

Topic no 2. Appreciation questions from poetry**A psalm of life**

**Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.**

The poet slams the pessimists who sings ,write sad poems or thinks nothing can be achieved in this life. according to him person who spends all his time sleeping is already dead.

**Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.**

Life is real and serious. we should not not take it lightly. Life is not end with death. The poet believes in the existence of the soul after our death.

**Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.**

In an ideal life there should be both enjoyment and sorrow in a balanced way. but that is not crucial. The poet doesn't want us to waste even a single day. we should crave for going forward farther each day in our journey of life.

**Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.**

Here he means to say that we should utilize our limited time span to the fullest instead of wasting it in the thought of death .

**In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!**

Here human beings are compared to troops. he wishes us to be successful in life by following the right way of life. he doesn't like to see us like the dumb cattle driven by others, with no particular goal or direction.

**Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!**

He instructs us to not to trust the future and to forget the past events and they should not haunt us anymore and affect our present action. we have to follow our heart and keep faith in god overhead..

**Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;**

Lives of great men remind us that we can also achieve those heights if we wish and strive for that. and if we can do that, we would be living forever in our works ,in the hearts of people. we can leave our marks through our good work that would inspire later generations to follow our way.

**Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.**

A hopeless shipwrecked man sailing over the large sea of life can find examples set by us and can gain courage and hope to move forward.

**Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.**

The poet here urges us not to mind the consequences. we must learn to work hard, to act wisely and wait for the rewards patiently.

Questions:

- 1) who is the speaker?
Henry wads worth Longfellow
- 2) what do you mean by mournful numbers?
Sad songs
- 3) why do some people say that life is empty dream?
Man's ambitious plans are spoiled by death. Those who do not accept death as a part of the cycle of life, call life an empty dream.
- 4) what journey is talked about here?
Journey of life
- 5) what is not the way or end of life?
Enjoyment or sorrow is not the way or end of life
- 6) why does the poet hold his opinion about the purpose of life?
The poet does not want to get lost in pursuit of pleasure or break down under the pressure of pain.
- 7) why does the poet say "life is real"?
Life is not an empty dream. In continuation of his argument, he says life is real and serious
- 8) why does the poet say "grave is not its goal"?
One needs to accomplish a lot in one's life time. The thought of death is likely to disturb one's progress. Besides, death signals the beginning of the eternal life
- 9) what are sounding like muffled drums?
The heart of humans are beating like muffled drums.
- 10) why are they said to beat "funeral marches"?
Man's life span is limited. When the heart beat stops, ones dies. So the poet says poetically that, the heart is beating its funeral march to the grave.
- 11) why does the poet advice the readers not to trust the future?
Future is unpredictable. If one believes in working in the present, future is bound to reward him/her.
- 12) what does the poet mean by the words " let the dead past bury its dead"?
Majority of men carry their past failures, mistakes and lost opportunities in their minds. Their performance in life is much affected by the load of guilt.

13) what does the life of great men teach us?

The lives of great men teach us that we can make our lives sublime by our hard work. People in future may follow the foot prints and regain their lost hopes.

14) highlight the significance of the line "act in the living present"

The poet wants us to be realistic and live each day to the best of his ability. He wants man to contribute his best ungrudgingly to the world.

15) comment on the last line: "learn to labor and to walk"

The poet wants the readers to move ahead irrespective of the results or fruits of labour.

16) how does the poet advise us not to judge life by temporary standards?

One need not judge life by temporary standards. It is not wise to measure the result of one's action but keep on working unmindful of the results. Then success will ultimately crown one's life.

17) what does the poet tell about life?

Life is an empty dream. Life is real and serious. Grave is not its goal. A man dies but not his soul. It is immortal.

Women's Right

You cannot rob us of the rights we cherish,

Nor turn our thoughts away

Whatever is cherished by women, they want to possess it. Nobody could rob them for this nor try to deviate their thoughts.

From the bright picture of a "Woman's Mission"

Our hearts portray.

Their thoughts which their hearts entertain as women's mission cannot be turned away. For a woman her circle of family and friends is far more important than her own liberation

We claim to dwell, in quiet and seclusion,

Beneath the household roof,

They are happy to be in the secluded roof

From the great world's harsh strife, and jarring voices,

To stand aloof;

Their sweet home keeps them away from world's happening and struggles.

Not in a dreamy and inane abstraction

To sleep our life away,

Just because they are not actively involved in world's happening . we should not think that they are in dreamy world, not noticing the happenings

But, gathering up the brightness of home sunshine,

To deck our way

They are silently helping their home to shine

As humble plants by country hedgerows growing,

That treasure up the rain,

Like the humble plants they too store the resources for the welfare of family

And yield in odours, ere the day's declining,

The gift again;

The sacrifice their entire life for the progress of the family, and they do this non stop

So let us, unobtrusive and unnoticed,

But happy none the less,

Their contribution to the society and the family is not recognized and appreciated

**Be privileged to fill the air around us
with happiness;**

they feel extremely happy when the people around them happy

**To live, unknown beyond the cherished circle,
Which we can bless and aid;**

For these women, the welfare of their cherished family is of the utmost concern

**To die, and not a heart that does not love us
Know where we're laid.**

It does not matter if none than the family circle knows where they laid to rest. Their concerns is their home. They love, live and die unnoticed.

