words are not important in a poem, here the **speaker reveals** her **deep love** and passion for her lover.

This is an **expressive poem** which contains a lot of passion. The **speaker wants** to say that she has **enough money** to give her lover but is unable to do this.

2. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated

A poet's **writing cannot** be compared to human's writing. Poems are a **different realm** of writing. It is a **different way** of **expressing one's** emotions.

Poems take one's emotions and express them in an **artistic way**. Poems have rhythm, meter, rhyme, rhythm, and meter. There is a **special way** of **expression using the different features** of the language. In this poem, the **narrator speaks** of her lover in the **third person**, although her lover's name is known. Ultimately, the lover is known. This shows that the **narrator loves** her lover. The **first stanza uses the present tense**, and there is a lot of repetition in the **second stanza**. The use of repetition in the **second stanza**, increases the intensity of the **emotion felt** by the speaker.

*It was with me, and mine it was not;
And then I was surprised to find
That here I sat making a fool of myself,
For I had told the world my secret. O Heaven, what was I saying to myself?
I had come to be alone to sit in state
Like any monarch. There was none to see*

*My glory. I would be out of the way, lest
The wind that blows on earth should blow on me. You are very beautiful. To
look at you is to
Make love to you. But I will do my duty. For now you are mine. I love you
very much, very
Much. You have been unhappy. Do you think it was my
fault?*

This **sonnet counts** as an **erotic passion poetry**. The **poet begins** his poem with his confession. He says, It was me and mine “not mine only, but also, mine. However, he **becomes speechless** for a moment when he realizes that he has confessed his secret.

So, he was so surprised that he **could hardly speak**. It appears that he has been carrying on the affair with the princess of the state. It’s depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem.

My heart was **beating rapidly** because I was afraid of myself; my face was so red and my heart was so hot; I was afraid that the princess of the **state might observe** me. O Heaven, what was I saying to myself? It was not right.

Why do I have this longing for you? You are very beautiful. To look at you is to **make love** to you. I have been unhappy; I have been lonely. In brief, I have been unhappy, although I did not know it. Let me take you into my arms. I feel I know you. I love you very much, very much. You have been unhappy and I was the cause.

*I, too, am a man who knows what is best for you and me,
And I want you to take this with you so that you
Will know what I mean—the woman you should marry:
I don't mean the*

*Girl that will run at your side and make you think she's
Your girl,
The wench that will make up to you all the sweet nonsense you'll want
To do and say;
This is not her, this is a*

*A little old grey ghost of a girl:
She's a woman whom nobody else would look at twice,
And I'm not going to look at her twice either. I've got another girl
somewhere, and if you don'*

*happen to see her anywhere, please don't let on that I told you,
Or she'll be lost to me for ever. Oh don't ask me if you must. I think you
ought to know, and you're one of the
people who ought to. It hurts me so much to think that I have to say it to
you. She's a good girl, too.*

The **poem presents** a **young man saying** that he may not be able to give the **necessary advice** on where he thinks the woman should be married but is determined to **make sure** she will be happy after she is married. The poet, as a father, tells his son that they are of the same opinion. They both think the **best woman** is the one that can **find happiness** for herself.

So, the **poem shows** that the two have an understanding. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the poet's son, because the father is saying that he is determined to **make sure** that his son is as happy as his own father. In short, he is determined to **make sure** that his son is happy and knows what is best for him.

*There was a little bird which sang:
'When I wake up tomorrow morning,
And I open up my eyes,
I'm going to do my best. I am going to be worthy of you,
For I've*

*got something to look forward to.' That's all right, thought the little girl,
But what about me? I haven't had anything for a
Long time. Oh, there's the old man's
Footprints, his footprints at the door;*

*The door is open and we can see how he
Is laid out in his bunk.*

This child's poem is about an **old man**, with whom the speaker is interested in. The **main emphasis** of the poem is on life. It begins with the narrator's reflection in the morning when she is getting up; There was a **tiny bird** that sings, and then talks about the things she is going to do.

I'll do my best, she says, which in this case is very positive. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of this **little poem**, which is about a **man living** in a **boarding house**, and about the things that he will do in the morning, and about the door being open, so that you can see his bunk and what he is doing there.

The poem is so short, but there is a lot in it. The **first line** is a **good example**. All in all, it's a very **good poem** about life, which is **pretty optimistic** for a **little girl**.

We know that she thinks that he is a **good person**, that he is going to be good.

It's not a very **long poem**, and we know that it's kind of a fantasy.

*You who are as tall as the trees
and as old as the hills
with all your strength and all your wisdom,
be my guide. When I forget how to climb trees, when I trip up
the grassy slopes of meadows or the sharp stones
that lie on the roads, tell me where to walk
to be safe and to be brave. There is a white flower beside the old grey stone
and the small water-pools are frozen over*

*and the bare beech trees in the wood are leafless. There is a sound of wind
through the twigs of beeches*

but no leaves fall.

This poem is written by the speaker as a prayer to the God, to help him find his way through a **thick forest**. The **poem begins** when the speaker asks God to be his guide in the forest. At first, he considers himself as strong and wise.

He **also compares** himself to the trees, but he is afraid of the forest as it is dark and without any path or light. The **dark forest** is the only thing that is scary to him. The forest is said to be as tall as the trees and as old as the hills. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** or the symbolism of these similes.

The **speaker also compares** himself to the **grassy slopes** of the meadows and the **sharp stones** that lie on the roads. It is mentioned that he is not a strong and **wise man**. He **also compares** himself to the water-pools that are frozen over.

The **last simile** is when he says that the **bare beech trees** are leafless. All in all, the speaker is **feeling depressed** and fearful in the forest. He is asking the Almighty Lord to help him find a path, and also a light which can guide him safely through the forest.

*A woman in an attic room
is looking over her shoulder
at a man in the dark room.
Her hands are on her hips,
but something isn't right
because there is no man.*

*There is no room for him.
He is in a small room
in the house on the hill.*

*He had no one to talk to
so he lies alone
and waits for sleep.*

*The doctor said:
"You're not well."
And he is silent.
He had thought with a friend
to sit and talk*

*of the people one knew
and the times they knew.
The doctor, sitting in the hall,
looked at them, the friends,
thought of his own time.*

The **poem follows** a woman, who is an **old woman looking** at a **child trying** to see if he sees her in the **dim light** of the attic. She **feels embarrassed** and ashamed that she is naked and hiding from view. There is a **young man** in a **room downstairs** who calls to her asking if he can help her.

As she looks out the window she can see a **large house** up the hill. Her thoughts are that the **young man** has a **small house**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand.

Comments:

The woman doesn't **feel comfortable** because the attic is too dim to see in and she is not dressed.

The **young man calls** to her on the porch of the house and asks if he can help her.

"You're not well."

This is what the **young man says** to her. He knows she is not well. To wrap up the paragraph he says "you're not well" because he knows she is not well.

At this point, the **young man** is calling to help her and asking if he can help her.

And he is silent.

He is silent, because he knows he **cannot help** her.

*I once believed in God,
I saw Him in the face of every man;
He was a beautiful and awful thing. But now it's hard! So very hard
To think of God as a matter of state! To think of Him as the same as Mr.
Baldwin
In his black coat and his high hat and white tie! To think that He,
the father of Abraham, the father of Isaac, the brother of Jacob, and the
father-in-law of Moses, who had more sons than all of his other
four, was not a man at all!*

This **beautiful poetic piece** begins when the **speaker asks rhetorically** if anyone ever believed God is a man. In fact, she believes that God exists in everyone's face, as an image of beauty, but now she has a **different view**. She compares the God with a **black man** in a **white tie** and a **white gown**, and he is no longer the same unapproachable God she once believed in face to face and a **loving father figure**.

It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand that the God they worship is not the same God the speaker once knew because she no **longer believes** in the God she used to know. She is so angry at God that she wants to scream at him.

This poem will make you think a lot about your life, and the change in your perspective that the speaker has had. You'll see that the speaker's life has been affected by her change in views of God. In brief, it makes you realize that perhaps you should find a different God.

The speaker has found a God she believes in differently and no **longer feels** that she **would like** to scream at him.

*I went to the place of death,
The end of life, to call
On one who had been dead two years. His grave was close at hand. A little
child might roll
One stone from the other. No matter how many were left
Not even a child could roll them all.*

The poem is about a kid's visit to his father's grave. The **poet compares** the situation with that of Rollo in R.L. Stevenson's story, who goes to his parent's room and knocks on the door but **cannot wake** them up.

This is an example of the **sociological theme**. This poem is one of A.G. Harkins' **many sociological poems**. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **deep meaning** of this poem.

Harkins' poems are difficult to read as many just skim them and don't **really want** to go through the effort of understanding what they are saying. This poem is **quite profound** and I **think would get** more attention if it had been published on a **regular basis**.

Harkins' poem is very thought-provoking and the reason is the idea of circles. In brief, the **poem says** that in a way, we are all living in **different circles**. We all move in **different circles** or paths, yet all are in the same circle, which means we are all connected.

*O do not laugh, it is most foolish,
 the thing that gives me pleasure;
 a small flame of love will burn on and on,
 burning your head upon my knees,
 until the very flame will die. Now that I am an old man still you come,
 and I think of you for three hours a day. It is not foolish and it is pleasant
 to me
 to think how happy you are now. When you were a small child you had to
 wear
 a cap with the ears cut out. This seemed strange,
 but I thought this suited you and that you knew
 it suited me. And then came the day of your own,
 when

 when you took off the cap with one hand and
 put it on with another. The white cap I put on
 my head! You were not to call me mother, but
 mother. From that day on the cap stayed on. You always had a cap on at
 table

 and you would say, 'How do you manage to look so
 pretty?' I would answer, 'I put a cap on,' and it was
 the same thing. We did not get along well at all.*

Familie Dvel's **sad tale begins** when she addresses the listeners and explains that she has **many things** to tell them. She says that it comes from her heart but the **writer tells** her not to be bothered by it. She adds that although her **family members** have been laughing about her for some time, she tells of her **sweet dream** that she keeps on dreaming about her love.

It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the dream because it is not something to laugh about. I understand that she is upset, but still I don't understand why her family is laughing at her. Are they not in love with her instead of laughing?

The poem is sad because the **writer wishes** she **could live** that day over again. I don't understand the dream she is talking about, but it does **sound like** she thinks her family is laughing at her and her love. In short, this is a **sad poem**.

Poem -

Poetry Analysis -

You should read the poem before you read the analysis so you will know what it's about.

*Be calm, be still, and the world will turn
To what you will. So let it turn. And you be the sun that moves among
The stars, as it moves in its orbit. Do you not see it is your part
From the beginning to the end to be*

*A woman? And when I say woman, I mean me,
Because I am one. Do not laugh; it is not a joke, and I do not ask
More than to be thought what I have always been, a woman. And I will tell
you why I ask. At my age there are many
Who think with scorn of an old woman's love.*

As this **poem centers** on a **female speaker**, who is a **bit old** but **still loves** her husband, it begins when she addresses her **female friends** in a **social gathering**. She tells them that her relationship with her **husband works** and she should maintain it to survive. Furthermore, she states that the way to survive is being in a **happy relationship**.

If you are in a **loving relationship** with a man, you are still a woman. Poem seems to be underappreciated in its time, as it is not in the canon of the most **common literature**.

Character Analysis:

There are **three main characters** in this poem. The **first main character** is the speaker, who is described as calm and still in the poem. She is in a relationship with her husband and is content until he dies.

The **second character** is the narrator, which is the husband. The husband is described as a sun, which is how she sees herself in relation to him. He is the sun and she is a star. In brief, he is like God and she is like a goddess. The **third character** is the listener, and it is unclear if she is the narrator's sister, or the speaker's sister. In **either case**, she is a woman and the **main character** is a woman.

*You are very beautiful, Lady;
Your skin, like velvet, will never wear;
And you are more beautiful than most queens,
That make life hard on us poor men. (I know those lovely ankles too)–
But*

*I would not kiss them if you would swear,
If you, with your lovely red lips, would swear
To be my wife, to love me all my life,*

*To keep me warm at night, and dry and clean,
Your eyes to see the future, your voice to sing
The song of happiness, to stand by my side
And give me the courage, strength and wisdom,*

*That's great and grand, but you can't and don't do it. O heart and soul, I
could not bear it, for there*

Is a man and wife of the right sort.

This **heartfelt poem presents** the speaker's infatuation for the wife. He begins the **poem making** a declaration that she **looks like** a queen. Then he compares her to the other queens and judges her by her beauty.

However, he does not make her promise to stay by his side. She is the lady who leaves the speaker and a man who **cannot live without** her. Despite his love, the speaker will not attempt to make her see that she should stay by his side. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand! But, in the end, the **speaker says** that he would be a loser (a loser is one who loses his heart). He has to understand he is not the winner.

The **speaker talks** to the lady. He speaks to her as if she is a woman, a wife. He compares her to other **women since** she is a queen.

He speaks of the beauty of the lady and the way she dresses. All in all, he finds her beautiful but very hard to understand. If the speaker had had a **better understanding** he could have been a **better man**.

*There comes in to my mind an image,
For it is still present in my dreams.*

*I think of a country in winter-time,
The frozen earth, a mist, and a frost,
And a great wind blowing. It is night,
But the trees are not dark, they are stark.
A light is on, but in another world;*

*It is the dead of winter – and the snow –
White snow lies on the frozen ground.
It is not cold, it is fierce. I know
That the wind will soon have blown the snow
Into drifts, that it will come again,
Sweeping them to*

*The doorsteps of the little house
Where I live with my wife. She is sick;
She will not leave my side; she will not sleep;
And my children cry because they must do
The work that should be done by*

*Their mother.
Sometimes I am almost glad they cry,
Because she cries also. And then I see
That if I were to kiss her face I would break
My heart.*

As this poem is about a **poor man**, who tries to survive on a **tiny farm**, the **speaker describes** how one of his **children falls ill**. Because of her illness, the **entire family is left defenseless**. The cold and **harsh winters** of that **country make** it worse for this family.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by those who are supposed to be helping them and that people should be helping them, when they are in need.

The **speaker describes** his wife as being sick, and that he wants to stay by her side. He is afraid that if they are apart, she **may die**. When he is alone, he's afraid to cry to his wife for fear he'll cry too much.

When the speaker was **almost glad** that the children were crying, he realized that the sound of the **children crying may make his wife cry even** more. Ultimately, the speaker does think that "it's **almost glad**" that the **children cry** because his wife is sick.

Although the **speaker says** that he's afraid to kiss his wife because he will cry, he does tell the reader that he wishes he could.

*All morning I have been writing
What I must write to you before
It is too late, and you are dead.
I have the words all in my head:*

*They are yours. I wrote them down.
If you read, you will think you wrote them.*

*But you were wrong. They were mine.
The world is full of things which are not. You have no right to them, nor I.*

*Let us leave the word in peace. You tried to kill it
And I let you.*

*You killed it.
I have not been a hard mother. I have taught you love.*

The poem is about a death which is witnessed by a woman who is mourning for her child. The words are in her head, but as they **await fulfillment**, she discovers that he did not die and has left her and her grief. She finds this **fact upsetting** and the blame and the burden of this knowledge and the **resulting grief weighs** on her.

She tries to rid herself of this burden by giving her grief to a second being who is not her child, the word. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand but she tries to be kind to it. The **poem ends** with a plea not to disturb her, and that there must be some reason, or some hope, which she is too much of a mother to admit, but her only consolation is that she has taught him love.

Commentary

This poem is an example of a woman who is mourning the death of her child and, in doing so, has **also mourned** the death of her life with her child. In short, she finds her **life meaningless without** her child. The poem, in and of itself, is about a **woman whose life is without meaning** and, because of this, it is not a **happy life**.

*A small boy was on his way to school
When his little dog ran at his heels;
The sun was rising, and the spring trees were
All out of the mist in a blue light.*

*The wind was warm and sweet with flowers
As it shook the trees and blew the grasses,*

*And the little brown-faced boy stood watching.
His head was down and his feet were bare,*

*He was watching the men that passed. He had not gone,
He had not thought of going out to play*

*The old man's little boy had come running in
From the yard where the hens walked.*

This **child-centered poem** is about a kid who is out with his mother on the way to work in the morning. However, when they arrive at the classroom, he is absent. Even his **dog follows** him and tries to warn them.

The **boy goes** into the class and realizes that he forgot to **get dressed** for school and it seems that everything was forgotten - even his shoes. The wind is warm and the trees are bright with dew and flowers. The **warm wind gives** the impression of springtime. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the symbolism in this poem.

Analysis of the First Line:

The **first line** has **two words**. The **word on'** has **two meanings**. In the **first meaning**, it **means** to go to school.' In the **second meaning**, it **means** to get up.

In brief, the **line means** he was on his way to school, but forgot about some things, especially his shoes.'

Analysis of the First Line:

The **first line** has **two words**. The **word on'** has **two meanings**. In the **first meaning**, it **means** to go to school.

*Oh, the light of the sun and of the moon,
 The splendour and colour in a morning cloud! How it is changed, how it
 fades away and dies;
 But they are still with me, they are more than words. They are part my life;
 and part of them is you. I have seen the sea and mountains, heard the
 sounds
 Of birds and waterfalls, and smelled flowers and grasses;
 And I have seen a bird with yellow feathers
 Flying through the
 Milky way. It is all I need. A boy's dream that nothing can disturb,
 But all the time my eyes and ears
 Were open to the beauty of human things:
 The love of mother and child, the strength of men;
 The kindness of
 Kind red women, white men, black men, brown,
 Red-faced old men and little babies,
 All life with its laughter and its tears. But oh, O God, my God of grace,
 O God!*

This **poem presents** a journey through **different seasons** of nature. The **speaker sees** the **beautiful changes** of weather and time by **spending time** with **different people** in nature and shares his experience in this manner. He begins the poem by **telling us** the importance of the **natural beauty**, which is changing in the seasons.

He starts by describing the day, how the light of the sun is beautiful, how the moonlight is **still shining** and how there is a **wonderful rainbow** in the sky. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of nature. He **tells us** that it is all we need. He **asks us** to think about the wonders of nature

*It is one of the things we always say:
How like you it is; how true!
And the two women, with a sigh,
Drop it to their feet, and go their way.*

*But I have often thought to be fair
Is this not a vain thing?*

*No, he said. And yet it was vain:
For I know well a certain man*

*Whose talk was all of women and wine,
Who drank too much, and loved the girls,*

*And then slept, and slept – who never knew
The way the night had gone, or why.*

This poem revolves around a married woman talking about her love life with another man. In the first person, she reflects on how it is impossible for her to feel jealous of him and his relationship. She says, 'It is one of those things that we often say, How like you it is.' How true! She is comparing her situation to a similar situation which is that of a married couple.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated as much as the man's.

The first line is where we start to get a hint of the theme, How like you it is; how true! Although the man is not mentioned, his name is implied in the certain man reference. So the woman is probably talking about the man who is married.

The theme of jealousy begins with the word, vanity, and that this is a vain thing. In brief, it is a meaningless thing. She says that this situation, which involves two women, is similar to a situation where a married couple is involved.

*I would ask the world to give me one thing more,
To let me know a little longer the beauty of the trees'
blossoming in the spring. Do you remember in March when the young
leaves began to sprout
in the woods, and the sunlight shone through them, and they quivered
and were full of motion? If that were to happen to me again,
I would be happy,*

*I would say, "I have come back again to life." I wonder if some day
someone will tell us how it is that the trees know what to do with
themselves when it rains? And I feel like a child because I do not
know. And there is this other feeling, which I have learned, that one has
to go over and over again all the same things again and again in life,
and one must not be surprised if sometimes the very things which one
does every*

week seem to come with a sort of surprise.

As this **poem begins**, the speaker is **seen talking** to a person whom he praises for the beauty the **leaves bring** to the tree in their **blooming time**. Despite the flowers that are seen during the month of March, these voices are not meant to celebrate the season. They are meant to show the speaker's **deep appreciation** for the season but for the **simple reason** that he is not happy with what the **season brings** with respect to his life.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated, but in return, the **speaker wants** to hear the beauty of the spring, and in return for listening, he will be happy. We can find this in the lines: "I **would ask** the world to give me **one thing** more." We know this is one of the most **important things** for the speaker, and he wants it, because it will give him a **great deal** of happiness to know more about the beauty of the trees' blossoming. In short, he wants to know how the **trees know** what to do with themselves when it rains.

"I **would ask** the world to give me **one thing** more." The speaker, in this moment, has just been **telling us** about a **beautiful moment** he remembered when the trees were in their springtime.

*They took the car,
And they made for the sea.
Not a single one of them
Was an old man;
All of them young and merry,
With their blue eyes full of wine.*

*Their hair was thick and yellow,
Their hands were soft and brown—
They had all been living
Out of doors in the sun.
The car was small and light,
A thing called a "motor-cycle";
It is said to*

*Make a noise like an egg-shell;
But it was never heard
In that quiet street,
And the mother said, "Sit down.
Sit quite still and be quiet,
For the time will come."
"This is your brother," she said;*

*But the boy did not know his name.
He ran out into the garden,
With the little white dog, too,
That barked at the door.*

*The snow lay in thick drifts,
But he could see no one there;
And the trees in blossom still,
And it was spring again.*

Written in **first person**, the **poem presents** the life of the speaker's nephew in the midst of a **family holiday**. The boy, who is about four or **five years old**, goes with his father on a **trip around** the city. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated in the past, the **child seems to tell us**, the **people living** in the house were too busy to notice him.

The narrator, though, did notice him.

When the **boy started running** in the garden, the **narrator also decided to leave home**. The narrator is not mentioned by his name, which seems to be a **deliberate choice** of the author. In fact, the speaker of the poem does not name the narrator, because we, the readers, **already know** him.

His name is clear from the poem, though. In short, the narrator was young, and left the house only to take this holiday. But, before the holiday, the narrator had already been living in the house where the **story takes place**.

The narrator was young and was full of life.

*When I was twenty, my spirit loved each morning;
But now that I am fifty, the love is gone.
The love of day is like a bird in the air,
When first it comes to us”and then it sings and dies*

*And flies away into the blue”I cannot say why.
Ah! happy day, when first thou camest to my side,
And with thy song enchanted the darkness and me;*

*I never can forget thee. It is no dream,
But all too true. For I was only sleeping, dreaming
The love that is in thee, and the life that is with me.*

*And then the sun upon my head was burning white,
And the sea was roaring 'tide, tide' across the world.
I lay upon her breast with her face on my cheek,
Breathing the salt wind over her hair:
And I could not bear to*

*Be glad that all the earth could hold no more.
They said 'No man has never loved a woman,'
For I did not love a woman:
But she made all my life a paradise of longing,
A paradise for a while and no paradise ever.*

The **poet speaks** about a **young woman** who inspired him in his youth. He begins the poem with a statement: I was so happy when I was **20 years old**, but now as I am 50, I do not **feel much happiness**. At the very beginning of the poem, the **poet says** that he is so happy when he was **20 years old**, but now as he is 50, he no **longer feels** that happiness.

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

Poem:

I Lived by My Senses

I lived by my senses, and they had done
What I'd expected of them, and nothing more.

I had not looked for love, nor the **sweet pain**
Of love that is love's only recompense. To wrap up the senses in a garment,
and expect more of them, than to love each other, is to mistake the meaning
of life.

Poem:

I Remember

I remember at six o'clock
As I was coming down the road;
There are no houses by the stream
Where the **water runs along**.

*In the day of the making of the body,
When the mind of man was without form and void,
And the Spirit of God saw that he should die,
Not for himself but for another who died;
Then the soul of man passed into*

*The great Mother, who with one word could put her forth
Into the void between the worlds; and there she sat,
Pondering the mysteries of the past, as one
Who, walking in her woodland, hears a sound,
That with some reason he cannot*

*Ascertain, but knows it is not of this world. For she was old, and through
her eyelids wandered
Slowly two shadows, one on each side the face,
One like a wing upon the brow, one like a hand
Upon*

*The lip. They passed from time to time across the eyes,
And vanished, like the wind upon the sand. She slept. She slept with closed
eyes and the red lips of sleep,
A face with two suns within it, where, from the one of rest,
The breath broke and streamed in white vapor.*

The **poem tells us something** about the origin of life. It begins when man is created in image of God. Then he **becomes aware** of his mortality and makes a coffin and **hides inside** it.

The Spirit of the Almighty appears to him and says that he will not die but for the sake of another. So **death comes** and the **life returns**. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning**.

1 comment:

Anonymous
said...

Hello,

I just read this poem (it's very poetic and beautiful) and the **first thing**

that came to my mind is the story of the man in a tree. I **also thought** it was a **pretty good poem** and I liked it. It's hard not to like a poem that begins with a reference to creation and ends with a reference to death.

It's a very **beautiful poem**. In brief, I liked it.

*I went to the house of memory this evening to visit the dead.
Every one knows that I have an old love for her,
And with her I walk the streets and through the fields of Paris,
Where once I found her under chestnut*

*Trees when a young man was alive.
She told me she had a secret to tell, but no one would hear,
For there was none that went, except the old woman who brought the wine.*

*Now there are many who come, and young men listen at the windows.
I said I would be glad to drink a cup with her, or I would buy her a cloak.*

*"To drink a cup!" said she very scornfully. "Is it good enough for you?"
They are gone, the young men, and I am left alone.*

*It is the hour of the afternoon but the sun has not yet been set.
The night is before me and my work will be done when the light expires.*

This **poetic poem** gives a sense of reality about the poet's relationship with the **loved one**, especially when he visits her grave in the evening. The **poet tries** to explain the situation with some **humorous gestures**, as he recalls his past with respect to their relationship and his relationship with her.

The **poem gives us** a picture of the **old lady** who used to **take care** of the poet's **loved one**. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **poetic gesture** of the poet. The **poet goes** to his **beloved woman's** tomb and he is alone.

He sees and reflects on the people who come to visit the woman's tomb during the afternoon.

The poem is a reminder of the **old man** who used to **take care** of the poet's **beloved woman**. This **poet knew** that this woman is not able to speak to him, but he takes her with him the streets of Paris. Ultimately, the **poem shows us** that the **poet died** with respect to his beloved, but she has not **yet died**.

In the night, the **poet sees** the sky and the moon. He tries to find his way to the end of life.

*There is the old man's room at the top of the house. He sleeps and dreams
and reads and smokes, and sometimes drinks. He
has a long pipe with a yellow bowl. It is very red inside the bowl and
the stem is red and black except where*

*it is gold and it shines more than his eyes. The old woman makes
his bed and brings his food, but he looks after himself. She cannot
talk to him. She does not know how to begin. She knows nothing. It*

*is her duty to sit and watch him, and she sits while he eats. He
is very weak and he has lived a long time now; there is hardly a shred
of muscle in his body. But he sits up and eats like a young man; like
a*

*a good-looking young man. When she is asleep on her chair, he puts
his hand in hers and holds it tight, but not so hard as to hurt her. There is
such an odd thing about it. The nurse never minds him. They
have been*

*four days now, and he is getting so used to the routine that he hardly
ever takes his hand from her wrist. He is fond of the baby and takes
long looks at it; but he never says the name of his wife.*

The **poem opens** with the speaker's account of his **elderly father's** life in a **small room** in the upstairs of their home. His father is described as someone who likes to sleep and dream, to read and smoke, and to drink. Then he imagines the mother who is incapable of talking to this man, and **whose sole duty seems** to be to provide his food and look after him.

Poem seems to be underappreciated as one of the **greatest poetic artists** of the **20th century**, with his ability to describe the experience of a man in **many ways**.

The **poem ends** with the speaker's **father waking** up in his bed, with his hand in the mother's hand. The poem is full of symbolism and metaphors, and shows the speaker's perspective on life that he has been trying to convey. All in all, this is the **perfect poem** to read on a **gloomy day**.

*When I am dead
The world will be well lost –
But what will the living do? A thousand million people. That's all. I am
not afraid to die. It doesn't matter. We die in all sorts of ways*

*I hope, being myself,
that I might go the same way as you. Oh! I am dreaming again and again!*

This **poem** tells the story of a man who died from his wounds. The **speaker** says that when he is gone, his death will result in the demise of the **entire world**. However, he laments that **even though** it will end, life will remain the same.

In fact, there are more people than ever before. Thus, I am afraid that I **might die** the same way as you.

I

1

I will **never reach** my **full strength**,
I will die from the war. I will not die in my bed,
I will be thrown from the window. It saddens me, that not **many understand** what I mean.

The world will be **well lost**,
But what will the living do? A **thousand million people**. That's all. I am
not afraid to die. It doesn't matter. We die in all sorts of ways.

II

2

I hope, being myself,
that I **might go** the same way as you. Concluding,
I have nothing to offer you.

III

3

I will **never reach** my **full strength**.

I will die from the war.

I will not die in my bed,

I will be thrown from the window.

*O little light, bright as any star,
O little dear light! If only I could hold thee in my arms,
There would be no dark. The flowers are in bloom, the moon is at its
brightest, and still I*

*am alone. I lie upon the pillows, weary, heart-struck,
So that I cannot rest;
And all that is left for me to do
Is to hold to sleep. To hold my peace,
Till my heart stop beating and cease to beat,
And be like the dead. But when I do,
When I lie still with a still mind,
This voice comes out of heaven on its hands and knees:
"Why didst not tell? Why didst thou hide thine eyes from the light?"*

This **sonnet begins** when the **poet compares** himself to a **little star** that has been hidden under the shade of darkness. He prays that if he **could embrace** her, just once, to **make darkness vanish forever**. At the same time, he wishes he can **find love like** him.

It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this sonnet. I think most people are looking at the **love poem part** in this piece of poetry. But, I feel that the poet is comparing himself to her.

I have always been an **avid reader** of poetry. I read about **3,000 pages** of poetry in my life. I feel that I can identify with the poet's feelings and thoughts.

I find myself connecting with the poem by finding out what the poet is feeling. I believe the poetry can be an escape from what is happening in our lives. I think the poet is trying to say that if he embraces her, things will **become clearer** and brighter. All in all, the poet is comparing himself to her.

The Poet

The poet is a poet of the Renaissance. Dante Alighieri was one of the most **renowned poets**. He wrote a **poem called** "Divine Comedy.

*A young farmer took his horse to the brook
and stood at the well to water him;
he set his foot on a rock,
that gave way and plunged him down
beneath the murky depths. When the poor fellow came to surface again,
with a broken and bleeding crown
and a deep gash on his head,
lying on the ground.*

The **poem presents a symbolic incident** of the poet's love, that is suffering for him due to some accident. The narrator is a farmer who takes his horse as a pet to a **nearby brook** for watering. But his **pet gets killed** as he is drinking while standing on a **rocky ledge**.

