

**Chapter 1 : The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock - Wikipedia**

*The Poems of J. O. T. [Anonymous] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a pre historical reproduction that was curated for quality. Quality assurance was conducted on each of these books in an attempt to remove books with imperfections introduced by the digitization process.*

Let us go then, you and I, When the evening is spread out against the sky Like a patient etherized upon a table; Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets, The muttering retreats Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells: Streets that follow like a tedious argument Of insidious intent To lead you to an overwhelming question— Oh, do not ask, "What is it? In the room the women come and go Talking of Michelangelo. The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes, The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening, Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains, Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys, Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap, And seeing that it was a soft October night, Curled once about the house, and fell asleep. And indeed there will be time For the yellow smoke that slides along the street, Rubbing its back upon the window-panes; There will be time, there will be time To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet; There will be time to murder and create, And time for all the works and days of hands That lift and drop a question on your plate; Time for you and time for me, And time yet for a hundred indecisions, And for a hundred visions and revisions, Before the taking of a toast and tea. And indeed there will be time To wonder, "Do I dare? For I have known them all already, known them all—" Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons, I have measured out my life with coffee spoons; I know the voices dying with a dying fall Beneath the music from a farther room. So how should I presume? And I have known the eyes already, known them all—" The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase, And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin, When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall, Then how should I begin To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways? And how should I presume? And I have known the arms already, known them all—" Arms that are braceleted and white and bare [But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair! Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl. And should I then presume? And how should I begin? Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully! Smoothed by long fingers, Asleep— tired— or it malingers, Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me. Should I, after tea and cakes and ices, Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis? And would it have been worth it, after all, After the cups, the marmalade, the tea, Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me, Would it have been worth while, To have bitten off the matter with a smile, To have squeezed the universe into a ball To roll it toward some overwhelming question, To say: That is not it, at all. But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen: Would it have been worth while If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl, And turning toward the window, should say: I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be; Am an attendant lord, one that will do To swell a progress, start a scene or two, Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool, Deferential, glad to be of use, Politic, cautious, and meticulous; Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse; At times, indeed, almost ridiculous— Almost, at times, the Fool. I grow old— I grow old— I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled. Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach? I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach. I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each. I do not think that they will sing to me. I have seen them riding seaward on the waves Combing the white hair of the waves blown back When the wind blows the water white and black. We have lingered in the chambers of the sea By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown Till human voices wake us, and we drown. This poem is in the public domain. Eliot Born in Missouri on September 26, , T. Eliot is the author of The Waste Land, which is now considered by many to be the most influential poetic work of the twentieth century.

**Chapter 2 : Analysis of Poem: "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" by T.S. Eliot | Owlcation**

*You can read The Poems of J O T Consisting of Songs Satire And Pastoral Descriptions Ch by John Orville Terry in our library for absolutely free. Read various fiction books with us in our e-reader.*