Questions:

1. Who do you think this line is addressed to?
This line is addressed to male chauvinistic society
2. Who cannot rob?
Men cannot rob.
3. What cannot be robbed? OR Whose rights cannot be robbed?
Women's rights cannot be robbed.
4. Who does 'you' refer to?
'You' refers to the domineering men or husbands.
5. Who are the 'us' here?
The 'us' refers to the suppressed women folk.
6. What rights are cherished by women?
Women cherish the family more than their own material benefits.
7. What is the 'picture' about?
The picture is about the woman's rights.
8. 'Nor turn our thoughts away' – what does this line imply?
This line implies that women were not permitted to express their thoughts freely so far.
9. Where do men dwell?
Women dwell at home away from harsh, strife and jarring voices
10. Where do women claim to dwell?
Women want to dwell in their homes
11. How do they want to dwell?
They want to dwell calmly and happily.
12. Who claim to dwell alone beneath the household roof?
Women claim to dwell alone under the household roof.
13. Why does the speaker want to dwell in quiet seclusion?
She wants to dwell in quiet seclusion because she wants to be free from the unpleasant conflicts in this world.
14. What is the world full of?
The world is full of unpleasant conflicts
15. What kind of life do women prefer to live?
Women prefer to live calmly and happily.
16. What is meant by inane abstractions?
Inane abstraction means stupid inactiveness.

17. 'Sleep our life away' – What does it mean?
It means wasting our life in laziness.
18. Who say that women waste their life sleeping and dreaming?
Men say that women waste their life in sleeping and dreaming.
19. What do women want to do?
They want to deck and brighten their homes.
20. How do women deck their way?
They deck their way by gathering happiness at home.
21. Who are compared to humble plants?
Women are compared to humble plants.
22. Why are women compared to humble plants?
As they spread the fragrance of happiness, women are compared to humble plants.
23. Where do humble plants grow?
Small plants grow along the sides of roads.
24. What is the gift of humble plants?
Getting rain water and spreading fragrance all around is the gift of plants.
25. What do humble plants treasure up?
Humble plants treasure up rain water.
26. 'Ere the day declining' – What does it mean? (OR) When do plants yield fragrance?
It means that plants yield fragrance in the evening.
27. What is the gift of women?
Women get love and happiness from their husbands and share them with their children
28. Who fill the air with happiness?
Women fill the air with happiness.
29. Who are privileged?
Women are privileged.
30. What is the privilege?
Making others in the family happy is the privilege.
31. What remains unobtrusive and unnoticed?
The good done to others by the women remains unobtrusive and unnoticed.
32. What does 'the air around us' refer to?
It refers to the family.
33. What is cherished circle?
Cherished circle means the family circle.
34. Who are known in the cherished circle?
Women are known in the cherished circle.
35. What kind of death do men want?
Women want to die unknown to those who do not love them.
36. In what way are women humble?
They are humble by remaining unknown to the outsiders.
37. What are women known?
They are known only to their family members.

A noiseless patient spider

A NOISELESS, patient spider,

I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated

The poet observed a spider which was suspended at a high altitude alone. It was trying to sustain its place patiently and noiselessly.

Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding

It observed how it should explore the vast vacant site around

It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself

Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them

It spun a lot of yarn from its own motion. Continuously speeding up its job to retain its place

And you O my soul where you stand,

Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,

Soul is in a body so surrounded yet detached because the soul is eternal and is in the measureless oceans of space.

Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,

The soul is thinking, trying, throwing searching for its filament to connect it to the wall.

Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,

Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

The soul makes persistent efforts to form a bridge between him and god using gossamer thread. After several attempts, the soul will reach out to god.

Questions:

1. What is the spider trying to build by its repeated activity?
The spider is trying to build its web.
2. Why is the human soul interested in reaching space?
Human soul needs the support of something infinite and eternal as an anchor of hope. So it is interested in reaching space.
3. What does the spider symbolize?
Perservance
4. What is the significance of the gossamer thread?
Used for making cloth for shroud
5. Who is musing continuously?
The soul
6. Why does the soul aim to link the sphere?
The soul is in isolation
7. Who is trying to build a bridge?
The soul
8. Why should the anchor be ductile?
The anchor is to be placed in space, so it needs to be ductile.
9. Who throws the gossamer thread?
The soul
10. What does the soul hope to anchor?
The soul hopes to anchor its hope on god's eternal grace.

English words

Speech that came like leech-craft

And killed us almost, bleeding us white!

Leech- craft is an ancient medical remedy of using leeches to remove impure blood. Like wise English captivated Indians that the people had changed completely.

You bleached our souls soiled with impurities.

You bathed our hearts amid tempestuous seas

Of a purer, drearier, delight.

English purified our souls. It cleansed our hearts.

O tongues of fire! You came devouring

In fiery rising jets of fire, it came to india to clear darkness.

Forests of nightshade, creepers that enmesh,

Trees that never remembered to grow,

And shrubs that were but thornmills in our flesh.

Before its entry india is compared to darkness

You were the dawn, and sunlight filled the spaces

Where owls were hovering.

In such a darkening place, English came as dawn.

O winged seeds! You crossed the furrowed seas

To nestle in the warm and silent earth.

Addressed as winged seeds because it has crossed deep and wavy seas to settle in the warm and cool place like india

Like a golden swarm of fireflies you came

Pining for a new agony, a new birth.

Its entry is compared to swarm of fireflies, wishing longingly for new birth though it involves extreme pain.

You blossomed into a nascent loveliness.

You ripened into nectar in fruit-jars

That hung like clustered stars.

English words compared to seeds. Seeds are buried and after some time it sprouted and grow into a big tree with fruits

O winging words! Like homing bees you borrow

Grown murmurous, the honey of delight,

Pollened within our hearts the coming morrow,

Bees collect honey from various flowers. That sweetened honey has pollened our hearts.

Sweetened within our souls for aeons bright:

You kindle in the far corners of the earth

Soul is sweetened with honey of delight which is collected from various flowers. Different words absorbed in English

The music of an ever-deepening chant:

The burthen of a waneless, winterless spring,

The gospel of an endless blossoming.

like the humming bees chant the music of spring. English words have spread the gospel of an endless blossoming of fresh ideas.

