**Reading and interpreting *lyrical poetry*, *ballads*, and *odes***

Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_



**Directions**: For each poem in the packet, complete the following steps. See the references section at the back (pgs. 20-23 for definitions and other resources.)

**Step 1)** For each poem,complete the following:

1. Number the lines
2. Mark the rhyme scheme down the **right-hand side** (if applicable)
3. Mark the **octets**/**quatrains/tercets/couplets** (if applicable.)
4. Scan for iambic pentameter or other rhythm (if applicable).
5. Circle and define any unfamiliar words

**Step 2)** Read & annotate the poems using the **TPCASST model** (see references for a more detailed copy):

**T**itle (How does the title relate to the rest of the poem? What is its deeper meaning?)

**P**araphrase the poem section by section (put it into your own words!)

**C**onnotation of words (Look up any unknown vocabulary! See step 1!)

**A**ttitude (What is the overall TONE? How does the TONE shift?)

**S**hifts (Notice shifts in tone/mood, setting, speakers, sounds, etc.)

**S**peaker (Who is the speaker of the poem? Different from the poet.)

**T**itle revisited (What new connections can you make now that you have analyzed?)

**T**heme (Poet’s underlying meaning about life—this needs to contain a concept.)

**Assessment/Grading**

* Timed writing poetry prompts grading will be using the AP Scoring Rubric (Included)
* Listed below are possible essay questions that *could* appear on timed writing.

**Option 1**) Read the poem carefully. Then write an essay in which you discuss how such elements as language, imagery, structure, and point of view convey meaning in the poem.

**Option 2** : Read the following poem carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you explain how formal elements such as structure, syntax, diction, and imagery reveal the speaker’s attitude toward the subject of the poem.

**Option 3**) Read the poem carefully. Then write an essay in which you explore how the poet movingly conveys a tone of melancholy or regret.

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**Lyric Poetry** A lyric is a fairly short poem which is the expression of strong feelings of thoughts or perceptions of a single speaker in a meditative manner. The lyric was originally in Greek poetry; the kind of poem which was to be set to the lyre; hence the word lyric. But even today the word still retains the sense that lyric

poems are musical.

**To Anthea, who may Command him Anything**

BY [ROBERT HERRICK](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/robert-herrick)

Bid me to live, and I will live

Thy protestant to be;

Or bid me love, and I will give

A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,

A heart as sound and free,

As in the whole world thou canst find,

That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,

To honour thy decree;

Or bid it languish quite away,

And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,

While I have eyes to see;

And having none, yet I will keep

A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,

Under that cypress tree;

Or bid me die, and I will dare

E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,

The very eyes of me;

And hast command of every part,

To live and die for thee.

**I Hid my Love**

BY [JOHN CLARE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/john-clare)

I hid my love when young till I

Couldn't bear the buzzing of a fly;

I hid my love to my despite

Till I could not bear to look at light:

I dare not gaze upon her face

But left her memory in each place;

Where'er I saw a wild flower lie

I kissed and bade my love good-bye.

I met her in the greenest dells,

Where dewdrops pearl the wood bluebells;

The lost breeze kissed her bright blue eye,

The bee kissed and went singing by,

A sunbeam found a passage there,

A gold chain round her neck so fair;

As secret as the wild bee's song

She lay there all the summer long.

I hid my love in field and town

Till e'en the breeze would knock me down;

The bees seemed singing ballads o'er,

The fly's bass turned a lion's roar;

And even silence found a tongue,

To haunt me all the summer long;

The riddle nature could not prove

Was nothing else but secret love.

**Song for the Last Act**

BY [LOUISE BOGAN](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/louise-bogan)

Now that I have your face by heart, I look

Less at its features than its darkening frame

Where quince and melon, yellow as young flame,

Lie with quilled dahlias and the shepherd’s crook.

Beyond, a garden. There, in insolent ease

The lead and marble figures watch the show

Of yet another summer loath to go

Although the scythes hang in the apple trees.