Poem analyses also show that the victim is the poet himself.

Poem is written in **alliterative style** with **12 syllables** for each line.

The poem can be divided as follows.

1. The **introduction**
2. How unfortunate, that not **many saw the real point** of the poem.

(This part is very important as it is only in the **second part** when the **poet really tells** and tells what is the theme of the poem)

3. The **second part**

The **first two lines** of the **poem present** the title and **first three lines** to the **second part** of the poem.

*A dog barks at the moon,
Or if it is a cat
Its fur crawls with a feeling of dread,
As if the night should open. It's quite possible, I think, that the trees
Are not*

*And the house so old
And the dog and the cat are asleep, but I
Am not quite sure of this, you see. It is very dark to-night, and the lights
Are turned down low. The little old man is dead
In his coffin in the room where you found me so long ago. I am not afraid
now – not at all afraid –*

*But I will tell you the whole story. There was a tree;
And we were both young together, you and I,
When we made our plans. You took my clothes and made your suit
Of them; but you had no other. I loved you though you were a pauper, and
you loved me.*

This **poem begins** when the **speaker describes** how a dog or a **cat barks** in vain. If it's the former, it **feels terrified**, as if there was **something lurking** that should come out at night. This has made the **author compare** a dog to a tomb.

After this, the **speaker states** that he or she doesn't **know whether** the moon is looking down on them, or the house is haunted with the ghost of a **small old man**. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poem.

The **speaker describes** his or her youth in the **following stanza**: The **little old man** has died in the room where they met. He or she has been very poor, and the only thing that they **could use** to make a suit of clothes was the owner's. This made them **get together**.

They loved each other, as they had found their love for the **first time**. Concluding this part, the **poet talks** about the night: It is very dark at night, and the **small old man** is dead. After this, the **speaker states** that he or she is not afraid of the **night anymore**.

Some other things are **worth mentioning**: The **last line** of the poem is

very short.

*O what is truth?—to be, or not to be?
That is the question that ever agitates me.
O I have had my answer to my questionings!
I stand here at this door of doom—for*

*I cannot open it. My heart is firm and strong,
But my head is full of clouds, and dark night falls.*

*The doors are open, the room is in confusion,
My mother does not see me as I come in;
The room seems full of strange creatures that smile at me;*

*I do not seem to be quite my own self.
There's laughter all about me, and a song for me,*

*And someone is singing, it seems to me
So tenderly, or is it only in my dreams?*

This **thought-provoking poem** recounts a **young boy's** despair at the fact that he can't find the **ultimate truth**, and it further **asks whether** he should **really commit suicide**. The **poem begins** when the **poet imagines** himself asking a series of questions to understand the purpose of his life. The poet's thoughts are filled with confusion and doubt, so he is unsure how to answer his questions.

Poem seems to be underappreciated, as the poet's **tone indicates** that his life is not nearly as important as some of his friends. In the **final lines** of the poem, the **poet describes** himself as being in a world of illusions. The poet is overwhelmed with thoughts of despair, which might be from the fact that he is not at ease with his own emotions. At the same time, he senses that the **people around** him appear very happy, but he is unable to understand their smiles. In brief, the poet's mind is so clouded that he is incapable of understanding the **simplest aspects** of life.

Poem of the Week:

This week's poem is one of my favorites.

*You would not have believed in the dawn
What I have told you all afternoon. O how I tried to tell you, but now
You have the key to the mystery*

*Of your own being, and you are silent. The stars of heaven look down on
me,*

*And yet I can find nothing to say. There is no need that I should tell of all
the wonders I see;*

*The moon goes round and round the world
And nobody hears her.*

This is a **beautiful love poem** for a man who does n't return the love of his woman. It begins when the **young man starts** his poem. He informs the two that the night did not **go right without** them.

They got very busy with their chores at home. He tells his mistress that the stars of **heaven look** down upon him. Then he tries to tell her about the moon. She replies that she does not know it. Then he turns to the night that has been quiet until now and tells her about the wonders he sees. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem.

Poems about Love - Love Poems - Love Poems by Poem. In brief, the **collection includes** about 1.000 **love poems**, which were written in **different languages**. The collection is divided into **two sections**, Love Poems (with 1.000 **poems**), and Love Lyrics (with **793 songs**).

Some **poets include** more than **one type** of **love poetry**. For example, there are more poems about love, but also some poems about friendships, or **love songs**. Here is a **short sample** of **one love poem**.

*I have seen the world change and become something new,
but the old things in the town are still what they were;
the town is still the place it always was –
even as the trees are the same, and*

*even the river still flows on
as it has flowed for centuries;*

*the trees are green and the sky is blue
and I think it's beautiful,*

*and so do you.
Then you will say "What nonsense,"*

*as they have said to me; and then you will go
home to your life, and they will continue the talk,
all of them, as if nothing had happened.*

The **poem opens** with the speaker's **excitement regarding** the change in her world and to the **new things** she is going to witness. She says that she has visited a town in Europe, witnessed a lot of changes, and seen an **old town become a new one**. But what she doesn't know is that her experiences in the **new town** will change her relationship with the **townspeople back home** once again.

It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand that the world has changed and that the **old world** will no longer be what it was. The **poem continues** as the **speaker tries** to explain this notion to an audience that does not understand what **people mean** when they say that the world has changed and that it will continue to do so. The **poem continues** with the **speaker trying** to get her **hometown friends** to understand that the changes that they don't understand, in the town that they've been living in for so long, are not the same as those that are happening in her **new town**. Concluding with the **simple words** of, 'Then you will say What nonsense,' the **speaker tells** the listener that he or she will not understand what the speaker is saying.

*Do you know what it is? To be locked up for two months,
Without a pen or paper...*

*To be in prison and have no clothes...
No books of any sort. No means of washing the body. To lie on a
straw-bottomed bunk. To feel that at certain intervals the*

*hands of other prisoners, or of the guards,
will stretch above your face.*

As this poem is about a **prison experience** and a poem about a boy who has been imprisoned, it contains the same motifs as those with which Petrarch's sonnets were **usually composed**. In these poems, the **speaker speaks directly** to his reader and expresses his **deep love** and **compassion towards** that reader, and this is a **clear indication** of Petrarch's **profound sensitivity** and empathy for his audience. Because of his **close relationship** with his audience, he is able to **share personal experiences** with them and the reader is **therefore able** to imagine themselves in the same position.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by his contemporaries, as in my opinion, it is one of his **best sonnets**. It is **also interesting** to note that this poem was written when Petrarch was only in his **late teens**, and he was still at school.

Petrarch also writes that he was locked up, which was only ever a metaphor for his thoughts. He says that he was alone and was able to reflect, which is the key to poetry. Ultimately, he concludes that he **would like** to die and that this is his only consolation, because death is a relief from the pain of imprisonment.

In the **first line**, he begins with a question which he then answers in the **second line**.

*I saw the white swan land in the grass,
 And my heart in my eyes stood still. The wild swan waded with his mate
 As the morning mist floated away. "Oh! come," said I, "and let us swim,"
 But he turned his head when I spoke,
 And with a long, slow sweep, he swept around
 And then, with all his pride on view,

 He came to meet me at the deep end –
 I'll swim it once, for you are mine –
 Then I saw how it would be

 If you could only swim with both arms free. And so my arms and legs made
 haste to try
 The water-world in one mighty leap –

 – and we found out the truth of it.*

This **short poem revolves around** a couple's **romantic moment** in nature. It begins when the **speaker looks** on in amazement as the swan and his **female partner land** on the bank of a lake and **swim towards** each other. The speaker has no idea that the **birds belong** to **different species**, and finds herself in a situation in which she **would struggle** to keep up with the swan.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the swan and the **speaker feels** that the swan's **self-assured attitude** has humiliated her.

The **poem ends** when the swan and the **woman meet** at the **deep end** of the lake and the **woman feels** that she can't swim so far as the swan. The **swan offers** to make her happy by granting a wish and in return the **woman grants** him the wish. The woman is no match for the swan and feels that if she was only able to swim, she **could give** the swan a run for his money.

All in all, the poem is all about a **romantic moment** in nature with the **speaker taking** the role of a damsel in distress.

Poem Structure:

The **poem consists of fourteen lines** with a **quatrain structure**.

*If a man is called a woman,
there are three ways to consider it.
The first way, to be precise, a trifle
would be to say no—with a certain*

degree of scorn.

*But if a man were a woman indeed, he would, no doubt, be in
a state of confusion, and have a queer way of talking.*

*If it was true that a man could not tell himself from a
woman, the difference between them wouldn't matter a bit to
him, since he couldn't tell it even to himself. No wonder*

*women are so much less certain of their own minds. Men always
know what they are going to do.*

*Women are all guesses. It's a sort of instinct with them that they
aren't so certain. They can't help it.*

This **poem narrates** the story of a child who experiences what a **trans-gender person might go** through. According to the poet, if someone is labeled as a female, he has to accept the same as an identity. He calls this condition as the first and **second ways** to consider it.

The **third way** is when the **child decides** to call himself as a man and rejects the **assigned gender**. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated. Ultimately, if a boy is given a girl's name and given the clothes of a girl, he is not expected to become a male. He is a female all **along even** if he is male in the mind. Therefore, the child is in a state of confusion.

Interpretation:

If the child is given the clothes and name, he can't **see anything wrong** in it. Since he is a female and is called as such, there is no need to change it. However, he **decides** to change it and decides to consider himself a male.

Though he can't change his **assigned gender**, he is in a state of confusion.

*I, the little bird, have flown away.
Far far in the blue green night,
I fly to and fro, and I can not tell
Where I go, far far away, nor whither I return.*

*Where the dark night goes I fly,
The stars are gone I go and come;
And my song I leave to the night.*

*The night is not so bright for my night to shine,
I am a star that goes and comes.
My voice, I send it in the air;
It is lost in a thousand wings.*

*You are like a bird in your nest, dear, so silent and still,
so deep in sleep; I will wake you up, dear one,
you will cry and cry again.*

*And when you do not cry I shall have missed you, I shall
have failed you; for I would give all my life to be what you
are.*

The **poem begins** when the **speaker imagines** himself as a **bird flying** all over the **blue sky** and sings in it. Suddenly, he realizes that he is an **unknown bird** and is unable to identify where he goes on his journey as the **stars disappear**. It is the night where everything is dark.

The speaker is an **unknown bird**. The night is dark and the stars are gone and he can not fly as well. He has to sing in the air as he is an **unknown bird**. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated from his own country. This is how he feels.

In this poem, the bird can not recognize the place he lives on. Also, in the poem, the birds are the stars. He says, he has to be a star as he is faraway and can't know where he goes.

The night is dark. The song of the bird is in the air and he can not tell where he is. To wrap up, he **cannot find** his place in the skies. The stars are gone and he is an **unknown bird**. The birds in the sky are not the same as the birds here on earth. He is like a bird, and he can fly in the sky.

*He told us his name was Peter;
But, though it might be so,
He was not the same as one
Whose name we knew. His head was bare and his hair
Was brown, like a girl's, he said. "I never had time to cut it," and
He stood up and ran out the door*

*With everything a man owns
In his arms. I'll get it myself.*

The Boy Who Lost His Father's Hair is a **unique poem written** for a **child lost**. It is not an **easy job** for the writer to **convey grief** and despair of the child who was **left behind** after his father's departure. Even if the **poet chooses** to talk to the **child directly**, the **child might** not understand what is happening.

The mother is left in a difficult and **uncomfortable situation**, wondering how she **could let** such a **thing happen**. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated. In the poem, we can see a lot of **emotions mixed together** from grief, fear, sadness, disappointment, and so many more. The **line** What a blow it is **conveys** the grief and despair the child is feeling. It **also shows** that the child has a fear of losing his father because of his hair.

Summary:

This **poem shows us** that the death of a **loved one** is a very sad and **difficult experience**. The **poet tries** to comfort the **grieving son**, but he can not understand his emotions. To wrap up the poem, the mother is **left feeling helpless** and regretful of her own inability to comfort her child.

*Oh, a little while, and we shall meet again
On the long road to Bethlehem,
Where the shepherds keep watch in the cold of night
By the road with the starlight at our backs. But for that moment which has
almost come
I hear your voice in my heart*

*The voice I heard in the darkness of a dream
When you came into my arms at sunset*

*Was the sweet voice of another girl. I am glad that my memory holds no
word*

*That she spoke. I would not have it said
That I could speak so to her.*

As this poem is about a girl, it begins when she **imagines speaking** out against a woman. On the other hand, she is **also hopeful** that she will see their **paths cross** again in a **long journey** to the town of Bethlehem. At the end, though, her anticipation is disappointed because of her **past experiences** with her friend.

She wants to be happy with this girl again, but she is too fearful to do so, even after the past is over. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of these verses.

A **great poem written** by Robert W. Service.

The Great God Pan

The Great God Pan was the name of the king of the woods in Greek mythology. He was a god of the forest.

The poem is about a boy who longs for the great god Pan. In short, because of the gods of Greek mythology, it is not wise to try to find out where Pan is.

The Great God Pan was the name of the king of the woods in Greek mythology. He was a god of the forest. He was the god of Pan.

*My face is a dead wall
I am stone in a street. When the wind blows
It is no more than the river flowing*

It is my mouth that moves. The grass on the hills

Is wet with rain. I can see the clouds of an autumn sea

*And a white sail on a gray side,
And a boat that is drawing near.*

This **poem deals** with the landscape that describes the feelings of a **speaker living** in this world. He says that his face which is the name of his life, is dead and frozen in between the **living world**. It means he can **perform nothing** but only **lies waiting** for some time.

It means he has no freedom. The grass on mountain is wet from rain. The speaker himself is a part of this world and the grass that is very close to him.

On the other hand, the sea and the clouds are symbols of the distance which makes it hard to know his life. Poem seems to be underappreciated and it is hard to be a poet in this world. It seems to be living in the world of **poetry without** being a poet.

It seems to be a **poet without** a world. The **speaker realizes** that his life is different from that of the world. The grass is wet with rain, and the **speaker tries** to think of the reason why grass is wet with rain. If the grass is wet with rain, it means the speaker himself is alive and he can feel the grass. Concluding the poem he says that he does not know why he is feeling these. Though he does not know, he tries to find the reason why he feels them.

*This is a story a woman gave us;
She tells of a girl who went away and never came back. This girl came
a-courting and said:*

My name is Martha Jones;

*I am twenty years old, and I have lived in this house six months. My
mother is a spinster of about 40, and I work for Mr. James, the house
keeper. I was born in the same village the other side of*

*W. where my father works on the land. My mother tells me he is going to
make a new garden, because the old one is too small, and we are to help
her. But I know already it is not a good*

*garden. It is full of ugly stones, in the way of the stones in the wall
of the churchyard, and I think it must be very cold.*

The **poem centers** on Martha, a **middle-aged woman** who tells her child how sad she is about her **son whose whereabouts are still known** to her. Martha narrates her story to the audience through a **tale told** to two young people called Andrew and Sarah. The **story starts** when Martha is **20 years old**, and is going to marry her long-time lover William who works in the hospital.

Martha tells Sarah about her **new lover**, and reveals William's name. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the significance of the poem. It's not a **sad poem**, it's an **ironic poem**. Martha's mother is **still alive** and is very **much concerned** with the marriage of her daughter. Martha is telling Sarah how sad it would be to be **married without** having a lover. Martha wants to live a **sad life like** her mother, who is about to become a spinster. All in all, this is a very **ironic poem**: Martha loves William, **even though** he will not marry her. She is happy in her **present relationship** with him, and she doesn't mind being a spinster at all. The **ironic aspect** of the poem is that Martha really wants to marry William, and yet she tells Sarah that she is sad about it.

*My love! my love, come sit by my side! If there be peace, be still! I cannot
bear*

*To see our love so far from me;
I have not seen the night of a cold sea*

*And the white stars,
Since the sun went down so slowly at the ship's side. They kept themselves
As they always did, in their dark*

*And shabby rooms,
In a street with no name.*

This **heartbreaking poem** talks about the **loving relationship** of the speaker and the person who is lost in her life. The **poem opens** when the **speaker asks** her lover to come and sit with her. She wants to see the end of the day, but her friend is not interested in her invitation.

But the speaker is **still interested** in her lover. She wants to see the night as she has not seen it for a **long time**. This means that she is thinking about going to **bed without seeing** the lover. But she feels the pain of having not seen her lover. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand her sorrow. While the speaker is having trouble to show her life, the **poet tries** to explain it to the listener with the use of metaphors and similes. The speaker has to use the metaphor of night; the color of the night is not as bright as the day. This means that the day is brighter than the night. The **white stars** are not as bright as the moon. And the night is cold. The **poet also uses** the simile of being shabby and broken. In short, she does not have any joy or happiness in her life.

But the **speaker wants** to see the night and feel the coldness of the ocean.

*Do you know what is over there on the hill? Do you? Then you must not
ask that I go that way. For where you go, none may come back and say to
you:*

"I made a mistake, but do not blame me too

For I am alone." It was very strange and I remember every time it changed.

*"I'm a girl in love,
And you're a boy who'll have to marry*

*Me." It's a little story
Of all the songs I know.*

This is a poem about **young love**. After the presentation of a poem, the **speaker says**, Do you know over there where the **road bends around**, on a hill that's what I **really want**? I do everything to get there but when I get there, I forget I'm there, because I'm in love.

Because he doesn't know I'm in love. It is strange, but I **remember every time** it changes. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated, because I wrote the poem with **much work**. It has only **7 verses**. My hope is that the readers of this story will be moved by it, and by my story.

Style:

I am a poet who loves to **write stories**, and that makes me a storyteller. I love to write the word. I write a poem and I like it.

I like to write a poem. The author's language is a mix between vernacular and **poetic language**. In short, the language of the **text describes** the style of the author. The style of the author is simple and direct with a focus more on the content than the form of the poem. But the language of the text is simple and direct.

*You can't have spring without a lilac bush. Lilacs are the heart of the
spring;
They are like the promise of a thousand things,
Or the dream-memory of things which are gone. Spring without lilacs is like
a young girl
Without a birthday cake to her name. All this year, on May-day, I'd never
wear
A pinky-white frock nor a silver rose. And yet, and yet! If lilacs should
have speech,
They would have something to say when May came. And on the way home,
along that street
Where the dark poplars all are shedding gold
On the grass-green pavement, I went by church
That stands alone in the midst of its yard. The windows were all open, and
I paused to look.*

This **remarkable poem centers** on **life lessons** about **growing older**. It begins when the speaker is still a child. He laments the loss of his **childhood friend** because he is now **old enough** to know how to act on his own.

While there is no **spring without** the lilacs, he **also reminds us** of the loss of the promise of the spring itself. He then makes an **emotional comparison** of the loss of his **childhood friend** and all the flowers that **spring without** him. There is no reason for his melancholy. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem.

In the **first stanza**, the **speaker seems** to be comparing the lilacs to the child he will **remember fondly**, and the flowers to the springtime itself. The speaker is not comparing the flowers and the lilacs to the people he lives with, but the blossoms and the springtime. This is a **strange way** to express a thought, though it does **make sense**.

In brief, the speaker is saying that although the child is **growing older** and will soon be too old to enjoy the spring, the lilacs can **still bloom** and the flowers can **still spring** up.

*Here is a room that must become a shrine. And in this room shall come to
worship*

*The new face God hath made of old. It is
Such as you would take a look at once*

*Before you knew its face. That face shall be
His face, and we the children of men shall
Make Him our own. This is the house of life*

*For men and women, to whom the world is fair,
Who walk in love, and who make Him theirs. Come, in the dark they must
be sleeping*

With their feet among the dead leaves

And their eyes all bloodshot with wine.

The **speaker writes** about the mystery of a **new bride** whom he has **never seen** in his life. At first, she turns up as a **girl instead** of an **attractive woman** in her **wedding dress**. Gradually, he **gets attracted** to her beauty and thinks she fits his idea of being a wife.

So, he begins to call her his bride. In the **third stanza**, he talks about a house. He wants this house to become his home. Here, he wants the people who visit him to call her home. So, he wants her to have a life. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand him. But, the speaker is not bothered about that. He is worried about the future. He wants her to have a **peaceful life without** any worries. He **also wants** the house to be free from any kind of pollution. So, he wants her to be in the house for people to enjoy. But, the only thing he wants is to make her his own. Concluding the poem, he asks the people to call her home, in the dark. This is because the darkness is better than the light. Even if the bride is beautiful, in the light she can be recognized. However, in the dark, no one will know that someone has come and married them.

*It is time to go, for the hour is late,
And the night dark. Oh! what a long way, long! How far I must go in the
wild night's wrong;*

*Oh! why does the road turn round, and round? Shall the sun rise
to-morrow, or I stay? One half of the road is the end, the other half,
The long and winding way to the end. Is it far to where my feet will meet
the dawn? A mile before there was a little hill,*

*But now it has gone, and all about is grey. I came to where these stones
were, and now I lie,*

And see the clouds above me, wet and cold.

The **poem opens** with the parting of a **traveler whose name is never mentioned**. The reader does get to know, though, that he is on his way in the middle of the night. He is tired and exhausted, and it seems he has traveled a very **long distance**.

As the **lines go** on, we learn that he has traveled a **long way** but is about to stop or **change directions**. The person he was traveling with has **gone ahead** of him, but he is **still going** the **wrong way**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand or help him. There is no indication of where he was going. Perhaps he was just running for the night and had no purpose or destination once he began his journey. As he speaks about the path, he speaks about the **sun rising**. Of course, that is not going to happen. The sun is set, and the night is drawing in. He has no choice but to travel through the damp and cold of the night. In short, the time for him to stop has **almost arrived**, and it is **almost time** for the time to set. At the end, he asks himself "shall the **sun rise to-morrow?**" He wants to find out whether the sun will rise or not, but he should ask a **different question**.

*Let me sing to you my song about a lady,
Who died so young, and who was very sad;
We'll make her in the image of a rose,
Of pink and white and yellow and red;
And we'*

*Shall wear her as our sister too:
O she was beautiful, oh she was young,
She was the loveliest rose within the year; –
I'm not afraid for love, for love is strong,
But I'll be faithful*

*And leave my soul to hers. Oh she has come to me and taken me by the
hand
And said "I have no need of these old clothes of mine;
The flower was dead, I must go in a new way,
I must get life somehow
If I live to be a hundred."*

This poem is an expression of wonderment at the beauty of nature. It begins when the **poet addresses** all his readers, asking them to turn their **attention toward** a woman's beauty. He declares that he will like to describe her and name her.

After declaring the death of this woman's beauty, he **expresses admiration** of her. He claims that she was not only beautiful, but **also beautiful** in her youth. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem, because I think that the author is expressing his **admiration towards** the death of the lady, and the pain he feels for her **young age**.

This is a **free verse poem**. The **poet uses language**, sounds, and images in an **expressive way**. In this poem, the **poet uses** the language of nature because the woman in this poem was beautiful and young.

The **writer uses** a lot of words that have meaning by using them in this poem. Concluding the poem, the **writer uses** the word and as a verb for her. He uses the **word come** to connect her to his reader. In the **last stanza**, the **poet uses** the **verb take** for her.

*THE time that was is the wind that is,
And the rain that is rides in an hour upon the air. The air, that keeps the
time of the world and its stars
Is changed of all change by a small and minute thing. All things are small
that are not part of love. What is man
But the shadow of a man? What is life but a dream? What is this body that
you call yours? This skin, bone and sinew,
This blood, this breath, these eyes, teeth, hair? That which is

In your head, your heart, your gut, your belly;
What is it now called? What was it once called

That has made all this trouble? – Oh, the belly,
I remember now,—that old mistake!*

As this **poem unfolds**, the **speaker opens** her window, as she is looking at the **beautiful night sky**. She compares the **present moment** to the past in terms of time. After talking about the history of times and how it was, she discusses how the times, like the weather, are changed.

She goes on to say that the air is changed by a small and **minute thing**. Then, she states that all things are small. It saddens me, that not **many understand** what she is trying to say in this poem. It is hard for me, to understand these lines and it makes me sad to think that the speaker is **still trying** to explain the same things that she explained in the **last line** of the **first stanza**. It's as if she was trying to say that this **old thing** is **still new** and **new things** are **still old**. Or, maybe she is trying to say that this **old thing** is **still new** and the **new things** are **still old**. In brief, I understand the poem, but I have no idea what the speaker is trying to say.

Poem Uses:

This poem can be used to show the **time changes** of the past and the present.

*I AM very weary,
I will never be happy,
Never was, nor never can be,
Only to sleep and dream. But that is not even the worst. The worst is that
in my pain,
This little life of mine,
That I must forget, forget
All my love and pride and art,
My joy and joy's great end,
To be nothing, only to*

*Be nothing on the earth. Only to be no more
Than the world's lowest thing. And this is life's highest end.*

This poem is an expression of an **old wounded soul** who has no hope and future for himself in spite of his own dreams and purposes in life. He laments over his life, his purpose in the life and also his existence as a human being. That is the reason he goes to sleep with a smile and wakes up **without knowing** what ails him.

This guy has given up all things and has lost all hopes. He had all the chances and has lost all his dreams and pride which is reflected in the **last line**. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** and the **true condition** of **old people especially of old men**

This person is very lonely, hurt, and depressed but trying to be **happy even though** his life is **going nowhere**.

I think "I AM very weary" is **showing us** that he is tired, exhausted, and worn out from his life. After all life is not easy for all of us. It takes a lot of effort and courage to live in a **world full** of troubles.

To wrap up like this person does is very depressing because he is just giving up.

The **next line**, "I will never be happy₁", we can tell that he is tired. The line is **telling us** that he will never be **happy even though** he is tired.

*O I am tired of everything that is done;
And weary of being only a spectator.
No more time for idleness for an hour or so.
Let me alone, and give me the world.*

*It is the only thing I want. But not the
world as it is, the world I hope to get,
The world with a new master, a better one.*

*I have loved the beauty of the earth but I
have loved my own face best, and your eyes
are amber-coloured. Amber-coloured and golden-hued.
Amber-coloured even where they are shut. To
shut your eyes is to shut the gates of day.*

*But amber and gold, they are not so, for amber lies
beneath the sun and the yellows are in the west.*

The **poem opens** with the poet's remark that she is tired of what is done in this world and **also tired watching others** from the sidelines. With time, she wants to be a part. She urges her beloved to give her a hand and join her in the race.

As long as she knows he loves her, she **feels fine**. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem.

To me, this **poem means** to me that you love me, but not as much as I love you. We share a love, but it is not as deep as what I feel for you. I wish you **could understand** my feelings as I can't.

I hope you **would agree** to be my partner in life.

I **would like** you to do something for me. I want to be your lover, but not just your plaything. In short, I want to be the woman you love.

I want to be everything that you desire in a woman. I will do all that you ask as a gentleman to a lady, but you **must understand** that I love you more than myself.

*We are the children of the wind,
the children of lightning,
our faces of cloud. We are sea-born and mountain-bred. The children hold
the mother in their arms,
or sit on her lap,*

*with their bright hair straying across her face;
the father is singing to them, his eyes
are looking beyond them to the sea,*

*the music of their voices makes his head
shake with laughter. Now they are all asleep:*

*their heads on each other's breasts, their arms round each
other's necks.*

The **speaker speaks** about a family that consists of an **elderly couple** having a daughter, and her **two grandsons**. She explains the grand-children were born in heaven, but now they are **living** on earth in front of her. Then she **expresses delight** in her family and her love for them.

The **poem ends** with a **closing statement** that has an **ironic tone**. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **real meaning** of this poem. I had to **explain many times** what this poem was about.

The speaker is not a mother, but a wife. She is the mother of her children, and also the mother of the mother.

I think that this is a poem of **great depth** and I have **great respect** for the poet, who so **successfully manages** to capture the **emotions associated** with motherhood, **even though** she is speaking from an **objective point** of view.

In the **final stanza**, the **speaker makes comparisons** between **natural phenomena** and **human beings**. In short, the **speaker feels** it is more natural for the children to be born in a **natural world**, and to live as **nature intended** them to live.

*One comes from the woods each day
But he hasn't a flower-wreath;
One comes to lie on the green grass,
The other sits indoors. But no one can know the secret
That lies in the black and white. It has been lost for years
And the heart, that once was proud,

Was made poor with weeping.*

This **poetic poem written** by the **poet compares two** of the people in her life. They are the person who **comes back** to the forest each day and the other one who **stays indoors**, both of whom **sit idle** and watch the world. While one of them is **busy getting ready** to greet the **world outside**, the other one is idle doing nothing, which results in him not having his **white flower-wreath** and not having a **proper heart** to show off on to the world.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the poet, who had spent her **whole life** doing the best she could and trying to make her **home beautiful**. Her heart was **made poor** with weeping because of this and she felt that the **world around** her had forgotten her.

*It's as if the sun had gone from the earth
And one had never really seen it shine,
So that no memory would ever glow in him
With the familiar light and colour of it,"*

*So that the very sight of women and the sound of laughter
Would seem a mockery of a joy he had loved. But he was a man who lived
very much with women,
And they seemed to him the only reality in his life. "I'll get to heaven by the
back door," he said to me once. When I asked him what he meant, he looked
at me, a little surprised. "I see what you mean," said he.*

The **poet opens** the poem with a statement that suggests the speaker's concern over the absence of sunshine. She thinks that **people lose** the memory of seeing the **sun shine whenever** it disappears. The speaker then shifts the **attention away** from the subject, and narrates how an **old man** was on a walk when he encountered a woman who had been married and is single again.

It saddens me, that not **many understand** the beauty of a woman, and also, it saddens me, that the **old man** is blind.

The **poet uses** a metaphor, stating that the sun had gone from earth (like the sun had gone from earth), and the speaker had **never really seen** the **sun shine**. The **sun shining** from the earth, is a **beautiful metaphor**, and it is the most **common metaphor used** in poetry. The sun is the sun, and it shines, so the metaphor is not very strong.

The **speaker wonders** how the **man would live without** the sun, and the woman. Then, it states that he would not have any memory of the sun. All in all, the **speaker says** that the **man would** not even have the memory of the sun's light.

The **poet uses** an **adverb twice**, So that, and ever.