Fathomless words, with Indo-Aryan blood

Tingling in your veins.

Words are really immeasurable. Their depth cannot be gauged. The injection of indo – Aryan blood has strengthened English and rejuvenated it.

The spoils of ages, global merchandise

Mingling in your strains!

You pose the cosmic riddles:

In the beginning was the Word

The cosmic puzzle posed by English as to who was in the beginning stays unresolved. In King James' version of the Holy Bible, the English translation reads "In the beginning was the word" it is claimed, the word was God in image

And the Word was God.

The Word is in the middle

And the Word is Man.

In the end will be the Word

And the Word will be God in Man

Word was with God and the word was God. If a person possesses word power he could create new concepts. So he is like God, the second creator. Word power is ruling the world. In the end word will be manifesting God in man.

Questions:

1. who is the poem addressed to?
To the English words
2. What is leech craft?
Leech craft is an ancient medical treatment to remove impure blood.
3. What is compared to leech-craft?
English is compared to leech-craft.
4. What does speech refer to here?
Speech refers to English language here.
5. What did leech craft do?
Leech craft removed all the impure blood.
6. 'Bleeding white' – What does it mean?
'Bleeding white' means removed all the impurities and made pure.
7. What is meant by 'bleached our soul'?
It means purification of soul.
8. Who does 'you' refer to?
You refers to English language.
9. What are tempestuous seas?
The multi-lingualism in India is referred to as the tempestuous seas.
10. 'Soiled with impurities' – what it mean?
It refers to the defects in the Indian languages.
11. Who bleached our souls?
English language bleached our souls.
12. What are the impurities?
The hard spots in a language are the impurities.
13. Which were the thorns in our flesh?
The difficulties or 'dark spots' in our native languages were the thorns on our flesh.
14. What is referred to 'tongues of fire'?
'English words' are compared to tongues of fire.
15. Give the meaning of 'devouring'.
Devouring means consuming large quantities.
16. What do 'tongues of fire' do?
The tongues of fire consume the enmeshing creepers.
17. What made the stunted in growth of trees?

The enmeshing creepers caused stunted growth of trees.

18. What are 'thornmills'?

'Thornmills' are the vast area of thorny bushes.

19. Why is nightshade in the forest?

Because of the creeper, shrubs and the stunted trees, the forests are dark and the dark shade remains there.

20. What do shrubs symbolise?

'Shrubs' symbolise the impurities in the human speech.

You were the dawn, and sunlight filled the spaces

Where owls were hovering.

21. What is the English language compared to here?

English language is compared to dawn and sunlight here.

22. Why are English words called dawn?

English words are called dawn because they remove the ignorance and make the native languages bright.

23. What were the owls?

The dark spots in the native languages were the owls.

24. What happened to the owls?

The owls that are the impurities in Indian languages are driven away by the advent of English.

25. What do the owls do?

The owls haunt the sky at night

26. What are portrayed as winged seeds?

English words are portrayed as winged seeds.

27. What did the winged seeds do?

The winged seeds crossed the furrowed seas.

28. What does 'crossed the furrowed seas' imply?

'Crossed the furrowed seas' imply that English is a foreign language.

29. Why did the English words (winged seeds) cross the sea?

The English words crossed the sea to settle comfortably in India.

30. How was the earth?

The earth was warm and silent.

31. Explain the comparison.

Fire flies are attractive in darkness. Likewise English words were attractive to native Indians.

32. What are English words compared to here?

English words are compared to the swarm of fireflies.

33. What is the purpose of English words coming to India?

English words came to India with a deep desire to give birth to new speech.

34. 'New Agony' – What does it mean?

Bringing about a renaissance in speech is a difficult task. Therefore it is a new agony.

35. What do you mean by 'pining'?

'Pining' means yearning

36. What does 'you' refer to here?

You refers to English words.

37. Give the meaning of the word 'Cluster'.

Cluster means a group of many.

38. What is compared to the cluster of stars?

The collection of English words is compared to the cluster of stars.

39. 'Nascent loveliness' – What does it mean?
Nascent loveliness means just-born beauty.
40. 'Nectar in fruit-jar' – Explain?
English words are so sweet like honey in a jar.
41. What is nectar? Where is it?
Nectar is a sweet juice in flowers.
42. How did English mature?
English matured like fruits which ripen in fruit jar.
43. Explain the comparison:
Honey bees collect honey from many flowers and save in their hives. In the same way English words enrich the language by borrowing sweet words from other languages.
44. Why English words are called 'winging'?
English words travel along many countries. So they are called winging words
45. What do homing bees do?
Homing bees bring home honey.
46. What do English words do?
English words enrich the language by borrowing sweet words from other languages.
47. "Grown murmurous" – What does it mean?
By drinking the honey, the bees get intoxicated.
48. Who has caused the pollination?
English words have caused the pollination.
49. What does the pollination promise to yield?
It promises to bring forth sweetness from many ages to come.
50. Where is the honey of delight stored?
The honey of delight is stored in the hearts of the English speaking people
51. What does the English language do?
The English language spreads to every nook and corner of the world.
52. How can English spread to every corner of the earth?
The musical quality of the language makes it easy to spread to every corner of the earth.
53. What is the season referred to here?
Spring season is referred to here.
54. What is the wish of the poet?
The poet wishes an everlasting spring to English language.
55. What is the gospel?
The good news of spreading English language is the gospel.
56. Winterless spring' – What does it mean?
It means that English language will blossom always without fading or diminishing
57. Why are English words fathomless?
English words are fathomless because their utility is too deep to be measured.
58. 'Indo-Aryan blood' – What does it signify?
It signifies that English is of Indo-Aryan descent.
59. 'The spoils of age' – What does it mean?
It means that English language has grown rich over the years.
60. 'Global merchandise' – Explain?
Merchandise is a commercial term. Here it means that English language has developed by travelling like a product travels all over the world for trade
61. Who pose the cosmic riddle?