Louis, Missouri , [4] [7] to establish a Unitarian Christian church there. His mother, Charlotte Champe Stearns "â€", wrote poetry and was a social worker , a new profession in the early 20th century. Eliot was the last of six surviving children; his parents were both 44 years old when he was born. Known to family and friends as Tom, he was the namesake of his maternal grandfather, Thomas Stearns. Firstly, he had to overcome physical limitations as a child. Struggling from a congenital double inguinal hernia , he could not participate in many physical activities and thus was prevented from socializing with his peers. As he was often isolated, his love for literature developed. Louis affected me more deeply than any other environment has ever done. I consider myself fortunate to have been born here, rather than in Boston, or New York, or London. He said the results were gloomy and despairing and he destroyed them. Louis, Missouri for the first sixteen years of his life at the house on Locust St. After going away to school in , he only returned to St. Louis for vacations and visits. Despite moving away from the city, Eliot wrote to a friend that the "Missouri and the Mississippi have made a deeper impression on me than any other part of the world. He recovered and persisted, attaining a B. After working as a philosophy assistant at Harvard from to , Eliot moved to Paris where, from to , he studied philosophy at the Sorbonne. He first visited Marburg , Germany, where he planned to take a summer programme, but when the First World War broke out he went to Oxford instead. At the time so many American students attended Merton that the Junior Common Room proposed a motion "that this society abhors the Americanization of Oxford". It was defeated by two votes, after Eliot reminded the students how much they owed American culture. This city had a monumental and life-altering effect on Eliot for several reasons, the most significant of which was his introduction to the influential American literary figure Ezra Pound. Thus, according to biographer John Worthen, during his time in England Eliot "was seeing as little of Oxford as possible". He was instead spending long periods of time in London, in the company of Ezra Pound and "some of the modern artists whom the war has so far spared It was Pound who helped most, introducing him everywhere. In he taught English at Birkbeck, University of London. By , he had completed a doctoral dissertation for Harvard on "Knowledge and Experience in the Philosophy of F. Bradley ", but he failed to return for the viva voce exam. In a letter to Aiken late in December , Eliot, aged 26, wrote, "I am very dependent upon women I mean female society. They were married at Hampstead Register Office on 26 June. The philosopher Bertrand Russell took an interest in Vivienne while the newlyweds stayed in his flat. Some scholars have suggested that she and Russell had an affair, but the allegations were never confirmed. In a letter addressed to Ezra Pound, she covers an extensive list of her symptoms, which included a habitually high temperature, fatigue , insomnia , migraines , and colitis. In a private paper written in his sixties, Eliot confessed: And she persuaded herself also under the influence of [Ezra] Pound that she would save the poet by keeping him in England. To her, the marriage brought no happiness. To me, it brought the state of mind out of which came The Waste Land. To earn extra money, he wrote book reviews and lectured at evening extension courses at the University College London, and Oxford. In , he took a position at Lloyds Bank in London, working on foreign accounts. Charles Whibley recommended T. Eliot to Geoffrey Faber. Auden , Stephen Spender , and Ted Hughes. On 29 June , Eliot converted to Anglicanism from Unitarianism , and in November that year he took British citizenship. But secondly, it attached Eliot to the English community and English culture. When Harvard offered him the Charles Eliot Norton professorship for the "â€" academic year, he accepted and left Vivienne in England. Upon his return, he arranged for a formal separation from her, avoiding all but one meeting with her between his leaving for America in and her death in Vivienne was committed to the Northumberland House mental hospital, Stoke Newington , in , and remained there until she died. Although Eliot was still legally her husband, he never visited her. In contrast to his first marriage, Eliot knew Fletcher well, as she had been his secretary at Faber and Faber since August They kept their wedding secret; the ceremony was held in a church at 6: Eliot had no children with either of his wives. In the early s, by then in

failing health, Eliot worked as an editor for the Wesleyan University Press, seeking new poets in Europe for publication. Eliot and a facsimile of the draft of *The Waste Land*. In my end is my beginning. He was aware of this even early in his career. He wrote to J. Woods, one of his former Harvard professors, "My reputation in London is built upon one small volume of verse, and is kept up by printing two or three more poems in a year. The only thing that matters is that these should be perfect in their kind, so that each should be an event. His first collection was *Prufrock and Other Observations*. These had the same poems in a different order except that "Ode" in the British edition was replaced with "Hysteria" in the American edition. From then on, he updated this work as *Collected Poems*. Poems "â€", material Eliot never intended to have published, which appeared posthumously in *But in its sources, in its emotional springs, it comes from America*. From the Sanskrit ending of *The Waste Land* to the "What Krishna meant" section of *Four Quartets* shows how much Indic religions and more specifically Hinduism made up his philosophical basic for his thought process. He himself wrote in his essay on *W. Alfred Prufrock* Main article: *The Love Song of J. Its now-famous opening lines, comparing the evening sky to "a patient etherised upon a table", were considered shocking and offensive, especially at a time when Georgian Poetry was hailed for its derivations of the nineteenth century Romantic Poets. Critical opinion is divided as to whether the narrator leaves his residence during the course of the narration. The locations described can be interpreted either as actual physical experiences, mental recollections, or as symbolic images from the unconscious mind, as, for example, in the refrain "In the room the women come and go". Eliot is surely of the very smallest importance to anyone, even to himself. They certainly have no relation to poetry. The poem is often read as a representation of the disillusionment of the post-war generation. On 15 November, he wrote to Richard Aldington, saying, "As for *The Waste Land*, that is a thing of the past so far as I am concerned and I am now feeling toward a new form and style. The Sanskrit mantra ends the poem. The *Hollow Men* Main articles: For the critic Edmund Wilson, it marked "The nadir of the phase of despair and desolation given such effective expression in *The Waste Land*. This is the way the world ends Not with a bang but a whimper. *Ash Wednesday* poem *Ash-Wednesday* is the first long poem written by Eliot after his conversion to Anglicanism. Published in, it deals with the struggle that ensues when one who has lacked faith acquires it. His style became less ironic, and the poems were no longer populated by multiple characters in dialogue. Edwin Muir maintained that it is one of the most moving poems Eliot wrote, and perhaps the "most perfect", though it was not well received by everyone. This first edition had an illustration of the author on the cover. In, the composer Alan Rawsthorne set six of the poems for speaker and orchestra in a work titled *Practical Cats*. *Four Quartets* Eliot regarded *Four Quartets* as his masterpiece, and it is the work that led to his being awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. Each has five sections. Although they resist easy characterisation, each poem includes meditations on the nature of time in some important respect"â€" theological, historical, physical"â€"and its relation to the human condition. Each poem is associated with one of the four classical elements, respectively: *Burnt Norton* is a meditative poem that begins with the narrator trying to focus on the present moment while walking through a garden, focusing on images and sounds like the bird, the roses, clouds, and an empty pool. In the final section, the narrator contemplates the arts "Words" and "music" as they relate to time. Out of darkness, Eliot offers a solution: It strives to contain opposites: From this background, the *Quartets* end with an affirmation of Julian of Norwich: Eliot draws upon the theology, art, symbolism and language of such figures as Dante, and mystics St. John of the Cross and Julian of Norwich. In a lecture he said "Every poet would like, I fancy, to be able to think that he had some direct social utility. He would like to be something of a popular entertainer, and be able to think his own thoughts behind a tragic or a comic mask. He would like to convey the pleasures of poetry, not only to a larger audience, but to larger groups of people collectively; and the theatre is the best place in which to do it. One project he had in mind was writing a play in verse, using some of the rhythms of early jazz. The play featured "Sweeney", a character who had appeared in a number of his poems. Although Eliot did not finish the play, he did publish two scenes from the piece.*