*Oh little bird!
Little star of the sky
Tell me not to-night,
Of a land where the wild grasses grow.*

*Where the white moon hangs
Over the wide sea.
Oh little bird of the night!*

*You are a bird with a broken wing,
And it is winter now, and snow is on the ground.*

*I remember how you cried once for joy
At sight of the first snow of winter;*

*How fondly you caressed the yellow flowers
That were born in the fall, and died in spring.*

Written in a **dramatic manner**, the **poem explores** the sorrow of a speaker that he **still could** not see some of its **beloved objects**. The **poem begins** when a **small bird opens** its wings to **fly away** from its nest to **find another home**. He states that it has **flown far beyond** the skies when the moon is above the sea.

The **first stanza establishes** the speaker's sorrow that he might not be able to find the things of the past. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the reality of the situation the speaker was in.

"And it is winter now, and snow is on the ground." It is the speaker's sorrow that his beloved has moved into a **new world**, and he is **left alone** with no way of returning to the old. The **second stanza** has the **speaker ask** the **little bird** for advice.

It does not answer, so he continues to ask, and the **last stanza** is a question, asking the **little bird** if it **could understand** him. All in all, the poem is very dramatic and can be very **easily understood**. Just by reading it, one can tell that the speaker is very unhappy. The imagery and **metaphor used** is very vivid and gives the reader an idea of what is going on in the speaker's mind.

*A fine old house in the town of Worcester stands,
A stone house with a thatched roof, built by the people of Boston;
It is now, I believe, an inn. The people who live there, now
Are all of different nations, but they come together*

*At the house of good cheer, which is always open, to remember the days of
long ago.*

*The walls of the building are whitewashed, and there are rooms,
And there are shelves with books, on either side of the stairs;
There are paintings on the*

walls which have no paint upon them at all.

*Outside the windows are no blinds or shutters; no storm can come in;
Inside it is warm and bright; all the doors are open;
And the light of the sun streams in*

by day and by night.

*The air is full of music; there is no sound anywhere,
All the clocks are striking but no one is there to hear them,*

*There is a great stillness everywhere;
And in that silence you hear the clock striking.*

The **speaker asks** the reader a **rhetorical question** about the status of an **old inn** which once belonged to the people of Massachusetts, **also known** as Massachusetts, in 1664. According to him, the place is in fact a very **fine old building situated** in Worcester. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand the very **obvious meaning**, and **respond accordingly!**

The **poem ends** with a **little twist**; the speaker is in fact very lonely and wishes to be with people of a **similar nature**. He wants to be in a place where no one can come in, so as to be able to hear the clocks from outside.

The **poem offers** a very **interesting insight** into the mind of the **lonely man**. In the introduction, he tells the reader that **people come** and meet in the very **ancient inn** to remember the days of **long ago**. To wrap up the poem, he adds that he is in that very inn, while the people who came from **different lands come together** to remember the days of **long ago**.

It's an **interesting poem**, but it has **one shortcoming**; it is not very **well written**. The rhythm of the poem is very awkward.

*I have been watching a blue-
lit house this evening.
I will go in there and ask the name of that sweet
old man in the red clothes.*

*For he looks like an old
man. I know the sweet old man
in the red clothes by his red face.*

*And you should know him too,
the old man with the white hair.
We are glad to see the old
men; and we are sorry for
them: but they cannot be
a part of us, they belong
to a world*

*that can't come into
one's mind any more, and
leave it there. All their
beauty is dead, like a
bird's wing. If it
had been living, it would
have been a part of
us, a part we*

*could still feel. It
would have been a shadow
of the things we
were thinking of; for
only one thing would have
been alive. The things we were thinking of are dead,
dead as a stone.*

The poem presents the reader with **two white-haired, bearded men** with a **strong resemblance** to each other. Since one of them doesn't **look human** and he is being **feared like ghosts**, the **narrator decides** to get **acquainted** with him from within the house, which is a place where the **ghost would** be welcome.

The **narrator begins** by asking about the name of the man in the **white clothes**. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated as a **poem even though** it was published in a **famous magazine**, as you do not know how **many people saw** this poem.

For he **looks like** an **old man**, as the **poet says** in the poem. But in this context it **becomes clear** that the **poet means** that the **man looks like** an **old man** in a **red suit**.

In the **second part** of the poem, the **narrator asks** the man about the name of his **sweet old man**. Ultimately, the **poet says** that he is not there to ask that question. The poet does not explain the meaning of the **word old man**, **even though** it **may mean** a grandfather.

*THE moon-lit sky of spring
Is a blue dish of cream
To bathe the feet that love to roam,
The red deer and the hart.*

*The yellow wheat is spread
On earth like a golden mantle.*

*All the village sleeps in sleep,
And the wind on the mountain*

*Whispering, murmurs and stirs.
I am glad my mother taught me that:
When the storm is over, you'll hear.*

*In the end the wind will go away.
That is the way of the world.*

The **speaker opens** the poem with a **beautiful scene** of **rural life** in the **early spring**. He says the **moon lit sky** and **wheat field** are two of the most **beautiful creations** of nature. The **hunter takes** out a bow and prepares for hunting.

After hunting, he **brings home** some food. It is a **great joy** for him. Then he goes to his **childhood room** and he hears that the wind is whistling. The **poet says** this is a sign that the storm is over. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of his poem. The **wind could** be the personification of the poet's feelings of bitterness and sadness. The wind has disappeared. The only **thing left** is the **moonlit sky** and the **white wheat field**, as well as the people that are sleeping. The **poet says** these **three things** are the most **beautiful things** in the world. He **uses three lines** or stanzas in his poem. Concluding his poem, he says that in the end, the wind will **go away**.

In the end, the wind will **go away**. That is the way of the world. He says that is the way of the world.

*All ye that be and have been,
Come gather round me, come! If you would hear a thing to prove
All women are not as I.
I pray you listen all, as you pass
By my doorway or by mine*

*Where'er ye may chance to fall. To me the world is very good,
For I am young to-night. And yet I fear—I fear it's all too good! It's not
that I yearn for a new world,
But that I'm afraid the old one's ending;
Just as the sky that fades to white at last*

*With those first bright mornings of spring. And yet, and yet! Why should I
complain? It is I who have brought the new life in;
I who have found the golden key to open
The gates to the past, and*

*The future, waiting for me. No more
This old weary, wasted life I lead,
No more the shadow of this dim sorrow! What have I done, what have I not
done?*

The **poem explores** the speaker's experience in life. It begins when the **poet speaks** about the women of the world. He **asks everyone to gather around** his gate.

They should listen to him and know his story. Then, he says that he loves the world and that he is young. He says that he is not afraid to love the world. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem. They do not understand the poet's message at the beginning of the poem. This poem is a **sad poem** because the speaker is not able to love the world and he is too sad. He sees the world as depressing, but he does not want to talk about it. In short, he is scared to talk about love and he is scared to talk about the world.

*You and I are the birds that have lived awhile. The time of life has never
 touched us so much. I hear you call me and I know the meaning,
 This is only a thing that happens to men now. I love your laugh at night.
 Here in this room we look towards the door
 A little while. It's like a man who goes through a door for a drink
 And stays in the doorway. He knows the people are there, he'll wait one
 second,
 One second more, then he'll turn away,
 With his drink in his hand, and go back into the house. I heard him laugh
 when I asked him to sing a song,
 I saw the fat back of the man, so strong,
 And I thought, I could have him, all of him,
 Just his fat back and his laughter.*

The **speaker addresses** her friend about her experience. You and I are the **two birds**, which have never been touched by time. Even though the **whole world goes** on changing, we always have the time to keep our **old self** and **memories alive**.

She says, I hear you call me. The **speaker knows** that her friend has called her by name. She tells a story of a man who was drinking and came out through the **front door** but waited a while inside. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the man. The speaker is trying to make her **friend understand** the situation.

There are **ten lines** of the poem. They are set up in **iambic tetrameter lines**. The **speaker tells** the story of the man while the listener does the laughing.

Here in this room is a metaphor. In this room, the speaker's memory and thoughts of the man is **still alive, even though** the man is gone from their lives. Concluding with A little while, the **speaker tells** a story. It's like a man₁ - the man is the speaker. Who goes through a door for a drink - the man is the speaker.

*A child comes into the room,
And sees the clock in the corner. "What did you say? 'twelve minutes,
dear?" He has a little face, and his eyes are blue,*

*And his hair is black as ebony. He takes her hand, and kisses it,
For he knows she's waiting for him,
And he will not be late. Ah, no! but she must not see that,
Or she may think he is afraid,
Like all men, of doing what is right
Before all others in the sight of God. Let her not know that he has done
wrong,
But tell her, if she ask, that I do well,
For I have been a faithful friend.–*

*No one can change a mind that's set, she will not love me,
She'll think me false and treacherous too.*

The poem is about a **little boy** who is eager to receive his mother's love because his clock is ticking. All through the poem, he seeks her permission to leave his school as **time goes** by. When the **mother agrees**, he kisses her hand.

Although the boy is a **little boy**, he has an **old lady's** eyes and a **little boy's** face. He kisses her hand because he knows she must not know what he did. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the moral of the poem.

We will look at the stanza by stanza to know more about it.

The **first stanza**

The **first stanza** is very short, only **one line** in it. The boy is waiting in the corner, with a clock in his hand, waiting.

The **second stanza**

The **second stanza tells** more about the boy. In brief, it says he has a **little face**, his hair is black as ebony. He kisses her hand because he knows she must not know what he did.

The **third stanza**

The **third stanza shows** the boy's face.

*They were not quite the same, those two,
They were different from anyone else. One had a nose that looked like an
egg,
And a little mouth and chin, and a mouth
That looked as if it might never stop. His hair was fair, his eyes were
blue-green,
He was just eight years old, but I swear
When he took a walk he was taller than
The other boys; and he used to get beat
In everything. The*

*Old Dr. M'Clintock, who taught the school,
Called him a "pansy boy", and when the boys
Were ordered to do something and Richard
Would not do it, the teacher would scold
Him to*

*His face would turn very red and his ears
Would catch it in his lap, and he would cry
And the boys laugh at him. Once a boy in
The lower class said a funny thing to him;
He didn't*

*Like him. The teacher saw. He spoke to
The boy and asked his why he had said that. He said: 'I did not; 'twas John
said.'*

This **poem explores** the experience of **one student**, an American, in a boys' **boarding school**. In the **first stanza**, the **writer says** that the **two students** are not the same as each one has his own peculiar, **unique characteristics**. This **student goes on** to explain that **one student** has a nose that **looks like** an egg and a mouth that looks as if it **might never stop**.

It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of what is going on in this poem. Not everybody's born with the same nose and mouth and eyes and hair.

The students at this school are **treated like animals**. No matter what they do, the **two boys** are not treated with respect. This is a **clear indi-**

cation that the **school system** is messed up and should be changed.

Ultimately, I do not think this poem has a **happy ending**.

This is the most **disturbing poem** I have **ever read**. It made me think about how sad it is to be born with these **peculiar characteristics**. I think that it would be better to be born with **beautiful skin** and hair, and a **beautiful nose** and mouth.

*Come hither, my soul,
Go to the window, and watch
The clouds and their white sails,
A rainbow-painted ship on the sea. Tell me how it is with you:
Is the world as fair as when we parted? Yes, no, and yes again;*

*And more as time goes on. If I might but paint you now as you were then,
The love of my life should see himself. But I must have something to show
him, and that means
That this letter must go to a good many others;
And one day when I am well off I will show them both. And I had a long
talk with Mr. Gantry the other day
About Mr. Browning and Mr. Keats, and his notions
Of their work, as I thought he had some right to them.*

This piece of **critical writing addresses** the relationship and the experience of an **estranged couple**. The **poem starts** when the **speaker addresses** his soul to watch the clouds and the ship they sail on at night. How is she feeling about her relationship?

She does not seem to be happy about it, and the poet has to ask himself questions to figure out what's causing her. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poem. The poem is a sort of **love letter** to his soul. He wishes he could be in her and paint her as she was then. But he can't, so he asks his soul to tell him how she is doing. The speaker then addresses his soul by **saying tell** me how it is with you, and then he asks, is the world as fair as when they parted? He **says yes**, no, and yes again. To wrap up the poem, he asks him to send the letter to several other people, and then **one day** he will show them both. The speaker, in his youth, has a lot of things to work out in his life, and this poem is part of his journey to that point. He has his own troubles, and he knows it.

*I walk the city streets,
And there are many men here,
But only one woman who seems to care.
Though it's very clear
That she is not my wife, and so
I feel a certain jealousy.*

*And then for no reason at all,
As I walk through the crowds,
I begin to think that she can feel it too—*

*The beauty of the world.
I stop and stare into a shop window:
In it, on racks, are dresses,
Like a city all ablaze with lights.*

*I think to see if they would fit me:
They are like a body in pain. The colours are so bright that I can hardly
see. There is a music in the air: all about me the city is like laughter.*

*The shops are open, the clocks are ticking.
It is as if I were in a great garden, and the garden is full of flowers, with an
open window, and when I close my eyes I see the world.*

This **poignant love song** tells a story of a man as he walks down the street during the daytime. He is **seen talking** to himself as he feels that the woman he is thinking about may be his wife or a girlfriend. All of a sudden, he **sees something** in a **shop window** that he **remembers seeing** in his dream, and his thoughts are interrupted when he sees the woman.

It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the story. The story is **also depressing**. The **man tells** a story about **two different women**, and he's so lost in his mind about them that he's not **paying attention** to the **world around** him. He has to use his own mind to find out what he's missing, and it's in the end that he realizes that the woman in the window is what he's been looking for. Concluding that she is a woman because of his own memory, I like this poem because it tells a story about the meaning of life.

Poem of the Month

On the **first day** of February, 2007, I started a **new feature** for this blog.
I asked for you to write a poem that fits a **certain theme**.

*(Oh, how I would have loved you then!) Your white arm out among the
roses. And your hand, that was so small and brown,
So sweetly felt when you took mine;*

*And I would feel how very white it was;
I wonder if you ever dream of me. The birds come back and the birds go and
I have a feeling that they all sing the same song. You have not forgotten
me,—do you think I have? It is hard to be sure of anything. Is it only
A day or two since we were here together, happy,
And with no thought of the future, and no one
To think for us, or to speak to us? Is it long
Only a week,*

*Since the time that you kissed me on the stair? You have forgotten, you
little fool! You have
Forgot that I was never a boy; I am not
Young now, I have changed.*

This **heartbreaking poem** centers on a **female speaker** and her lover's past that has **lost interest** in each other. The **poet compares** the speaker's love and affection for her **past lover** with the love he feels for his **current partner**, but **sadly adds** that there is **nothing left** for them to do. The narrator, **still young** and hopeful, asks her lover if she has ever been A **little love** that I have given.

How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of you. In the same breath, the **narrator adds** that the birds are the same and the flowers have **bloomed since** they were separated. The narrator's speech is **extremely poetic** and dramatic as it is written in the **present tense**. To wrap up, the **narrator reveals** that the reader has not forgotten her and that she has not forgotten her lover. Her past is what brought the two of them together and she wishes to continue their **white arm** out among the roses and that she is sure that he will **always love** her.

1. The speaker is a woman who reminisces about her **past relationship** with her lover. The woman is young, but she mentions that she has changed, so she **becomes older**.

*When I was six years old
I was told that the moon
Did not shine through the leaves,
But round the windows;*

*And the birds sang in the trees,
And the clouds were on high. The moon was a silver star
That shone over the valley of death. He called once to me from the darkness*

*Good luck! And I turned to him, smiling,
And said, Thank you, my friend.*

*But his face was not smiling. His face
Was sad and serious.*

The **main speaker** of this sonnet is talking about some **past events**. She remembers those days as if she is now a grown up woman. When she was just **six years**, she **gets surprised** by some **new things**.

For instance, a **little bird sings** from its nest at the **tree side**. I was told that the moon, she says, Did not shine through the leaves, but round the windows. And the moon was a **silver star** that shines over the valley of death. Poem seems to be underappreciated by other people. She remembers those days with her **childhood friend**, whom she calls her friend. He makes a gesture by his smile, but she does not know how to appreciate it. She says, Thank you my friend, but he **looks like** he is not happy. The story of her **childhood friend** seems to be sad and serious. He is a sad and **serious man** with a sad and **serious manner**. In brief, it seems that her **childhood friend** was a serious and **sad man**.

*I am the man who walks among the trees
In a green mist of autumn,
And watches the shadows walk upon
The forest glade. The little blue lights that burn
Upon the whispering boughs are lit*

*In memory of a young man
Who lies dead and rotting there;
The white stars that twinkle above*

His grave have no more tears. And yet how can we forget him!

Unto Thee, A Poem The **poet presents** a **brief poetic account** of The Young Man Who Lived Once in his book, Nature's Dream The **speaker claims** that he is one of the people who stand with the beauty of nature. He is a **proud possessor** of the beauty that his friends have seen and he **stands among** them, a **proud possessor** of the beauty he has seen. Poem seems to be underappreciated, so he gives a **short poetic account** of it to express his appreciation to nature for the beauty that he has seen.

In a **poetic way**, the **young man** is presenting a **short poetic account** of his life. The **poet makes** a **poetic reference** to his **young life**. He refers to the **young life** of the **young man**.

The poet is **also showing** some appreciation for the **young life** of the **young man**. The **poet refers** to the **young life** of the **young man** as being a brief and **beautiful life**. Concluding with the poet's admiration for that **young life**, he calls himself a **proud possessor** of the beauty that the **young man** has seen.

In this poem, the **poet claims** that his friends have seen the beauty of nature.

*I knew you when we were twelve. I said nothing to anybody
about you, and it never occurred to me to tell
until a half-dozen years later*

*when I was going through my married life that I had known
beforehand about the one woman who could make me feel*

*as if I were in heaven, and how fortunate she was,
and how right it was for her to have married him. Not a word did I say of
my secret, which she knew without*

*being told; but she said there were many others
much worse off than myself who had done much worse,*

*and so I did not mind it much. It was very nice to find a man that was an
angel
and knew all about everything.*

The **poem presents** a collection of reflections where the **speaker addresses** her husband about his choice of wife. She reminisces their past and reveals her love for him as well as the fact that she is proud of his decision. The **speaker recalls** how she has known him since they were 12, and she **feels bad** that she did not tell him about her husband before the **two got married**.

The **poem concludes** that the speaker is grateful for the way her **husband values** her. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning behind** this poem.

References

External links

Full text at Poets. In brief, this poem is about the speaker's appreciation for her husband. The speaker has always been proud of her husband, even when they were kids, but now she is more than proud of his decision to marry the **right woman**.

She describes her feelings of appreciation for the woman he married, and she **also says** that his decision was the **right one**. She says that there are many, **much worse married people**, and so she is very happy for her

husband. It is nice to be married to someone who is so thoughtful and kind.

*Let me make an end to the old-fashioned way
That you like only of all girls I've met-
To put the clock on a shelf and leave its face. For you can never know when
day is done,
And*

*And every minute will bring again
How lovely you are. Now the sun goes down
And the room is lit with candle-light alone,
Yet all the time I think of that first light
When the wind shook down from the high dark*

*Ivy-leaves and the garden was green as gold. I see the grass in the moonlight
that night,
A little while ago, when I looked up at you*

*To see by your eyes where I stood;
Your face was white as the paper flowers that lie
On the table-cloth – the little girls in their lace,
Whose faces are like the flowers, whose clothes are white,
But who feel*

Their mother's kisses on their cheeks.

The **speaker begins** to describe his lover's beauty, saying he **would never put** on the clock. He imagines how her **face would change** after he puts the clock, and how it would be night when the **sky would go dark**. However, in reality, he is **left alone** with his memories of her and that night.

It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem. I don't know what to do because if I do, I **might break** that wall of the speaker's **inner world**.

*I was in a garden in the misty drear,
At dusk when the bats were flying home;
And one said to me—it was she that died—
'For thee the dawn is breaking through the rain.' And I, where the black
birches and the oaks are,
Was walking through a forest at night,
When she, who lies in the mound, drew me in,
And I had no friend but my love. The stars were bright, and our breath was
white. I have heard you call out to me, so clear,
The words I am to say, though I know not what,
For she draws me of herself alone,*

*And, when my lips are parted, then her eyes. So now you ask me what I
say? I'll tell you this:*

*My life is hers; but if I should forget you,
And you should pass from me to the starless night,
I*

My lips would find the coldness of your face.

The speaker is in a **vast garden**. Suddenly, an **old woman** calls out to him. He **gets surprised** at her appearance.

She says: For you, the dawning has broken through the raining of the moon. The **speaker says** that at such times the death of people is unknown. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **real meaning** of death.

The **last part** of the poem is a dialogue. The **old woman says** that the speaker is her heart; she is the one who will be dead if the **speaker fails** to remember. The **speaker wants** to find his **true love** to remember.

She asks him what he says to her. He says that his lips will find the coldness of her face if he forgets her. This means that he will lose her. The speaker is afraid because the **old woman may** not be the **true love** of the speaker. In brief, the **poem means** that the speaker should not forget his love.

*I am not very wise in these matters
Of being born again;
I only know that sometimes one
Must begin anew.*

*The child that is born of these
Has never known the world.*

*Its hands were always busy, it could never
Have learned the old habits of living,*

No more, no more.

It knew the ways and ways of the world,

*the common law of a world of strange men.
But this was strange indeed to it, strange as strange.*

The **poem begins** when the **speaker says** that he is not wise about the things of being **born anew**. He **also gives** a description of his birth, and then adds that we **must begin** all over again, which makes the **reader understand** that his life has come to an end and he should start over. We see how he wants to be reborn in a **new way**, and then the **speaker explains** that he wants to be born again, but it will be different than when he was born before.

He will know the ways of a world of **strange men**. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated in the past, and the fact that there are no more **people like** him left. He is in an **old way** of living, and will not be able to relate to the people who are of the **new ways** of living.

The poem is about a man who was born again in a **different way**, he is now an adult, and knows the **new ways** of living. Ultimately, the **speaker wants** to be reborn in the **new ways**.

*To have had my whole heart's desire
Is no longer to me than a day,
A day whose memory has lost its light,
Whose night has fallen on the years,
The years and the nights that were to be,*

*The little boy with his little face,
That he could laugh and play. They would ask him how he did it, that's true,
His mother, sister, father all:
And the little boy would laugh again,
The little blue-eyed child, his smile so bright,
So bright as the summer'*

*The little boy's laughter rang so clear,
They would wonder that he had said nothing,
As he laughed without a word to say,
At all, at all. And the little girls' laughter, too, was heard
With a strange, sweet sound, and then a sob.*

This **poem presents** the experience of a child who believes in **miracles despite of facing obstacles** and wants to live his dreams. The **poem begins** when the **speaker describes everything** in terms of her dream-having, which has now turned into a reality for her. She reveals her desire that she can be the person she wants to be.

This poem is a **bit complex** as it contains a number of **complex metaphors**. The word "light" is used in the **poem twice**. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the significance of this word.

This poem is a poem of hope, as the speaker is not afraid of anything, she knows that it is possible for her to fulfil her desire. She **also believes** in the power of her imagination.

The line that starts with 'Whose' is the title of the **whole poem**.

The **second stanza** is **also rich** in imagery and symbolism. It has **vivid imagery**. Ultimately, the poem is a poem of loss.

The **speaker describes** the events of her childhood, like a **typical child**. It makes me wonder, why the speaker has lost the experience she had of "the

summer”.

*I have loved you long,
Long I have waited, longing to see you
In the garden's sun, in the wind on the sea.
The wind comes down from the hill
Where the white clouds race over
The black rocks and the shining water;
I*

*The wind is like a young girl's hair
Flowing in a long river of love,
Tangling my feet in laughter.
When you are near me, I am one with all
That lives and breathes in the green and growing things.*

*And when you leave, I fall away—
Like a bird out of a nest.*

*But that is all, and no more.
The same, the same. I lie alone
In the dark like an owl on the wall,
And sleep and sleep until you come again.*

*And the red roses of the dusk
Are flung into my lap, they open there
Like a soft warm wind which blows about you.*

The **poem presents** a moment when a **man realizes** that he has devoted his **entire life** to a woman. He longs for her. However, for the fact that she **never reciprocates** his feelings, he finds no happiness in life.

On the other hand, she leaves him alone until he reaches a state of desperation. He realizes that it is not he who is lacking so much, but he who is alone. He **needs another person** to share his troubles. Poem seems to be underappreciated because **people consider** it to be romantic because of the use of birds. However, the **true meaning** of the poem is that birds are **like humans** when it comes to love. All in all, it is an **excellent poem**.

*O happy, blessed country,
Happy land of the free! Thou art the light of nations;
No sun shall ever go down*

*On thee, but one. On thee does God's eternal sun
Shine straight and clear. And on the child of woman,*

*In his face
The smile grew;
It shone on his hair. And then
He spoke.*

This poem is an example of a **small-scale literary work**. Here the **speaker presents** a **patriotic moment of joy due** to America's victory in the Cold War and then **presents several** other events that **took place** in our country. For instance, the **speaker says** the children of America no **longer feel afraid** of the bomb, and that the **sun never sets** on America's future.

Further, the **speaker compares** his moment of patriotism with a moment when he was a **small child** who smiled at his mother. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated when it was written. This is because the **speech act** of the poem, as any other **speech act**, has a **performative character**, that is, he who performs a **speech act intends** to bring about a **practical effect** in the world. Thus, the **poem must** be performed by an **actual living person**. In the case of this poem, the person who wrote or made the **speech act** is the poet, who, in a sense, is the **child speaking** in the poem. In brief, the poem is about America's victory in the Cold War and its future.

*When I got her the other night at ten o'clock,
 She didn't speak; she only let drop some small things
 That made me know she was very glad of my coming. She's not a woman, I
 always reckoned her about
 Four, five, six years old, but in that time she'd thought

 and thought, it's no good. 'Why?' it would ask the others
 And they all answered: 'Because that way she can marry you,

 that's why.' And all the time it knows
 That her face must be white for a married woman. 'Oh, yes! Well, then,
 will you go to bed at once?' And he must say, 'I don't know how.'*

This **poetic piece** is an expression of a young and **unmarried woman's** frustration. The **poem begins** when the **speaker imagines** that she brings a **girl home** at **10 p.m.** The girl does not speak and **instead drops different things** on the ground that are a result of her **thought processes**.

The girl's **thinking makes** her to know that she must be married at the time of her arrival at this man's home. Poem seems to be underappreciated and it is interesting on how the speaker is able to find a way to express her thoughts and feelings. Concluding the poem, she tells her reader that she does not know how to go to bed. This **gives us** the idea that going to bed, or sleeping is a **difficult task**.

The author of this **poem uses various techniques** of creating the theme of the poem. For instance, the **speaker imagines** that she takes a girl to her man's house at night. But she is unable to find the time to go.

The author of this poem is also very interesting in that he shows the reader that a girl and woman are different.

*In the town of Kepala Burung where the great apes live,
I came one day to the village which is their home. It was like a city or a
kingdom by their rule,
And the huts were of wood*

*And many thatched together, and men were there,
But there was not a woman in all, nor a child. They wore the dress of other
years, or else
Were in the garb of later fashion. But I*

*Found them in the fashion of the day, with no sign
Of change from the past. They were a group of twelve*

Fair children standing upon the pavement there.

This **unique poem** is about the status of women in a society. The **poet starts** with enumerating the **various roles women play** in a community. Here, he comes in contact with the **king ape** who lives at its **royal palace**.

He goes through the villages, meets the citizens and finds them dressed in **modern fashion**. It seems that the kingdom is in decay and the citizens are living in a state of ignorance. The **poet ends** the poem by expressing a wish for the kingdom to be saved. The **king ape** is treated as a god. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the importance of this symbol.

The Poem:

King ape, the King of Kepala Burung,
Comes to my village, and **stands upon** the pavement.

He is of **noble countenance**. He **looks like** a giant,
His strength is like the strength of men, and he is a hunter

And one at the head of all, he is the king. All in all, is he not?
The village is his kingdom, and his rule is absolute.

Men there are, but there is no woman. The huts are of wood,
And **many thatched together**.

*Not a word but it dies,
And the dead words return
From the shadows and are heard. The word is always alive. The word has
life
But the shadow has death. We are the shadows
Of that which was once the word. The world is shadowed and the voice is
still. We are the shadow and not the thing. Still the voice, a voice more
deep than any sea.*

As the **poem opens**, the **author offers** a reflection on how the **past disappears** with passing of time. He claims that there is no **word left** in the world, but **even dead words** are raised once again, which echo and appear in our lives. In **verse two**, he reiterates that nothing is left in the **world except** the word.

He says that this word has life, but the shadows in the world have death. These shadows of the word are "the sound/Of the **still voice**." The **poet reflects** on his own consciousness, as well as that which is larger than his self. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning behind** the poem. The line "the sound of the **still voice**" is what makes the **whole poem interesting**. The **poet speaks** of the sound of silence, which can be interpreted as an echo of the word. If it's only a sound or a word, then it will be alive and "the **still voice**." However, in the world, there is nothing but the shadows of the things that were once alive. Concluding his lines, the **poet says** that while the words are still, the world is "shadowed" and the "voice is still." These lines are very poetic and poetic. The **poet makes** it clear to the reader, that he is not the speaker but rather "the thing".

*All day my people work,
And I stand at the window
Watching the dark come down;
My people are too busy*

*To think they have a son;
But I'm not a child now,*

*And I shall live to be a man. Do not make much of me. I am no fool nor
an ill-bred man. I was not born to die in this way.*

As this **poem begins**, the **speaker** observes his **people working hard** to earn a living but does not **really appreciate** the **hard work** they carry out. Instead, he takes an **arrogant stance** and believes that **someone must pay** for his time. He thinks that his parents can't understand what he's experiencing because they are too busy with their work and can't **really take** the time to see what their son is going through.

It saddens me, that not **many understand** what I go through. I don't get the time to **eat properly**, sleep, spend with my family or **even make time** to help my friends. I am lucky that I have my family, friends and an **understanding teacher** to help me through this.

However, the speaker is no fool, and makes a promise that he will live through this hardship. He has not given up. He is not going to **let others make** him **feel guilty** for having a dream.

He doesn't want to be known as a fool. In short, the speaker is an **ambitious young man**. He **knows people** will not understand the hardships he goes through, but he will not allow them to make him **feel guilty**, instead he takes on the role of a **young man** who wants to prove a point.