English words pose the cosmic riddle.

62. What is the cosmic riddle?

The mystery about the creation of the universe is the riddle.

63. Why is the 'word' in the middle?

God is the beginning and the end. Therefore the word is in between.

64. Who does 'God in man' refer to?

'God in man' refers to Jesus Christ.

65. 'Words is Man' – What does it mean?

It means that the word of God came to the world as man that is Jesus Christ.

Snake

A snake came to my water-trough

On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,

To drink there.

A snake came to the poet's water trough to quench its thirst.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob-tree

I came down the steps with my pitcher

As he came down the steps with his pitcher, he saw it.

And must wait, must stand and wait; for there he was at the trough before me.

He must wait to fill the pitcher.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom

And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down,

over the edge of the stone trough,

The snake has come out from a long deep crack and trackled in his yellow – brown, soft – bellied body towards the edge of the stone- trough.

And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,

And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,

It rested its throat upon the stone bottom where the water, dripping from the tap had collected.

He sipped with his straight mouth,

Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body, Silently.

The snake sipped some water. it was highly careless in its act.

Someone was before me at my water-trough, And I, like a second corner,

Waiting.

Snake was already there. So he is the second comer.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,

And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,

The snake lifted his head as cattle do. Then the snake noticed the poet but couldn't think of him as an attacker.

And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a moment,

And stooped and drank a little more,

The snake flickered its forked tongue and mused for a moment, it bent and drank a little more.

Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of the earth,

On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

in the month of july the volcanic mountain etna got heated up.

The voice of my education said to me

He must be killed,

Voice of education urged him to kill

For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are venomous.

The belief is black are innocent and the gold one are venomous.

And voices in me said if you were a man

You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

the inner voice him said him to take a stick and kill it.

But must I confess how I liked him,

How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough

He could not kill it because to him he had come like a guest .

And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,

Into the burning bowels of this earth

The snake is ready to go back to his hot earthen hole

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?

Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?

He started musing why he did not kill the snake. He thought of himself he was a coward. He longed to talk the snake. He question himself if it was because of perversity.

Was it humility, to feel so honoured?

I felt so honoured

Was he humbled to feel honoured by the visit of a snake

And yet those voices:

If you were not afraid, you would kill him.

His inner voice states that if he was not afraid he would kill it.

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid;

But even so, honored still more

He answered to his innervoice, he was afraid and honoured to receive him as a guest.

That he should seek my hospitality

From out the dark door of the secret earth.

The snake come out seeking the poet's hospitality

He drank enough

And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,

And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,

It drank full and appeared like a drunkard. He was licking his lips with his dark tongue which was appeared as black as night.

Seeming to lick his lips,

And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,

And slowly turned his head,

The snake looked all around as an all powerful god, turning his head.

And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,

Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round

And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

After looking all around he slowly, proceeded to draw his body curving, slithering down the trough.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,

And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,

he started moving slowly on the hole.

A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing

Into that horrid black hole,

He overcome with a sense of horror

Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,

Overcame me now his back was turned.

He keenly observed its slow progress.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,

I picked up a clumsy log

And threw it at the water trough with a clatter.

He put his pitcher down, picked up a clumsy log and threw it at the snake.

I think it did not hit him,

But suddenly that part of him that was left behind

convulsed in undignified haste,

the log did not hit it but the clattering sound disturbed its slow movement.

Writhed like lightning, and was gone

Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,

At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

In undignified haste was withdrawn in to the hole. Fascination of the poet.

And immediately I regretted it.

I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!

He regretted his act immediately. He considered it is a mean and vulgar act.

I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross,

He cursed his education. He wanted to atone his sin in the same way as Coleridge's ancient mariner did after committing a similar crime against an innocent albatross.

And I wished he would come back, my snake

For he seemed to me again like a king,

He wished to correct his act by treating the snake with hospitality as he was the king of the earth.

Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld

Now due to be crowned again.

The king of the earth has come in exile and he should have been crowned.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords Of life.

And I have something to expiate;

A pettiness.

He missed his chance of crowning the king. He wanted to explain his pettiness by regaining his instinct of love for all the creature of god.

Question :

1. Who is referred to someone?
The snake
2. Who is the second comer?
The poet
3. What was the common purpose of the visit?
Both wanted water from the water trough.
4. What is Etna?
Active volcano.
5. What did his voice of education say?
Golden snakes in Sicily are poisonous.
6. What is deemed cowardice?
The unwillingness of the poet to kill the snake.
7. What is termed as perservity?
He longed to talk to the snake is termed as perservity.

8. Why was he afraid?
He was afraid that the snake may hit back.
9. Why does he feel honoured?
The snake chose to visit the poet's water trough, he feels honoured.
10. What was the effect of his drink?
He appeared to be intoxicated
11. Why does the poet hate himself?
For the mean act of trying to kill the snake unnecessarily.
12. Who is compared to a king?
The snake is compared to a king
13. What does he mean by his pettiness?
The act of throwing a log towards the honoured guest
14. Why does the poet want to expiate?
The poet equates his attempt to kill the snake to killing of albatross in St. Coleridge's poem "The rime of the ancient mariner" so he wants to expiate.

The man he killed

Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!"

If the poet met the enemy soldier in an inn, both would have enjoyed their drinks though they don't know each other.

But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place."

But he has met him as an enemy soldier. Both attacked each other and finally the poet succeeded in killing his enemy.

"I shot him dead because
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

He justifies the killing because the other man was his enemy.

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like — just as I
Was out of work - had sold his traps
No other reason why."