**Chapter 3 : SparkNotes: Eliot's Poetry: "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"**

*Below are all poems written by international poet T.I.R.O. JY. If you like the poems, please comment on the work of this writer/poet. If you like the poems, please comment on the work of this writer/poet.*

Alfred Prufrock is a shifting, repetitive monologue, the thoughts of a mature male as he searches for love and meaning in an uncertain, twilight world. The poem was radically different to the more genteel accepted verse of the times and helped to kick-start the modernist movement. At the time of writing, class systems that had been in place for centuries were under pressure like never before. Society was changing, and a new order was forming. World War 1 was on the horizon and the struggles for power were beginning to alter the way people lived and thought and loved. Alfred Prufrock is a respectable character but has seen the seedier side of life. But who can blame him? The world is crumbling and with it comes the fragmentation of human sensibility. Prufrock is in a life or death situation, between heaven and hell. The city is half-deserted. Dante faces the spirit of one hellbound Guido da Montefeltro, a false advisor, and the two trade questions and answers. He is insecure, lonely and loveless. The Love Song of J. Let us go then, you and I, When the evening is spread out against the sky Like a patient etherized upon a table; Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets, The muttering retreats Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells: Streets that follow like a tedious argument Of insidious intent To lead you to an overwhelming question In the room the women come and go Talking of Michelangelo. The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes, The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes, Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening, Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains, Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys, Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap, And seeing that it was a soft October night, Curled once about the house, and fell asleep. And indeed there will be time For the yellow smoke that slides along the street, Rubbing its back upon the window-panes; There will be time, there will be time To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet; There will be time to murder and create, And time for all the works and days of hands That lift and drop a question on your plate; Time for you and time for me, And time yet for a hundred indecisions, And for a hundred visions and revisions, Before the taking of a toast and tea. Analysis The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock is lines long and is mostly loose rhyming, that is, there is no consistent rhyme scheme and no regular pattern to the rhythm. But there are substantial sections with rhyme: These rhymes certainly give the sense of song and bring a lyrical feel to the poem. Eliot was a great believer in using both traditional and innovative poetic techniques and devices in his work and this poem reflects this belief. So, for example, loose iambic pentameter, tetrameter and trimeter pop up now and again to help keep the poem on track as it heads out into the yellow fog of the cityscape. Will he venture out to find the love of his life? But Prufrock, the tentative male, envisages being ridiculed for having a bald patch. Time is running out, or is it? Eliot also used French poet Jules LaForgue as inspiration for his repeated women who come and go talking of Michelangelo. There are fragments of images, gloomy cityscapes, reflective inner thoughts and an uneasy questioning self that is the anti-hero Prufrock. He is both ditherer and dreamer, a split personality who procrastinates, who is caught between fantasy and reality.