*A dark and evil mist is on the hillside
In the cold dew of dawn I stand alone;
As I look off and listen to the sea
My heart goes out the other way”the sea.*

*The mist creeps up from the water’s edge,
I hear sounds in the forest grow;
When the dawn begins to break, I wake.*

*All through the night, I dream of you.
And in my dreams, your face you show,
My heart begins to long for you;*

*My hands begin to itch to hold you tight, My brain begins to work to make
me more
Fond of you; my eyes to see you more;
For I must see you always, or die.*

*You are the sunshine that I have known,
The dream that has made my life worth while;
You are what keeps me young and hopeful; I cannot lose you.*

The **poet opens** the poem by describing a mist and the **morning dew along** a hilltop where the **speaker stands alone**. He describes how he stares at the mist as he listens to the sound of the sea and how soon he feels the urge to look at her. He then imagines what he would do if she walked through his door, and he begins to think about what she will do and say.

How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** he is making here. Instead of just **saying** This is my point.

The **speaker begins** the poem by stating that there is a **dark mist** on the hillside in the **morning dew**. He states that it is cold out of the night, and that he is alone. He then gets to the point of the poem.

He states that the mist is creeping up from the water’s edge and that the sounds of the **forest grow**. Concluding that the mists are creeping from the water’s edge and the sounds of the forest are growing.

The **speaker imagines** what he would do if she walked into his door, and

he begins to think about what she will do and say.

*For two years now, in a big, old, gray house that I have in the country,
I have been living alone, doing all kinds of things that need never have
been done. For two hours I am writing letters in*

*three colors of ink,
and the other two hours are devoted to the most enormous task of all:*

*to create a person with a certain power but no apparent weaknesses, who
can easily be loved and
easily trusted and without whom people will not be able to live happily. If
there were such a creature in the world it would be desirable that everyone
should have one and share.*

Written by an **anonymous author** or poet, the **poem begins** when the **speaker reflects** his life for **two years** in a large, old and gray, **country house** where he is living. He seems to be busy in **finding ways** of creating a character that can **love people easily** while not having any **apparent weaknesses**. He then continues to make a list of things to do such as **writing letters** in **various colors** of ink and creating a person that can easily be trusted.

For the **last line** of the poem, he says that for a person to be desirable, everyone should have one and share it. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand this idea.

Structure

A large, old, **gray house** (1) is used to show the speaker (2) as he is living there in solitude. To wrap up, he reflects on (3) how he is going to be creating a character that is strong and has no **apparent weaknesses**. Then (4) he **lists various ways** of creating and finding such a character.

Structure in Poetry

Poetry is **basically based** on rhythm and rhyme. To structure a poem as a whole it is important to know the **different parts** of a poem and how they are related to each other.

*I sing for them who have ears to hear
Who have eyes to see the beauty of form,
And in the mind, the soul, to perceive truth:
For this is the song of a poet's people,*

*And I am the servant of their beauty. It is not love thou seekest, but truth;
Not peace but courage; not rest but change; –*

*Not rest but power; for all things grow or perish
By force of growth or by force of decay:*

*And every force is rooted somehow in a force
That is not; and the force that is not is this:
Force of growth. Force of decay, the thing that makes all things flow
Into chaos.*

This sonnet is about the nature of poetry, its essence, and impact. The **poem starts** with the sonnet which introduces the **subject matter**. The **speaker refers** to each individual and states that each one of them has **something within** him or her like a **poetic soul**.

In his eyes, poetry is not merely the ability to **express love**, but rather the ability to **express truth** and passion. He then states in a **rather dramatic way** that poetry is a people and what the **people seek** is truth. Poem seems to be underappreciated as he states that it is not love he seeks; rather, it is truth. What's worse, the **sonnet seems** to be underappreciated because it is so plain that the sonnet is the work of the sonnet and not the poet. He then goes on to list the **three things** that make up this poet's people: the ears that hear, eyes that see, and a mind that perceives the truth. All in all, he seems to be a **bitter man**, but he does reveal a passion for poetry.

In terms of the structure of the poem, it seems to be a statement of the sonnet as a whole.

*Come closer, gentle one, and kiss
My beautiful eyes.
They are eyes I made to drink from,
And drink your love again....*

*I am a woman of the woods
With a heart like an oak
So beautiful, my beauty*

*Is like a flower in blossom
Where's your beauty*

*And your wisdom, my lady?
It's all over the country
Like the wind that blows*

*From tree to tree
And you have a crown of flowers.*

This poem is about a bride who has a problem with the groom, but she is willing to **sacrifice everything** for marriage. Palgrave says that it is the **last stanza** that explains why the bride is ready to make this sacrifice. The **poem begins** when the **speaker addresses** the reader as **gentle one**. Palgrave says that this is a play on the idea of the female as **gentle spirit**. The idea of the **gentle one** is represented by the bride. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem.

This **poem explains** why the bride is willing to **sacrifice everything** for marriage. There is a problem with the groom. She feels that he is cheating on her, but is willing to sacrifice her happiness for this marriage.

She is willing to keep his secrets. By being the **best wife a husband could ever** have, she shows what she is willing to do for the one she loves. All in all, the speaker is telling the reader that she is willing to sacrifice her happiness for an **unhappy marriage**.

"All in all, the speaker is telling the reader that she is willing to sacrifice her happiness for an **unhappy marriage**."

Yes.

*I dreamed, but the Dream, as if It heard me,
Came out of bed of late autumn night and kissed me. It was a small bird
singing over the grass,
With all its heart, with all its throat filled with song*

*And as it sang, my heart was filled also. As if my dreams were not enough
I had to dream of you; for your eyes were like*

*The summer sky at night when you turn and sleep,
Your mouth the moon and your smile the sunrise. You are as good as a
promise broken
Unless you be broken. If you change, how can I tell?*

This poem is about a **young lover's** disappointment over his dream of loving a **beautiful maiden** who has already been broken into pieces by **another man**. The **poet recalls** his dream and how beautiful and delicate she seemed to be, but when he woke up, he found the same dream in reality. He is worried, since the **beautiful woman** was broken into pieces as she was **walking along** the road, and it is his fault.

He wants the **young woman** to be whole again, as he wants the woman he loved to be whole. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poem and saw the **dream merely** as a way of **expressing love**. If you want to dream of the love that is more than real, you are better off dreaming of love itself.

*I went down the river in an old boat
It was small and rusty and had no mast. I was alone. When I came to a
weir
The fishermen had gone home, so I got out*

*And walked and walked along the bank. All round me were the water lily
fields
And then the trees were in the water so low*

*There was no need to swim, I floated,
I floated easily. And far away, across country,*

*I saw a house standing lonely in a pasture. A house in its own pasture near
by*

A house in the pasture on the hill.

This **poetic composition** is about isolation. The **poem starts** when the speaker is alone in his **small rusty boat** down a river. He says how lonely he was on his journey in this boat.

After **crossing many waterfalls** and weirs, he **comes across** a fisherman's hut. But the fishermen have **gone home** and he can't **cross anymore**. In **another part** of the river, he **comes across** a house in a pasture; we don't know if he is in his own country or not. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of his journey.

River has a **similar beginning** to **another poem**, In the Park with the **following lines**: In the park an **old man sat alone**'. That the poem is about isolation. But in In the park, the speaker is alone in the park where he is.

In In the Park, the **speaker talks** about himself and his memories. In brief, he remembers his wife and son whom he had lost a **long time ago**.

In the Park is about the speaker's family.

*At the first step on the stair
A ghost was there, a pale man in black,
Silent, his gray beard sweeping his breast.
As I stared, spell-struck, he grew*

*And stood before me on the step.
Then out of the dark I knew my doom,*

*The end of all things in a moment, when
The woman rose up with a laugh*

*At last, at last!
And the little child who played
with the doll—the toy of my life—is dead;
and I am free.*

The **speaker says** that there was a ghost, who tried to kill her at the moment of her death. She narrates that the **ghost looked like** a man, and that she **never saw** such a **ghostly figure** before. However, this **ghost grew suddenly** and stood in front of her, as she was descending the stairs.

Immediately after this, she knew her fate and felt as though all the world were ended. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem. They just try to find the meaning and try to analyze the **rhyme scheme** or the use of **specific words**, but they **never find** out what the **poet really means** and that we should use our own experiences to interpret the poem.

The speaker is the woman who is going to die. The **first line says**, "at the **first step** on the stair." The woman is standing on the **first step** while she waits for the elevator to arrive.

Concluding the **first stanza**, the **speaker says** that she saw a ghost at the **first step**. The ghost was standing in front of her while she was descending the stairs. Not only is the **ghost scary**, but it's also an object.

*When you dance and play
On the stage of the dance hall,
Or on the floor of a city,
With a band of music playing,
And many people dancing,
How pretty you look.*

*How pretty!
And how beautiful in your clothes,
Your hat and your gloves;
And while you are dancing
They put flowers on your dress;*

*And all the time I am waiting
To hear you sing.*

*My own little girl, your mother's hands
Are always ready to kiss you,
But you won't let her touch, you are shy.*

*Not like your sister, who can be kissed
From head to foot; not like me, whose love
Was like a fire, but ever quenched.
For you there is nothing to love but your brother.*

This **poem presents** a boy's reflection on how his **mother sees** him. The **poem begins** while the boy is talking about his dreams and aspirations. He narrates how, when he becomes the star of **public life**, he will have a **famous band** and **many fans**.

He goes on to describe how there will be **many people dancing** and singing. He is excited by the idea of all these **people enjoying** his performance. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of love, because it's so **often misused**. But, even as a **young boy** I had learned the lesson.

There are a few problems with this poem. First, the poem is very vague and does not explain very much. The boy is dreaming, but he is not told what he dreams.

He is afraid of being kissed, but not of being loved. To wrap up the situation, the poem is not very original.

The **first line**, When you dance, is the only line which tells of any details about the boy's dream. The details are not clear, but it is made very clear that he is very excited by the idea of performing.

*He who has once been to the mountain,
The ancient and ever-changing mountain,
Will never for a moment or for hours
Think of it as an old and mouldy thing,
Unchanging, unchanging—and it will be*

*The mountain all the time.
He who has been to that mountain will go*

*back again and there will be nothing changed. His feet upon
the stone will not be turned, to-morrow they will begin at the
same place.*

*He is there in front of me now; only he is taller than he was
then because he is younger; and the little child that ran into*

*his arms, that little child is a man, and he has not the strength to
shake him off.*

The tall, strong man who is he?

This **short story** presents the **beautiful experience** of a father and son that visit a mountain. He begins by describing how his son once visited the mountain for the **first time**. As she travels to meet her boyfriend, she recalls his promise to visit her **favorite tourist place**.

But as soon as she arrives, to her dismay, she realizes that he has forgotten his promise. She is crushed and feels down because of this. She wants the mountain to remain the same. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem.

Author's Analysis:

This **poem** talks about the bond between a father and son. The **father wants** the son to visit the mountain. So he tells him to go there and have fun because it is a **great place**.

I think that the **father wants** to bring his son to the mountain because he knows that his son is **growing older** and he will find it fun to visit the place. To wrap up the poem, the father's son has grown to be a man. But he has not the strength to shake his father off. I think that the father and son are attached to each other because of the bond that has been created

between them.

*I, in my childhood's innocence,
At school had learned no other tune,
Than, "We are Seven," and though my way
Was to ask no grace, yet they took me for
The "we" of "We*

*Are Seven." But I am seven, too, now,
And my first song was:
"Here is a little maiden,
Who will never leave her mother;
She will be true as steel, she will give
To the*

*Her mother bread and tea, and wash
Her mother's poor old head."
Now I am grown a man,
Seven, this song became,
For I was all I said.*

*"The boy has grown a big man,"
"The boy is gone on six", said the
Father, looking at her and me.*

*I had never known him to lie or
To fail in the truth.
For the first time I saw something
Of fear in his face.
He took his hand from the table,
And held it out towards the fire.*

This **poem narrates** the tale of the speaker who was born on a Christmas night. He starts by saying that when he was young, he sang a **different number** than seven. After **finishing school**, he knew that seven was the **right number**.

However, when he grew up, **number seven came** to life all over again. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem. For example, what does the **title mean**? What's the speaker's "six" or "two"? What does the **last line mean**? (If you've read any of my poems, you might be able to guess the answer to these questions). Ulti-

mately, it seems as though the **speaker wants** to say that he is not a **true man**. He is unable to follow the rules, and he is able to understand the importance of keeping his **family happy**.

*I shall not be a bride in June,
But I will not make a wife.
The wind that blows against my back
From the East will be my bride.*

*The wind that breathes against me
Will be her mouth, her eyes, lips;
All my life will be her breath.*

*She will not be changed for me,
And she will never be as I
Think I would have her be;
But she is beautiful, and I
Love her as she is.*

*But her eyes are brown, not blue;
Her hair is not red; and as for
The shape of her little mouth...
Ah! she is like a fairy-tale,
Or like something in a dream,
Like something I will forget*

*In the light of my life.
She is in a little white dress,
With a flower on the breast;
And how happy she must be
On that day of days!...*

The **poem opens** with a call of a woman to the poet to come and talk to her. She says that she will not wear the **traditional garb** of the woman on her **wedding day** and she has a **different idea** for her attire. The **poet understands** that she means a **white dress**.

She says that she is happy. How does she know she is happy? She says she will not be changed for him and she is not so beautiful to him. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem. In the end, the **poem comes** to an end. I think the woman is afraid of marriage.

Answer:

I think that the woman is afraid of marriage, because she knows she cannot be a **good wife**. She is afraid of the change it **would bring**, she is not beautiful to him and he won't change.

This is a **good question**. In brief, the **woman talks** about a **white dress** and flower. She **also says** that she will not be changed for him.

She is not happy.

The poem is written in the **second person**, and the **first person** is not used for the woman.

*I will not speak of sorrows,
of love in ruins and despair,
and eyes that are blind with rain,
whose own bright tears lie in their depths.
Only one thing will I say, –
For it was all a dream*

*a night of such strange happenings,
that I cannot now believe,
which is this, that you will find
the gold and silver of my flowers
buried like the dead,
in the earth which you dig.*

*But I am old, and it is said,
"The dead lie in their coffins,
dead are the old who lived,
and the young are born,"
so that I may have lived only
to see my flowers turn*

*to seeds again.
I have no desire to go
back into darkness,
for I have seen a light, not
the bright morning light that comes,
but a feeble light of the sun
which fades on the sea.*

*And in the twilight of the day
a pale moon has been standing
and watching that little light
that has grown and faded.*

The **speaker tries** to describe the wonderment of a child when he wakes up after a nightmare. She narrates that he tells her that, at night, he saw a lady, who is very dear to him and all of sudden, she disappears from his sight and does not appear once again. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the reader.

Some of the lines of the poem are **somewhat difficult** to comprehend.

The **first line**, "I will not speak of sorrows, etc." is a **little confusing**. It does not specify what she will not speak of, but the reader can figure out it refers to her **personal life** or her dreams.

The **second line**, "For it was all a dream," shows a sense of frustration. Concluding with "It is said, "may" is an **uncertain word**. "May" can mean "perhaps" or "might."

The **third line**, "a night of such **strange happenings**, etc." shows the speaker is trying to describe a dream, but is unsure what to do with all the **different details**. The "etc."

could describe many things.

*On the white, dead land
I went forth from my house,
In the rain and darkness
Of the evening that was cold, and the wind and rain*

*And snow of the winter came on,
Out of the dark of all the night. Then I began to wonder
If ever a woman could have been loved,*

*Not as herself alone but for her face. It was a fine face, and would have
borne*

*A thousand kisses. But though it was
Such a beautiful face as one reads of,*

*I did not know her. I had seen her come
Into the room and go out.*

This **poetic reflection** of a **bereaved daughter** in the **first person presents** a girl's thoughts about her **late mother** and her mother's face because her only consolation is remembering the memory of her **lost mother**. She recounts the story of how she used to go with her **little sister** to play with the mother and father in the **late evening**; her **mother would** be sitting on the veranda, watching the sunset, and the **children would look** at the sunset through the **large window** of the hall of residence. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand the significance of those evenings, the last, and only **real time** she spent with her mother.

She describes how "there was no **one else** but just we three" and that her sister was always the one to go down into the veranda and ask the mother for something. She goes on to describe that the **mother would always** be there, smiling at her children and smiling at them all. There was, of course, no way of knowing that the smile was actually for her. In short, **even though** the mother was alive, she had no face; there was no one there to enjoy the sunset with her, and the **children would always** have to **go alone** to share the memories with the mother.

1

*I am one who never knew what love was.
The birds that sing, the bees that fly by me,
They know not what I say here;
For now I have heard what you have said to me.*

2

*You said: 'From the flower to the grass
We turn with a rush and a swoop.
In the night of the sky
There is a fire in the heart of each.'
You say that we are born into the world*

*To suffer and to learn well;
To be torn from the breast,
And to endure despair.*

I would ask you not what you think but what happens to me.

*O mind, not mine but yours, I beg
That you give me no answer.*

*This silence may be from the heart.
I ask not that my spirit may go
With yours into the silent room,
For the room is now too full of love
And I cannot take your place.*

Written for a **poetic nature**, this **beautiful poem** tells the story about a **dream lover**, who **always talks** and **gives beautiful words** to his beloved but remains just a dream. The **speaker says** that her lover is different from all other birds, that he **sings words** of wisdom and knowledge.

One more thing about this poem, it deals with the idea of love, which is the most profound and **difficult part** of **human life**. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning behind** the poet's words.

The **main theme** of this poem is loneliness. The poem is about a dream. The **speaker talks** about loneliness.

The **speaker says** that he talks to the birds but they ignore him. The

speaker says that he doesn't know what love is.

The poem is about the speaker's lover. The **lover asks** the speaker not what do you think about the **love story** and **things like** that, she asks you not to answer. To wrap up the poem, she asks the speaker not to answer the questions.

This poem is about a dream. The **speaker says**, "The birds that fly by me, they know not what I say here.

*I'm afraid there's no answer
To our prayer for rest.
I've lived too near the fire,
And burned to ashes in it;*

*If you wanted me gone
From those you are with now,
You might have sent me out*

*With a word or two.
But you let me stay*

*And do what I was told.
Here's a book I promised you that's true,*

*Here's the story of "The Boy Who Killed His Mother and Father."
They got it out of me, and it's all there, every word.*

This poem is about the revenge that the **father gets** against his son. The **poem begins** when the **speaker says** that he is afraid that there will be no **resting place** for him after his death. Although he died while burning himself in the flames of a fire, he didn't rest until he came to a place where there was no more fire.

The **poem explains** that his desire to be free of the flames is what led to his death. Poem seems to be underappreciated because he left this poem to be found. In short, the father has the desire to leave his life and rest, but he didn't get to live. The **poem explains** that he died while doing his work. The speaker then goes on to say that the **boy got** it out of him. The **boy got** the story of "The Boy Who Killed His Mother and Father." The **poem ends** with the explanation that the story is all in the poem.

Poem's Structure:

The poem has an AABBC structure. The **first stanza begins** the poem. It **also begins** the story of "The Boy Who Killed His Mother and Father."

The A stanza is the introduction to the story.

*When the old woman in her cottage
Beholds the night come down
She makes her house good and clean,
And fires up wood and coal,*

*Making a fire to see.
The smoke it curls high in the air,
Then hangs like a black cloud,
Whereby she knows not whether
It is for good or ill.*

*The moon has come to her side,
And shines upon her from the snow,
While the wind in his anger
Tries to break the chimney-top.*

*What is left of the hay for the fire,
The candle is burning low,
But the moon is so bright
They can scarcely see the face,*

*The wind that blows on the heath,
Is the same wind that blew
On the young man in the wood.*

This **short poetic poem** introduces a **strange old woman** who stays at home, **making sure** her home is **well prepared** for the **cold winter night**. But she is not aware that the smoke which she makes from **fire** **symbolizes something evil** and ill-fated for her. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem, in my view.

*I was a little thing,
a child with my mother. We sat and spun at night,
spinning wool for cloth. She would sit me on her knee
so I could spin the wheel. And she would ask me questions,
she would make me speak:
"What was the name of the man who gave you lessons?" "Who?" I would
say, puzzled. "The professor who taught you dancing." But she always asked
in vain. For dancing with the professor all day long
One had to be as light as the wind. But one day it was her turn to dance.*

This **tragicomic poem** is about the loneliness of poverty and the dreams of a **young couple**. It begins when the **poet speaks** about how **young children spin wool** in their **poverty-stricken home**. He then mentions his mother and her dreams to work with a **prestigious professor**.

He compares the professor, whom he **never met**, to the wind, which takes his form but **also takes** his soul. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem.

The **poem ends** when the mother is to leave her home and work with the professor. But, before she leaves, she dreams of a boy who will teach her dancing. She talks to him like she **would talk** to a person she has **never met** before; he has to be as light as the wind.

She says he has to be as light as a breeze because "If you are too heavy, you will sink!". The **mother hopes** it is not the professor, but her son that will come to teach her dancing. Ultimately, when the poet does meet his mother she is not the one to teach him dancing, but his mother has taught him **many things**. He is grateful that he was a **tiny boy** when his **mother taught** him dancing. He compares it to how a butterfly is small, but has an effect on the world.

*It is the hour of the heart
That must decide for the day
What may be left alive in it
With this unblinking life.*

*To have a life in the hours
One must do things in a way*

*That let one know a time
In which to have one's life:*

*It is the best thing, and the worst.
But for us, we do not know*

*Whether it is good or bad,
Only that it happens.*

This poem is about the passing of time. The **speaker describes** how we are **facing several changes** in our life after **every minute**. The time does not seem to be enough to express our feelings.

He **also says** how a **short life** is consumed by the time.

The **speaker says** that we should not live for the moment. We should do what is in front of **us without caring** for the future. We should **act without thinking** of what will **happen next**.

It saddens me, that not **many understand** the speaker's point of view.

The **speaker also wants us** to understand that we should **face life** with a lot of emotions, joy and anger. It is not a **good feeling** to **live without emotions**. If we do not **like something**, we should not be happy, and if we **love something**, we should not be sad.

No one can **live without emotions**. To wrap up we should live with our emotions and not for them.

If we are going to live our life, we have to think about what we are doing. We should not live for the moment, but instead we should enjoy and learn from **every moment**. We should do what we like doing.

We should do what we **feel like** doing.

*I was standing in a field,
I was alone,
And while I stood, the wind began
To murmur through the wheat.*

*It was a strange, loud murmur, like words:
"There is nothing new except change."
That was how it sounded to me*

*in the garden in a night of rain.
And one night it was as if things were said,
But I could not understand: "Nothing*

*will bring light to the darkness"; and "My name's
Cain, for there is no sin in me."*

*And Cain has to go out into the evening alone
And fight with the darkness, and to struggle with God.*

The speaker in this **poem narrates** that he was **alone standing** in the field and it started to murmur. The **words seemed** to him like a **strange loud whisper**. Then came the wind and murmured: This might be new.

When the **rain started**, he felt that everything is old and has **already happened**, and that man is the only one who created the darkness and the rain. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poem.

Literary and Cultural Context:

The Bible says in the book of Genesis how God created the world and men. People believed that in the beginning God created the world and man as an image of himself. They didn't know that God created the world and man a **long time ago**, and that man was created in his own image, but in the image of evil, not the image of good.

In brief, God creates light and gives it to man to make his life. Man can see the light and he can **also see** the darkness. Man is supposed to fight with the darkness and to struggle with God for the light.

*I have lived in the streets,
and on balconies, and in alleyways.
I have known what it is to sleep
with a knife in my hand;*

*to feel it growing
in my palm, warm and wet.*

*Under the sun of the great sky
I could have taken my fill*

*From your lips, and from your hair
And from the mouth of your eyes,
But that you cried aloud the name of the Lord!*

*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
All our lives long: in joy and in sorrow.*

This poem is about a **man saying** his prayers in his bedroom. The **speaker confesses** that he has **never experienced** the **good life** in life. He has been living in and **around streets** or on the roofs and has slept with knives in his hand at night.

Yet, he **never felt** the sweetness of the woman's lips or the warmth of the woman's hair or in the woman's mouth. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand his appeal.

He wishes that he has been living in the sun of the **great sky**, rather than in such a dark and **cold room**. The **speaker wishes** to be forgiven for what he has done. He has sinned against God and the people in general.

Yet, he wishes to be forgiven for the good he has done because of what he has been in his life.

The **speaker also wishes** to say that he has been living in the streets, and on balconies, and in alleyways. To wrap up, the **speaker wishes** to be forgiven for what he's been doing all his life. He wishes to be forgiven for his misdeeds, and to be given the opportunity to do better in the future.

*In that hour, when I was young and glad
Though much afraid of life, and full of dreams
I had a dream—a dream I never knew
Of beauty, more than flesh and blood can use;*

*And so my dreams were never satisfied,
But left me longing, not for what I saw,*

*But for that which I now have made my own. How happy were the years
which were to come! —O what a lovely thing the coming of age
Is, and how sure! A day comes to every man when he must take*

His wife.

This poem has been written on the marriage of a bride. The **speaker recalls** how he dreamed of being beautiful and being taken to a world he has not experienced. He **seems overwhelmed** and excited, though he **also acknowledges** that as he **became older** he **accepted life according** to the rules and accepted the marriage to his wife.

He does not deny that. In the **last stanza** he says that marriage is a **wonderful thing** and that he will experience that with his bride. He states that "I have it now". But, the **reader knows** that he has not "it". It saddens me, that not **many understand** that they have not "it", and in my opinion, that is a shame. It is a shame that someone does not have the ability to **understand something** as simple as a poem. Concluding this analysis, I would have to say that, in my opinion, "the poem is not about marriage. It is about beauty. It is about the hope that beauty is **something real.**"

Explanation of Words:

"What" is the **first word** of this poem, but it is more about the speaker's dream that he was so excited. The **first line says** that he is "glad", which suggests that he is excited. "For" suggests that he is glad because he dreamed of this.

*In my childhood's home, in an olden age,
My elders and I stood together, watching,
A young man, with an empty paper bag,
Carrying a small tray of milk cans on his back;
And there*

*He went walking down the streets, and sang.
I remember that there was some mystery
About his singing: it was not enough
To know that he sang as an animal sings
In darkness, before the dawn. There were nights
When*

*And mornings when it seemed he might be a god.
But now he sings for pleasure, like the rest,
And I have no thought of him except as one
Who makes things beautiful, who makes the day
Seem like a tree,*

*Whose leaves are songs, whose boughs are dreams.
I am content, I am glad to think of that,
That once I loved him; but as for his God,*

*The very thought of Him sickens me. Why do you cry?
It is so good to cry. Yes I cry more than ye;
For it is my old time, and I must grieve.*

This **short poem** is about a memory. The **speaker describes** a **young man** who used to sing for public as a tradition in their hometown, which is now a **deserted place**. She reminisces their **past days** and how they watched the boy and his **small container** of milk being **carried around** the town.

She says he sang and has a mystery about his singing. Then she has the same feelings about this man. It saddens me, that not **many understand** this man is a god. She's sorry about his God and wishes he **could take** it back. Ultimately, she says she's content and is not concerned about this **man anymore**.

This poem was read at the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty

to Animals' annual New York reading for their annual Poetry for Animals Contest. Read by the poet, June DeMarco, June DeMarco is a New York writer, a mother of two and a student of literature.

The poem was read and edited by the poet, June DeMarco, at the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' annual New York reading for their annual Poetry for Animals Competition.

*I had heard men say of old,
I shall make my mark in time.
And if their time was wasted well,
They had some comfort in their mind.*

*But now with a new invention,
Old men and boys have been taught;
Now one can write with one's finger.*

*So many fingers may write,
And still there is no doubt"
I will not say that I am wrong,*

*But I have always a suspicion.
In a certain case of murder,so,and a long story,
To my mind it all turned on a penknife,in a very quiet way.
So many fingers,all with the same purpose,
May write the letters with*

*The same pen,the same ink,
The same blank sheet of paper,—but is there a knife?
I have been trying to remember the shape it was,the colour,every line,every
angle.*

As this is a **short story** about a boy who thinks his ideas are **worth thinking** about, the **speaker begins** by saying that she has **heard people** of **old claim** of making their mark but their wish does not **come true**. With this idea, she presents the saying: I **shall make** my mark in time. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the people of old because of the ideas they had.

The poet is afraid that she may be forgotten because of the invention of the **mechanical pencil**. The **poet believes** that the invention of the **mechanical pencil** is a sign of progress, but in fact, it is something that **makes people feel useless**. In order to make herself more important, the **poet talks** about the invention that **made old people** to learn how to write with their fingers. In short, he or she thinks that the **new invention made** them more useless than they were before in the **old days**.

In this poem, the **poet speaks** about her fear that she may be forgotten.

The **poet claims** that this fear is based on the fact that the **mechanical pencil** is an invention that **gives people power**.

*It's all over, no use to pretend and fight it out.
No use, I know: I'll just wait.
I won't ask for more, a long life full of pain and care
Only for love*

*And its sweet return—how simple it is!
For the rest, if years can mend things,*

*He that will not live with this old thought,
He that has heard it told so often, and seen it so well established, may find,
when it is worn out, his heart as easy to heal as the wound.*

*I must not write here such a story: a story of unchanging things,
Of a life that was long, and was once new, which did not always have to fight*

*Its way through the world; of a time when men did not
Have to meet the hardness of the earth.*

In this poem, the **speaker says** that he is no longer a **young man**, who **would pretend** to be stubborn against destiny. Instead, he tries to learn to accept his own defeat in life. He knows that there is nothing in this **world except** for love and its return.

Love is the **one thing** that he can rely on in the world. He is not willing to take the risk to fight against a love that has made his life to be longer. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of an **expression like** "The rest, if years can **mend things**." He does not want to end up like the others who live a **life without love**. He is willing to **accept death** for the sake of love. Instead of writing a poem that will describe the hardship of suffering in love, he just let the **world tell** a **new story**, one where love has always been there. All in all, this poem is a very **pessimistic poem**. It talks about the life of an **old man**, who has suffered a lot of heartache, and has lost a lot of faith in the world.

*That I would be no longer living for
The little children's laughter,
That I should be an old man with grey hair,
Or a child with childish play;
Or that I might hold to my bed at night,
And hide my face*

*From the wind's wild wrack,
For fear of the voices that are louder than the sea;
Should not be in me still;
Now they have come again, and taken me,*

*And I am here again!
They are here, they are everywhere!*

*They walk the street, and I hear their laughter.
Old women, young men, babies in their arms,
I've seen them everywhere so far from home.
I never knew they would be so sure to follow
Until now that they have found*

*Their way to my door.
They come at night, they come by day, each time
A little earlier, a little later, each new year.*

This **short poem presents** a series of thoughts of a speaker, who finds himself in love with the arrival of spring and its **green leaves**. He mourns the loss of his wife and her **memory throughout** the poem. After being asked as to what he **would rather** do, he chooses to live through the **spring season**.