Now that I have your face by heart, I look.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read

In the black chords upon a dulling page

Music that is not meant for music’s cage,

Whose emblems mix with words that shake and bleed.

The staves are shuttled over with a stark

Unprinted silence. In a double dream

I must spell out the storm, the running stream.

The beat’s too swift. The notes shift in the dark.

Now that I have your voice by heart, I read.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see

The wharves with their great ships and architraves;

The rigging and the cargo and the slaves

On a strange beach under a broken sky.

O not departure, but a voyage done!

The bales stand on the stone; the anchor weeps

Its red rust downward, and the long vine creeps

Beside the salt herb, in the lengthening sun.

Now that I have your heart by heart, I see.

**Vita Nova**

BY [LOUISE GLÜCK](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/louise-gluck)

You saved me, you should remember me.

The spring of the year; young men buying tickets for the ferryboats.

Laughter, because the air is full of apple blossoms.

When I woke up, I realized I was capable of the same feeling.

I remember sounds like that from my childhood,

laughter for no cause, simply because the world is beautiful,

something like that.

Lugano. Tables under the apple trees.

Deckhands raising and lowering the colored flags.

And by the lake’s edge, a young man throws his hat into the water;

perhaps his sweetheart has accepted him.

Crucial

sounds or gestures like

a track laid down before the larger themes

and then unused, buried.

Islands in the distance. My mother

holding out a plate of little cakes—

as far as I remember, changed

in no detail, the moment

vivid, intact, having never been

exposed to light, so that I woke elated, at my age

hungry for life, utterly confident—

By the tables, patches of new grass, the pale green

pieced into the dark existing ground.

Surely spring has been returned to me, this time

not as a lover but a messenger of death, yet

it is still spring, it is still meant tenderly.

**Ballad: Poetic Form**

Centuries-old in practice, the composition of ballads began in the European folk tradition, in many cases accompanied by musical instruments. Ballads were not originally transcribed, but rather preserved orally for generations, passed along through recitation. Their subject matter dealt with religious themes, love, tragedy, domestic crimes, and sometimes even political propaganda.

A typical ballad is a plot-driven song, with one or more characters hurriedly unfurling events leading to a dramatic conclusion. At best, a ballad does not tell the reader what’s happening, but rather shows the reader what’s happening, describing each crucial moment in the trail of events. To convey that sense of emotional urgency, the ballad is often constructed in quatrain stanzas, each line containing as few as three or four stresses and rhyming either the second and fourth lines, or all alternating lines.

Nineteenth-century poets [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/samuel-taylor-coleridge) and [William Wordsworth](https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/william-wordsworth) wrote numerous ballads.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1772-1834, London, England



Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a leader of the British Romantic movement, was born on October 21, 1772, in Devonshire, England. In 1795 Coleridge befriended [William Wordsworth](https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/william-wordsworth), who greatly influenced Coleridge’s verse. Coleridge, whose early work was celebratory and conventional, began writing in a more natural style. In his “conversation poems," such as “The Eolian Harp” and “This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," Coleridge used his intimate friends and their experiences as subjects. The following year, Coleridge published his first volume of poetry, *Poems on Various Subjects*, and began the first of ten issues of a liberal political publication entitled *The Watchman*. In 1798 the he collaborated on a joint volume of poetry entitled *Lyrical Ballads*. The collection is considered the first great work of the Romantic school of poetry and contains Coleridge’s famous poem, “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.”

# The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (1834)

BY [SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/samuel-taylor-coleridge)

***Part I Summary:*** *In the poem's first line, we meet its protagonist, "an ancient Mariner." He stops one of three people on their way to a wedding celebration.*

*The Ancient Mariner explains that one clear and bright day, he set out sail on a ship full of happy seamen. They sailed along smoothly until they reached the equator. As soon as the ship reached the equator, a terrible storm hit and forced the ship southwards. The wind blew with such force that the ship pitched down in the surf as though it were fleeing an enemy. Finally, an*[*Albatross*](http://www.gradesaver.com/the-rime-of-the-ancient-mariner/study-guide/character-list#albatross)*emerged from the mist, and the sailors revered it as a sign of good luck, as though it were a "Christian soul" sent by God to save them. No sooner than the sailors fed the Albatross did the ice break apart, allowing the captain to steer out of the freezing world. The Ancient Mariner admits that he shot the Albatross with his crossbow…*

**PART II**

The Sun now rose upon the right:

Out of the sea came he,

Still hid in mist, and on the left

Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,

But no sweet bird did follow,

Nor any day for food or play

Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,

And it would work 'em woe:

For all averred, I had killed the bird

That made the breeze to blow.

Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,

That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,

The glorious Sun uprist:

Then all averred, I had killed the bird

That brought the fog and mist.

'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,

That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,

The furrow followed free;

We were the first that ever burst

Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

'Twas sad as sad could be;

And we did speak only to break

The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,

The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,

No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,

We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,

And all the boards did shrink;

Water, water, every where,

Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!

That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs

Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout

The death-fires danced at night;

The water, like a witch's oils,

Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were

Of the Spirit that plagued us so;

Nine fathom deep he had followed us

From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,

Was withered at the root;

We could not speak, no more than if

We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks

Had I from old and young!

Instead of the cross, the Albatross

About my neck was hung.

T. S. Eliot

1888-1965 St. Louis , MO

 Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on September 26, 1888. He lived in St. Louis during the first eighteen years of his life and attended Harvard University. In 1910, he left the United States for the Sorbonne, having earned both undergraduate and masters degrees and having contributed several poems to the *Harvard Advocate*.

In London that Eliot came under the influence of his contemporary [Ezra Pound](https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/ezra-pound), who recognized his poetic genius at once, and assisted in the publication of his work in a number of magazines, most notably “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” in *Poetry* in 1915. His first book of poems, *Prufrock and Other Observations*, was published in 1917, and immediately established him as a leading poet of the avant-garde. With the publication of *The Waste Land* in 1922, now considered by many to be the single most influential poetic work of the twentieth century, Eliot’s reputation began to grow to nearly mythic proportions; by 1930, and for the next thirty years, he was the most dominant figure in poetry and literary criticism in the English-speaking world

**The Waste Land**

**By T. S. Eliot**

"Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis

vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent:

Sibylla ti theleis; respondebat illa: apothanein thelo."[[1]](#footnote-1)

I.  
 THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

April is the cruellest month, breeding

Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing

Memory and desire, stirring

Dull roots with spring rain.

Winter kept us warm, covering

Earth in forgetful snow, feeding

A little life with dried tubers.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee[[2]](#footnote-2)

With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,

And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten[[3]](#footnote-3),

And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch[[4]](#footnote-4).

And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,

My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,

And I was frightened.  
 He said, Marie,

Marie, hold on tight.  
 And down we went.

In the mountains, there you feel free.

I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow

Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,

You cannot say, or guess, for you know only

A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,

And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,

And the dry stone no sound of water.  
 Only

There is shadow under this red rock,

(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),

And I will show you something different from either

Your shadow at morning striding behind you

Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;

I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind

Der Heimat zu

Mein Irisch Kind,

Wo weilest du?[[5]](#footnote-5)

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;

"They called me the hyacinth girl."

––Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,

Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not

Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither

Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,

Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Oed' und leer das Meer[[6]](#footnote-6).

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,

Had a bad cold, nevertheless

Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,

With a wicked pack of cards.  
 Here, said she,

Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,

(Those are pearls that were his eyes.  
 Look!)

Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

The lady of situations.

Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,

And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,

Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,

Which I am forbidden to see.  
 I do not find

The Hanged Man.  
 Fear death by water.

I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.

Thank you.  
 If you see dear Mrs.  
 Equitone,

Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:

One must be so careful these days.

Unreal City,

Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,

A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,

I had not thought death had undone so many.

Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,

And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.

Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,

To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying "Stetson!

"You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!

"That corpse you planted last year in your garden,

"Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?

"Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

"Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,

"Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!