## Chapter 4 : » 10 Greatest Poems Ever Written

*read poems by this poet. Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on September 26, He lived in St. Louis during the first eighteen years of his life and attended Harvard University.*

It is an examination of the tortured psyche of the prototypical modern man—overeducated, eloquent, neurotic, and emotionally stilted. Dramatic monologues are similar to soliloquies in plays. Three things characterize the dramatic monologue, according to M. First, they are the utterances of a specific individual not the poet at a specific moment in time. In the world Prufrock describes, though, no such sympathetic figure exists, and he must, therefore, be content with silent reflection. The rhyme scheme of this poem is irregular but not random. The bits and pieces of rhyme become much more apparent when the poem is read aloud. One of the most prominent formal characteristics of this work is the use of refrains. From the Symbolists, Eliot takes his sensuous language and eye for unnerving or anti-aesthetic detail that nevertheless contributes to the overall beauty of the poem the yellow smoke and the hair-covered arms of the women are two good examples of this. The Symbolists, too, privileged the same kind of individual Eliot creates with Prufrock: However, whereas the Symbolists would have been more likely to make their speaker himself a poet or artist, Eliot chooses to make Prufrock an unacknowledged poet, a sort of artist for the common man. The second defining characteristic of this poem is its use of fragmentation and juxtaposition. Eliot sustained his interest in fragmentation and its applications throughout his career, and his use of the technique changes in important ways across his body of work: Here, the subjects undergoing fragmentation and reassembly are mental focus and certain sets of imagery; in *The Waste Land*, it is modern culture that splinters; in the *Four Quartets* we find the fragments of attempted philosophical systems. The kinds of imagery Eliot uses also suggest that something new can be made from the ruins: Eliot also introduces an image that will recur in his later poetry, that of the scavenger. At the very least, this notion subverts romantic ideals about art; at best, it suggests that fragments may become reintegrated, that art may be in some way therapeutic for a broken modern world. In *The Waste Land*, crabs become rats, and the optimism disappears, but here Eliot seems to assert only the limitless potential of scavenging. In reality, Eliot the poet is little better than his creation: He differs from Prufrock only by retaining a bit of hubris, which shows through from time to time. Both are an expression of aesthetic ability and sensitivity that seems to have no place in the modern world.

Chapter 5 : The Poems of J. O. T.: Anonymous: calendrierdelascience.com: Books

*Read "The poems of J. O. T., consisting of songs, satire and pastoral descriptions, chiefly depicting the scenery, and illustrating the manners and customs of the ancient and present inhabitants of Long-island" by John Orville Terry with Rakuten Kobo.*