The **spring brings** so **many things along** with it, such as leaves, birds, the blossoms of flowers, and the happiness of **new beginnings**. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of this poem.

Questions Answers

Questions must be on-topic, written with **proper grammar usage**, and understandable to a **wide audience**.

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*I heard you whispering a great song
To the blue air and the green leaves,
A mighty, sweet, high song as your wing beat slow
Against a purple-shining sky;
And the world seemed filled with voices; voices that were singing,
With your voice among them all*

*And I stood still, for I knew you. Your voice was sweet above all voices
In the great voice of the trees and the wind
And in the little sounds I had heard before;
I knew how far you had gone and where you*

*Would come back to me. You came back at last to the place where I waited
With my eyes blinded by the light of your face. When you drew near, I
turned to find you,
But you were not there. "He is gone," I said, "he must have gone on;"
And I heard you say—"No, he has not moved."*

This **poem consists** of **two parts**, one of which describes a butterfly who is in search of nectar so she can fill her belly with **sweet nectar** and other for a **young boy** who dreams of **flying like** a butterfly. The **poem begins** when the **young man imagines** himself flying in his dream and in imagination he **hears birds singing** that he **cannot see**. He feels a longing to fly with them and to see the world on the wings of his dreams.

Poem seems to be underappreciated and **understared upon** from a **literary point** of view because it is only composed of **five lines**. The **poem presents** this idea to the audience through the use of imagery, metaphor, and simile.

The **second part** of this **poem consists** of a **little boy** who is in search of the butterfly. He imagines that there are people who can fly on their own. But when he thinks of it, he realizes this is not the case and they **need help** to fly.

All in all, it is a poem that conveys the message that everyone is not **fortunate enough** to fly on their own. The language of this poem is very simple. It is written in **simple words** and **short phrases** that are easy to read and understand.

*You may not know it, but I am a writer. I write for you and your like, O
world. If your name
Is not writ under my work, if I am not to appear
In all*

*The book of life, it matters not. What will be
Still shall be, that has gone before, and shall remain. Time's past, time's
future, only the present remains. The clock, still ticking, keeps on its
eternal way. It is the only constant. And so, as it says
In his play, "All is one, one is all." No longer the old man and the little
child
Playing hide and seek in the long grass.*

This poem is about the speaker's wish to write in order to get their **name listed among** the greats of their time. It begins when the **poet addresses** the reader, saying he **would like** to be mentioned in their work. After some thought, the **poet adds** that they need not be mentioned in their own work, but that would not make any difference, as whatever they **wrote would still** have come before.

It saddens me, that not **many understand** the message of the poem. This is a poem of self-doubt, but the speaker is not afraid of their name being left out of a book that is written by time. The speaker is not afraid of being forgotten by people, as they are **already forgotten** by the people they are looking for, as they will never be remembered in their own lifetime. They are afraid of their name not being remembered, or **anyone remembering** it. All in all, they are just afraid of being forgotten.

*My heart is broken beyond repair. It lies in the dust with a heavy air of
gloom,
I shall not laugh again. If I could forget, it might be bright
Again, but I am dumb for pain's sake. My heart is black as I walk through
the street,
And I am sicken with the night and day. I can not think or look or hear or
pray;
And I shall soon be in the grave,
My body laid in earth and my name gone. Ah! who is there to tell my last
prayer? My soul has flown into the darkness before,
And now I am but a silent tomb.*

As this **short poetic piece** is about death, the **speaker** talks about the **inevitable end** of his days. When he **says something happens** to him, **one feels** he is talking about **physical death**. Yet, he hints at the **psychological process** that leads to death of personality.

The **speaker says** he is sicken with both day and night. Also, when he says he should be buried, he makes it clear that he is talking of the death of his body, which is accompanied by a **mental process** of being laid in earth. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated for its originality.

Poetry with Meaning

As the poem has a meaning, it is suitable to be used in school or **college level classes**. It is the **best poem** to be used in a class where the **teacher wants** to teach and discuss on death. However, if the **teacher intends** to teach on death, he or she might not want the poem to be used because it has a **deeper meaning**.

This **might make** the **children confused** as to what they are supposed to learn. To wrap up, it all depends on the teacher. If the **teacher wants** to introduce the poem in the class, he should use the poem with the **desired level** of understanding.

*I had no time, as I lay and listened,
To wonder if her cheeks could flush or blood
Drain from them as in fear; or if their lips
Were reddened by a smile or by the pallor
Of terror. She did not look up, but still*

*Her head was turned towards me, and I was sure
That she was still my wife. To see her thus,
So white and still and calm, frightened me;
It made me feel that she must die – and, dying,*

*Have ceased to be my wife; and then I knew
The horror of it all. And then again
I felt the comfort of her calm eyes fixed on me
Full of a love which had no limit, no end.*

*All other women seemed to me a lie: I felt
That all the beauty which I had known was a cheat:
A lie which made me ashamed, and which at last made me hate.
And now her face is dim in*

*My memory; her name is dead in my ear.
But sometimes I dream of her, and she seems alive,
And then I know that the world and the life which I lead
Are the truth, and I am glad.*

This poem is an expression of love from a husband. It begins when he is lying down in bed, listening to his wife's conversation. Suddenly, he sees her looking up to him with fear on her **beautiful face**.

He feels that she is about to die. Because of this, he begins to think not only of her, but of all the other women. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem. They only take what their own **husbands say** as gospel. This poem is a **true example** of life.

In this poem, the **poet says** that he is not a **good husband**. He says this because he is a **little jealous** of her beauty. He says that he **sometimes wonders** about the meaning of her beauty.

Maybe he dreams about her sometimes. He says that he **feels ashamed**

and that he begins to hate all the other women. In short, he says that his love for her is not limited and it is eternal.

*I once knew a man named Charles Manson,
who was convicted of murders as recent as 1968. There was nothing to
indicate that he was
other than an ordinary young man. I thought that nothing could be more
boring
than being an*

*ordinary young man, but there he lived and there
he died, and I've often thought of him. Now I don't want to say that this
poem
means to imply that Charlie Manson did not commit
the murders which he was*

*charged with committing. I'd like to say rather that it intends
to suggest something of the mystery and horror
of it - the way in which we live with
something which to us is utterly incomprehensible and
yet it*

*haunts us. I have said we know all about it,
but at the same time that we feel it is
not within our ken. That is the point in those
two lines of Keats where he says "Is it*

*not madness to wish again, to break that
bond again, and yet for ever to be bound?" It is not a thing that one can
talk about, the
thing that comes over me there. It is a
feeling.*

As written by Sarah Marie Stern, this is a poem about her experience of hearing the news of a child who is murdered. The **speaker** narrates the incident that happened to her as she was a student in the US. Her **teacher** told her about a boy who was murdered in 1968.

The victim in the poem is referred as a **young man** here, meaning the **victim would** have been a teenager. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the meaning of this poem. There are **many different ways** to look at this poem. The language in this poem is **simple yet powerful**. It is not as easy to put into words as other poems; however, once you understand the

message of the poem, you will understand it very well.

This is a poem that is very personal, the **speaker tells us** how she is connected to this victim of the murder. All in all, this is a very **powerful poem**. It **tells us** a lot of things that we do not know.

This poem is a **powerful poem** that **tells many things** and opens our eyes to a lot of things.

There are **different ways** of looking at this poem.

*I am not sure whether my old teacher of French,
I was a student of hers, is still living.
But now and again as I walk down the main street
in our village she comes to mind to me.*

*Perhaps it was when we were schoolgirls together
that such a feeling first came into my heart.*

*Oh, I hope it came, for as long as I can remember
I had been living in a dream of beauty.
You have always known this, I know; your eyes*

*Have always been my world, the sunlight of my soul,
And now I live in your world and see the sun.*

*I think I have never known any other sky but the sky
That shines on your beautiful face.*

The speaker is addressing her beloved. She expresses her strong and **deep love** for him, which he may not feel at all. The **poem begins** with her stating that she is not sure that her old French teacher is alive and if she met her again.

However, she thinks the **woman still probably** does not know she is speaking to her because it was when they were a **small child** that she **first began** to have feelings for him. Poem seems to be underappreciated, for it is a kind of "lonely" song, and does not **seem like anyone** is listening to it. The **speaker claims** she will not know how her life will be when she is no **longer able** to know his face. She says that she is not **sure whether** she will know how she will live in a **world without** him. It seems as if the speaker is not as aware of her feelings for him as she thinks she should be. The **speaker seems** to be a very **emotional person**. Concluding the poem, the **speaker says** that in her eyes and in her heart, the **sky looks different** from one that she knows. She states that she lives in his world and is aware of his **beautiful face**.

*We were playing the game of lovers who have been married for years,
 We had to play it, we had sworn the oath—to be unfaithful. And we swore
 that it should be a long affair of years. There was no hurry, it was too late
 for sudden flights and startings,
 The day was never to dawn when we could say to each other: 'It's finished!
 We must see this out, and wait our time.' The days we counted off in twos
 and threes, they were no more than marks,
 For us the spring went on always, making new buds, bringing out the young
 leaves;
 And we watched for her as if we were her children, and waited for the signs,

 We had read in the books of old, waiting for the flower to burst into bloom,
 Waiting for the bird to come back, or the bees to gather honey, waiting to
 hear
 That she had come, had come at last, the one who would be the perfect
 mother.*

This poem is about a **young couple's** struggle with guilt. The **speaker declares** that they are in love with each other, but do not want to **get married**. This makes them **feel guilty**, as they realize that their **decision affects** their future, and most importantly, their children.

They have both agreed that they will not rush into marriage and have **taken care** not to make their **relationship obvious** to others. This is what makes them **feel guilty** in the **third stanza**. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the need to be true to one's self and not **let others influence one's** decisions. In brief, they are trying to be honest with each other, but **feel like** they are cheating on their children by not **getting married**. The speaker in the **fourth stanza** is trying to express to their children that they will not be punished for their parents' choices. They will be loyal to each other and to their family and they will be the parents to their children, even if they are not married. The speaker in the **last stanza** is trying to express their hopes to their children, that they will be happy and will not **feel guilty**.

*I walked a good far piece,
A mile or more from the town,
Up and down the hills all day
To have my mind more full of me. And I got down amongst the sand-dunes
too;
The salt wind on my face did me good*

*And I was glad enough to be alive. I thought I would be walking ever
Till I lay down by the ocean side. We had good times together—
But she was going to marry some one else,
And that made me very down-hearted. We were the first people in the world
ever,
For we loved each other so much. And he was a fine fellow, too. Good-bye,
old friend—my heart's in the clouds
The wind was whistling through the pines,*

*The woods were very desolate,
That morning we parted from the town—you see,
It was my last chance; I mightn't come back—
So I whispered to him, "There's a chance for me at last!"*

This poem is about the love between **two children**. The **poem begins** when the speaker, the **young boy**, goes up and down on the hillsides, to relieve his tensions and be happy. As he walks, the **poet recollects** his **first love** and asks his friends about his feelings.

How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of this, because only the boy and his **girl could understand** each other's feelings. This **poem shows** the writer's sadness in trying to find the **real reasons** for their love.

The **poet compares** himself to the wind. He is lonely and doesn't want to be away from his love for long. However, he is happy because he is a **free spirit**, and he doesn't think of any obligations or responsibilities to his family.

Translations:

The **first person**, the reader, **could possibly** be the child or the girl. In short, the **poem appears** to be the child's experience of the boy.

*I have seen the great dark trees
Where the deer move under,
And the little birds on the twigs;
I have heard the song that is not sung,*

*The stillness that is never still. But most I recall
The small sweet flowers that blow along*

*A wayside in spring time
And make it seem all the brighter for the wind. The grass grows greener
If you can keep it cut short*

*And always keep yourself
From going to seed.*

This **short poem** is about a forest where nature is in its **full glory**. It begins when the **speaker mentions** the **natural beauty** of a forest. He recalls the **small white flowers**, **green grass** and the **swaying trees**, all which are not visible from the street.

Because of the silence in the forest, he recalls how he has heard the song that is not sung, or the stillness that is **never still**. For the speaker, it is hard to get to the bottom of this silence. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem. The **poem continues** with the lines, "I have seen the **great dark trees**, where the **deer move** under, and the **little birds** on the twigs. It is just like the speaker, who doesn't understand why nature is so beautiful. This is the speaker's conclusion. In his conclusion he reveals a **deep knowledge** of life and nature. He reveals himself as a man who has seen the world and understands the meaning of life. Ultimately, this poem is about nature. It is about the forest and the beauty it has. It is about the beauty of the day and the night. I think the most **beautiful thing** is the **little flowers** that bloom.

*That night when I first came into the room
I saw the dead body, white as paper,
lying on the couch; and I could not refrain
from looking at it a long time. It seemed as if my eyes had been surprised
by a living thing. Why was that body so strangely white? Why did that face,
which I recognised
with an utter shock of surprise,
strike upon me thus in the midst of
a crowd?*

This sonnet is about a **young man**'s discovery of his **dead mother**. The **speaker goes** to his parents' room, and looks at the **corpse lying** there. When he is struck by the **sudden shock**, he seems to be amazed by its **white color**.

He wonders why her face is so white. In some ways, this **image may** be compared to a painting, because he thinks about her for a **long time**.

His parents' **room may represent** the **living room** of the house, because it is quiet and peaceful. It saddens me, that not **many understand** this sonnet because of the death of a **young mother**.

A:

You can use the line "I could not refrain" to describe the situation: When the **young man looks** at the corpse, he is unable to restrain himself. In this context, "refrain" means "stop or interrupt". A **different word**, "restrain", has a **different meaning**.

To wrap up this analysis:

The **young man** is looking at the corpse. He is interrupted by being shocked. He can't help but stare at her. As a result, he has to refrain from doing **something else**.

*She sat alone on the porch,
She sat in the dark woods alone,
And she was like the moonlight, and her face like the flowers,
Like the stars, that wait for thee.*

*The moon is not like the world to him,
The stars are not like himself to her,
But she is like both.
And he will hold her hand in his,
As they look at the sea together, together.*

*He will say to her: "I was only thinking,"
When a star falls and she sees it;
And she will answer, "Let it be,
There is time for everything."*

*But soon they will see each other again,
She and her husband,
Because of the song he will sing to her
And the flowers he'll bring her.*

*"O don't ask me, O don't say anything
That has not happened yet!"
But she is happy to think of it
Though she knows it cannot be.*

The **author** presents a **fairy tale**, where a **wife waits** for her lover while he is away on a journey. One night, she sits under the moonlight and imagines her life with her **beloved husband**. The **man finally returns** to his wife as though by the miracle of God, but he is not as her **dreams picture** him to be, but a **different person**.

He brings her flowers and asks her to ask him no questions. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand this **special relationship**.

Why is the man from this **story called** Her lover?

How can a **star fall** and she see it?

Why is he not like himself to her?

How **many flowers** can he bring her?

What is the **last line** of the poem?

Analysis:

The **author presents** a **fairy tale** where a **woman waits** for her lover while he is away on a journey. To wrap up this poem, she sits under the moonlight and imagines her life with her **beloved husband**. The **man finally returns** to his wife as though by the miracle of God, but he is not as her **dreams picture** him to be, but a **different person**.

*They would not let me talk,
These men that loved her
While still I could find out why
She went away alone. She had said that she was leaving,
They were asking no questions,*

*Only she went and came back again,
Only she talked to the room
Until I knew that it was true
That she was going on and on. We had a secret of our own,
And of a deeper and darker sort,
Which had nothing to do with love. It was the one thing we had together.
My sister and my brother and I;
In secret we would gather there
And talk of it—how we met and how,
As if we were alone on a deck,
The sea was rolling, with no shore in
sight and sound but that white line of foam.*

This poem is about **sisterly solidarity**. The **poet begins** by narrating that her brother was not allowed to **ask many questions** about his **sister even** as he tried for long to find her whereabouts. He tried to **tell people** the truth about her departure.

However, even then, he was not listened to. Because he was not trusted, he was ridiculed to his face, but the **truth would** not budge them. After the **poet narrates** these circumstances, she begins to talk about **another secret** which she shared with her sister. Poem seems to be underappreciated at the **present time**.

As the **poet narrates** that her sister had a secret which she only shared with her, it is clear that she wants to reveal that secret to the world. However, the poet is not certain about it. The **poem seems** to be a declaration of this secret.

Because the **poet narrates** that it was a secret of a deeper and **darker sort**, it is only the poet who knows it. Concluding the poem, the **poet says** that there was a secret of their own, and this secret had nothing to do with love.

The **poet seems** to be revealing that her brother and sister were not interested in something which was more important than love.

*To see the world,
And not to conquer it,
Is not good enough:
He must do that who would see.
That is all that I have known.*

*You will not find me
Complaining any more. I have lived with those who
For the love of life
Could not keep alive.*

*And these are they who died for their country,
And the old men too, and the
Wounded soldiers; these
Were some of them who died to keep us free.
You see how I
Live, how contented I am;
I'd not change*

*My life for any other's.
I am an old soldier; I do not grieve to die.*

It is a sweet release. And then I sleep at peace, for I have done my duty well.

This **passionate poem presents** an **intense experience** of the speaker as his life is touched by death. It begins when he notes that all the people in the world are striving to live an **extraordinary life like him**. Then he moves on to tell the story of a person who is content with his life, and who is not striving for any extraordinary or **extraordinary achievements**.

It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand that the person who is content with his life is actually the one who has lived.

The speaker then **starts singing praises** of his life, and says that he is content with everything. He says that he is blessed with a **good wife** and children, and **even tells us** that he will not be complaining of any illness. He then says that he is a soldier, and a veteran of a war.

In brief, he says that he is an **ordinary man**, who has lived a very **ordinary life**.

The speaker then moves on to mention about the people who died for the sake of the country. He **tells us** that not all the deaths were for the sake of the **great nation**, but **also spoke** about a soldier who died and is buried at the back of the church.

*I saw a lion there, a cat of stone,
with golden, green and purple eyes,
and a star on his front teeth.
"Look at me," the stone cat cried, "I am beautiful*

*when I lie on the grass."
He lay on the green grass, and said,*

*"There is no God." And looking about him, he turned his eyes to the sun,
"And there is no sun,"*

*And thinking of the darkness that was in his soul, he raised them to heaven
and cried,*

*It was not night that he saw but nothingness;
And it was nothing that he felt but the dark.*

*I have loved you, the deeps will hide you
In my heart where no one knows of you.*

The **poem centers around** a mysterious and **elusive cat** and presents the cat's life as an experience of **unrequited love**. It begins when the **speaker says**: I saw a lion, **referring** to a **real cat** that is a **stone statue**. He then adds: I wondered if this **lion might** be man, and I saw a face, it was a cat of stone.

Poem seems to be underappreciated the reader's perception of the cat. Throughout the poem, the **reader learns** more about the cat and discovers that the poem does not provide any information about the cat's life. The reader can only think that the poet is **merely giving** a story about the cat. Therefore, the reader has no choice but to take the reader's word for it that the cat is a **true cat**. Concluding that it is a **true cat**, the **reader learns** that the cat is a **stone statue**, so the reader does not even have a **good picture** of the cat in this poem.

*I do not remember my mother,
Her face, her voice. I can remember, but dimly, that other woman
Who bore me. What must she be like?—that other, silent, patient, strong?
She is*

*All that I am. But I know not her face or her form, nor am I permitted
To see it. It is hidden from me, and I cannot know any other. And now
when I would ask,
I know not the answer but I will try once again. The darkness within me
tells my heart that she does not love me;
And so, as I sit and listen to the storm at sea*

*I wonder if she ever will. Yes, of course, she will, dear, because she can't
help it,
But she won't look at me as she did, you see.*

This poem is about a speaker's disappointment in himself. Using a **poetic technique called metapoetic**, this **poet portrays** his own experience. With an **expressionistic attitude**, he says that whenever he **would think** of his mother, he knows she is right there but he finds it difficult to see her because of the **stormy sea**.

He says that his heart is filled with her image; but no matter how much he is looking, he **cannot find** her. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** in this poem. However, the poet's use of imagery is effective for it helps the **reader experience** the poem.

The **speaker uses a technique called anadiplosis**. It is where the repetition of a word, the **light /** of the sun, **helps** in the creation of the rhythm of the poem. It **also helps** to make the **poem seem** more intense. To wrap up this poem, the **poet also uses** the language of metaphor, which is when something is used to **represent something else**.

In this poem, the **poet uses darkness**, to represent the **speaker thinking** about his mother.

*Oh, how beautiful you are, but when all the beautiful
things have departed, and only the old things are there,—
old clothes on the rack, old carpets on the floor
and old faces—which have forgotten how to smile—
then*

*then only is Love left of all the world. And now the sun is going down
behind the hills,
and the red clouds are flying across the sky,
so quickly, so quickly. The wind is blowing; the little white cloudlets
are going up and down in the blue sky. It is windy and cold. I should like to
stay here. I must go, however. My father will wonder where
I am. But who cares for me? I am the boy who had
nothing to do with the things which are happening today. When I was a
little boy, I could not imagine that I
would not be alive a thousand years hence. Now I have a
great fear that when I die I will not live again.*

The **poem speaks** about love, passion, beauty, life, death, time, uncertainty, anxiety, regret, hope, future, youth and more. Throughout the poem, the speaker has been describing the nature of **love including** all its phases, as seen through his eyes. He is aware that love is something which **eludes us**, often at the times we most want it and want it the most.

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

However, he **also believes** that love is there, and only needs to be known and understood. Love can be **found everywhere** in the world, but has to be sought for. "Love comes unbidden," he says, "When all the **beautiful things** have departed."

This is the **truest love**, he feels, and is the only kind which **lasts throughout life**. All in all, this is a very deep and **thought-provoking poem**.

*Be thou at the dawn of spring,
Or the dusk of winter;
Be thou at its first gray light
In the green and golden light. Or if it be the darkness
Before the dawn; but come soon. So we wait and wait
Beneath the stars, so close*

*The world lies all about
And I am here
Only, like a dream,*

I feel it not.

This poem is an expression of the joy of awaiting the arrival of **something exciting**. The **poem begins** when he **says one** should be waiting in advance for the **new dawn**. He considers that waiting for anything is a thing of **great joy** and fun.

Though it **may sound ridiculous** to others, he says it is not, and that it is a part of waiting, waiting for **something exciting** to happen and to begin.

The **poem states** that **one would wait** and wait for the arrival of **something exciting**, and the arrival of **something exciting would** be coming. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning behind** this.

There is the line that one should be at its dawn. To be at something's dawn is to **start something**. When one is waiting for **something exciting** to happen, they are **waiting till** the time for the dawn. But in the **line one** should be at its **gray light** the dawn is not the only **time one** should be waiting for **something exciting** to happen.

In brief, one should be waiting for **something exciting** to happen at the dawn, the dusk, the time before the dawn, any **time one** is waiting for **something exciting** to happen.

This poem is a very poetic and **poetic expression** of the joy of waiting for **something exciting** to happen.

*They are gone now, and far away;
 They are far from me. I have a mind
 To go out and meet the world at night,
 And think upon them. I must go now. I would not meet my father, nor my
 mother,
 I would not see my little sisters or brothers,
 But one by one I should put to bed,
 That they should be safe in bed in the morning. For them I will dream of
 happiness, and of a
 Dreamless sleep. I know all that I do is wrong,
 And it is hard for me to be good;
 It is so hard, but you have given me love,
 Love that makes me brave. It is your hands that do it, and your eyes;
 I could see the love in them, like the light. The sunlight is bright, but it is
 dark as night.*

This **short poem tells** a story of despair and pain. It begins when the **speaker thinks** the people are **long gone**. He **says** They are gone; now and far far away.

They **far away** from my mind. Tonight I want to go out at night and meet with the world. He makes a contrast between "then and now". He says he is **far away** from them in the past, and wants to meet with the world. Poem seems to be underappreciated, and he wants to be appreciated. The **speaker compares** himself to light. It comes from the sun, and it is bright, but it is dark as night because **night comes without** the sun. It is the darkness in the middle of the day, and it is hard to be good, because the speaker is struggling with guilt and sin. He **also says** he is brave because of your love. It is like a light, but I **would like** to be more like the love in your eyes. Concluding with a **dreamless sleep**, which means no more dreams.

2. I want to go out and meet with the **world**

2.

*If you are out on a dark night,
And a storm is coming up,
Let a little moon show
Out of the fog and rain;
For if the weather continues fine, you can have your little fill*

*Of the moon and stars tonight.
If you're out in a crowd,
You can count each face;
But if you've got to be alone
There's nothing like a moonlit night.*

*The moon looks down the river
And it seems to smile;
It's a beautiful night, with stars in the sky,
And the wind is whispering.*

*So still and quiet, for all the world.
The moon looks up the mountains,
And they are black as ever;
But the moon laughs at them, and laughs,
That's how soft it is.*

*My old man makes it hard for me.
He says the devil'll have me
If this weather keeps on.*

This **poem centers around** a person who is **always exposed** to nature. Therefore, he **stays alert** while gazing at nature. The **speaker narrates** his experience of an **ominous storm**.

If the **nature decides** to keep the **rain away**, then the **narrator enjoys** the beauty of the night when there is no rain or wind. The **second stanza centers** on the person who is in front of a crowd and counts each face so they can **feel comfortable even though** they are alone. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the **meaning behind** the poem. The **third stanza deals** with the moon, which is the only thing that is beautiful and natural. The moon is just like a friend. Therefore, the only place where she shows herself is at night. The **fourth stanza** is about an **old man** who gives the narrator a **hard time** and is **always concerned** with the weather. The

narrator, however, has the choice to **enjoy nature** or not. To wrap up, the poet is hoping to make you realize that the most **beautiful part** of nature is the moon at night.

*There were two old women in the kitchen eating soup;
They talked together and ate some bread,
And some potatoes boiled to nothing;
The soup was good, the bread sweet,
But there was no music—no one.*

*Two girls in the parlour playing;
There was the smell of the sewing-machine—
Four old women, all talking.
One played the piano, three were singing;*

*One was making lace; and one was sewing.
Three old ladies smoking cigarettes:*

*"They were sewing." The ladies smoked their cigarettes.
Four old women knitting: "They sewed.
Five old ladies sewing:
"They sewed."*

*Six old ladies playing checkers:
One sewed—the other two played checkers.*

*One was sewing, one played checkers,
And the third was laughing and talking.*

This **poignant reflection** depicts a group of **neighbors going** about their **daily chores**. This **poem begins** when the **old women** are busy with their cooking and have their tea. The **scene switches** to the scene in the parlor where **young women** are **chatting together**, dancing, and **playing instruments**.

The **speaker turns** his **attention back** to the parlor, **focusing solely** on the **four old women** in the room. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand, or appreciate the music, but this is a reflection of the speaker's view. The **poem ends** when the **narrator returns** to the kitchen, where he finds his **neighbors still talking**, eating, and smoking.

Comments:

This poem is a **bitter reflection** on the loss of the old, and an attempt to cope with the reality of having no one to talk to, no one to **share music** and love with. In short, this is a poem about loneliness.

*In the beginning was the Word,
And the Word was with God, and the Word
Was God. He was in the beginning
With God; all things were made by him, and without him was not anything
made that was made. In him was life, and that life*

*Was the light of men. And the light will shine in you, and
You shall shine also, as God is in the light.
That it may be so.*

*I believe in God the Father. I love God, the Son, and the Holy
Ghost.*

*Who loves God, they say, is saved. What is love? Love is the gift,
the fruit, man's end and aim, his highest good, the measure, measure
for measure, of all things: his law, his happiness, his reason.
What*

*Can there be between God and love that gives so much? The
infinite mystery of things. God has put love in man as a lamp in his
house. He has placed it behind the sun. It is no longer daylight.*

This **simple poem** is about the **eternal love** of God to the world. As the **speaker begins** the poem, he **begins questioning** his readers. How did **everything begin**?

How do we know God exists? God himself was there. Everything came from him. The **first thing** we knew in our life is God. He is not dependent on anything. We know him because God created the universe and we believe in Him. It saddens me, that not **many understand** this.

The speaker is stating that God is the one who loves. God is the one who is loving to all. He has **put love** in man.

We should **put love** in our life. It is not sunlight, but God's love for us. We should live by love.

The **last paragraph** is amazing. God is the one who gives all and does not **need anything**. We should do the same.

The speaker knows God is above all things. Ultimately, God is love. He is the only one that has love in his heart. The speaker is not questioning God's existence, he is questioning his readers. The speaker is saying, you all need to know God.

*O, it was a strange and sad thing to see him
that morning coming out from his garden,
where he had been digging on the side of his house,
and there was the earth still sticking to his nails*

and his shirt on.

I had been in bed all night, and I wasn't sleeping well

*so I started out of bed, hearing Joe outside, working around the house,
and going to him for a drink of water, I found him asleep on the porch with
his hat off and his mouth hanging open. I tried to wake him up*

*and then I got into bed again, because I thought if I woke him he would start
up
his work, and I didn't want to be disturbed at that time of the night.*

*But all of a sudden his eyes were open
and he was staring at me. "What are you doing?" he said.*

This poem is about the impact of time on a person. It begins when the speaker is in bed and does not wake up, waiting for her neighbor to **stop working** and **start sleep**. But when she goes on to his porch and finds him in the same situation, she changes her mind and helps him to be awake in the morning.

It is a bit of a **paradoxical situation** for the two of them, since he has been stopped from his work while she has not. Poem seems to be underappreciated in today's context as an **important example** of what is called the New Formalism, which is a reaction against the New Critics and the Postmodernists, both of which tend to be too analytical in their approach. The **first stanza focuses** on the impact of time on a person. All in all, the speaker is very interested in the impact of time on the **human mind**.

Critical response

The poem was very **well received**, and inspired a series of other poems about the power of time on a person. Other poets that have **written poems** about time are:

"Time" by James Wright

"The Time of the End" by W. H.

*I am the woman who married a priest and lived in luxury,
And I have a little boy who is all my life will be.
And so I have been brought up to feel that there ought to be a joy
That has never been known except by women, or by*

*Men in whom the fire was put out.
I married a man of an ancient blood that had been proud and great,
Who had looked at the world and found it very good;
But I married also to take care of myself and to give the boy the chance
That he might not be like his father, who would have been great one day.
So my husband had a little money and he was proud of me.
He worked at his trade and kept the house as it should be kept.
And when*

*I wanted money to live on, I went to work.
If I had minded him he would not have been killed.*

*The child that was born to him did not mind him;
He was like a dog that had been kicked from the door,
And I, who am glad he was not in the house,
Have the dog and the child to remember me by.*

This poem is about a woman's life. It begins when she speaks of her past. The **speaker says** her husband was a priest, and they lived a **luxurious life together**.