Tries to make a guess, he was forced by fate to take up the post as a soldier and not for any patriotic reason.

Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is
Or help You shoot a fellow down

He is perplexed at the curious nature of the war. He has shot down a man. He thinks deeply
You'd treat if met where any bar is

**You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is
With half a crown**

There was no solid reason to state why he killed him. He should kill him or else other would have done so. He affirms he would have treated him as a friend and spent some money, if he were not an enemy soldier.

Questions:

1. What happened to the other soldier?
The speaker shot him dead.
2. What would have happened if the speaker had met the other soldier in the inn?
He would have offered him a drink.
3. Foe- enemy
4. What do you means by list here?
Here list means joining the army.
5. Why did the speaker join the army offhand like?
Because he had no other means of livelihood.
6. Why did he sympathise with the dead soldier?
He believed that the other soldier also may have been driven to join army because he was out of work.
7. Who he would help with money?
He would help the other soldier with money, half a crown if he met in any inn.

Off to outer space tomorrow morning

**You can start the Count Down, you can take a last look;
You can pass me my helmet from its plastic hook;
You can cross out my name in the telephone book –
For I'm off to outer space tomorrow morning.**

The poet is ready for the final moments when the count down begins for the take off. He tells us to strike out his name from the telephone book.

**There won't be any calendar, there won't be any clock;
Daylight will be on the switch and winter under lock
I'll doze when I'm sleepy and wake without a knock –
For I'm off to outer space tomorrow morning.**

Calendar and clocks do not matters here..if he switches on the light, it will be deemed day. If he switches off the light it would be night for him.

**I'll be writing no letters; I'll be posting no mail.
For with nobody to visit me and not a friend in hail,
In solit'ry confinement as complete as any gaol.
For I'm off to outer space tomorrow morning.**

He will be alone in the capsule. No friends shall call on him. he neither writes letter nor he posts it

**When my capsule door is sealed and my space- flight has begun
With the teacups circling around me like the planets round the sun.
I will be centre of my gravity, a universe of one,
Setting off to outer space tomorrow morning.**

He would be the centre of gravity when the capsule door closed..... teacups will be floating around him like planets.

You can watch on television and follow from a far
Tracking through you telescope my upward shooting star;
But you needn't think I'll give a damn for you or what you are
When I'm off to outer space tomorrow morning.

He says we can watch him in TV. His rocket may be tracked through telescope.

And when the rockets thrust me on my trans- galactic hope,
With twenty hundred light- years before the first stop,
Then you and every soul on earth can go and blow your top
For I'm off to outer space tomorrow morning.

His next stop would be at twenty hundred light miles. he assumes people may be envious and angry over his chance to travel in the spacecraft. But he doesn't bother.

Questions:

1. Why does the poet talk about last look?
The poet is about to zoom into space in his space craft. Anything may happen to astronauts in space.
2. Where is helmet ?
It is hanging on a plastic hook.
3. Why is the winter under lock?
Seasons change only in the atmosphere around the earth, not in the space.
4. When will the speaker sleep?
There is no fixed time. He will doze off when he feels sleepy.
5. What is goal to the poet?
The cabin
6. Why do cups float and circle around the poet?
Because of lack of gravitational force
7. Who is compared to sun?
The poet
8. What is upward shooting stars?
The spacecraft
9. When will the poet stops?
The poet would stop after travelling the distance of twenty hundred light years.
10. What is the overall tone of the poem?
Indifference.

Sonnet no.116

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.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

**But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.**

SUMMARY:

Let me not declare any reasons why two true minded people should not be married. love does not alter or change if circumstances around it change. If physical or spiritual change does come, love remains the same and true. it is a light house that sees storms but it never shaken. Love is the guiding North Star to every lost ship whose value cannot be calculates, although its altitude can be measured. Love is not at the mercy of time, though physical beauty. Love alters not with hours and weeks but rather it endures until the last day of life. If I am proves wrong about these thought on love then I recant all that I have written and no man has ever truly loved.

Questions:

1. What does impediments means?
Obstacle
2. Which alters with time?
False love
3. What is an ever fixed mark here?
love
4. What is tempest mean here?
Strong opposition raised against the lovers.
5. What is the star referred to?
pole star
6. What cannot be destroyed by time?
true love
7. What does his height refers to?
Altitude of the star
8. What is bending sickle compared to?
Time. Time cuts off beauty and youth slowly
9. How long does a true love live?
Last day of the world
10. How does the poet challenge the readers?
To disapprove his ideas on true love.

The solitary reaper

**Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass**

The poet is mesmerized with the effect of the solitary reaper's song and he tells us to look at the girl who is reaping grain and also singing a sweet song. he advises the passerby to stop short and listen to her song or pass silently so that she is not disturbed

**Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.**

He says that the girl's tone was sorrowful and the whole deep valley is echoing with her sweet song.

**No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of traveler's in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:**

The song of the nightingale is welcome song to the tired group of travellers in the oasis of Arabian desert. The reaper's voice is compared to that of the nightingale.

**A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides**

Now the poet compares reaper's voice to cuckoo's voice. He takes us to the Hebrides where the silences of the remote islands are broken by the voice of the cuckoo bird.

**Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago**

He does not understand the language used by the lady in her song but he can definitely tell the song is sad. [Scotland people speak a language known as Scots Gaelic or Erse].

**Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again**

The poet is unable to arrive at the correct reason for the reaper's sorrow. He thinks that it could be due to a past or present event. He guesses that it could be a recurring problem.

**Whatever the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—**

The poet appears to not even care about understanding the woman's song anymore. She kept singing and singing while she worked. She was singing while she was bending over her sickle (a tool used to cut crops).

**I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more**

He stopped dead in his tracks and stood motionless and still as he listened. The time has come for the poet to be on his way.

