

Chapter 1 : William Butler Yeats Poems - Poems of William Butler Yeats - Poem Hunter

In this, one of Yeats's finest short poems, he compares man's awareness that he will die with an animal's lack of awareness of death: an animal neither fears death (because it has no concept of dying) nor hopes for life after death (as man does, consoling himself through religion that death will not be the end).

Eliot Essay Death has been and always will be an interesting and compelling topic among poets and authors alike - Theme of Death in the Poetry of Dylan Thomas W. Death sheds a mysterious veil over life and is often avoided or dreaded within people causing diversity among the reactions of modern poetry and thought. Mortality can be treated as a crisis, a destination, with significance or without, as well as sadly by some as a goal. Death provides a wide spectrum of ideas that can be expanded upon with dignity or as a magnanimous ideal. The poets that I have read and pondered deliver an array of insight on the topic; from its grotesqueness to its humbleness. They approach or meditate upon death with disgust as well as with nonchalance. Overall I think that although the poets each dissect and interpret our inevitable encounter in variation they all would agree in its mystery and finality. Death is a prevalent theme in the poetry of W. Each of them has examined death from varied angles. Eliot views death as a process to reach God. Moreover, he expresses his torment to observe the spiritual death of the modern people. On the other hand, Yeats exalts death in his poetry. Besides, he cherished the notion that death will immortalize him. Yeats had a personal theory on art that art is superior to nature. Nature is changeable but art is artificial and it is unchangeable and ceaseless. Indeed, he wished to be immortal through his works. Dylan Thomas was highly affected by the thought of death and his poems reflect that thought. Majority of his poems are concern with death. In other words, he was an escapist. Now I am going to discuss elaborately the demonstration of death respectively in the poetry of T. Eliot, Dylan Thomas and W. It is mentioned earlier that to Eliot death is a mode to make connection with God. In his early life Eliot was a cynic. In the third phase of his poetic career he shows his pessimistic attitude towards the modern society and men. In this poem death denotes the lost of religious, social, and moral values and decays of society. Sweeney is the central character of the poem. He is a beast like man who devotes his life to fulfill his sensuous pleasure. He is found in a brothel enclosed by two prostitutes who are engaged to entertain him. However, he suspects to be murdered by these harlots and avoids them. Modern men are very much materialistic and they are busy with the worldly affairs. The purpose of sex is procreation but Sweeney visits brothel in order to fulfill his carnal desire. In addition, a prostitute is a threat to the marital bond. In other words, a prostitute symbolizes the distortion of religious and social values. In a nutshell, Eliot portrays the death of spirituality and distortion of social and religious values. At the fourth phase of his poetic career Eliot wrote religious poems. He joined the Anglican Church of England and regained his religious belief. Moral values have lost dignity. In fact, innocence is considered as perversion. Like Prufrock, every modern human is hopeless. Such is the condition of a conjugal life in the modern age. Besides, homosexuality has become a terrible threat to moral values. The Hollow Men also is a shorter but still a nice portrayal of modern people. Modern men suffer from spiritual paralysis, spiritual decay: Modernity has brought them to such a state that they have become straw figure, like a scarecrow Part II which, in a blow of wind, moves, otherwise has no dynamism of itself. In the poem, the speaker utters: Modern men have become stone-hearted; vacuity, emptiness and nihilism have grasped them. In Ash Wednesday, the depiction of modern men is also similar but not elaborately portrayed. Religion is the best possible solution for them. It represents the struggle of any devotee in this age. Here a devotee struggles to go through self-examination, self-exploration, penitence and moving towards the path of spirituality. In the poems of Dylan Thomas death is a dominant theme. It can be found in his work from the first adolescent imitations that he wrote for his school paper up to the last unfinished poems that he was working on at the time of his death. The main concept that comes forward when reading his poems that relate to the subject of death is mutability: This is a classic concept that was already mentioned in the works of ancient Greek philosophers. In the 5th century B. C, Anaximander stated that when with the passing of time entities perish, they go back into the limitless unknown where they also originated from. Life could thus even be perceived as a formation that originated from death for a short period of time