She has a **little son** who will always be her support. She says she has been conditioned to feel a **certain way** about this, which is that there must be a joy, but this joy only exists in women. This is a very **simple woman** who is in love with life and her child. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem and the woman who wrote this. It's a very **good poem** to read so people will have an idea of what the speaker is all about. Ultimately, she says she married the man for the purpose of **financial support**, and she didn't mind what he did in the world. The people of today are more interested in **making things** and money, and not caring about what is going on around them.

Poem Analysis

What is this poem about?

The poem, Husband, is a **personal story written** by Ernest Hemingway, a **famous author**.

I

*For the time of the dead; for the love of those whom I have lost;
O, the many-voiced, many-throated music of a land*

*Across whose silence, as a cloud, the wind
Is moving. From the green sea and from the land beneath the shadow of
mountains*

*He went to find his kingdom. And he said:
"O Lord, if there is anything to find*

*Be it good or evil, I shall find it for Thee. And I will bring it back before
thee. But Thou must give me strength to live it out, strength and
knowledge."*

This poem is an expression of triumph and confidence. It begins when the **speaker invites** the reader to walk with him in **past scenes**. He addresses them as I who have **passed away** from this world before the readers.

They are the ones whom he loves and **still misses** from **every corner** of the earth. The reader is expected to recognize their memories as his own.

The **first section** of this **poem portrays** a **peaceful moment** with the **speaker walking** in the past. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated as it should be. The speaker is going to a place where he knows he **could encounter someone** who was not there to embrace him.

The speaker will search and find a land he has not seen. In the **second section**, the **speaker says** he **needs strength**, knowledge and strength to fight the enemy. The **speaker asks** the reader to be with him in walking through the past. He asks God to grant him the knowledge and strength to help him with this battle. Concluding this poem, the **speaker asks** God to judge him fairly with the knowledge in his heart.

*Why should a young man fear too much? Yet I feel my mind grow old
And I cannot fight the time,
Which is a constant enemy. Since I have seen a soul to love,
The world hath changed for me;
It is no longer all a*

*Dream and a prayer of mine. But yet I know I must not give
My heart to one beside;
For they say love takes a new form,
And cannot endure too long. But the pain of the world's slow change
Becomes no longer keen,
When one can say he will be true
To one another always. I think you will forgive me now,
For the days, grown old and sad,
I thought no other woman could be so dear,
And the night when I thought love's flame had died. Love's light shone clear
again, and all was right. You would have had me give it up for that which is
lost.*

The **poem illustrates** the life of a **married woman** who has experienced a lot with her husband. She writes that there is **nothing worse** than to be in love at the age of five and sixteen; but her life has **changed dramatically since** she found herself in love. She talks about growing up and finding a heart to love.

The **speaker tells us** that he did not fall in love because he was afraid to lose his heart.

He then goes on to say that he has been through **much pain** because of his love. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of love. He says that it no longer be very keen when a man can say that he will be true to his love.

He explains that he is sad because he thought that he would not be able to **feel love**, and that **nobody else could** be as dear as he imagined his **wife could** be. Then he goes on to say that he thinks she will forgive him now, because he saw the light of love again. To wrap up his thought, he says that he thought she would not have been as dear as his love.

*I had not thought death strange
Until this hour; for the last time
I heard a bird on a dead tree
Make his old familiar sound. Now I shall never hear it more.*

The **poem** A Dead Bird presents the feelings of a soldier who was killed in battle. The **poem begins** when the **speaker admits** that during his **college years**, he did not **find death alarming**. He **also expresses** that until then, he has **experienced every kind** of sound a **bird makes**, and he finds it strange that **birds cannot make** the same **sound anymore**.

The **second stanza makes reference** to the **last time** the **speaker heard** the **bird make** its **familiar sound**; this is a **final confirmation** that the bird is dead. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the message the poet is trying to convey.

In the **third stanza**, the **poem expresses** the speaker's feelings about a friend who died in battle. He admits that he is sorry that he will no longer be able to hear his friend's **old familiar sound**. The **last stanza** is the most **poignant part** of the poem.

The **speaker admits** that when he was a boy, **many things** in the world were strange, and now as he **grows old**, he **still believes** that **many things** are strange. However, his feelings about death has changed. In short, the **poem expresses** that **old age** is a time when **many things** are strange.

*I was going to my wedding,
And was a-wondering in my mind
That the world should be quite right
And that my young husband should be true.*

*But then as I stood there at the church,
The first thing that I did see was you,
With your hat and your umbrella,
All dressed in your best black clothes.
And the sight of you made me afraid.*

*You looked and felt so far away,
As though you were on the other side
Of the world.*

*And yet I knew that you had always been
Near at hand. You were not on a distant planet,
Or wandering in unknown space—
I knew you were just where I ought to have been able to touch you
And I did not dare to try.*

*I was too shy and too proud. But there was another way:
If I were to go to you it would have to be secretly.
That's what I decided.*

This poem is about a lady who wanted to attend her wedding. She **goes inside** the church and stops to look at a boy she wishes to marry. But then, she sees her friend who she used to love and consider as one of her peers.

She **feels guilty** and disturbed about the boy she is marrying, but **also thinks** about how there is no chance of a reunion between this friend and her. How unfortunate, that not **many saw the real point** of this poem. This is an example of an ode. An ode is a poem where the poet is **praising something** or someone. The **first stanza** of the poem is in **iambic tetrameter**. This means that the poem will be written in **four lines** and each sentence will be made up of **four syllables**.

The speaker of this poem is a woman who is referring to herself as a female. She is also a very **shy person**. All in all, the speaker is very timid and scared to **make things work** out.

The **second stanza** is written in **iambic trimeter**. This means that the poem will be written in **three lines**, and each line will be made up of **three syllables**.

*I am the little old man with the hat in his hand
who takes his stand on the corner of Twenty-ninth Street
watching the taxis. He had made a trip and was waiting for a taxi. When
he got into the taxi, he would begin talking to the driver
and ask him a lot of questions; and if he were in luck*

*the driver might have some information. He always had his
notebook with him, and he had learned almost all the cabdriver's English
before he was born. So they could chat in broken sentences. It was a fine
night, but there was a slight frost, so the air*

*was still and the streetlamps and houses were reflected with a
glitter that made the street brighter than moonlight.*

This poem is about life and death. The speaker, who believes in God, narrates the scene when he is in such a **gloomy night** that he **cannot even see the light coming** from the sky. The night is **freezing hard** and cold and it makes him **feel scared**.

Then he takes a stand on the corner of the street and waits for the taxi. Then it is possible that he can ask the **taxi driver** a question. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand the **question asked**. The speaker is thinking about the death of his **beloved child**. He is talking to the **dark night** and hopes that God is with him.

The poem is written in the **first person**. The voice of the speaker is very clear and the **speaker keeps a low profile** which is common in the British tradition. All in all, it is good to know how a British poet writes poetry.

The poet has created a **unique world** for the reader to read about, in which the reader can picture himself.

The speaker is a man who believes in God and the speaker is scared of the frost. He is in a **gloomy mood** as he is waiting for the taxi. The speaker is thinking about death.

The speaker is a man who is afraid of the dark and the night.

*From behind the old church
I see his grave, his simple grave;
When I think of him I smile. And think of life, and laugh aloud;*

*It is but childhood's play, all play;
The world has many faces, love,*

And one is true to you, to me. My beauty has its place in my eyes

*In my imagination my soul and my mind
Are yours, your body that I see in a room
On the day of our marriage, you are mine. And I am yours.*

This **short poem describes** the speaker's yearning to be with her husband when he **passed away**. The **poem begins** when the **speaker finds** herself at an **old graveyard looking** for her **late husband's old grave**. She laughs and scoffs because she thinks that life is only fun and games.

With this thought, she starts to reminisce on the time that she and her husband were married. She **also thinks** of her husband's **beautiful body**. She imagines herself embracing him at night when he had just returned from work. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the speaker, as she died a year after it was written. To wrap up, the **speaker admits** that she does not understand the beauty of life and the love that a husband and a **wife share** for each other.

*I was never in love, I can't see what makes it so sad. It is like a sickness
which can never go home, nor out again. I should have thought that being
in love would have made me glad,
Instead of making me miserable*

*And always in the end it goes on and on. You can't imagine the way it is.
You can imagine how it was*

*for my mother, but you can't dream how it really was. It was awful. And at
night, oh, at night it got so*

*worse. When they took me to bed I had on the little dress
that you gave me. They said it was better – it covered*

*better than the other – but that I would have to have something
more substantial for my blanket.*

The **poem begins** with the **speaker wondering** if she has ever been in love. She says that she can't picture what's the **big deal** about love and what **actually makes people go** after it. She **tells us** that it isn't possible to **find** the reason or the reason why because it would be too sad. This is the narrator's point of view that **love goes** on and on.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by those who were supposed to understand what it meant. As a result, the **narrator concludes** that I should have thought that being in **love would** have made me glad, **even** if she was **never truly loved**. The **author tells us** that she has been in love but hasn't understood the feelings that come with it. She **compares love** to a sickness, making it seem so awful that it **makes us sad**. To wrap up, the **poem ends** with the **narrator admitting** that she **would never understand** what **love means** because it is so painful.

*It will not do to leave me here alone. The days are full of trouble and
confusion,*

And in my misery I am not able to

Sleep as I should, and so I have been told

*I must sleep on the same pillow with my son. But I fear that, should he
awake to know*

That someone else sleeps in the bed beside,

*He might turn his wrath on the unknowing wretch. Therefore I say: No, I
am not afraid. It is good, then, that there be something between*

Us,—some understanding—if it must be so.

This **poem recounts** a day in which a **mother goes** to work with her son and leaves him under the care of the neighbors. She feels that it is unfair to let him **go home** with strangers. As such she wants her husband to remain with him to help them both relax.

Her son will have an **easier time understanding** himself when he is home because his mother is there, and she doesn't need to be.

*I walked in the meadows by a river. It was a summer morning in autumn,
The weather was warm, and I saw a trout
Bending down to feed on river grasses*

*Which grew along the water's edge. All the landscape was green with
meadows,*

*Larch and willow trees were heavy with leaves,
In the green meadows stood the village with its church. The village clock
told me the hour of twelve. The red clouds hung in the west behind the hills.
At the foot on the garden path a woman stood alone,
Her arms crossed over her breast, her head bowed.*

The **poem consists of two parts**. In the **first part**, the **speaker visits** the river and sees a trout, which he describes as a **lazy creature**. He asks why the trout is feeding on grasses, where others are **working hard** for their survival.

According to the speaker, the trout is just a "**meadow animal**" and not a "trout" in the sense of "a fisher", who is trying to **catch fish** for sport. In some cases, the **speaker uses** the word "meadow" to describe a type of creature. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of this "happy" creature. In the **second part**, the **speaker goes** to the village, which is portrayed as a home for the living. In contrast, the speaker's hometown is a place of death, where he is "**going home**". The **speaker describes** the sky, which is a "**red cloud**" behind the hills. This shows that the speaker has come from a **happier state**. In brief, he is in the home of the living. The speaker is going through the **garden path**, which is a **road leading** to his home. According to the poet, the speaker is going from the "meadows" to the "home", which is his house.

*I heard the water running
When the spring came back again,
Down from the hillsides
Through the mossy old oaks;*

*And in the valley
I heard an Indian singing*

*A little sad song
That seemed like a sigh. You had never sung
To the young birds or the old,*

*Or to the clouds
Or to the trees.*

This poem is about nature and its wonders. The **speaker says** that she heard the sounds of nature when the **season came**. While this is a **beautiful scene**, the **story ends soon** until she **meets another person singing**.

She finds out that the person is an Indian lady and she realizes that it makes her sad.

The **poem starts** off with a very **simple theme** that the speaker is thinking of the springtime. It is very clear where he is and the **time period** of the story. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the beauty of nature.

They do not understand the way that **nature comes back** in the spring. It is as if the speaker is saying that because of the people who do not know the beauty of nature they have not experienced it.

In the **first two stanzas** the **speaker describes** how the **season comes back**. In the **second stanza** he is describing the spring as very beautiful. The **third stanza** is about the sadness that the **speaker felt** because she did not know that there was an Indian lady who was singing.

Concluding with the **last stanza**, the person is amazed by the beauty of nature and realizes that she should take a moment to appreciate it.

*I will tell you what men do
not say to women in dreams;
I will tell what women may ask
and yet not show the price.*

*It is not worth the asking now,
to-day, or yesterday,*

*If you can see yourself in the mirror when
you look at your face.*

*– That is what is meant by the saying that
the mirror shows us ourselves as we really are.*

*At least it gives me some notion of what I must be to you,
if you see in me anything more than myself and my own wants.*

This thought-provoking poetry revolves around female vanity and looks. It starts when the **poet compares** his face to her own reflection while looking at their faces in the reflection. She is then inspired to learn from his sayings about love and other things.

Her reflections, however, lead to no conclusions. The **poet also says** that the woman's **look cannot** be her friend. She **may see** in her own **face something** very different. The **poet may** be trying to say that the woman's **reflection cannot** be a mirror of her own heart. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the concept of heart in a woman. The **poet asks** his beloved to see herself in the mirror, but there are other ways to understand the meaning of the poem. The woman in the **poem seems** to be wondering if her reflection is her **true image** of her heart. She may be wanting to ask the **poet** *If you see in me anything more than myself and my own wants.* To wrap up the meaning, the **woman may** be asking, if the poet can **really see** in her more than herself, and is looking for more from her. The **mirror shows us** ourselves as we really are is **another way** to understand the meaning.

*I remember the olden time
And yet how old that time seems to me:
I remember all the people they were,
All the people that used to be,
The people I worked with one day,
Were glad and gay the*

*Next day they had to die. Was it worth while for them to live? Well, yes, it
was worth while;
They knew what they wanted and how they got it,
But how did they know it then? The boys who had gone before them were
Better than they were, and they were only babies,
And the men who came after them
Would be better still. Therefore they let their fathers die. For they did not
understand about these things,
But the boys who were there now and the ones that would be
Were all in it together.*

This **sonnet centers** on the disparity between how **people live** their **lives today** and how those who lived in the **past looked** at things. It highlights how **time changes everything** and also how the **change creates** a **new culture**. The **speaker compares** how one should **respect one's parents even though** they died with how that attitude did not exist in the past.

The speaker is **also saying** how the world is now different because **everything seems** to be about money.

The **speaker also discusses** how people do not know who they used to be. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the past. I think that everyone should try to learn from the past.

I feel that if we did not understand the past, we would be lost. I think we should respect our **past even** if it is our parents, or grandparents.

The line: How did they know it then? **shows** that **people used** to be ignorant about the past and now they are knowledgeable. However, they still do not know about the past. Concluding the sonnet, the **speaker asks** how much the past had changed.

The speaker is saying that the past has changed, **even though** they thought

it was the same. The line: And they were only babies, **shows** how they are only young.

*It will be morning soon,
Soon the sun will rise.
I will have my breakfast
Beside my window.*

*The wind blows wildly;
The rain is driven
Against the window panes.*

*It is very dark in the room.
My soul is full of sorrow.*

*A dark room,
A dark soul ”
And then the door opens.*

*The light of laughter
Pours through the open doorway.*

This love song begins when our poet addresses the morning. He writes that it is just about dawn and the morning is **coming soon**. Then he **describes various things** such as the wind, rain, and darkness.

After explaining why he feels so sad, the **poet says** he does not have a light in the **dark room**. He asks his soul if it is empty. After he answers that his soul is full of sorrow and then the **door opens**. The **poet looks outside** and his **love appears**. Poem seems to be underappreciated as it was not included in the Norton Anthology of Poetic Maturity.

Analysis:

In this poem the **poet uses the word window** to describe a place where **light could** not be seen. He **imagines many things** through a window and so it is used to help him **imagine things**. For example, he imagines the **wind outside his window blowing**.

The **wind blows** and the rain is driven against the **window panes**. In brief, he uses the window to help him imagine what is outside his window and what is going on outside in the **outside world**.

In the **first two sections** of the poem, the **poet explains** why he feels

so sad and full of sorrow.

*I have sat in a quiet place
Alone and with my soul. I have waited all the night for thee
Before thy coming to me,*

*While the black darkness falls
And the birds of night begin to cry;*

*I will open my arms and show you
Here in the dark of my heart,*

*There where your feet are lying
All that is not*

Asleep. Not asleep.

The **speaker** says that his **soul** **waits** for her as **time** **progresses** and the **evening winds** **begin** its call. As the **darkness** **starts** **covering** the world, she arrives in a very **unexpected way**, but he is still not able to see her through the **thick darkness**. After all, he had made her waiting so much that he started having **sleepless nights**, and he was **even willing** to **sacrifice even** his health for that to happen.

But the **darkness** **starts** **gradually** **moving**, and the **speaker** **realizes** that she is there, in his **innermost heart**, where the feet of his **soul** **lay**. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated in its entirety only because of the darkness.

What I love the most about this poem is the fact that we see the speaker's heart. The **poem** **describes** the speaker as a man, but this **also** **makes** him vulnerable as he opens his arms, showing his soul.

I think that the poem is also about the speaker's faith in the one who comes to him at night. He waits for her as the **darkness** **starts** **covering** the world. All in all, the poem is written in a very **simple manner** and this makes it understandable.

*This is the time to take to the beach;
This is no time for thinking. Let me
Unpack my basket and then I'll walk
Till I find it hard to keep upright. It's the wind, I think, although it blows
From the south and the sand is cold on my

Feet. But the wind blows strange and wild
In the woods above the lake

And the water's edge is steep and grey.*

The speaker is on the **island enjoying** the **scenic beauty** of a **beautiful beach**. He mentions that it's not the **right time** to think. Then he **gets ready** to set up his **belongings like towels**, a bucket, and a basket.

In a hurry, he **starts walking towards** the water's edge. The poet has **used different poetic devices** such as simile and metaphor. The **speaker uses** the simile in the **first line** where we get the impression of the beach as a **beautiful woman**. The poem is full of imagery and **uses rich vocabulary**. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning**. However, to me, it was a very **nice poem**.

The poem can be divided into **four stanzas**. The first and the **fourth stanzas** are all about the speaker's mood. The second and the **third stanzas** are in the past and the present.

The **first stanza** is a simile for the beach. It's a **nice simile**, because it adds a more **interesting tone** to the poem. To wrap up, I think that the **last line** of the poem is very interesting and it's the speaker's opinion of the beach.

The poem is about summer and the speaker is enjoying the scenery.

*Do you mean to tell me
This is a song about the Moon? She's the only creature that has
The right to look at her with me. I like your arms so much,
I love your face so much*

*And your white legs up to your bum. It is a pity you are bald. But you look
pretty now. You're quite
a good-looking chap now. Aren't you?*

This **love poem** is about a **little bald head** who talks about his love to the moon. What this **poem reveals** is that this **little head** is able to make a **big difference** in anybody's life. He wants that more ears should hear him.

For this purpose, he is singing to the moon. She is the only creature in the **whole world** who has seen him and heard what he says. He is happy because only he knows that he is seeing the moon. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem. Concluding, he says that he doesn't have any fear as his hairs only make him **look pretty**. That's it.

Poem Quotes:

My head is bald but I can look on the moon.

Poetry Analysis:

This is a poem that is written by a **boy whose head** is bald, but who still has **enough hair** on his head to look at the moon. He says that he can do so because he has no fear of being bald, and his hair only makes him **look pretty**. He says that he is able to reach the moon because she is the only creature in the **whole world** who sees him.

She is the only one that he can tell that he is looking at her.

*This evening I see all the women, naked and beautiful,
The men are gone. And I cry, but in the house of my soul,
I cannot find them. Oh, what have I done to make the men go away? What
have I said? What have I cried? Oh, what do I do? My heart is like a rose
growing over a grave. Oh, but no one will ever know it,*

*No one will tell them who I am. And no one ever will care if I stand in the
sun,*

Or if I go to the moon.

The **poem presents** the beauty of woman with the description of the love between her and man, their fight, quarrel, and **finally separation**. The **speaker describes** the emotions in which she is suffering from and how she does not even have the opportunity to **say anything** to man as the man has **already gone**.

The use of the simile of the **rose illustrates** the heart of the speaker who is like the rose, beautiful and is growing in pain on the grave, where men have died in wars. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poem.

Essay on My Heart is like A Rose

Like many of us, I have been through and continue to go through a time of pain and suffering. In the **poem** 'My Heart is like a Rose', written by Emily Dickinson, she is describing the sadness of love through the comparison of the heart being like a rose, which is in bloom and beautiful, but **eventually wilts** and dies. Ultimately, the rose is no **longer beautiful** because it has lost all of its life and energy.

In the poem, the speaker is **telling us** the story of her life, and as she tells the story, she **also describes** the **many emotions** she has gone through.

*This song we never sing,
This song we always sing.
That's how the song goes by;
And I am the moon,
And you are the sun, you two.*

*You two go out and in,
Out and in for a year, always; and we, the night, stay at home.
You live all night in the light;
I dream all day by the fire.*

*I see your face all as fire:
Your face is all of light.
I'll take my face and go to bed.*

*My head will hurt,
But that's the way it always goes,
And I'm used to it.*

*It's not so bad
As I thought it would be, to travel
On the railroad,
Or to walk about in the sun by day,
Though it wasn't what the doctor said it'd be.*

As this poem is for an **old couple**, it begins when the **wife compares** her partner to the moon and sun. She notes that she is only heard in his presence. To a son, she tells him that, We **never sing** this song. She reveals that they **usually stay home** and the son is **seen often**; she then speaks of his face, which is seen all bright in the sun.

Poem seems to be underappreciated by other members of the couple; when she notes that her husband is old, he only complains.

In the **second stanza**, the **speaker tells us** that the couple's marriage was meant to last only **one year**, but she does not complain as he did. She asks him to **stay home** with her during the day, when she sees her face, which she compares to fire. Ultimately, she asks that he **stop complaining** and go to bed.

She ends the poem by speaking of the **way things** are, and the **husband ends** it simply by acknowledging.

*I wish they had not burnt the house
that is now over my head,
The little bricked-up garden, where
I played so gladly in the sun,
and the green leaves under the trees
when I was a child, alive*

*and glad with things that were.
But now there is only the dark
over me, and the dead and gone
within the darkness, till I am
as they are, alone.*

*My feet are cold, my limbs are dead;
my hand is cold and stiff. Yet still
I stretch my fingers forth to meet
the coldness. The dead are there.*

*The wind is cold that whistles
through the trees, and the snow fell on me
when I was dead. Come to me, they would
say. In the dark I hear them whispering,
come to me. You will not*

*find me cold like the others, because you
have a heart for suffering.*

This **short narrative poem** is about the speaker's feelings about his **deceased grandfather**. It begins when we see the **old man trying** to get out of his bed to talk to his grandson. He is very happy to see his grandson, who tells him something about himself after some time and his grandmother, who tells the **old man** of some things in her life.

He asks the **old man** to **come outside** to talk to him, which he wants to do. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning**. I think they **mean everything** will be all right. I think the **old man** was a **good person**, but he left his **family alone** in this situation.

This poem is about the **old man's deceased grandfather**.

The speaker's grandfather is very happy to see his grandson again after some time. We see this because he tries to get out of his bed, which says a lot about him. In brief, he is very happy, because he wants to see his grandson, who is a **nice kid**.

There is no meaning to this poem. The speaker is asking the reader to **find meaning** in this poem.

*Not that there is no wisdom in my life,
Not that it's full of things I can't guess at. The years are many, and their
wisdom comes from a long way –
It spreads through the earth, and all its history*

*Is mine to live: these things are there in me, too! I know them – they are
all part of my own skin;
They are mine, but not all of me. O that the years would give me the right
to see*

*All things in one self! –
To be only a single thing: not many selves;*

*Not many separate things. To see one's own heart only. Love of the one
thing, which is the same*

At every moment.

This **poem celebrates** the beauty of one's life. It begins when the **poet sings** about this life as beautiful and great. He **also reveals** that his life has had lots of experiences, **even though** he **cannot express** some things to himself, as he is not a philosopher or psychologist.

That means he is **still immature**, but knows to **keep growing**.

So far, he has been learning through his life and listening to the earth, as well as to his teachers and other people. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand him. His parents and teachers, especially his mother, are the only ones who **truly understand** him.

When he describes his mother, he reveals her beauty, but also how she has taught him to learn to be strong and to be a man.

The poet is not a philosopher. He doesn't know how to explain why he has become the man he is, but he does know it's his life. He knows he is part of nature, and that nature is alive.

In short, he **loves life**.

As he begins to sing his song, he reveals that life is beautiful and great,

and it has taken him **many years** to understand that, but now he is **old enough** to know it.

*I will build you a splendid temple,
The Temple of the Holy Ghost.
A column on every side, a tower,
And in the columns gold and blue.
I will plant your garden of stone flowers,
All of lapis*

*And a fountain that will play.
In the centre of it all you shall sit,
You shall have a throne of yellow.*

*You must never laugh, or cry, or frown,
Or be afraid.
But in your lap you can put a heart,
And when you want to you must beat it,
Like a little drum.*

*And when the world is over, it must fall
Into a big, dead flower again.
You must be good and gentle always.*

*It is very foolish—but you can't help it,
So you must be kind to the dogs.*

As this poem is about God, the **speaker explains** his own desire and intention of building the house of God. He decides to make a house in heaven where he can **live forever**; and in doing so, he thinks that it is important to have the most **beautiful thing** in heaven, i.e., the house of God. He wants to have a place where he will have peace.

His house is **like heaven**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand him.

The **speaker also talks** about the speaker's own heart. He says that his heart is like a **little drum** “ he uses an image that shows the speaker is serious in his intentions. As a result, the **speaker wants** to make a house in heaven.

He wants to have the most **beautiful house**. He describes a house in heaven as a **little garden**, a place of rest, and **everything else** that goes with a

house. Ultimately, the **speaker wants** to make a house that is a reflection of his God. He wants to make a house that is made out of stone. It's a very **literal representation**; the **speaker wants** to build a house out of stone.

The **speaker also discusses** the fact that he **cannot help** it.

*I can't go on living, but I must;
It is not yet time to die.
But that which has to be will have to be.
So much life to live!*

*But it seems that the years have gone by.
And it is over all too soon,
The things I meant to do and could not.*

*How little I thought it would be!
It is the way of all things that die:*

*The wind that breaks the bough,
The flower that fades in the garden:
And yet because the dead
Are so much more beautiful “*

*Because they lie so still,
So motionless, you might think
That they had been put to sleep, I love you*

*More than I could ever tell.
But when I touch these stones
And see the grass grow green again,
Then I shall love some other man.*

The **speaker presents** a list of regrets. He compares his life with what he could have done. While the **reader understands** his pain, sadness, and frustration, he wishes he had done more.

His **tone shifts** as he discusses what would have happened if circumstances were different. In short, he gives a picture of the life that he wanted and couldn't get.

Poem Interpretation:

The **first part** of the poem is a list of regrets. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of life. But, I think the reason the **true meaning** of life is so hard to understand is because our lives are so chaotic.

We **never know** the **exact path** that we are going on, and that's why we have so **many regrets**. So, I believe that the poem the speaker is saying, he could have done more if life had been different.

There are **two ways** that I think the speaker is showing his frustration and sadness. In brief, the **first way** is that he discusses how the grass is **growing green** again. He says that he **would rather** have **died instead** of living.

What he means by this is that he prefers to be **dead instead** of living.

*Come then, and let us sing together.
Come, my child, the old-fashioned song.
I know you love the old tune,
And love to join your tender voice
In the great choral swell of sound;
That brings a smile to my heart-strings*

*As I look up with weary lids
At the dim lamps in the night.
Once more we turn to the old story,
The old good story I must say,
Of how the Lady of the Land
First gave him all her love and*

*The heart of him she had so loved,
And then went out one rainy day,
To meet another lover.*

*He turned his old face away,
Sad and worn and old and grey,
But the world went on the same,
A sadder and a slower place.*

*And the old, old world still goes on
In its weary way with all its pain.*

This is a **poetic love story** that **takes place** in an **empty classroom**. The **speaker starts** by calling out for her daughter and tells her to sing the songs they used to **perform together** to get the smile on the speaker's heart. He further informs her that the **old stories** are the ones that he likes to hear.

As for the other men, he hopes they are not very sad. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the story. He tells her that the **old-fashioned song** will bring them **closer together** again. The **poem ends** by saying that the **world goes on** in its **slow pace** with all its pain.

This is a **beautiful love poem**. It's a very **nice example** of an **old-fashioned love song**. It is a **romantic love poem**, which means that it has a lot of longing and passion.

All in all, it's a very **beautiful poem**.

Many of the people in the poem are sad, which **makes sense**. The **lady looks** at the speaker and tells her that he **looks sad** in the **dim light** of the room. Then she asks if he has a lover, which means he's not married.

*O little mother, what time is it? I see no clock, but by the hour
 That you come to my bed-side late—
 O, let me but know the truth!—
 So I may get out of bed,

 and to that little, cold room,
 Where you say you'll leave me while. But, oh! and it's very cold, how cold!
 And your face has not once looked in,

 I wonder why? Well, you see, it's the morning,—
 So I guess the moon and stars will win
 While I'm on the shelf;
 For I cannot climb all the hills —
 I cannot reach the stars,

 But I know my way to the moon. Then let the mists come at night,
 And the moon be hid behind the hill;
 The stars shall shine the same as ever,
 But I want the moon to be mine.*

The **speaker draws** the attention of his mother to his room that has no **heating system**. However, he wakes her up late at night and she leaves him there as she has to attend a **social meeting**. Although she asks him to make his bed and **even tells** him he **might run** out of breath if he doesn't, she fails to look in on him.

Hence, she does not know the **real reason** why the speaker is left all alone at night. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poem.

*It is a very little thing that I have to say,
But my whole heart cries out after, and the words stick in my throat. If
they be beautiful words, a man might say it's wrong,
And yet, he would*

*If they be ugly words, I could not find them
In any speech, or song, or prayer, to sing them with. But for your smiles of
grace, and laughter, dear,
I would not know that I was ugly to you. Sometimes I wake in the night and
think: is this only
the pain of my lost beauty, or is there some worse thing? I have not found
it yet. But it is still in my heart.*

The speaker in her **poem begins** by addressing her beloved, saying that the **small thing** she has to offer to him is also a **small sacrifice**. She, however, adds that her **heart always makes** her want to give more. Then she further adds that sometimes she wakes in the middle of the night and thinks, is this all there is to me of beauty or is there some **worse thing**?