"You! hypocrite lecteur! - mon semblable, - mon frere![[7]](#footnote-7)"

**Poetic Form: Ode**

An ode is a form of poetry such as [sonnet](https://literarydevices.net/sonnet/) or [elegy](https://literarydevices.net/elegy/). Ode is a literary technique that is lyrical in nature, but not very lengthy. You have often read odes in which poets praise people, natural scenes, and abstract ideas. Ode is derived from a Greek word *aeidein*, which means to chant or sing. It is highly solemn and serious in its tone and subject matter, and usually is used with elaborate patterns of stanzas. However, the tone is often formal. A feature of ode is its uniform metrical feet, but poets generally do not strictly follow this rule though use highly elevated theme.

Odes are of three types, including (1) Pindar ode, (2) Horatian ode, and (3) irregular ode.

**Pindar Ode**

This ode was named after an ancient Greek poet, Pindar, who began writing choral poems that were meant to be sung at public events. It contains three triads; strophe, [antistrophe](https://literarydevices.net/antistrophe/), and final [stanza](https://literarydevices.net/stanza/) as epode, with irregular [rhyme](https://literarydevices.net/rhyme/) patterns and lengths of lines.

**Horatian Ode**

The name of this ode was taken from the Latin poet, Horace. Unlike heroic odes of Pindar, Horatian ode is informal, meditative and intimate. These odes dwelled upon interesting subject matters that were simple and were pleasing to the senses. Since Horatian odes are informal in tone, they are devoid of any strict rules.

**Irregular Ode**

This type of ode is without any formal [rhyme scheme](https://literarydevices.net/rhyme-scheme/), and structure such as the Pindaric ode. Hence, the poet has great freedom and flexibility to try any types of concepts and moods. William Wordsworth and John Keats were such poets who extensively wrote irregular odes, taking advantage of this form.

**Alexander Pope**

1688–1744, London, England

 The acknowledged master of the heroic couplet and one of the primary tastemakers of the Augustan age, Alexander Pope was a central figure in the Neoclassical movement of the early 18th century. He was known for having perfected the rhymed couplet form of his idol, [John Dryden](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poets/detail/john-dryden), and turned it to satiric and philosophical purposes. His mock epic *The Rape of the Lock*(1714) derides elite society, while *An Essay on Criticism*(1711) and *An Essay on Man*(1733-34) articulate many of the central tenets of 18th-century aesthetic and moral philosophy.

Pope was born on May 21, 1688 to a wealthy Catholic linen merchant, Alexander Pope, and his second wife, Edith Turner. At twelve, Pope composed his earliest extant work, *Ode to Solitude*; the same year saw the onset of the debilitating bone deformity that would plague Pope until the end of his life. In the mid-1720s, Pope became associated with a group of Tory literati called the Scriblerus Club, which included [John Gay](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poets/detail/john-gay), [Jonathan Swift](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poets/detail/jonathan-swift), John Arbuthnot, and Thomas Parnell.

# Ode on Solitude

BY [ALEXANDER POPE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/alexander-pope)

Happy the man, whose wish and care

   A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air,

                            In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

   Whose flocks supply him with attire,

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

                            In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find

   Hours, days, and years slide soft away,

In health of body, peace of mind,

                            Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,

   Together mixed; sweet recreation;

And innocence, which most does please,

                            With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;

   Thus unlamented let me die;

Steal from the world, and not a stone

                            Tell where I lie

**John Keats**

1795-1821, London, England



English Romantic poet John Keats was born on October 31, 1795, in London. The oldest of four children, he lost both his parents at a young age. In 1816 Keats became a licensed apothecary, but he never practiced his profession, deciding instead to write poetry.

Around this time, Keats met Leigh Hunt, an influential editor of the *Examiner*, who also introduced Keats to a circle of literary men, including the poets [Percy Bysshe Shelley](https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/percy-bysshe-shelley) and [William Wordsworth](https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poet/william-wordsworth). The group’s influence enabled Keats to see his first volume, *Poems by John Keats*, published in 1817.