before returning back to it. Heraclites observed that all living beings are part of this process and Socrates contemplated that our souls are contaminated with our mutable bodies during the short period in which we are in between limitless and eternal death, and that we are therefore incapable of knowing absolute truth until we have died. Platonism continued with the assertion that life and death are accordingly inseparable. The ancient Greek was also aware of the fact that, since death is present from birth, death must therefore also be present in the sexual intercourse that denotes birth. This paradox of procreation would later be observed by the early Christians who contemplated that the sin of mankind, which was caused by the fall, implied the entrance of death and mutability. Death should therefore be compensated by procreation, in doing this replacing the deaths that have occurred with new lives that were subject to dying. The topic of mutability was approached with an intensified preoccupation in the works of the early writers namely Shakespeare, Donne, Blake, and Shelly. This poem, says G. Death is everywhere, in the sounds of laments, in the brays of the mule, in the blowing of the winds, in the taps, in the spades, and inside the mind of the boy, in his thoughts of suicide and dry sleeves. These images, these sounds, this eloquent presence of death affect the boy violently. The individual is affected by the death of the other and his authentic reaction seems to contrast with the artificiality of the social conventions. After the ritual moment of the burial and the funeral feast, the boy stays alone with the memory of his dead aunt. He wants to be her bard, and to overcome the power of death by the use of the word, by the articulation of the poetic elegiac discourse. He wants to be a serious mourner in contrast with the ironical observers of the first part of the poem. But other Thomas poems are haunted by death too. Yeats glorifies death in the poem Easter The poem begins by paying tribute to the Irish people for leaving behind their previously mundane, trivial lives to dedicate them to the fight for independence. A terrible beauty is born. Stanza 3 notes paradoxically that these martyrs are all changed in that they have become unchanging: In a characteristic shift of mood, Yeats uses the stone metaphor to warn of the danger of fanaticism: Instead Yeats confines himself to the more modest task of paying tribute to the fallen patriots by naming them with the tenderness of a mother naming her child. This poem begins by talking about the Dublin Lockout of , which was about workers wanting to unionize. Yeats is speaking to the Catholic bourgeois, in this poem. The rich stay rich by not giving any of it away. The last two lines of this stanza function like a stop sign. They are meant to make you stop and think about what you have read. Ireland has become a poor nation concerned with money, and when money comes into the equation romance is lost; where there is greed there can not be romance. He was arrested on September 14, and charged with high treason. He was sentenced to twenty years in an English jail. He was exiled to Paris in He received amnesty in and returned to Dublin, where he convinced Yeats to join the cause of literary nationalism. They were not afraid of the repercussions of their actions. They made people grow up and acknowledge what was going on. They spread their ideas everywhere like the wind, but they also died like the wind. These people, who fought for Ireland, sacrificed themselves so that Ireland could be a great nation. In conclusion, considering the above discussion an idea can be formed that each of the writers has depicted death differently in their poems and expresses their personal perceptions about death but according to the law of nature everybody had to meet death that is the ultimate goal of life. Though these poets were bound to accept the ultimate truth, through their works they have become immortal and will remain so. Choose Type of service.

Chapter 2 : SparkNotes: Yeats's Poetry: Themes, Motifs and Symbols

'Death' is not perhaps numbered among the most famous poems by W. B. Yeats (), but it is probably the shortest of all his finest poems. In just a dozen lines, Yeats examines human attitudes to death, contrasting them with an animal's ignorance of its own mortality.