Questions :

1. Where is the solitary reaper?
In highland
2. What is the reaper doing?
Reaping and singing by herself.
3. Why should one pass gently?
She might get distracted and stop singing.
4. What was the valley filled with?
Filled with melodious song

5. Who does weary band refer to?
Plough men and their beasts, who return after the day work.
6. Where does the poet draw the phrase the silence of the seas?
From Coleridge's poem "the rhyme of ancient mariner".
7. Why does the poet seek the help of some one?
He does not understand the reaper's language
8. What does the poet guess?
He guesses the cause of the solitary reaper's sorrow
9. What is a sickle for?
For reaping grains
10. Why could the poet not hear the song after some time?
He have gone to a long distance.

Be the best

It you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush, if you can't be a tree.
If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
And some highway happier make;
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass-
But the liveliest bass in the lake!
We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do
And the task we must do is the near.
If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail-
Be the best of whatever you are!

SUMMARY :

The poet tells us to be the best in whatever we can be. We must never be ashamed of what we are, as no job is less or small. In this world every job have equal importance for the people. we all must take pride in our work and do it with the best of our ability.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops o red!
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The poet brief the captain that people rejoice over the end of the civil war. Bells welcome him. Bells toll only for him. The captain's bleeding wounds cause pain in the poet's mind. The captain is nomore.

**O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up - for you the flag is flung - for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths - for you the shores crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.**

The poet tries to wake him up. He tells him that the flag is flung and the bugle trills in his honour. Thousands await his dead body with bouquets and ribboned wreaths. they all feels that the death of the captain is a dream not a reality.

**My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead**

Captain's lip had turned pale and still. He does not feel the poet's arm around him. The poet wants people to rejoice over the end of the slavery and receive the winning captain. The poet walk the deck where captain lies dead unwilling to disturb the eternal sleep of the captain.

Questions:

1. Who is referred to captain?
Abraham Lincoln
2. What does the ship symbolize?
America
3. What does mean by fearful trip?
Civil war
4. What happened to the captain?
He was assassinated
5. Why are the people eager?
People are eager to see his face for the last time
6. What is the objective won?
Emancipation of slaves
7. How does the poet personal attitude differ?
He is overwhelmed with grief. He feels Lincoln's death as a personal loss.
8. Why does the poet address the captain as father?
Lincoln was the president of the nation.
9. What is called as dream?
Lincoln's death
10. Why does not the captain responds to the poet's call?
Because he is dead.

Laugh and be merry

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song.
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man
Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden time,
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His mirth
The splendid joy of the stare: the joy of the earth
So we must laugh and Milk from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.
Laugh and be many together, like brothers akin
Guesting awhile In the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends

Questions:

1. How can man make this world a better place to live in?
By singing melodious songs and fill the earth with his sweet vibrations and fighting against injustice
2. Man's span of life compared to?
Thread
3. Who are the guests and where they stay?
The inmates of earth and stays in this world
4. How man should treat his fellow beings?
Like his own brother
5. What is called a beautiful inn?
World
6. What is joy compared to?
Wine
7. What is pageant?
Human race
8. What did god feel when he created the earth?
Joyful
9. What is the game referred to?
Life
10. What is the sky compared to?
Deep blue sky

Earth

How beautiful you are, Earth, and how sublime!
How perfect your obedience to the Light and how noble is your submission to the sun
I have walked over your plains
I have climbed your stony mountains
I have descended Into your valleys;

I have entered Into your caves.
 On the plains I have discovered your dreams,
 On the mountains I have admired your splendid presence.
 And in the valleys I have observed your tranquility
 In the caves I have touched your mysteries.
 We pierce your bosom with swords and spears.
 And you dress our wounds with oil and balsam
 We plant your fields with skulls and bones.
 And from them you rear cypress and willow trees,
 We empty our wastes in your bosom, and you fill
 Our threshing floors with wheat sheaves,
 And our winepresses with grapes.
 We extract your elements to make
 Cannons and bombs but out of
 Our elements you create lilies and roses
 How patient you are Earth, and how Merciful
 Are you an atom of dust raised by
 The feet of God when He Journeyed from
 The East to the West of the Universe?
 Who are you, Earth, and what are you?
 You are "I", Earth!
 You are my sight and my discernment,
 You are my knowledge and my dream
 You are my hunger and my thirst
 You are my sorrow and my joy.
 You are the beauty that lives In my eyes
 The longing In my heart, the everlasting life In
 my soul!
 You are "I" Earth,
 Had it not been for my being,
 You would not have been!

Questions:

1. How is earth?
Beautiful and noble
2. Where is earth 's splendid presence?
On the mountains
3. Where is the earth's tranquility?
In the valley
4. Where are the earth's children lost?
Between the attained and unattained things
5. What do the people pierce with?
Swords and spears
6. What does the earth do?
Dresses our wound with oil and balsam
7. What does the earth rear from skull and bones?
Cypress and willow trees
8. What is the earth compared to?

- An atom of dust
9. How did god travel?
East to west
10. How is earth?
Patient and kind

Don't quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up though the pace seems slow
You may succeed with another blow.
Often the goal is nearer than,
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up,
When he might have captured the victor's cup,
And he learned too late when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.
Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit

Questions:

1. When shouldn't we quit?
When things go wrong
2. How is life?
Strange
3. When shall we succeed?
May be in next attempt
4. What is success?
Failure turned inside out
5. When should we stick to the fight?
While being hardest hit.