Oh, I kept the first for another day! Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh Somewhere ages and ages hence: Two roads diverged in a wood, and Iâ€™ I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. For example, we might imagine a young man choosing between being a carpenter or a banker later seeing great significance in his choice to be a banker, but in fact there was not much in his original decision at all other than a passing fancy. In this, we see the universality of human beings: It is still about this question. The ending is the most clear and striking part. The striving is reconstituted and complicated here in reflection, but our hero wants to make a difference and so should we. That is why this is a great poem, from a basic or close reading perspective. From her beacon-hand Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door! It also has one of the greatest placements in history. Like the Statue of Liberty, the Colossus of Rhodes was an enormous god-like statue positioned in a harbor. Although the Colossus of Rhodes no longer stands, it symbolizes the ancient Greek world and the greatness of the ancient Greek and Roman civilization, which was lost for a thousand years to the West, and only fully recovered again during the Renaissance. The relevance of this poem stretches all the way back to the pilgrims fleeing religious persecution in Europe to the controversies surrounding modern immigrants from Mexico and the Middle East. While circumstances today have changed drastically, there is no denying that this open door was part of what made America great once upon a time. Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed: And on the pedestal these words appear: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away. This king is still regarded as the greatest and most powerful Egyptian pharaoh. The image of a dictator-like king whose kingdom is no more creates a palpable irony. But, beyond that there is a perennial lesson about the inescapable and destructive forces of time, history, and nature. In terms of lost civilizations that show the ephemeralness of human pursuits, there is no better example than the Egyptiansâ€™ who we associate with such dazzling monuments as the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid at Giza that stands far taller than the Statue of Liberty â€™ yet who completely lost their spectacular language, culture, and civilization. If all ordinary pursuits, such as power and fame, are but dust, what remains, the poem suggests, are spirituality and moralityâ€™ embodied by the ancient Hebrew faith. What men or gods are these? What struggle to escape? What pipes and timbrels? Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare; Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss, Though winning near the goal yet, do not grieve; She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! Ah, happy, happy boughs! Who are these coming to the sacrifice? What little town by river or sea shore, Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel, Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn? The art on the Grecian urnâ€™ which is basically a decorative pot from ancient Greeceâ€™ has survived for thousands of years. While empires rose and fell, the Grecian urn survived. Musicians, trees, lovers, heifers, and priests all continue dying decade after decade and century after century, but their artistic depictions on the Grecian urn live on for what seems eternity. This realization about the timeless nature of art is not new now nor was it in the s, but Keats has chosen a perfect example since ancient Greek civilization so famously disappeared into the ages, being subsumed by the Romans, and mostly lost until the Renaissance a thousand years later. Further, what is depicted on the Grecian urn is a variety of life that makes the otherwise cold urn feel alive and vibrant. Indeed, the last two lines can be read as the urn itself talking: Thus, we can escape ignorance, humanness, and certain death and approach another form of life and truth through the beauty of art. This effectively completes the thought that began in Ozymandias and

makes this a great poem one notch up from its predecessor. In what distant deeps or skies. Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand, dare seize the fire? And what shoulder, and what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the Lamb make thee? Tiger Tiger burning bright, In the forests of the night: What immortal hand or eye, Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? Meaning of the Poem This poem contemplates a question arising from the idea of creation by an intelligent creator. The question is this: If there is a loving, compassionate God or gods who created human beings and whose great powers exceed the comprehension of human beings, as many major religions hold, then why would such a powerful being allow evil into the world. Evil here is represented by a tiger that might, should you be strolling in the Indian or African wild in the s, have leapt out and killed you. What would have created such a dangerous and evil creature? To put it another way, why would such a divine blacksmith create beautiful innocent children and then also allow such children to be slaughtered. The battery of questions brings this mystery to life with lavish intensity. Does Blake offer an answer to this question of evil from a good God? It would seem not on the surface. The answer comes in the way that Blake explains the question. This indirectly tells us that the reality that we ordinarily know and perceive is really insufficient, shallow, and deceptive. Where we perceive the injustice of the wild tiger something else entirely may be transpiring. What we ordinarily take for truth may really be far from it: Thus, this poem is great because it concisely and compellingly presents a question that still plagues humanity today, as well as a key clue to the answer. But Patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies: They also serve who only stand and wait. His eyesight gradually worsened and he became totally blind at the age of To put it simply, Milton rose to the highest position an English writer might at the time and then sank all the way down to a state of being unable read or write on his own. The genius of this poem comes in the way that Milton transcends the misery he feels. First, he frames himself, not as an individual suffering or lonely, but as a failed servant to the Creator: While Milton is disabled, God here is enabled through imagery of a king commanding thousands. This celestial monarch, his ministers and troops, and his kingdom itself are invisible to human eyes anyway, so already Milton has subtly undone much of his failing by subverting the necessity for human vision. This grand mission from heaven may be as simple as standing and waiting, having patience, and understanding the order of the universe. Thus, this is a great poem because Milton has not only dispelled sadness over a major shortcoming in life but also shown how the shortcoming is itself imbued with an extraordinary and uplifting purpose. For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem. And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each tomorrow Find us farther than today. 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. Be a hero in the strife! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act,â€”act in the living Present! Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait. Meaning of the Poem In this nine-stanza poem, the first six stanzas are rather vague since each stanza seems to begin a new thought. Instead, the emphasis here is on a feeling rather than a rational train of thought. Longfellow lived when the Industrial Revolution was in high gear and the ideals of science, rationality, and reason flourished. From this perspective, the fact that the first six stanzas do not follow a rational train of thought makes perfect sense. The last three stanzasâ€”which, having broken free from science by this point in the poem, read more smoothlyâ€”suggest that this acting for lofty purposes can lead to greatness and can help our fellow man. We might think of the entire poem as a clarion call to do great things, however insignificant they may seem in the present and on the empirically observable surface. That may mean writing a poem and entering it into a poetry contest, when you know the chances of your poem winning are very small; risking your life for something you believe in when you know it is not popular or it is misunderstood; or volunteering for a cause that, although it may seem hopeless, you feel is truly important. Thus, the greatness of this poem lies in its ability to so clearly prescribe a method for greatness in our modern world. Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. The waves beside them danced; but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocund company: I gazedâ€”and