Words were but wasted breath; One dear hope had he: The inclemency Of that or the next winter would be death. How it is whirled about, Wherever the orbit of the moon can reach, Until it plunge into the sun; And there, free and yet fast, Being both Chance and Choice, Forget its broken toys And sink into its own delight at last. And I call up MacGregor from the grave, For in my first hard springtime we were friends. Although of late estranged. I thought him half a lunatic, half knave, And told him so, but friendship never ends; And what if mind seem changed, And it seem changed with the mind, When thoughts rise up unbid On generous things that he did And I grow half contented to be blind! He had much industry at setting out, Much boisterous courage, before loneliness Had driven him crazed; For meditations upon unknown thought Make human intercourse grow less and less; They are neither paid nor praised. But names are nothing. What matter who it be, So that his elements have grown so fine The fume of muscatel Can give his sharpened palate ecstasy No living man can drink from the whole wine. I have mummy truths to tell Whereat the living mock, Though not for sober ear, For maybe all that hear Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock. Their hoots were soiled, Their Connemara cloth worn out of shape; They had kept a steady pace as though their beds, Despite a dwindling and late-risen moon, Were distant still. An old man cocked his ear. What made that Sound? A rat or water-hen Splashed, or an otter slid into the stream. We are on the bridge; that shadow is the tower, And the light proves that he is reading still. The lonely light that Samuel Palmer engraved, An image of mysterious wisdom won by toil; And now he seeks in book or manuscript What he shall never find. Why should not you Who know it all ring at his door, and speak Just truth enough to show that his whole life Will scarcely find for him a broken crust Of all those truths that are your daily bread; And when you have spoken take the roads again? He wrote of me in that extravagant style He had learnt from pater, and to round his tale Said I was dead; and dead I choose to be. Sing me the changes of the moon once more; True song, though speech: And yet, twice born, twice buried, grow he must, Before the full moon, helpless as a worm. Sing out the song; sing to the end, and sing The strange reward of all that discipline. All thought becomes an image and the soul Becomes a body: Body and soul cast out and cast away Beyond the visible world. Robartes, Have you not always known it? They ran from cradle to cradle till at last Their beauty dropped out of the loneliness Of body and soul. It must be that the terror in their eyes Is memory or foreknowledge of the hour When all is fed with light and heaven is bare. And thereupon with aged, high-pitched voice Aherne laughed, thinking of the man within, His sleepless candle and lahorious pen. And after that the crumbling of the moon. Before the full It sought itself and afterwards the world. Because you are forgotten, half out of life, And never wrote a book, your thought is clear. Reformer, merchant, statesman, learned man, Dutiful husband, honest wife by turn, Cradle upon cradle, and all in flight and all Deformed because there is no deformity But saves us from a dream. And what of those That the last servile crescent has set free? When all the dough has been so kneaded up That it can take what form cook Nature fancies, The first thin crescent is wheeled round once more. Hunchback and Saint and Fool are the last crescents. And then he laughed to think that what seemed hard Should be so simple - a bat rose from the hazels And circled round him with its squeaky cry, The light in the tower window was put out. Blood And The Moon I Blessed be this place, More blessed still this tower; A bloody, arrogant power Rose out of the race Uttering, mastering it, Rose like these walls from these Storm-beaten cottages - In mockery I have set A powerful emblem up, And sing it rhyme upon rhyme In mockery of a time Half dead at the top. I declare this tower is my symbol; I declare This winding, gyring, spiring treadmill of a stair is my ancestral stair; That Goldsmith and the Dean, Berkeley and Burke have travelled there. III The purity of the unclouded moon Has flung its atrowy shaft upon the floor. Seven centuries have passed and it is pure, The blood of innocence has left no stain. There, on blood-saturated ground, have stood Soldier, assassin, executioner. Whether for daily pittance or in blind fear Or out of abstract