She **also adds** that she still does not know what she means by the word 'ugliness'. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand what she means by the word 'ugliness'. It **seems like** the speaker is trying to **tell us something**. However, she does not have the ability to express it. The speaker has **also made** her heart the **key phrase** of this poem. She says that 'my **whole heart cries** out after' which is her way of **telling us** that she **cannot help** but make this very **small sacrifice**. The **speaker also says** that if the words be beautiful, her **lover would consider** it wrong. In short, she has made the **word ugly** a part of her poem.

The author of the poem has written the poem in **iambic dimer rhythm**. The second and **fourth lines** of the poem are written in **rhyming couplets**. The poem is written in **free verse**.

*All night it has been raining heavily;
The wind has blown violently, and the river runs
High and yellow in the streets below our window.
The rain in my soul runs over all the days
I have not known a woman's tenderness.*

*The wind blows through the window where I lean to see
If she will come to me and show again her face;
And it seems that all my life, past and to come,
Has been a long cry of lonely disappointment.*

*I am no longer young, and I have not found
The right and true love that my soul has craved;
Yes, I have had my heart's desire denied,
But I would not change it for any wealth;
For if it is true that woman*

*Is the one thing needed to make the world complete,
Then I will take my life and I'll find it in her.
I am in the valley of decision,
And I must choose between the life that is dead
And the life I feel is living still*

*In her who has been my guide and my salvation.
It is not the same world the old one knew,
But I shall try to hold on to the old
Though the new is so beautiful.*

The speaker of this **poem** makes his plea that there is **nothing** like a woman. She is unique in all qualities and that she is a part of mankind, in both good and **bad times**. Moreover, he declares that he will **always search** for love after loss.

He says that he is in the valley of decision. It saddens me, that not **many understand** that he is not satisfied with his life after the loss of his wife as he was before that. He says that he is searching for the right and **true love** and he is in a dilemma to find it. He **cannot find** the right and **true love** and that is why he leaves the **old world** and goes to the **new one**. He is seeking for the **right one** and he wants to find it in a woman. He says that he is the one who is to blame and he is seeking to find a woman to complete

his life. In brief, he is looking for the **perfect woman**.

*I am the land of your childhood,
Where the hills and valleys are. I saw from a high plane
The smoke of its villages. It was green and yellow, red and blue, blue with
smoke,*

*And green with cornfields,
And red with wheat. For you I made my rivers flow,
For your homes I made the hills;
For the white flowers of your towns,*

*The birds of summer sing. Do you see them? do you hear them? Do you
know the song they make? The leaves are green,
the flowers are white;
my thoughts are gray. When autumn comes again,
we shall have snow.*

This lovely poem highlights the importance of love and family in life. It begins when the speaker says that the place is her beloved country and places, and then she explains that it is covered with hills, green valleys, and rivers that flow through the valleys. Then she begins to describe her country, saying the cities and rivers are what she saw from a high plane.

”There was a high plane, looking down like a flying bird
There were fields and flowers and hills and valleys. It saddens me, that not many understand
what we say. I cannot be understood. I am the land of your childhood,
Where the hills and valleys are. I saw from a high plane
The smoke of its villages. It was green and yellow, red and blue, blue with
smoke,

And green with cornfields,
And red with wheat. To wrap up one point, you need to remember that there are a lot of places where the narrator is talking about her beloved country. It sounds like a lot, but it is true.

The beauty of the story is the way the speaker paints the scene for the reader. She does this very well, and she does it in poetry.

*All the young men running home on a spring morning
Are men who are tired of life, but not of living;
They are men with souls full of a restless longing
For the country whose name they cannot spell. The world is a hard place to
live in, and it's the young
Who suffer most from it. It's a bad world, anyhow –*

*You can't blame anybody for liking to find some other way
Out of it than what the world offers. We'll go, old man, we'll fly. What
difference does it make*

*How far away those mountains lie? The clouds will be your wings, and the
birds your horses. They'll fly into the valley so blue.*

The **speaker draws** a parallel between the **natural surroundings** with the **human environment** to show the pain that each of **us feels due** to the fact that they are separated from **one another**. In the **first person**, the **poet highlights** the beauty of nature as he **compares nature** with **human nature**. He further emphasizes on the fact that the beauty of nature is **hidden behind** all the pains that we experience.

In the **second person**, the **poet uses** the present and **continuous tense** to highlight more pain as he tries to bring down all the **happy moments** of the **human life**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand that the mountains are beautiful but just that we don't understand it. The **poet goes one step** further and draws a parallel between the mountains and the clouds.

The **poet highlights** the fact that the **clouds hide** the **beautiful nature behind** which is just an illusion and not reality. The poet further emphasizes on the fact that the mountains are just out of reach, as we don't know the **exact meaning** of the **word home**. To wrap up the poem, the **poet emphasizes** that in the end, we should go our own way out of the world as we don't want to live in the same system that the **world offers**.

*I have seen the city which has a hundred thousand spires,
It is full of light and has towers that pierce the sky. I have walked in its
streets like a god, and my boots
Have made the echoes ring. Its streets are avenues of trees*

*Planted by gods, between which the moon can run an hour at noon. And
every night I went out to find the streets as crowded
As the day I had left. And every day the doors were open*

*As if there had been nothing in their minds or eyes
Save love and the desire of love until the stars fell*

*And the earth itself was black with sleep, so they could not tell
When they fell down in one another's arms. The summer came
And the night-time was white as the snow.*

This **short poem tells** about the beauty of the city of lights. It begins when the speaker is excited to visit the city with a friend. When he is there, he notices the abundance of spires and its **beautiful lights**.

He speaks about his love for the place. It begins, as in all poems, by telling a story.

The **speaker tells** a very **romantic story** of walking through the city with his friend. She is a lover of the city. While he is there, he **also takes note** of the city and its beauty.

How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of these cities. They were not places where **people lived** and were productive. He was very enthusiastic about a city that he could not **even see** its **real beauty**. He speaks of the doors being open and being open to love. It is important to note that these doors were open. There was no need for them to **stay locked**. The city was a place for love and romance.

The **speaker also talks** about the summer and its beauty. In brief, the **summer brought** about the **night time** and the darkness of the eyes. It is **also interesting** to note that the moon was able to run through the city at night.

*There in the dark, I saw a thing which made my body cold,
And though she turned and fled into the forest light,
She called me to follow.
Two days before this, the snow had fallen hard on the fields and roads;
The leaves were whitened*

*The twigs on the fence were stiff with ice.
In the morning she was sleeping in my arms, and I was happy;
I knew her face, I knew her eyes, and her hair lay across my cheek.
Then late in the afternoon, she awoke and slipped*

*From my hold;
and she said "No," and stood in silence at the gate between us.*

*I could not look at her. I wished to look.
I said to her "Go!" and went away into the dark.*

*It is no longer night. The sun is out.
But she will walk there always in the shadows.*

As this **poem begins**, a woman is speaking to the reader about a **strange experience** she has just had. When the **speaker wakes** up from her sleep, a **dark figure catches** her attention. After having seen the thing that has left her shivering, when she tries to call the person to help, she is stopped.

The **speaker continues** to speak about her experience. They had only been sleeping for a couple of days. The speaker is unable to continue their thought. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the poem.

Many people think this poem is depressing. I don't think this poem is depressing at all. But, it's a mystery to me.

I just can't figure out what this poem is trying to say. Concluding what the poem is trying to say is difficult. It's very deep. I have just a few ideas. But I'll attempt to explain those ideas. I think the speaker is asking the reader to believe that this woman is a very **special person**.

*Come, come, be gone, O wind
So many times you blow
Round my poor heart;
Come, my love and take me with you,*

*O cruel wind.
When I left my mother's arms
I was but a child;*

*And she was an old woman
With gray hair and trembling hands.*

*I stood by her bed
And she whispered to me,
"What is the way to live?"*

*"Give love and lose
The world and find.*

This poem portrays the experience of an **adult woman** who is trapped in bitterness. The **speaker begins** with a call to the wind, inviting it to leave her alone. She is sad that the same **wind keeps blowing** on her mind.

She tells the wind how **many chances** it has wasted so far. She tells how **many chances** it has blown on her childhood, **even though** it is not her wind now. The subject of the poem is the wind. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand her. In the **last stanza**, the speaker's **mother shows up again** and asks the same question. The wind is like a ghost. It seems to answer her, but she doesn't understand. After she leaves the wind, she tells the speaker that this is her chance to find a way to live. She says that she **must give love**, and lose the world. The way to live, is to **give love** to the person you love. Ultimately, the **speaker decides to give love** to her children, who are now adults.

*Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:*

*Oh no, it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,*

*Whose worthies, hailing from afar,
When the blast threatens, lifts their voices to the chant. Their strength is
the wind's, the storms' beating
Over the seas and hills.*

This is a **young man's wedding poem**. It starts when the **speaker says**, Let me not the marriage of our **true minds admit impediments**. A bridegroom's invitation to see if there is anyone who wants to be a part of his life is just a pretext for the young, **vibrant couple** to express their love.

The **young woman** does not want to be the bride, she just wants to be with her **youthful boyfriend**. Poem seems to be underappreciated and a person's ability to understand this poem is as important as **appreciating poetry**.

Analysis

The **poem starts** with the **poet saying**, "Let me not the marriage of **true minds admit impediments**". The poet is saying that he does not want the **young couple** to have any problems. He is trying to assure them that there will not be any problems in their marriage.

All in all, if you read this poem, you are going to need to think about some things.

*I have dreamed that you were calling,
 And have gone to your side for counsel,
 Only to find in the dark grass there
 That I had mistaken my way to you. The shadow of the woods has grown so
 deep
 I hardly know if I am awake or dreaming,*

*Or if the world is still outside the garden wall. The wind moves in the
 branches overhead*

*And in and out between the leaves as if it were trying
 To speak; and there are words that it must say, and cannot. This is what
 makes the tree move in the wind.*

This poem is an expression of uncertainty. It begins when the **speaker compares** him to a dream, because he has been looking for the **loved one** and has come to their side to give his counsel, but has found the darkness of the grass. But then he feels as if he were dreaming, since the wind is moving in the tree and there are words he **must speak**.

The **speaker says** in the **last lines**, ...The shadow of the woods has grown..., but they are actually more dreams than the dream of the woods. Poem seems to be underappreciated.

In the poem, there are questions of love and uncertainty of love, the speaker is looking for the **loved one**, and the shadow of the woods.

The speaker is unsure of love and what to do about it. Also, the speaker is unsure of where he is.

The **speaker compares** the **loved one** to something or someone and then compares the situation to a dream.

The **wind moves** in the tree and is talking to the speaker. In brief, the **wind tells** the speaker to talk to his **loved one**.

The shadow and the woods are in the same position as the speaker, because the speaker is unsure of where he and the love is. Also, the speaker is unsure of who he is in his **love life**.

*In the night your face was like a book,
You said no word and smiled at me.
And in the morning light the way you are
I think I've learned my lesson all over "*

*And if it seems to you that I'm cruel
Or callous and hard-hearted because*

*(Perhaps you are right)
I am not the sort who'd do a thing*

*Which I'm ashamed to tell.
There's a little matter of pride.*

*The girls are very charming. But I can't forget
I've been a boy once—and a very naughty one.*

This poem is about a girl's **first love experience**. The **speaker compares** the girl with a **certain book**. He has **gone beyond** the stage of infatuation and is **already ready** to accept her as his wife.

She is now a **beautiful young lady** whom **everyone admires**. The **speaker praises** her for her kindness. He expresses his desire to **enjoy life** with her. This is the second of **three poems** in which he tells of his **first love affair**. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the **first poem**.

*I am not a thing that could be held in loving hands;
I am the breath of a morning that is going past. What have I to do with
being held, or with anything? Let my free soul wander in its high flight*

*Far away from any resting-place! If I cannot be as a thing on which you can
lay your hand,*

*The things and the hours I have touched you shall be enough for me. If the
sea had a rock against which I could break my bones*

I would lie down upon it now. To-day is a day of little things;

It's only a little while, an hour, five minutes,

*But so many long weeks and months since we parted. It all seemed to go so
quickly that time*

When I was there and you were there,

And now the seasons have turned and everything has changed.

This **short poem presents** the speaker's longing for his love, who has left him. The poet is addressing his son, but the poem is for both of them. He tells his son that his mother will always be there but as his lover.

As the **son goes** on with his **daily tasks** he can't imagine how the **hours pass since** they have parted. The **son wants** to break through his situation but realizes at the end of the **first stanza** that no one can hold him tightly in **loving hands**. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of this poem.

This poem is a **short one**. It is written in the **first person singular** (I), **first person plural** (we), and **second person singular** (you). It is a poem about the speaker, who is the son.

His mother is his lover, they have been together for a **long time** and they have lived on a **secluded island**. In short, "I am not a thing that could be held in **loving hands**; I am the breath of a morning that is **going past**. What have I to do with being held, or with anything?" This is a **bit confusing**, but it seems to mean that his mother is something that can be held in **loving hands**.

I.

*The grass-tree flowers
In the field of the white wheat have blown a-may over the land,
Willing to love.
Their shadows in the evening fall on the grasses
Of the plain, and the dust*

*Is like the flowers that have fallen from their stems and run wild in the
wind.*

II.

*I have stood by the river, too restless to sleep.
And looking across to the village by the black hills,
Where a fire*

*Glowed like a star in the red sky.
You can't tell whether it is the same sky and stars you thought you knew,
The sky that was never as clear as it seemed to be,
Or the sky of the new night you never dreamed of.*

*Even your dreams are different.
It is a dream of another night, and the world.*

I know, for I dreamed it in my bed tonight. The moon shone at the window.

This **beautiful poem** is about the transformation of the speaker's nature. It begins when the **narrator goes** out at night and contemplates the beauty of nature. He **feels excited** that nature is so alive and dynamic in the night.

However, the joy of **seeing nature** does not end there. The **speaker also notes** the beauty of the fire on the hillside. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the fire. It was not a fire at all, but a signal for the destruction of everything in a village. The speaker, in contrast, views the destruction as an opportunity to **reflect upon** the beauty of nature and to see his life in a **new light**. He sees himself as part of nature and this causes him to change from the narrator of the poem to the speaker of the poem.

A **line-by-line analysis** of the poem:

"I. The **grass-tree flowers**". Concluding with a reference to the speaker's

new perspective, the **speaker imagines** himself in the grass and the flowers that are growing there.

”II. The village by the **black hills**, / Where a **fire glowed**”.

*I will make my garden grow,
I will plant my fuchsias and begonias,
The white rose of the tulip
And many other flowers,*

*Some white, some pink,
Some yellow, some purple*

*Anemones a-quiver
With the wind of your hair. No, it is not with my face
That you are afraid to be kissed,*

But it is with my eyes.

This poem is about the speaker's fearlessness. The **poem starts** when the **speaker confesses** that she will **make sure** to create her own garden. She goes on to point out some of her **favorite plants** that are planted in her garden in the form of flower.

Then the **speaker goes deeper** into the description of her garden by saying that she will plant the fuchsias and begonias and many more flowers. This is to ensure the growth of the plants. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of the poet.

The poem is written in **free verse**. The **speaker starts** by talking about her fearlessness and then **goes deep** into the description of her garden which is her way of proving her point. She says that she will plant the fuchsias and begonias to ensure the growth of the plants.

This is to show that she will not **grow weak** as she is afraid that **someone may want** her to **grow weak**, and then to her eyes. Ultimately, the **poet wants** to tell the readers that she is not afraid of you kissing her. Because she is not afraid of your eyes.

When I was reading this poem, I found that the grammar was not very good.

*It is not that I am ashamed of myself,
Not that in the past I have ever hidden the fact
That I live in this room. Or how poor are their possessions,
And what a hard life they lead;
But I would*

*That it should be hidden from my children,
That they should never know
Who their mother is. They are quite young, you see; quite young. And I
feel that if they knew,
I should lose them. Oh, don't they love me well enough? They love me as
they can, I know. For they must, for this is my fate;
But I do not think they loved me at all.*

This poem is about the loss that the **speaker feels** when her **children learn** the **sad truth** about her life. She begins with a confession that she lives in a dingy and **small place**, which is almost the same as her appearance. She **feels ashamed** but is afraid of her son's reactions when he learns about her "hideous" life.

She wants to hide those things from her children. She **also uses** the phrase "For a very **natural mother could love** them more" to emphasize the fact that children can be hurt by what their parents have done. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of this poem.

*I can still hear you,
Babe. And even when you stop
I can see you. A young girl of eighteen;
And you're smiling back at me. In the darkness I remember what you said
and feel happy*

*to think that I am not forgotten. The old man is asleep now, and all the
rest are gone. I think of you and smile. It is so beautiful in the old house.*

*The
trees are so tall. You don't know what I
mean. You never went to a public school. But
the day there was rain you were in it, and
the clouds came over your head and you
were in a storm. At least, that is what you
told me. And we were always*

*together. In the morning I would wake up
and you would be there, your white face on
my chest, the little red lips wet with tears
from a nightmare, but it was all right.*

This **poetic work** is about a **child remembering** a **young woman**. Here, this poetry is used for **young people** to understand how they feel when they remember their **loved ones**. The writer is talking about his memories with his **young daughter** during her childhood.

This is a **beautiful poem** where the writer has the love to him and with his daughter. Here, this poetry is **written also** to the girl is young.

This poetry is very special to the writer and is very amazing about the character of the girl. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated.

This is a **beautiful poetry** has a **wonderful way** he is not only loving to him and the daughter. The writer of this poetry is very successful in his writing.

A **good way** to express his feelings about the girl was by the use of imagery and metaphor. He gives the description of the girl is very simple to the girl. In brief, the girl is very happy.

The writer in the poem has a **great way** to remember the girl. The writer has made the **girl remembered** her always and will remember the girl until his **old age**.

*I shall sit by the river all day,
And wonder what I am doing here;
I am going down a narrow black road
To the far country towards which I travel,
For the day has just been wet and rainy,
So I have come out to wash my*

*Feet, and I cannot get dry.
The water flows through the little town,
A thousand children playing in it,
Dancing on the stones, leaping in,
Or washing clothes by the banks in the clear water.
My feet are dry, and so I sit*

*In the sun by the river, looking at the water.
And the wind blows the white dust over the great trees.*

*And it is afternoon and still early in the year.
I look at her, and wonder whether it will ever rain.*

*The wind is very strong. The sea and sky are bright,
And the storm is not here yet.*

The **poem presents** a very **intriguing account** of a man who is struggling to find his place in this world as he feels that his life is meaningless. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of life to **even bother** to ask. They just go through life as if it were nothing but a drudgery.

The man in the **poem struggles** to find a place in the world, by asking a friend if he should have children, or not. However, we **later learn** that his **friend advised** him to have children, which **gives us** a clue as to why the **man wonders** about this, and why he feels that he is not living his life. The words "So I sit" is very telling of the man's thoughts. He sits there "and wonders what he is doing here" which is a clue to his **general thinking process** as he feels that he has no direction in life. Ultimately, the **man feels** that there is no meaning to his life and that it is pointless to live. The wind and the sun, the dust and the trees are all **given significance** in the poem. They are all given a purpose in life, making it obvious that there is **something much bigger going** on than what he can comprehend.

*There was a time when the white
flowers of the strawberry plant
stood up as tall and as straight
as any wheat-stalk. But now
they are stunted, bent and brown. They lie crushed and flattened
like old-fashioned*

*pancakes upon the ground. The
strawberry plants have had no
rain to make them grow. They are
dry and barren, with nothing
but their seed-vessels left in
them. Theirs is not a pretty
death. The wild raspberries are
bare. You pass by the
shrubbery and hear it whispering;
at last there is no sound, only
the blue sky, the dry brown earth,
and the blue
flowers. Even the old-time*

*song of the birds has not been heard
this year. There was no wind
yesterday, but all the time
there is a fine dust
in the air. As you leave the village
behind, you must cross the river:
it is full*

*of water: all day long
the bridge has been washed and mopped. No one goes into the town today;
but at night there will be dances and
drinking.*

This poem is the poem of sympathy. It begins when **speaker says** how these **plants looked beautiful** before. He goes on to describe how that was the situation in past but now they are **badly affected** by drought and lack of rain.

It saddens me, that not **many understand** what is happening. It is a

poem for the people who can't see what is wrong and it makes you think.

This **poem describes** how the people are **getting ready** for the war, and the **first day** is the day of rest for women. This poem is very interesting because it talks about the people who are in war and how women are the **main target**. It is an **interesting poem** because it talks about the women's **rest day** and how they are preparing for battle.

Concluding the poem the **speaker mentions** about the **white flowers** of the **strawberry plant** and how they are not as beautiful as in the past. It shows that the woman in the poem is very smart but she **cannot understand** what is going on in her life.

*In the middle of the forest,
I am in the dark wood now, my dear!
The trees are round me like a wall,
A wall of green moss and green lichen,*

*A black wall that hides me from sight.
My blood beats on the ground, alone,*

*And I alone have died.
I have no friends to mourn for me,*

*I leave a name unknown.
Why should I fear to die?
Who will remember me?*

*But all that you do
Must be forgotten.*

This poem is for a woman who loves him so much but his life has been **taken away** from her abruptly and she **must accept** this fate. The speaker is in such despair that he starts to describe his surroundings. He says that, in the middle of a forest, he is alone, there is no one to weep at his death, and he has no friends who will mourn for him.

How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** in his life. They **may remember** him in **another way**.

The speaker is not afraid to die but, in this poem, is he afraid of being forgotten?

In the middle of the forest, in the **dark wood** now, my dear!

This is the speaker's voice to the woman who is not listening to him.

The trees are round me like a wall, a wall of **green moss** and **green lichen**!

In this part of the poem, the trees are the speaker's friends. All in all, this is a description of the speaker's surroundings. He believes that he is in the middle of a forest, the forest is green and it is dark.

He is not afraid to die but he is not afraid of being forgotten.

*I was going to put a knife in the ground,
And call it a work of art.
I could not do it, because the blade was blunt,
Or my hand had not the skill to cut;”
It would seem too small and*

*What could a man do alone?
But in my hand I took a scythe instead,
Because a thing is best done quickly”
The scythe was a blade to slice the summer,
A tool to lop the fallow corn.*

*The sun was going down in the west
And the air was soft and warm and still,
And on our way we came upon a farm,
Where one could see the corn all standing still
Along the field, and through the rows the tall
Trees waving gently in*

*A soft wind that stirred the ripe tassels lightly.
Suddenly a white cloud came floating through;
Upon it was the sun, it turned to silver.*

*I saw the sunlight strike upon the rippled sea:
I watched the shadows dart and float and vanish. The bright sun blazed on
the mountain range,
On the fields and orchards and meadows sweet.*

This **sonnet expresses** the delight of a speaker when he sees a beauty in nature. His **first stanza describes** how he is reluctant to sharpen the edge of a **dull knife** so that he can make a sculpture of the beauty. However, he uses a scythe as an alternative because the **idea seems much easier** to accomplish.

It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of a poem, so I hope you'll go to my website and read the analysis of this poem at <http://papernapkin.org/poem-analysis/e-rosette/>

As an American poet in the UK I am fascinated by how the **two countries view** the English language. The difference in usage is astounding. For

example, I use "a piece of cake" for an **apple pie**.

Americans would say "a slice of pie. In short, I'm amazed how the English do not use "and" to **connect words** and phrases. In poetry English is not important, but how the language is used is.

*Now you are in the land,
where is no weeping. Only the dead who love
remain unquietly here;
the earth breathes a great sigh,
and all things are calm. The sky is a dark blue dome
over everything. The little birds sing,
for there is nothing to fear. He looks at the sky, the trees,
at the little birds singing,
then at me. "You'll catch cold in your hair,
my dear," I say. "No, it's nothing,"
he says, but he knows better. He throws off his hat, and lies there
on the floor with his feet in the air. I
have got to know him at home since
I came.*

This **beautiful poem highlights** the beauty and serenity of life, as experienced by a person. Though the **speaker claims** that life has transformed itself into a **heavenly world**, her **partner makes** her realize that there **still remains something** to be feared in that world. Not only does he remind her about the things she will encounter if she takes a **walk outside**, but also about his hair and the fear of being cold.

The beauty that this experience is supposed to lead to will not be **attained unless the speaker takes care** of herself. How unfortunate, that not **many saw the real point** of this poem.

This poem was written by the Russian poet Anna Akhmatova. It is one of her most **famous poems**. She wrote it in 1931, while she was in a **concentration camp** with her husband and son.

They were sent there because they were Jewish. Anna Akhmatova wrote this poem when she was **19 years old**.

*In the garden of my soul I have laid
And watered, and fertilized where I might,
The seeds of all that I believe to be good.
I have thought they might not take root in me soon,
May be I must water the*

*Dark seeds that would like to grow, with tears.
For this great garden has often been a place of pain.
It has been the place to mourn the dead, for here
I love as well as pity them, but it is also*

*My true prison-house. I have been here a long time.
I have forgotten how to be a man, or any other sort
Except a gardener, a wild weed, whose roots are buried
In the garden of life. Yet my children are like weeds
Whose roots*

*Are tangled in the soil. They are my children,
But with this difference: their roots come out of the earth
By day and night, and at the end of their lives
They will not be covered by the ground.
What is it*

*The trouble with my family? My wife is dead;
I have had nothing to do with them.*

This is a child's poem that centers on the concept of gardens. It begins when the **poet recounts** his **past experience** of gardening in his soul. He explains that he had planted the seeds of goodness and he **believes everything** that comes out of his self-realization will be good.

However, the **poet acknowledges** that there will be times when his garden will be covered with weeds. He states that I have been here a **long time**. Poem seems to be underappreciated as a form of literature.

The poet is **also aware** of his limitations: he has forgotten what it means to be a man, and he is aware that everything he does is done with love, yet he **also knows** that this love is not enough to help him grow a garden in his own soul. Ultimately, the **poet recognizes** that his children are weeds, and they are **taking root** in his soul. He wants to be like a gardener and

be happy, but he knows he will not **live long enough** to see his **children grow** and flourish.

The garden of the soul is the only place where he can be happy.

The poet is a prisoner, and his prison is his garden.

*Now the leaves fall from the elm trees;
And the wild birds of the autumn,
That have found nests to their liking
Away from human habitation,

Sing through the trees all night.
Do you remember the old rhyme:*

*How a hunter's dog
Went to war*

*In the dark,
And to and fro
He roamed and roamed.*

*And she lay
In the dark.
Oh, dark and cold.*

As this **lovely poem** is about the past and **present life** of a child as well as about her memory, a **little girl says** that **every autumn** she **feels like something new** is coming into her life; she **enjoys hearing** the **bird songs** and she **also recollects** some of her **past experiences**. The writer has used the same metaphor of old and **new times** that is used in the story of the child in **verse one** and **verse three**. Poem seems to be underappreciated, which is **quite normal**.

As a poet, she wrote this piece, and if she had **used simple prose**, it would have been **much appreciated**. I can **feel sadness** in the lines, "Oh, dark and cold. Do you remember the **old rhyme**," and this is the **main reason** why the poem is not appreciated. To wrap up, I **would like** to mention that the beginning and the end of each verse should be different. It is easy to **write two lines**, but it is harder to **write two lines** with **different rhymes**. If your aim is to **write poems** that are remembered, you should **avoid using** this technique.

*You have been here, you,
among my shadows, the one
who waits upon me. I do not love you. Let me alone. Do not say
your words are my own:
I am no one's fool
and I shall not let you*

*play the game with me. Do not disturb me, I am tired,
but if you will not go
tell the others to go,*

*But do not wake me again. I am so sleepy now, you can't, please,
And you mustn't. And you mustn't say another word. I have had such a
busy day.*

The **poem opens** with a **woman saying** that she is tired now and that she can't hold any more conversations with the other woman she has spotted. The woman who is speaking with her is said to be an **imaginary shadow**. Because the woman has **become tired** of talking with this **imaginary woman**, she instructs her to **go away**.

Poem seems to be underappreciated and tired of talking about things she does not want to talk about.

The woman then goes on to say that she has an **important day ahead** of her and that she has been doing a lot of work in the day. Her day is so busy that she is **almost tired**. The woman then asks what her companion has been doing in her day.

Her companion has been talking with her so much that the **woman feels like** she was not alone and that she was being watched.

The **woman expresses** that she does not like to be watched or talked to constantly. She **also says** that she knows that the woman who is talking to her is not her. To wrap up the poem the **woman says** that she is not someone's fool and that she does not want to **waste anymore time talking** to her companion.

*A storm is coming up, the wind is changing. The pines shake and sway,
and moan;
Their white boles glow with a yellow light,
They sway and groan in the darkening woods. The leaves are rustling on the
trees;
A gust of wind shakes them, they rattle and hum,

They rattle in the elm tops and in the maples;
The beech woods are rustling too,
With the rain coming down, and the sun shining, and now and then a storm
driving in,

And the leaves fall off in a fall, all through the woods.*

This poem is about the beauty of nature. It begins when the **poet describes** the trees, which begin to tremble. However, he shows the vulnerability of these trees when he compares them with the lightning that can destroy them instantaneously.

The **poet shows** how **nature gets exposed** when she is vulnerable. Therefore, the **poet shows** that he is a man who understands his **responsibility toward nature**. The trees, and the rest of nature, are exposed to the elements. Poem seems to be underappreciated because of this. Nature is a **great force** to be admired, but **people tend** to overlook it. Therefore, the **poet tries to make people aware** of nature's beauty.

The **poet shows** his admiration for nature when he shows the trees that he loves the fall of the leaves. The **poet shows** how the trees are affected by the weather. The **leaves fall** from the trees, and they are exposed to the elements.

In short, the poet is trying to **tell us** that nature is vulnerable and it can be **destroyed instantly**. Poems such as this **make people aware** of the beauty of nature.

The **poet also mentions** the leaves and the trees with a **positive meaning**. The trees are like a home to **many animals**.

*There are little words—there are big words,
And there is a long silence which is worse—
A great wind has come and taken away
All my little stars and put me under,
With nothing to remember but a sigh.*

*And a bird that keeps on singing all the time.
That's right, don't look at me, go on looking,
I'm not worth the trouble—the world is full of you
And a world like that will*

*Have no room for me.
I am one of them all, and I am ashamed,
One of the millions that live, and die, and are forgotten, forgotten,
forget-me-not, beautiful flower, white and blue, forget me not, forget my
name.*

*I have no place, no name, I have been too many and too few.
The poor old man who was born in the gutter,
And died in his bed, had some good days,*

*And some bad days;
But that was all.*

This poem is about love, lovelessness, loneliness, self-pity, helplessness, and death. The **poet reveals** his feelings of love and loss as he **discusses different phases** of life. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of life, and it's depressing that many do not care about life.