The apology

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;(alli)
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men
Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book
Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought
There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers
One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

Questions:

1. Where does the poet walk?
Grove and glen
2. Why shouldn't we scold the poet?
For his laziness
3. What is an aster?
A type of flower
4. Where is secret history?
In bowers
5. Who brings the harvest home?
The farmer and oxen

Be Glad Your Nose Is on Your Face

Be glad your nose is on your face,
not pasted on some other place,
for if it were where it is not,
you might dislike your nose a lot.
Imagine if your precious nose
were sandwiched in between your toes,
that clearly would not be a treat,
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.
Your nose would be a source of dread
were it attached atop your head,
it soon would drive you to despair,
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be
an absolute catastrophe,
for when you were obliged to sneeze
your brain would rattle from the breeze
Your nose, instead, through thick and thin
remains between your eyes and chin,
not pasted on some other place
be glad your nose is on your face!

Questions:

1. What would happen if the nose were pasted on your head?
Fearful
2. What would happen if the nose kept between our toes?
We would be forced to smell our feet
3. Why would it be a catastrophe?
When we sneeze, the brain would rattle
4. Where would the nose be an absolute catastrophe?
If the nose were pasted within the ear

A Sonnet for my Incomparable mother

I often contemplate my childhood, Mom.
I am a mother now, and so I know
Hard work is mixed together with the fun
You learned that when you raised me long ago.
I think of all the things you gave to me:
Sacrifice, devotion, love and tears,
Your heart, your mind, your energy and soul
All these you spent on me throughout the years.
You loved me with a never-failing love
You gave me strength and sweet security
And then you did the hardest thing of all:
You let me separate and set me free.
Every day, I try my best to be
A mother like the mom you were to me

Questions:

1. What does the poet contemplate?
Her childhood
2. What did her mother learn?
To mix hard work with fun
3. What is the poetess now?
A mother
4. What did the mother give?
Sacrifice, devotion, love and tears
5. What was the hardest thing she gave her?
Freedom

A Flying Wonder

Said Orville Wright to Wilbur Wright.
'These birds are very trying.
I'm sick of hearing them cheep-cheep
About the fun of flying.
A bird has feathers, it is true.
That much I freely grant
But must that stop us, W?
Said Wilbur Wright, it shan't.'
And so they built a gilder. first,,
And then they built another.
There never were two brothers more
Devoted to each other.
They ran a dusty title shop
For bicycle-repairing.
And bought each other soda-pop
And praised each other's daring
They gilded here, they glided there,
They sometimes skinned their noses.
For learning how to rule the air
But each would murmur, afterward,
While patching up his bra
'Am we discouraged, W?
Of course we are not, or
And finally. at Kitty Hawk
In Nineteen-Three let's cheer it
The first real aero plane really flew
With Orville there to steer it!
And kingdoms may forget their kings
And dogs forget their bites.
But not till Man forgets his wings
Will men forget the Wrights

Questions:

1. What was the aspiration of brothers?
To fly like birds.
2. What did they built first?
Glider
3. Which shop did they run?
Bicycle- repairing
4. What happened to them sometimes?
They skinned their noses
5. Were they discouraged?
No
6. When did the first plane take off?
1903

To a Millionaire

The world in gloom and splendour passes by.

And thou in the midst of it with brows that gleam,
 A creature of that old distorted dream
 That makes the sound of life an evil cry
 Good men perform just deeds, and brave men die
 And win not honour such as gold can give
 While the vain multitudes plod on, and live,
 And serve the curse that pins them down: But I
 Think only of the unnumbered broken hearts
 The hunger and the mortal strife for bread.
 Old age and youth alike mistaught, misfed,
 By want and rags and homelessness made vile
 The griefs and hates, and all the meaner parts
 That balance thy one grim misgotten pile.

Summary:

The poet believes that the wealth which has to be shared with the poor is in the hands of a few millionaire. The good deeds done by others go unnoticed. The majority of people in the society suffer from hunger and want and struggle for survival. The millionaire's attitude towards the poor is only lack of sympathy.

Questions:

1. Whom does the word "thou" refer to?
millionaire
2. What does "gloom" and "splendor" refer to?
Gloom- misery, splendor- luxury
3. Whose life is referred to as an evil cry?
Millionaire's life
4. What do brave men do?
sacrifice
5. What spoils the life of young and old people?
poverty
6. Who struggle for survival?
Poor people
7. Who has the mis gotten pile?
millionaire

The Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
 Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
 A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
 And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

The song is calm and gentle

Back down the vista of years- giving a view of the past

Tangling strings- the sound produced by the keys of the piano

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song

Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong

Spreading gradually, the song becomes very powerful without his knowledge

The poet taken in to the past again by trick, the songs tricks him.
Through he tries to control, his heart wants to go back to the past.

To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside

And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

He remembers the Sunday evenings in winter, when he was a child and the comfortable sitting room where he used to sing songs in praise of god, playing the piano which guides in their singing.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour

With the great black piano appassionato. the glamour

When the song turns into loud burst of music. It fails to attract him.

Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast

Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past

He knows that he cannot get back to his past and so weeps like a child.

Questions:

1. How does the poet spend his Sunday?
Singing rhymes
2. What does the poet relish more?
Childhood days
3. Where is the child sitting?
Under the piano
4. What does the child press?
His mother's toes
5. What sits upon the poet?
His childhood memories

Manliness

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;

If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone;

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the will which says to them, "Hold on".

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distant run,

Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,

And what is more, you'll be a man, my son

Questions:

1. Why does the poet ask us to dream?
It is the first step towards action
2. how should we treat "triumph" and "disaster"?
both as same
3. what keeps one going on, in spite of being repeatedly confronted with failures?
Confidence and determination
4. how can we fill the unforgiving minute?
By hard work
5. Triumph and disaster in our life refer to?