hatred, and shed blood, But could not cast a single jet thereon. Odour of blood on the ancestral stair! And we that have shed none must gather there And clamour in drunken frenzy for the moon. IV Upon the dusty, glittering windows cling, And seem to cling upon the moonlit skies, Tortoiseshell butterflies, peacock butterflies, A couple of night-moths are on the wing. Is every modern nation like the tower, Half dead at the top? No matter what I said, For wisdom is the property of the dead, A something incompatible with life; and power, Like everything that has the stain of blood, A property of the living; but no stain Can come upon the visage of the moon When it has looked in glory from a cloud. Black Minnaloushe stared at the moon, For, wander and wail as he would, The pure cold light in the sky Troubled his animal blood. Minnaloushe runs in the grass Lifting his delicate feet. Do you dance, Minnaloushe, do you dance? When two close kindred meet. What better than call a dance? Maybe the moon may learn, Tired of that courtly fashion, A new dance turn. Minnaloushe creeps through the grass From moonlit place to place, The sacred moon overhead Has taken a new phase. Does Minnaloushe know that his pupils Will pass from change to change, And that from round to crescent, From crescent to round they range? Minnaloushe creeps through the grass Alone, important and wise, And lifts to the changing moon His changing eyes. The Lake Isle of Innisfree I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree, And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made; Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee, And live alone in the bee-loud glade. Mere dreams, mere dreams! O what if gardens where the peacock strays With delicate feet upon old terraces, Or else all Juno from an urn displays Before the indifferent garden deities; O what if levelled lawns and gravelled ways Where slippered Contemplation finds his ease And Childhood a delight for every sense, But take our greatness with our violence? What if the glory of escutcheoned doors, And buildings that a haughtier age designed, The pacing to and fro on polished floors Amid great chambers and long galleries, lined With famous portraits of our ancestors; What if those things the greatest of mankind Consider most to magnify, or to bless, But take our greatness with our bitterness? My House An ancient bridge, and a more ancient tower, A farmhouse that is sheltered by its wall, An acre of stony ground, Where the symbolic rose can break in flower, Old ragged elms, old thorns innumerable, The sound of the rain or sound Of every wind that blows; The stilted water-hen Crossing Stream again Scared by the splashing of a dozen cows; A winding stair, a chamber arched with stone, A grey stone fireplace with an open hearth, A candle and written page. Benighted travellers From markets and from fairs Have seen his midnight candle glimmering. Two men have founded here. A man-at-arms Gathered a score of horse and spent his days In this tumultuous spot, Where through long wars and sudden night alarms His dwindling score and he seemed castaways Forgetting and forgot; And I, that after me My bodily heirs may find, To exalt a lonely mind, Befitting emblems of adversity. A bit of an embroidered dress Covers its wooden sheath. Chaucer had not drawn breath When it was forged. Yet if no change appears No moon; only an aching heart Conceives a changeless work of art. And what if my descendants lose the flower Through natural declension of the soul, Through too much business with the passing hour, Through too much play, or marriage with a fool? May this laborious stair and this stark tower Become a roofless min that the owl May build in the cracked masonry and cry Her desolation to the desolate sky. A brown Lieutenant and his men, Half dressed in national uniform, Stand at my door, and I complain Of the foul weather, hail and rain, A pear-tree broken by the storm. I count those feathered balls of soot The moor-hen guides upon the stream. To silence the envy in my thought; And turn towards my chamber, caught In the cold snows of a dream. My wall is loosening; honey-bees, Come build in the empty house of the state. We are closed in, and the key is turned On our uncertainty; somewhere A man is killed, or a house burned, Yet no clear fact to be discerned: Come build in the empty house of the stare. A barricade of stone or of wood; Some fourteen days of civil war; Last night they trundled down the road That dead young soldier in his blood: Come build in the empty house of the stare. A puff of wind And those white glimmering fragments of the mist sweep by. Their legs long, delicate and slender, aquamarine their eyes, Magical unicorns bear ladies on their backs. The ladies close their musing eyes. The cloud-pale unicorns, the eyes of aquamarine, The quivering half-closed eyelids, the rags of cloud or of lace, Or eyes that rage has brightened, arms it has made lean, Give place to an indifferent multitude, give place To brazen hawks. I turn away and shut the door, and on the stair Wonder how many times I could have proved my worth In something that all others understand or share; But O! The abstract joy, The half-read wisdom of daemonic images,

Suffice the ageing man as once the growing boy.

Chapter 3 : 10 of the Best W. B. Yeats Poems | Interesting Literature

The poems plot (if that's what the idea of a poem is called) is touching too. A woman dies in a strange place with strangers whom do not know her and do not know what Yeats knows about her. She is a beautiful and magnificent person to Yeats, but to them she is just a stranger of no significance.