gazedâ€™but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought: For oft, when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude; And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils. First, the poem comes at a time when the Western world is industrializing and man feels spiritually lonely in the face of an increasingly godless worldview. The daffodils then become more than nature; they become a companion and a source of personal joy.

## Chapter 6 : poems | Academy of American Poets

*When T. S. Eliot died, wrote Robert Giroux, "the world became a lesser place." Certainly the most imposing poet of his time, Eliot was revered by Igor Stravinsky "not only as a great sorcerer of words but as the very key keeper of the language."*

Composition and publication history[ edit ] T. Alfred Prufrock" between February and July or August Pound served as the overseas editor of Poetry: Alfred Prufrock", extolling that Eliot and his work embodied a new and unique phenomenon among contemporary writers. The rest of the promising young have done one or the other, but never both. Alfred Prufrock" was the first in the volume. Eliot is surely of the very smallest importance to anyone, even to himself. They certainly have no relation to poetry. Traces of Kipling appear in my own mature verse where no diligent scholarly sleuth has yet observed them, but which I am myself prepared to disclose. I once wrote a poem called "The Love Song of J. Many scholars and indeed Eliot himself have pointed towards the autobiographical elements in the character of Prufrock, and Eliot at the time of writing the poem was in the habit of rendering his name as "T. Stearns Eliot," very similar in form to that of J. Louis , Missouri , where the Prufrock-Litton Company, a large furniture store, occupied one city block downtown at " North Fourth Street. Then dived he back into that fire which refines them. The quotation that Eliot did choose comes from Dante also. If I but thought that my response were made to one perhaps returning to the world, this tongue of flame would cease to flicker. But since, up from these depths, no one has yet returned alive, if what I hear is true, I answer without fear of being shamed. One is the storyteller; the other the listener who later reveals the story to the world. He posits, alternatively, that the role of Guido in the analogy is indeed filled by Prufrock, but that the role of Dante is filled by you, the reader, as in "Let us go then, you and I," 1. On the surface, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" relays the thoughts of a sexually frustrated middle-aged man who wants to say something but is afraid to do so, and ultimately does not. The intended audience is not evident. In the first half of the poem, Prufrock uses various outdoor images the sky, streets, cheap restaurants and hotels, fog , and talks about how there will be time for various things before "the taking of a toast and tea", and "time to turn back and descend the stair. Others, however, believe that Prufrock is trying to express some deeper philosophical insight or disillusionment with society, but fears rejection, pointing to statements that express a disillusionment with society, such as "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons" line He seemed to represent thwarted desires and modern disillusionment. Alfred Prufrock" makes numerous allusions to other works, which are often symbolic themselves. Other phrases such as, "there will be time" and "there is time" are reminiscent of the opening line of that poem: Prufrock and Other Observations London: Alfred Prufrock" in Monroe, Harriet editor , Poetry: A Magazine of Verse June , " The Waste Land and Other Poems. Retrieved 9 July English Literature From New York: HarperCollins, , "

## Chapter 7 : WITS » Poem of the Day

*The poems of J. O. T., consisting of songs, satire and pastoral descriptions, chiefly depicting the scenery, and illustrating the manners and customs of the ancient and present inhabitants of Long-island.*

## Chapter 8 : Most Popular Love Poems - Poems about Love and Passion

*A few prominent items that have been rejected are also listed, including a number of poems that were erroneously ascribed to Poe by T. O. Mabbott. For a more detailed list of rejected poems, see Mabbott (Poems, , pp. ).*

## Chapter 9 : Best Poems | Famous Poems ever written

*poems - Find the best poems by searching our collection of over 9, poems by classic and contemporary poets, including Maya Angelou, Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, Juan Felipe Herrera, Langston Hughes, Sylvia Plath, Edgar Allan Poe,*

*William Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, and more.*