It's easy to **dismiss everything**. I know that I have done this **many times**, and I wish I **could say** that everytime I do I realize what I have done, and I never do it again, but I don't. I am a hypocrite, because I wish I could be strong, and I wish I **could help others**, but I can't. Sometimes I wonder why I am alive? Why am I here? I have a **good life**, that I **live every day**. In brief, I don't **feel like writing** a poem (although I did) because it's depressing.

I

*Whirling down the wind,
Wind of spring,
I hear the sound of rain
In the branches overhead.*

II

*And in the air it breathes,
Air of summer,
The perfume of a thousand flowers,
With a thrill of music
Filling the woods.*

*The sun is sinking,
And the red rays on the sky are burning
Like the heart of a giant,*

*As the evening falls in June.
The great trees burn and send their fragrance and flame
Into the cool, damp evening air,
Above them the moon is white, cold and full,
As the heart in my breast.*

*The mist lies thick in the green valleys,
And the birds of my land are at peace, and the people are asleep;
The river is quiet, and it flows deep and slow,
While my blood sings like a lark.*

This **sonnet** recounts a **beautiful memory** of an English speaker in winter when the **rain falls** on the **lush forest** with the scent of flowers. But she **soon remembers** a **different place** in a **completely different season**. She recalls the **lovely spring** of her homeland with its **warm autumnal breeze** and the scent of flowers.

She feels a thrill of music and of passion as she remembers her beloved. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated to the extent that it deserved, for the poet's "song of love" is a masterpiece. The poem is composed in the **iambic pentameter** and the meter is regular, but the rhythms are irregular. There is a **great contrast** between the summer and winter, spring and autumn, which makes the **poem interesting**. The **poet uses figura-**

tive language, and the poem is **quite effective** in the image of the "**heart beating** with a lark". In brief, it is a **poetical masterpiece**. S.N.B. : For other analyses of this poem and all the sonnets, see my **sonnet page**.

*It was a dark night with a faint mist,
And the stars were very bright;
The boatmen sang on the quiet water,*

*"A sailor's song," said one. "It'll be a fine day," said another, 5
But nobody believed him. He himself did not know why he
Should sing it, for, strange to say, he was*

As ignorant as any of them.

The **poem begins** when a **rowboat moves** in the dark water carrying three boatmen on their way to the sea. They are singing, talking, and **even exchanging** some ideas about the weather and the **upcoming day**. But the **speaker thinks otherwise** because she is **feeling disappointed regarding** the future.

The **first part** of the poem is composed of **seven lines** of which the **first four describe** the weather. The **second part** of the poem is a stanza of **eight lines**. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of that poem.

In reality, that **poem represents** the life of an individual who is in a **miserable situation**, but does not know why she is in that situation. She thinks that she is going to have a **fine day tomorrow**, but in reality she does not know if she is going to be **alive tomorrow**. And in the end, she does not **know whether** she is going to the **sea tomorrow** or not.

In short, that poem is about a life of an individual who **feels miserable**. It **also represents** the life of an individual who is **feeling miserable**. The **speaker seems** to have some sort of a disorder in her head.

*"The boatmen sang on the quiet water,
"A sailor's song," said one.*

*When I begin to read to you
Those fragments of Greek and Latin,
And you know the names, and make them
In their correct sounds as you hear,
I remember how I tried to do the same,
As a happy child,*

*But I never could get things right.
But now I read Latin by spells,
For I was taught by somebody who knew it well,
Or rather I had my own teacher,
Who told me the story, the characters,
The grammar,*

*And the poetry.
He read and he would correct me,
Though I was hardly thirteen, but he seemed so old,
And at first I did not want to learn,
I was too lazy and too naughty,
But he insisted, and I took his rules;*

*The most difficult were to be omitted.
The reading was long and tedious;
Sometimes the words were hard to pronounce,
There was much to think over and consider:*

*"I cannot understand these," said I,
And sat alone in my chamber pondering.*

This **beautiful poem relates** a reader's regret about not being able to speak Latin during his childhood. The **speaker begins** the poem by claiming that he **often began** to read before his friends. He then proceeds to explain what happens when he starts reading Latin and they all make a game of guessing the meanings.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by the reader, when he had the chance to learn a **foreign language**.

The **speaker describes** what **happens next**. He is in his room, alone and pondering the meanings of all the words he has to read. He thinks about

his childhood and how unfortunate it was that he didn't learn Latin until he was a teenager.

He remembers the time when he was a **happy child** and was able to speak Latin, and then he compares it to the situation where he now has to learn it. Concluding the poem, the **speaker states** that he does not want to do the same thing as his **earlier self**. He wants to be able to speak Latin with his friends and family and not **sound like an uneducated child**.

*She sang that song to him long ago:
Under that apple tree. And it is there, you'll swear, where they walked. Ah!
it was in a spring night. A night you may live in long, long after,
With all the stars above. And his face was young and bright,
So young and so proud. I might have walked along at his side,
And he should have been my bridegroom. In a golden land I looked upon
him,
A home by the sea, beside the sand;
And all its nights were like these*

*That fill the air with sound and dimness. I might have heard his voice at
nightfall,
When the tide is in and out and in,
For I was listening to it then.*

The **speaker** relates the **tragic story** of an **old couple**. She describes how their **relationship started**. Then she narrates how she became his bride just to be abandoned by him in the end.

This poem is an expression of pain that the girl had experienced in her **life journey**. She is feeling the loss of her past as she tries to cope with his betrayal through these lines-

Under that **apple tree**. And I **feel like crying**, for I think the place is there. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the song.

And he was young and bright, so young and so proud. I might have **walked along** at his side,
And he should have been my bridegroom. In a **golden land** I **looked upon** him,
A home by the sea, beside the sand;
And all its nights were like these.

*Once there was a river that ran into the sea;
And in the forest lived a little girl.
She lived upon apples and raspberries
With the trees of the forest all about her.*

*She ate them with a knife,
Her knife of silver, so sharp and bright.*

*They were not sweet now, nor rare:
They were bitter in her mouth, they smelt of copper.*

*No man spoke now: he was gone.
That one night she thought a man might fall*

*Who had stood too long;
But no man fell in the darkness there:
She saw him as he might have looked.*

This child's **story tells** about a **cruel mother**. The **poem starts** when a **girl named little** is having fruit for breakfast. When she thinks that perhaps no **one would come near** her, she **gets scared** that her **beloved father may** be sick.

In the night, the **girl feels happy** that the man is gone. But he turns out to be her lover, and he is lying down. Poem seems to be underappreciated and unappreciatable until the **author ends** the poem.

The **girl lay** on the ground and watched him die. She lay on the ground and watched him die. She kept her **eyes upon** his face; She watched him die.

She kept her **eyes upon** his face. She watched him die. She watched him die. She watched him die. She watched him die. To wrap up, I just want to say that if you are the **first reader** and you're having a **problem reading** this poem, you may not be the **right reader** for this poem. Make sure you are reading it before you comment here.

*I have forgotten a song that I knew.
Who knows what song I'll know again?
And though it breaks the heart of time,
I'd rather break the heart than not know*

*The song which I had forgot.
'Tis but the shadow of a dream,*

*But I remember well.
And now the rain falls on the roof*

*In cold water
On the old shingles.
A man and a woman love.*

*A bird
In the woods.
They are all alone.*

This **sonnet describes** the poet's loneliness. The **poem begins** when the **speaker laments** over his **past sorrows**. He **tells us** about a **lost beloved song** that he **often used** to sing.

However, he **also makes us understand** that such songs have a **special charm**, which is not something he can **ever forget**. He **also says** that one of the reasons why he is unhappy is the fact that he has **forgotten** A song that I knew. It saddens me, that not **many understand**.

According to the poem, **one person's** loss is **another person's** gain. The speaker is not contented with his life and **would rather break** his heart than not know the song that he had forgotten. The poem is written in the form of an exchange between the poet and his lover. The **lovers feel** that they are alone in the world and they yearn for each other's love. In short, they are **like birds** in their own world, which the **poet refers** to as the woods. The poet's loneliness and his desire to forget the song are conveyed by the lines that end the poem. The poet is not comfortable with his life.

*How lovely is the old love
That does not change!
How sweet I shall remember
You in the spring,*

*And how I loved you now,
In the winter snow.*

*The cold white night, and no
One there to help me down*

*My trembling steps.
And there's no light at all, on the hill and in the house,
The road is long and dark, the gate is shut.*

*The moon is not shining, but somewhere I can hear
A clock that strikes.*

The **poem opens** when the author is recalling his childhood with his grandmother. Although he **feels ashamed** at his **youthful love towards** her, he **also loves** her. He starts with confessing how wonderful it is to experience the same love again, albeit with **different people**.

Although he does not like to think of his **past love affairs**, the way it reminds of his childhood, the memories are **still wonderful**. He is thankful that this love does not change. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated when it was published.

The **poet finds similarities** between the past and **present love** in his youth and **present life**. The **past love** is a **special one**, and the feelings are still the same. The author is thankful he is still in the same situation.

He is not lonely any more.

The poet is grateful that this love does not change.

The **author wants** to be appreciated for his love, but it is so sad to him that his love was not respected. Ultimately, the poem is a testament to the love we have for others. People may not understand our love, but they will always be in our hearts.

*In the morning let us begin again
At the very beginning. No one is the same
After he has begun his journey for the day,
And you are not the same if you have begun yours,*

*And it is you that must decide what you will do
When the journey is over.
So let us set out upon our journeys again,*

*Leaving the dead and the dying behind in their graves
But with these words left to them:
"Come to me when the sun goes down and the fire dies out*

*Then shall ye be free."
So the light of the star that was my life
Went from me; and I was free;*

*And they were chained in a darkling world
That grew more dense with every hour....*

The speaker is talking to a **young lady** who has a lot of ambition. This poem is an expression of happiness, hope, joy, and sadness. At first, the **mother invites** her daughter to get up early for her journey of life.

Here is her **motherly advice** to her: "At the very **beginning let us begin** again." There is a sense of urgency and the need to get up and look to God. God is their savior and gives them hope. Poem seems to be underappreciated and undervalued. For her, she wants to be someone in this world.

The theme of the poem is set in the **first three lines**. The speaker and the mother are the **main characters**. The speaker is a woman who is in love with a star.

It is her destiny. She wants to be a star because she wants to be famous. She wants to be important to someone. She wants to be noticed and loved. The mother is her mother. Concluding lines, the speaker is happy that God will give her the ability to make it.

The line "no one is the same" is **really interesting**. It means that everyone is different. No one is the same; they all have **different ideas** and

thoughts.

*To whom I pray shall be the day,
The day the morning rose up red:
So high a beauty does not rise,
It is our only beauty.
We would all come forth in one day.*

*But come with you, if your day have come;
If it be that your body go
To be a part of the sun.*

*For in the darkness of my mind
There grows a flower that I shall name
For you.*

*It is the flower of memory.
I did not know it then; but later,
In the black hours of the night, I saw
A shadow moving on its stem.*

*I cried out, 'Who is it that has left
Such a lovely thing in the darkness?'
Then came an answer: 'He who loved me,'
And I felt, too, that my own dear name
Washed over me as a wave of rain.*

The **speaker addresses** himself as an **older man** and says that today his prayer is **still unanswered**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand his needs. The speaker is not looking for a god or a goddess, he wants a day, when he can be born again as a **new man**.

The speaker is not **demanding anything**, **merely asking** that the day be allowed to dawn. He is not looking for a **great adventure** in the woods, but a day to be born again.

The speaker is looking for a miracle, but only our only beauty will help him to see the miracle.

If this is a **true prayer**, it means that the speaker is not asking for a miracle, he is **simply asking** that when the **morning dawns**, he will be born again. All in all, the speaker is not **demanding anything**, because he is willing to

take anything that comes from being born again.

The poem is not a prayer for deliverance from darkness, but rather, the speaker is asking for deliverance from the **black hours** of the night.

*Come on little birdies, fly away
Away from the old moon's eye;
Come back when it is morning and night,
The moon of spring-time's coming too. I will not let you go 'til your
feathers are wet
With the dew of the dawn. I will keep you here when the flowers are in
bloom*

*And the bees are on the wing. For if you should leave me I would not have
a single flower on my grave.*

As this poem is a reflection on a **beautiful flower**, the **speaker makes fun** of an **old old woman** who tries to **take advantage** of her. But the moment the **woman offers money** to buy the flower at a **high price**, the **young woman becomes disgusted** and dismisses the idea, making the poem into a reflection on her love for the flower's beauty.

In the **second stanza**, the **speaker tries** to persuade the speaker of the flower's beauty through its description. At the end of the **third stanza**, the **speaker attempts** to persuade the girl into becoming the flower's flower. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the poem's meaning.

Concluding with the **old woman's** death, the **poem shows** the speaker's **indifference towards** the **old woman**.

This poem has a lot of imagery. The girl's hair is **like golden wings**. This **imagery brings** on the idea of the girl's nature.

The flower can be **seen metaphorically** as the girl. The flower is like her, as it can not **fly away**, and is like a child. And it is like the sun, as the sun is the beginning and end of the day. The **old moon**, the sun and the flower are all the same, but they are different in their ways.

*I would give all I have not for a rose,
As I cannot now, I must stay behind;
It is the only flower that I can call
On behalf of the dead in my desire*

*To be their rose as well. I know they are near
And when you are dead I will be nearer. No! my rose shall bring no thorn
to your rose. I will not have it so.*

This is a sonnet about death and how love will **never die**. This **poem speaks** about the **different emotions** that occur to a person as they **get close** to death. The **speaker addresses** her **beloved one** in a very **dramatic way**.

She says that she wants him to **come closer** to her because she wants to taste his lips, or feel his breath on her body. She says that she has **never known** such a rush of emotions and wants her lover to respond to them. She says that she has been **without speech since** he died and that her heart now **feels like** it **could stop** any minute. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated by her lover and she is left to **feel alone**. She then says that a rose is not the same without her lover and that it will never be the same again. A rose can only be a rose when it is in bloom. The speaker is saying that her lover is gone and she can't live for his **love anymore**.

This poem has **three different parts**. In the **first part**, the speaker is saying that death doesn't change the love they felt while they were alive. Concluding this part, she is saying that she is asking her lover to be closer to her so that he can feel her breath as she talks to him.

*Here is a pretty one that will hold
A man with all his might;
To which he will take and be not sick;
And where the ladies go. And the men shall be afraid to go,
When the moon is high in the sky. It shall hang like a lump of fire
Out of the sea, and it shall rise on*

*The wind, with a roar like thunder;
And the wave on the beach shall be blown
Into mist and vapours of steam,
Where the waves in the night are never heard,*

And no birds ever sing their notes high.

The **speaker addresses** an audience of fishermen and soldiers on a **dangerous beach**. He says, Here is **another pretty one**. They all **look like dolls dressed** in red.

None of them have any life. But the **soldiers love** them. So do the seamen. At the end of the **first stanza**, the speaker is **still addressing** the crowd, but he has added a **second listener**. This **second listener** is a **young girl** in her mid-teens. It saddens me, that not **many understand** the poem's irony. This girl is not a doll. She is very **much alive**. She is listening to the speaker. He addresses her. He does not want her to be afraid.

The **second stanza begins**, To which he will take and be not sick; This is a doublet. It means that he will have life in him, and he will be well. He will have a **healthy young body**.

In brief, the speaker will have a young, **healthy body** and a **healthy mind**.

The **third stanza continues**, And where the **ladies go**. The lady is the moon.

*At my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.*

*I take with a shuddering breath
My share of to-morrow, and lo,
It is with me as a mighty wind!*

*Its cold and bitter blast it blows
As cold, in truth, as death itself,*

*That ever blows upon the grave,
And on this winter morning in the year of sixteen hundred and thirty-nine,*

*She said to me
That it cannot be
She said that it would not be.*

This is a poem about mortality. The **poem begins** when the **speaker explains** that Time is **hurrying towards** him with his chariot. Meanwhile, he sees the deserts of **eternity ahead** of him.

In despair, he wishes that his life was like a wind that **could blow away**. That is because he knows that he is doomed to die. Nevertheless, in spite of his mortality, he hopes that death is not as bad as he believes it is. It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated. In short, it's unfair that it doesn't mention what happened to the poet.

Analysis of themes:

The theme of the poem is the poet's fear of death.

The **poem also focuses** on the idea that the poet has no chance to live a life that matters.

In addition, the **poem stresses** the idea that death is inevitable.

There are some similarities between this poem and

(1) "Tintern Abbey": In both poems, an **angel appears** to the speaker.

Moreover, both poems are about death.

(2) "A Psalm of Life": In both poems, the speaker is very conscious of his mortality.

*When the sun goes up over the mist,
And all day long your little soul
Will feel that joy.
You will go to sleep with a smile,
The great white sea of dreams to lie in,
To lie on warm*

*And dream your dreams away.
But when the winter comes again,
When the sky is dark and cold,
Your little heart will ache with fear,
For the cold wind will blow.*

*You shall know what love is, then,
While you live your life to-day,
And think it all but gone.*

*I'll love you as long as life.
I'd have you all my own, dear,
Though it were only one.*

*When the clouds above the moon
Are heavy on the night,
And the stars are out of sight,
Then I love you best of all.*

This poem is about **young love**. It begins when a **speaker addresses** his reader and says the summer of youth won't **last forever**. He explains that the spring and summer will end with the autumn and winter, and then the speaker will have to **say farewell** to this **precious life** of his.

Poem seems to be underappreciated, for it is a very **good poem** in terms of style and composition. The poem has a **well-crafted rhyme scheme**. The **speaker uses alliteration** and assonance to **create effect**. The **poem contains good diction**. The **speaker uses repetition** and allusion to **highlight feelings** of love and emotions. The **speaker uses** a variety of **figurative language**, such as metaphor, simile, and synecdoche. Poem also uses the form of a stanza. The **stanza contains** a couplet and **four lines**. The **speaker ends** the poem with a couplet, and then with **lines 3, 4, 5, and 6**. All in all, this poem is very good.

*This is the way with me: I cannot stop myself.
The one thing that I do not want is that I should stop.
I do not like to be alone. I know that no one else*

*Can love me properly as I can myself, and so
It would be wicked to go about with others.*

*And though my mistress says, "No, no," still I'd wish that
Love could ever be alone, for then would be
The best of it.*

*If by myself I could only know
What to expect.*

*To-morrow it will be done,
To-morrow I shall know how it was.*

Although this poem is written from the point of view of a man, it focuses on the pain and sufferings of love. The **poet describes** his own **love life** in a **straightforward manner**. Instead of explaining the feelings of his lover, he discusses the nature of his affections as a speaker.

He talks about the pain of losing the lover or not **getting love**. Finally, he describes his experience with love in the poem as a speaker. Overall the poem is about the pain of love. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of love, but **many people get trapped** into love and do not see what is good and what is bad. So, there should be a lot of people who do not love, and who do not go into the traps of love.

A:

It's a **pretty rough** and **tumble question**. Perhaps the most **important thing** that I learned is that I can't trust my intuition. In brief, I should go with the crowd and do what **everyone else** is doing.

I can't trust my gut and my heart. I have to trust myself and my mind.

A:

The **first part** of that is very poetic.

*I hear the distant chimes,
And voices through the twilight,
Lilt of a song to far-off towns.
I hear the bells, the happy bells!*

*Their old sweet tune is still for me,
Their old sweet time is dead and gone.*

*If I should die before it is long,
Let the old tune live on in the dead
Who've seen their love and sung them to rest.*

*We must sing it to the night-time,
And we'll bring the little ones to bed,*

*And we will kiss them all over
For a kiss before we go to sleep.*

This poem is about the passing of time. The **poem begins** when the speaker is **reflecting upon** his **past experiences** that are now so remote. He recalls the **sweet melody** of the chime of bells from his **time playing** with a **little town**.

Even though he misses the music and the days of past, he realizes that all **things must pass**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand how **quickly time passes**. And the **speaker knows** this because he is about to die.

The **speaker wishes** he **could still hear** the **old chime** and sing with the children at bedtime. He realizes that he will soon be gone, and is sad to think that he will not be able to share his **remaining time** with the people he loves.

Finally, the **speaker realizes** that they **must make memories** for themselves, and will do so with those they love.

As a **young child**, this **poem would seem** very sad. In brief, the speaker is reminded of all the things he has missed out on during his **young life**. The **final line makes** it seem as though the speaker is not that saddened by the fact that he will soon be gone.

He understands that he will **soon pass**, and that he is to make his own memories.

*I see thee, happy face,
I see it full of sun;
Bright are thine eyes as stars
In a cloudless night. My heart is like a cup
That has been filled again*

*And emptied and filled
And emptied again. Again you pass
To take your place
Beneath the old trees,*

And the world is changed.

This poem is about a **young man** who sees his beloved. He is going to propose her because he loves her despite her appearance. His confidence in his **love helps** him to believe that his relationship with the **beautiful girl** will flourish.

The **young couple stands** before the audience while this **young man** is explaining his ideas to her. But he is not interested in the appearance of his beloved. She can be considered as a star in the night because there is no trace of darkness in her **bright eyes**. She is the sun in a **cloudless sky**. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of that night. The **young man's** heart was like the cup that was filled again and again and emptied at a time. He was full of love, his heart was full of his beloved and he wanted that his beloved should fill her heart with his love. She was a **true lady**, she was kind to him and she was **always ready** to be with him. She was like the sun on a **cloudless sky**. All in all, the poet's **words show** a **happy relationship** between a **young man** and a girl. He is confident about his love because she is the source of his happiness. The **young couple** was **always near** each other. She is going to be the sun in his life.

*We were the first that ever burst into that silent land;
We came in a westering and a south-westering direction,
And still our presence did not break the silence
of that land long known to poets but to no inhabitant. And yet we longed
that silence might fall. Like that other some day who first gazed on the
moon,*

*We loved to look on a sea of shadow. And now our eyes have wakened from
their dream*

*And see upon a shore of light
Nothing but the white sun's glittering face.*

The speaker of this poem is describing the journey of the English explorer. He says that the group of **explorers first reached** the **island known** as **silent land**. In the beginning, they **went toward** the southern and **western directions**.

They tried their best to make their **presence felt** in the **silent land**. As they waited, they desired that the **silent land would silence** the voice of their presence. They longed for the silence of the islands so that it **could fall upon** them for the most part. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand what the explorers are speaking of. Finally, the **explorers arrive** to what they **thought would** be a desert. Instead, it is a "land" of light. As they **look back** at what they saw, they realize that they were looking at the moon. The moon is so bright in the land of light, that it **seems like** it is blinding. The explorers have awoken from their dream, and are now looking at the land as if they saw it for the **first time**.

The poem has very **strong imagery**. In short, the poem is about explorers, and the explorers' journeys before they arrived at a **certain land**. The **explorers longed** for the silence of the "**silent land**".

*While I sit alone and the bells hang swinging
Like a dark mist over the river and over me,
And the slow sound grows and grows upon my ear,
The night deepens, and it seems to me that I*

*Begin to see the people with their dim faces. With their vague eyes, with
their hands that turn at times,*

I remember. Begin to feel the rain. The wind is in the trees, the water stirs,

*The rain begins. It falls for a little while,
And then it stops. Suddenly the sky clears.*

This **poetic gem** by poet James Joyce opens with the scene where he is **sitting alone** under the moonlight. He is waiting for the arrival of the boat with the travelers but he seems more concerned about the sounds of bells. As he waits for **longer hours**, he **gradually becomes** more and more conscious of the sounds of the bells.

He seems to be in a state of trance as he feels the sounds of the bells and their effects on him more fully.

Throughout the **whole poem**, the sounds of the bells are represented by the darkness. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of the bells that are ringing. The **bells represent** the death, and people are rushing off to the grave.

It's like the funeral of the people. The bells are ringing at the funerals, and the people are **rushing toward** their deaths.

The sound of the bells is not only depressing but it is also an indication of the rain. The people are rushing to the rain, so that they can get in to their death. In brief, "the **rain begins**."

It **rains heavily** for a short while and then it stops. The **night deepens**, and it seems that he will be able to see the **people better**. It **rains heavily** again, and the **night deepens**.

*When shall these lovers be reunited
In some wild Eden of their hearts? Not for one day, though love should
endure,
But in their love shall all their days be spent. And all our joys shall flow
from thence,
When we shall see them at their marriage. I do not ask that you shall break
with him;
But this I ask: let us meet once again

Before the dark; let me hear him say our name. I cannot be alone with you
for a while. No one in the world can take your place. No man can give
himself or
give himself away to the crowd.*

This poem is about the love between **two people** and hopes that the couple will be able to spend the rest of their **lives together**. The **poem begins** when the **speaker asks** when their relationship will **come true**, when it will reach the **highest level** of perfection. Since the pair is in **perfect harmony**, the speaker is hoping that they will always be together and that their love will never be extinguished.

There are **many references** to the world of nature and the countryside. In the **first line**, when shall these lovers be reunited, the **speaker refers** to the **natural world**. It's depressing to me, that not **many understand** the **true meaning** of this poem

The **poem continues** with a plea that the lovers will spend their **lives together**, and that the speaker will not have to be alone with the man. The **speaker asks** for a meeting, before they meet on the dark. The couple is separated by their occupations for part of the day, but the **speaker wants** to meet before the dark in order to hear him **say** our name.

Ultimately, she wants to hear him say their names, and that they will be **together forever**.

I would have enjoyed being able to read and understand this poem.

I. On a Hill
The little red and blue flame
In the sunlit grass.
I, the wind, am blowing it,
And its blue, blue light
Falls soft upon me, as I
Turn my face

To the wind.
II. I sit on the hill,
Forgetting to be sad;

Under the darkening moon,
On the mountain's brow, I look at the sea.

A strange and sullen sight,
For it is a strange world –
The land and the sea –

The sun and the moon –
They dance at my command,
In the light of the dawn.

This **folk-inspired poem explores** our relationship with nature. The **poem starts** with the **narrator sitting** on a hill while the **day ends** in the evening, and he finds himself gazing at the moon, thinking about his **past love**. At this moment, a **breeze blows** through him as he **sees** the blue, **blue light fall soft** on me, as I turn my face to the wind, which seems to bring him back to his past.

It's unfair, that the poem was not appreciated the way it should, because it's a masterpiece. All in all, this is a poem that makes you think about how we humans can relate to nature, and how we're only a part of nature.

*It is a strange and secret meeting of night with dawn
Between the long shadows of the trees
When all the dead are gone, and a wind
Bears to the grass a faint and delicate perfume*

*Of the first summer. The old river moves among the willows
And murmurs to itself,*

*But it is summer and all about
A sound of running brooks.*

This poem is an expression of wonder, elation, sadness, delight, amazement, awe, or wonder at the **natural beauty** of nature. It begins when the **speaker calls this silent meeting** of dawn and night as strange and secret'. The **natural beauty** and charm of this **poetic moment** is expressed in a series of images which draw the reader into the scene.

Among these are a river, the sounds of **running brooks**, and the presence of the **old river**. It's **almost irritating**, that **none seem** to understand what is happening or the wonder it is that this meeting of night and dawn should **take place** at all.

For the most part the poem is spoken by the river and the only other person is the speaker. There is a sense of **wonder around** the meeting of night and dawn, which is conveyed in the poem's language: strange and secret, it is summer and all about, a sound of **running brooks**. To wrap up this section, the river is the **major character** in the poem.

On the other hand, as the **main character** in this poem, the **old river**, is more of a listener.

*I have a message for you.
I carry it to the people who will come to look for me in the streets;
their hearts are restless, like yours were long ago,
you will be afraid to follow, and ashamed to turn away.*

*But I go on, a shadow behind them, calling in your ear,
telling them they will not find it, that it is but a dream.*

*And you come again to me with a child upon your arm and a look
of triumph in your eyes, and I am not there.*

*I do not believe you;
perhaps you will not believe me either.
You have a boy's face and an old man's body,
but the child is mine, all the same, mine from the first.*

*You can't have him:
and I know you're not such a fool as you pretend to be.*

The speaker, who is a **homeless man**, is tired of begging for something to survive and so says he has a **valuable message** to someone. However, the **person fails to come forward even though** the **speaker says** that his heart is **restless like** hers and that he will **make sure** that the listeners will be afraid to follow and ashamed to **turn away**. In the end, the **speaker promises** that he will find and speak to his son.

It saddens me, that not **many understand** the message the **speaker conveys**.

The poem has **many similes**. The **speaker says** that he carries a **message like** a **shadow behind** them that makes them restless, he will call to them over and over again. He says that his heart is **restless like** hers was **long ago** and that he will be afraid to follow and ashamed to **turn away**.

The **speaker also compares** himself to the people to his son.

The speaker is also very direct. In brief, the **speaker talks** about his message to someone and how his heart is restless. Furthermore, he says that his message is that he will find and speak to his son.

*I shall not go down in the fields today,
For the woods are thick with leaves of autumn,
And the wind is like a ghost.
I shall not stir from the threshold.*

*My garden has become a wild place,
With vines all tangled on the trellis's eaves,
The grass grows high, the moss is green.
No bird will sing to me in my garden,
It is too sad even for its own*

*It is dead and I have lost my life.
I walk in my hall with my key in hand,
And turn it in the lock, and am alone,
My life was so gay—so gay.*

*The candles—one and two and three,
The empty mirror and the dark wood floor;
Whence, whence come my thoughts? I see the keys
Hang in a rack, I feel myself the door.*

*Now a man is here, again I hear his feet;
I lift a curtain, look beneath a flower,
His arms are round me, his face on mine.*

This **short poem presents** a woman's depression and **sorrow due** to the demise of the **womanizing husband** who used to flirt with her. The **speaker begins** the poem with an exclamation, stating that she will not leave the **house today** as the woods, having fallen to autumn. The speaker is upset because the woods are covered in leaves.

The woman has no interest in **going far away** from her house. How unfortunate, that not **many saw** the **real point** of this poem, how the woman who was married to a **flirty floozy**, is now alone and depressed. She is sad and lonely with all the leaves on the floors and on the trees. She is so sad that she is not **even sure** of her thoughts but just remembers the keys that she **always kept** in a rack.

The woman then has a dream of her husband, who has been gone for quite a while. Ultimately, the woman has no interest in the outdoors as there are

leaves, a **dark wood floor**, and even a **vacant mirror**. The wife then turns to her room and realizes that there is a man in her house.

She **becomes distressed** because she has lost her husband.