Success and failure

Going for Water

The well was dry beside the door,
And so we went with pail and can
Across the fields behind the house
To seek the brook if still it ran;

This poem is about two children who must go get water from the brook because the well by their home is dry. They aren't sure if the brook is running

Not loth to have excuse to go,
Because the autumn eve was fair
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,
And by the brook our woods were there

Children aren't upset that they have to do their chores, instead they take it as an opportunity to get away from routine. They are quite familiar with the fields and woods and so consider them as their own.

We ran as if to meet the moon
That slowly dawned behind the trees,
The barren boughs without the leaves,
Without the birds, without the breeze.

We ran as if to meet the moon"-it represents the feeling of happiness a person has that makes them believe that the impossible can be possible. On autumn the leaves fall due to the wind, but this night there was no breeze and the leaves were already fallen leaving the trees looking barren.

But once within the wood, we paused
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,
Ready to run to hiding new
With laughter when she found us soon.

When they are running to meet the moon, they reach the woods and try to hide from it like gnomes do. It represents togetherness and joy. They play hide and seek with moon

Each laid on other a staying hand
To listen ere we dared to look,
And in the hush we joined to make
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.

When they think they heard the brook they stopped and became very quiet all while holding hands

A note as from a single place,
A slender tinkling fall that made
Now drops that floated on the pool
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

When they finally reach it, the brook has transformed to a silver blade which could also suggest that it was frozen. [however we might not know whether it is true as this situation could also be entirely imagination, as in the children's imagination; just like gnomes that are imaginary creatures]

Questions:

1. Why had the speaker to go to the brook?
To bring water
2. Why did the speaker pause in the woods?
To hide from the moon
3. Why were the branches barren?

- Because it was autumn
4. What did the children hear?
The sound of the running water
 5. What does the poet compare to a sliver blade?
The glittering river

The Cry of the Children

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we car'd for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

Children have no desires to play but want to sleep on the soft grass

**Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow**

Their knees seem to be injured, they hurt...

They fall down and want to die...

Their eyes have turned red due to lack of sleep and by working continuously in the dark

**For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round**

The keep on turning the wheels in the factories without rest

"For all day, the wheels are droning, turning;

Their wind comes in our faces,

Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,

And the walls turn in their places:

The factory wheels keep on making a dull noise

They work so close to the machines that they can feel the wind thrown out by rotating of the wheels.

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,

Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,

All are turning, all the day, and we with all.

And all day, the iron wheels are droning,

They can watch the sky only through the high window...even the flies on the ceiling seem to turn like ever spinning wheels..

And sometimes we could pray,

`O ye wheels,' moaning breaking out in a mad

`Stop! be silent for to-day!

They plead with the peace atleast for a day

Questions:

1. Who are weary?
Childrens
2. what do the children do all the day?
Working

3. what makes their knees tremble?
Stooping
4. where do the children work?
Mines
5. what do the children cry for?
Relief and rest.

The Migrant Bird

**The globe's my world .The cloud's my kin
I care not where the skies begin;**

High or low wherever the bird flies ,it is sky

**I spread my wings through all the din:
Through fears and fright I fly my flight**

Keep flying unmindful of the unpleasant noise on earth..

There is fear and terror all around the bird.

No walls for me, no vigil gates,

No flags, no machine guns that blast

Citizens of those border states-

No barriers , no checkpost to restrict its movement.

Machine guns blasts and kills the people of the neighbouring countries

Brothers of her brother's sons.

People kills it own kith and kill

No maps, no boundaries to block

My sojourn into unknown lands.

There is n one to restricts the birds movement.. so it reaches far away unknown lands and stay a while

I spawn and splash in distant spills,

I breed my brood where'r I will.

The bird raises its family in a place, it chooses

I won't look down. No I will not.

With speed of wings I hasten past

It crosses the unpleasant things of the world quickly

And close my eyes against the sun

To dream my dreams and make them last

To dream and achieve it – is the urge that motivates the bird to fly

Questions:

1. Who is the speaker?
The bird
2. Why does the bird closes its eyes?
To avoid the heat of the sun
3. Where does the bird stays?
Anywhere in the world
4. How does the bird react to the fear and fright of the world?
Remains happy without worry
5. How are human relations described ?
Strained relations.

Shilpi

Steady throb

Continuous beating of the hammer

Then Staccato rhythm

Disconnected parts of sound following a pattern

Harmonic cacophony to oblivious ears

Harmonic cacophony-Pleasing mixture of harsh sound

Oblivious ears- ears unaccustomed to the sound of hammer on chisel

The tempo is fickle

The speed of the beats is not consistent. Now synchronized

Now synchronized, now not,

A mirror of his changing moods

Now sure, now steeped in thought

Sometimes rhythmic sometimes not....

Immersed in thought, deeply concentrating on the work..

bleary eyes

Sinews taut yet steady.

Decades of practice

Heirlooms of rich traditions

Vision not clear because the shilpi has to focus for long...he obtained his skills through decades of practice

In stark evidence

The knocking softens fades,

To a mild judicious tap

Virgin rock takes form

Stark evidence- perfect testimony

Judicious tap- carefully hitting with hammer

Virgin rock- uncut rock

Rugged lines melt,

He makes the surface of the statue smooth

Sharp edges merge

Into smooth well moulded curves.

Shapely curves are formed

He Steps back, surveys with

Close scrutiny then sharp critical glare

He looks at his creation with a eyes of a critic

The days of toil

Hammer and chisel laid aside

Only bloodshot eyes betray

Eyes turned red because of stress

Deep pride, then reverence,

Lo! God in Man's image!

He succeeds in making a splendid idol, god's statue from man's image.

Questions:

1. where did shilpi obtained his skill?
From his ancestors.

2. what is the raw material used by shilpi?
Virgin rock
3. What does the mild judicious tap means?
Careful act of hitting
4. Why does the shilpi steps back?
To check the statue's quality
5. What did the shilpi create?
Statue of god.

Winmeen