In July 1820, he published his third and best volume of poetry, *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems*. The three title poems, dealing with mythical and legendary themes of ancient, medieval, and Renaissance times, are rich in imagery and phrasing. The volume also contains the unfinished “Hyperion," and three poems considered among the finest in the English language, “Ode on a Grecian Urn," “Ode on Melancholy," and “Ode to a Nightingale.” The book received enthusiastic praise from Hunt, Shelley, Charles Lamb, and others. He died in Rome on February 23, 1821, at the age of twenty-five, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery.

# Ode on a Grecian Urn

BY [JOHN KEATS](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/john-keats)

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,

       Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

       A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape

       Of deities or mortals, or of both,

               In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

       What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

               What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

       Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

       Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

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! that cannot shed

         Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,

         For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!

         For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

                For ever panting, and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above,

         That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

                A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

         To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

         And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea shore,

         Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,

                Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

         Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

                Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede

         Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

         Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

         When old age shall this generation waste,

                Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,

         "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all

                Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

**Pablo Neruda**

1904-1973, Chile



Born Ricardo Eliecer Neftalí Reyes Basoalto in the town of Parral in southern Chile on July 12, 1904, Pablo Neruda led a life charged with poetic and political activity. In 1927, Neruda began his long career as a diplomat in the Latin American tradition of honoring poets with diplomatic assignments. After serving as honorary consul in Burma, Neruda was named Chilean consul in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1933.

For the next twenty-one years, he continued a career that integrated private and public concerns and became known as the people’s poet. During this time, Neruda received numerous prestigious awards, including the International Peace Prize in 1950, the Lenin Peace Prize and the Stalin Peace Prize in 1953, and the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971. Neruda Darío died in Santiago, Chile on September 23, 1973.

**Ode to a Lemon**

**by Pablo Neruda**

Out of lemon flowers

loosed

on the moonlight, love's

lashed and insatiable

essences,

sodden with fragrance,

the lemon tree's yellow

emerges,

the lemons

move down

from the tree's planetarium

Delicate merchandise!

The harbors are big with it-

Bazaars

for the light and the

barbarous gold.

We open

the halves

of a miracle,

and a clotting of acids

brims

into the starry

divisions:

creation's

original juices,

irreducible, changeless,

alive:

so the freshness lives on

in a lemon,

in the sweet-smelling house of the rind,

the proportions, arcane and acerb.

Cutting the lemon

the knife

leaves a little cathedral:

alcoves unguessed by the eye

that open acidulous glass

to the light; topazes

riding the droplets,

altars,

aromatic facades.

So, while the hand

holds the cut of the lemon,

half a world

on a trencher,

the gold of the universe

wells

to your touch:

a cup yellow

with miracles,

a breast and a nipple

perfuming the earth;

a flashing made fruitage,

the diminutive fire of a planet.

1. A reference to Petronius' "[Satyricon](http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/5225)*."*The poem refers to an Ancient Greek [oracle](http://www.pantheon.org/articles/o/oracle.html), Cumaean Sibyl, who was granted immortality by Apollo, for whom she was a prophetess.  Translates to: "For I myself once saw with my own eyes the Sibyl hanging in a cage, and when the boys asked her, 'Sibyl, what do you want?' she answered 'I want to die.'" [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. German for "The Starnberger Sea." It refers to a lake in Munich, Germany, a city in which Eliot visited in August 1911 (Southam 73). [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. A park, also located in Munich [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. "I'm not Russian at all, I come from Lithuania, pure German." [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. "Fresh blows the Wind/ to the homeland./ My Irish child,/ where are you dwelling?" Taken from Richard Wagner's opera, Tristan and Isolde. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. "Desolate and empty is the sea." Also from Tristan and Isolde. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. "my likeness, my brother!" The final line of the poem "Au Lecteur" from Charles Baudelaire's Les Fleurs du Mal (1857). Baudelaire was part of the French symbolist movement, which Eliot was introduced to during his time in France, where he studied at the Sorbonne, and greatly influenced his writing. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)