For a poet who loves their work, inspiration is, simply put, everywhere. A Dream of Death is a poem concerning one such dream that uses strong imagery to build an image that is touching both with and without its historic context. In this way, the poem maintains relevance and interest throughout time, right up to the present day. It invites the reader to question the nature and importance of burial, and a different dimension of loss that haunts and puzzles. By this, it is likely meant that there are no hands nearby that they are used to, suggesting they are alone in a strange land. This could be a reflection of the dream landscape, where individuals are often difficult to recognize. And they had nailed the boards above her face, The peasants of that land, The next two lines complete the first rhyming pattern and establish that because the unknown person was a woman who died in a foreign land. Wondering to lay her in that solitude, And raised above her mound A cross they had made out of two bits of wood, And planted cypress round; As the dream progresses, the speaker watches as the people who found the body decide to bury it. The first line here suggests that they are hesitant about burying the unknown woman, but it is likely they have no way to identify her, nor return the deceased to her home. So they choose to bury, and above the grave, plant cypress plants and place a cross. And left her to the indifferent stars above Until I carved these words: When they arrive, they carve a message onto the cross, declaring the beauty of the deceased to the world, and lamenting the fact that that beauty no longer matters, is no longer visible, and likely no longer exists. It is also interesting that in the dreamscape, the speaker is only able to communicate this idea by carving it on the grave marker of the woman, as though he wants her to know about this message, as well as the rest of the world – or at least, the rest of the foreign world, the one who never knew her at all. Historical Context William Butler Yeats lived between 1890 and 1933, and is considered to be one of the foremost poets in Irish and British literature. A great many of his works are commonly read and remembered today, including The Second Coming. He is also remembered for having won a Nobel Prize in Literature. He is also known for highly symbolic and imagery-based works that constitute both physical and abstract meanings. He came to care for her deeply, and she became the inspiration for many of his poems. Although he proposed marriage to her – at least four times – she never married him, saying that she believed a poet could never be happy unless they had unhappiness in their lives to fuel the poetry that gives them solace. She is even cited to have claimed that the world would thank her for never marrying him. As the subject of a great many of his poems, it is possible that the anonymous woman in this poem is meant to be based on Gonne, who travelled a great deal throughout her lifetime. It is possible that Yeats dreamed of what might happen if she were to pass away in a different country, far from her friends, family, and, of course, from him. This also makes sense in the context of the final two lines, praising the beauty of the woman – as Yeats so often did for Gonne in his poems. Interestingly, Yeats would later revisit and republish this poem. I came and wrote upon a cross of wood, Man had no more to do:

"Death" W.B. Yeats. William Butler Yeats was both a poet and a dramatist. Born in Dublin in , he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in

Yeats remained involved with the Abbey until his death, both as a member of the board and a prolific playwright. In , he helped set up the Dun Emer Press to publish work by writers associated with the Revival. This became the Cuala Press in , and inspired by the Arts and Crafts Movement, sought to "find work for Irish hands in the making of beautiful things. Yeats met the American poet Ezra Pound in Pound had travelled to London at least partly to meet the older man, whom he considered "the only poet worthy of serious study. He would often visit and stay there as it was a central meeting place for people who supported the resurgence of Irish literature and cultural traditions. His poem, " The Wild Swans at Coole " was written there, between and He wrote prefaces for two books of Irish mythological tales, compiled by Augusta, Lady Gregory: Cuchulain of Muirthemne , and Gods and Fighting Men In the preface of the later he wrote: However, as his life progressed, he sheltered much of his revolutionary spirit and distanced himself from the intense political landscape until , when he was appointed Senator for the Irish Free State. In the s Yeats was fascinated with the authoritarian, anti-democratic, nationalist movements of Europe, and he composed several marching songs for the far right Blueshirts , although they were never used. He was a fierce opponent of individualism and political liberalism, and saw the fascist movements as a triumph of public order and the needs of the national collective over petty individualism. On the other hand, he was also an elitist who abhorred the idea of mob-rule, and saw democracy as a threat to good governance and public order. His rival John MacBride had been executed for his role in the Easter Rising , so Yeats hoped that his widow might remarry. Yeats proposed in an indifferent manner, with conditions attached, and he both expected and hoped she would turn him down. According to Foster "when he duly asked Maud to marry him, and was duly refused, his thoughts shifted with surprising speed to her daughter. When Maud told her that she was going to marry, Iseult cried and told her mother that she hated MacBride. At fifteen, she proposed to Yeats. In , he proposed to Iseult, but was rejected. Despite warnings from her friendsâ€”"George He must be dead"â€”Hyde-Lees accepted, and the two were married on 20 October. The couple went on to have two children, Anne and Michael. Although in later years he had romantic relationships with other women, Georgie herself wrote to her husband "When you are dead, people will talk about your love affairs, but I shall say nothing, for I will remember how proud you were. The spirits communicated a complex and esoteric system of philosophy and history, which the couple developed into an exposition using geometrical shapes: In , he wrote to his publisher T. His reply to many of the letters of congratulations sent to him contained the words: As he remarked, "The theatres of Dublin were empty buildings hired by the English traveling companies, and we wanted Irish plays and Irish players. When we thought of these plays we thought of everything that was romantic and poetical, because the nationalism we had called upâ€”the nationalism every generation had called up in moments of discouragementâ€”was romantic and poetical. For the first time he had money, and he was able to repay not only his own debts, but those of his father. He had been appointed to the first Irish Senate in , and was re-appointed for a second term in In response, Yeats delivered a series of speeches that attacked the "quixotically impressive" ambitions of the government and clergy, likening their campaign tactics to those of "medieval Spain. This conviction has come to us through ancient philosophy and modern literature, and it seems to us a most sacrilegious thing to persuade two people who hate each other You will put a wedge in the midst of this nation". In , he chaired a coinage committee charged with selecting a set of designs for the first currency of the Irish Free State. Towards the end of his lifeâ€”and especially after the Wall Street Crash of and Great Depression , which led some to question whether democracy could cope with deep economic difficultyâ€”Yeats seems to have returned to his aristocratic sympathies. During the aftermath of the First World War, he became sceptical about the efficacy of democratic government, and anticipated political reconstruction in Europe through totalitarian rule. Chantry House , Steyning. A plaque on the wall reads "William Butler Yeats â€” wrote many of his later poems in this house". In a letter of , Yeats noted: If I write poetry it will be unlike anything I have

done". Attempts had been made at Roquebrune to dissuade the family from proceeding with the removal of the remains to Ireland due to the uncertainty of their identity. His body had earlier been exhumed and transferred to the ossuary. Cast a cold Eye On Life, on Death. Neither Michael Yeats nor Sean MacBride, the Irish foreign minister who organised the ceremony, wanted to know the details of how the remains were collected, Ostrorog notes. He repeatedly urges caution and discretion and says the Irish ambassador in Paris should not be informed. The French Foreign Ministry authorized Ostrorog to secretly cover the cost of repatriation from his slush fund. Yeats bibliography and Category: Yeats Yeats is generally considered one of the twentieth century key English language poets. He was a Symbolist poet, using allusive imagery and symbolic structures throughout his career. He chose words and assembled them so that, in addition to a particular meaning, they suggest abstract thoughts that may seem more significant and resonant. His use of symbols [87] is usually something physical that is both itself and a suggestion of other, perhaps immaterial, timeless qualities. Much of the remainder of his life was lived outside Ireland, although he did lease Riversdale house in the Dublin suburb of Rathfarnham in He wrote prolifically through his final years, and published poetry, plays, and prose. In , he attended the Abbey for the final time to see the premiere of his play Purgatory. His Autobiographies of William Butler Yeats was published that same year. His work can be divided into three general periods. The early poems are lushly pre-Raphaelite in tone, self-consciously ornate, and, at times, according to unsympathetic critics, stilted. In many ways, this poetry is a return to the vision of his earlier work. The opposition between the worldly minded man of the sword and the spiritually minded man of God, the theme of The Wanderings of Oisín, is reproduced in A Dialogue Between Self and Soul. His most important collections of poetry started with The Green Helmet and Responsibilities The Tower , The Winding Stair , and New Poems contained some of the most potent images in twentieth-century poetry. Foster notes how Gonne was "notoriously unreliable on dates and places , p. The New York Times, 30 January Retrieved on 21 May Yeats, Man and Poet. Retrieved 2 May 2013" via Google Books.

Chapter 5 : Analysis of A Dream of Death by William Butler Yeats

A poem can stir all of the senses, and the subject matter of a poem can range from being funny to being sad. We hope that you liked this poem and the sentiments in the words of Death by William Butler Yeats you will find even more poem lyrics by this famous author by simply clicking on the Poetry Index link below!

Themes The Relationship Between Art and Politics Yeats believed that art and politics were intrinsically linked and used his writing to express his attitudes toward Irish politics, as well as to educate his readers about Irish cultural history. From an early age, Yeats felt a deep connection to Ireland and his national identity, and he thought that British rule negatively impacted Irish politics and social life. His early compilation of folklore sought to teach a literary history that had been suppressed by British rule, and his early poems were odes to the beauty and mystery of the Irish countryside. This work frequently integrated references to myths and mythic figures, including Oisín and Cúchulainn. As Yeats became more involved in Irish politics—through his relationships with the Irish National Theatre, the Irish Literary Society, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and Maud Gonne—his poems increasingly resembled political manifestos. Yeats believed that art could serve a political function: Yeats had rejected Christianity early in his life, but his lifelong study of mythology, Theosophy, spiritualism, philosophy, and the occult demonstrate his profound interest in the divine and how it interacts with humanity. Over the course of his life, he created a complex system of spirituality, using the image of interlocking gyres similar to spiral cones to map out the development and reincarnation of the soul. Yeats believed that history was determined by fate and that fate revealed its plan in moments when the human and divine interact. A tone of historically determined inevitability permeates his poems, particularly in descriptions of situations of human and divine interaction. No matter what shape it takes, the divine signals the role of fate in determining the course of history.

The Transition from Romanticism to Modernism Yeats started his long literary career as a romantic poet and gradually evolved into a modernist poet. When he began publishing poetry in the 1890s, his poems had a lyrical, romantic style, and they focused on love, longing and loss, and Irish myths. His early writing follows the conventions of romantic verse, utilizing familiar rhyme schemes, metric patterns, and poetic structures. Although it is lighter than his later writings, his early poetry is still sophisticated and accomplished. Several factors contributed to his poetic evolution: Additionally, his concern with Irish subjects evolved as he became more closely connected to nationalist political causes. As a result, Yeats shifted his focus from myth and folklore to contemporary politics, often linking the two to make potent statements that reflected political agitation and turbulence in Ireland and abroad. The modernists experimented with verse forms, aggressively engaged with contemporary politics, challenged poetic conventions and the literary tradition at large, and rejected the notion that poetry should simply be lyrical and beautiful. These influences caused his poetry to become darker, edgier, and more concise. Although he never abandoned the verse forms that provided the sounds and rhythms of his earlier poetry, there is still a noticeable shift in style and tone over the course of his career.

Motifs Irish Nationalism and Politics Throughout his literary career, Yeats incorporated distinctly Irish themes and issues into his work. He used his writing as a tool to comment on Irish politics and the home rule movement and to educate and inform people about Irish history and culture. Yeats also used the backdrop of the Irish countryside to retell stories and legends from Irish folklore. As he became increasingly involved in nationalist politics, his poems took on a patriotic tone. Yeats addressed Irish politics in a variety of ways: In these poems, a sense of cultural crisis and conflict seeps through, even though the poems are not explicitly about Ireland. By using images of chaos, disorder, and war, Yeats engaged in an understated commentary on the political situations in Ireland and abroad.

Mysticism and the Occult Yeats had a deep fascination with mysticism and the occult, and his poetry is infused with a sense of the otherworldly, the spiritual, and the unknown. Irish myth and folklore had been suppressed by church doctrine and British control of the school system. Yeats used his poetry as a tool for re-educating the Irish population about their heritage and as a strategy for developing Irish nationalism. Other poems deal with subjects, images, and themes culled from folklore. Most important, Yeats infused his poetry with a rich sense of Irish culture. Even poems that do not deal explicitly with subjects from myth retain powerful tinges of

indigenous Irish culture. Yeats often borrowed word selection, verse form, and patterns of imagery directly from traditional Irish myth and folklore. At first, Yeats used the phases of the moon to articulate his belief that history was structured in terms of ages, but he later settled upon the gyre as a more useful model. He chose the image of interlocking gyres—visually represented as two intersecting conical spirals—to symbolize his philosophical belief that all things could be described in terms of cycles and patterns. The soul or the civilization, the age, and so on would move from the smallest point of the spiral to the largest before moving along to the other gyre. Although this is a difficult concept to grasp abstractly, the image makes sense when applied to the waxing and waning of a particular historical age or the evolution of a human life from youth to adulthood to old age. With the image of the gyre, Yeats created a shorthand reference in his poetry that stood for his entire philosophy of history and spirituality. The Swan Swans are a common symbol in poetry, often used to depict idealized nature. Zeus disguises himself as a swan to rape the unsuspecting Leda. In this poem, the bird is fearsome and destructive, and it possesses a divine power that violates Leda and initiates the dire consequences of war and devastation depicted in the final lines. Even though Yeats clearly states that the swan is the god Zeus, he also emphasizes the physicality of the swan: Through this description of its physical characteristics, the swan becomes a violent divine force. By rendering a well-known poetic symbol as violent and terrifying rather than idealized and beautiful, Yeats manipulates poetic conventions, an act of literary modernism, and adds to the power of the poem. The Great Beast Yeats employs the figure of a great beast—a horrific, violent animal—to embody difficult abstract concepts. The great beast as a symbol comes from Christian iconography, in which it represents evil and darkness. By rendering the terrifying prospect of disruption and change into an easily imagined horrifying monster, Yeats makes an abstract fear become tangible and real. The great beast slouches toward Bethlehem to be born, where it will evolve into a second Christ or anti-Christ figure for the dark new age. In this way, Yeats uses distinct, concrete imagery to symbolize complex ideas about the state of the modern world.

Chapter 6 : Death - a poem by William Butler Yeats

A summary of "An Irish Airman foresees his Death" in William Butler Yeats's Yeats's Poetry. Learn exactly what happened in this chapter, scene, or section of Yeats's Poetry and what it means. Perfect for acing essays, tests, and quizzes, as well as for writing lesson plans.

He disappeared in the dead of winter: The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted, And snow disfigured the public statues; The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day. What instruments we have agree The day of his death was a dark cold day. Far from his illness The wolves ran on through the evergreen forests, The peasant river was untempted by the fashionable quays; By mourning tongues The death of the poet was kept from his poems. But for him it was his last afternoon as himself, An afternoon of nurses and rumours; The provinces of his body revolted, The squares of his mind were empty, Silence invaded the suburbs, The current of his feeling failed; he became his admirers. Now he is scattered among a hundred cities And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections, To find his happiness in another kind of wood And be punished under a foreign code of conscience. The words of a dead man Are modified in the guts of the living. But in the importance and noise of to-morrow When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse, And the poor have the sufferings to which they are fairly accustomed, And each in the cell of himself is almost convinced of his freedom, A few thousand will think of this day As one thinks of a day when one did something slightly unusual. II You were silly like us; your gift survived it all: The parish of rich women, physical decay, Yourself. Mad Ireland hurt you into poetry. Now Ireland has her madness and her weather still, For poetry makes nothing happen: III Earth, receive an honoured guest: William Yeats is laid to rest. Let the Irish vessel lie Emptied of its poetry. In the nightmare of the dark All the dogs of Europe bark, And the living nations wait, Each sequestered in its hate; Intellectual disgrace Stares from every human face, And the seas of pity lie Locked and frozen in each eye. Follow, poet, follow right To the bottom of the night, With your unconstraining voice Still persuade us to rejoice; With the farming of a verse Make a vineyard of the curse, Sing of human unsuccess In a rapture of distress; In the deserts of the heart Let the healing fountain start, In the prison of his days Teach the free man how to praise. From *Another Time* by W. Auden, published by Random House. Auden, renewed by the Estate of W. Used by permission of Curtis Brown, Ltd. Auden was admired for his unsurpassed technical virtuosity and ability to write poems in nearly every imaginable verse form; his incorporation of popular culture, current events, and vernacular speech in his work; and also for the vast range of his intellect, which drew easily from an extraordinary variety of literatures, art forms, social and political theories, and scientific and technical information.

Chapter 7 : W.B. Yeats Quotes (Author of The Collected Poems of W.B. Yeats)

Poem Hunter all poems of by William Butler Yeats poems. poems of William Butler Yeats. Still I Rise, The Road Not Taken, If You Forget Me, Dreams, Annabel Lee.

Chapter 8 : A Dream Of Death Poem by William Butler Yeats - Poem Hunter

Here are the poem lyrics of some of the best William Butler Yeats poetry. To make your browsing more effective, we have included a bit of each poem after the title. A Prayer for My Daughter William Butler Yeats Once more the storm is howling, and half hid Under this cradle-hood and coverlid My child.

Chapter 9 : William Butler Yeats Poems on Death & Dying | Famous Inspirational Poems, Poetry, Quotes

*First published in the second edition of *The Wild Swans at Coole* (), "An Irish Airman Forsees His Death" is one of four poems written on Major Robert Gregory, the only son of Lady Gregory, Irish poet, dramatist, and folklorist.*