

Poem: *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud* by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

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 gazed—and gazed—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.

Post by: Aqsa Daria

Today, I will be telling you guys all about my new favourite poem. The name of this marvellous poem is '*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud*' by William Wordsworth. The reason I really enjoyed studying, analysing and reading this poem, is the fact that the more you read it, the more ways you realise it can be interpreted. For example, 'When all at once I saw a crowd,' 'A host, of golden daffodils;' These two lines - which appear simultaneously in the first stanza - don't seem to carry just one specific meaning. At first, I thought that Wordsworth was genuinely speaking about daffodils. After doing my own research and discovering that his tough and grief-filled childhood inspired a deep love for nature. During his later life, he lost 2 of his children and his brother, and witnessed his sister suffer from a mental breakdown. Many people - including myself - believe these were significant factors behind his personal and melancholic meanings in his poems. Due to this, I then went on to interpret that he may have been speaking about his late relatives being the, 'host, of golden daffodils' and when he 'wandered lonely as a cloud' he was wandering around his own fantasies and imagination, creating images of those he had lost.

I feel this poem helped Wordsworth himself cope with his grief, but also helped those who have gone through a similar experience who could relate to his thoughts behind the metaphors and similes. To finish off my blog, I feel William Wordsworth has an amazing style of writing and his poems contain a huge range of emotions and there is always more to it than meets the eye. Thanks for reading my response!

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Poem: *Everything is going to be alright* by Derek Mahon

How should I not be glad to contemplate  
the clouds clearing beyond the dormer window  
and a high tide reflected on the ceiling?  
There will be dying, there will be dying,  
but there is no need to go into that.  
The poems flow from the hand unbidden  
and the hidden source is the watchful heart.  
The sun rises in spite of everything  
and the far cities are beautiful and bright.  
I lie here in a riot of sunlight  
watching the day break and the clouds flying.  
Everything is going to be all right.

Post by Amirah Bhamjee

I have chosen to focus on the poem "*Everything is going to be alright*" by Derek Mahon this term as the challenges it talks about are very relatable, especially when the poet says: "I lie here in a riot of sunlight" which implies that he is unmotivated, burn out and tired etc., which is an issue that I, and I'm sure many other students struggle with, however the following lines reassure you that this is normal and that everything will find its way and work out which is very comforting and inspiring. Throughout my time exploring this poem this term I have grown to appreciate how the poem highlights that life isn't all sunshine and rainbows and in order to enjoy life you must learn to digest life's problems and all challenges that it comes such as death, war etc. The first time I read this poem I was blown away at how many different ways you are able to interpret this poem in spite of its length and seemingly straightforward message which we can see in lines such as "watching the day break and the clouds flying" which shows us

without directly telling us that time is passing by and he has been unproductive, even though it's a poem and the poet isn't able to technically show us anything, it still creates the imagery in your head and gives us the idea that time isn't standing still. That is all of my thoughts regarding this poem summarised into a blog! Hope you enjoyed.

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Poem: *The Way through the Woods* by Rudyard Kipling

They shut the road through the woods  
    Seventy years ago.  
Weather and rain have undone it again,  
    And now you would never know  
There was once a road through the woods  
    Before they planted the trees.  
It is underneath the coppice and heath,  
    And the thin anemones.  
    Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ring-dove broods,  
    And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods  
    Of a summer evening late,  
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools  
    Where the otter whistles his mate,  
(They fear not men in the woods,  
    Because they see so few.)  
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
    And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
    Steadily cantering through  
The misty solitudes,  
    As though they perfectly knew  
    The old lost road through the woods.  
But there is no road through the woods.

Post by Yusairah Patel

I think the poem: '*The Way through the Woods*' is quite interesting. It talks about how as time goes this road gets "lost" and slowly disappears. One reason for why I like this poem is because has a rhyme scheme. I like this because it makes the poem flow and quick to read. Perhaps this is meant to mimic the roads we travel. At the end of the poem it has one line separate from the rest "But there is no road through the woods". This line kind of sums up what the rest of the poem is explaining by metaphorically saying that there isn't a road when there actually is but due to the years passing by and activities stated in the poem taking place, it has faded away and 'isn't present anymore'.

Another thing I thought about when reading the poem was what may have inspired the poet to write this poem (is it real?). Overall I am very intrigued by this poem.

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Poem: *The Fortune Teller* by Nizar Qabbani

NB: This is a very long poem so we have only printed the first two stanzas. The link to this poem is [here](#).

She sat with fear in her eyes

Contemplating the upturned cup

She said "Do not be sad, my son

You are destined to fall in love"

My son, Who sacrifices himself for his beloved,

Is a martyr

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**For long have I studied fortune-telling**

**But never have I read a cup similar to yours**

**For long have I studied fortune-telling**

**But never have I seen sorrows similar to yours**

**You are predestined to sail forever**

**Sail-less, on the sea of love**

**Your life is forever destined**

**To be a book of tears**

**And be imprisoned**

## Between water and fire

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Post by Nadia Al-Masri

Hi everyone! Today I'll be talking about my favourite poem '*The Fortune Teller*'. This is an Arabic Poem written by a Syrian poet called Nizar Qabbani which has been translated into English for Non-Arabic speakers to enjoy too! '*The Fortune Teller*' is quite a long poem if you were to only observe it with your eyes, but short when thinking and feeling about the meaning of the words used.

I really liked this poem as its genre is supposed to be romance, but not the type of romance we see on films and TV shows. Rather a mysterious kind of romance where the man falls in love with a beautiful woman that has "no home, no land, no address"; the type of romance which gets him through pains and sorrows that the Fortune Teller herself has never seen before. For me this poem is not confusing at all, but you might have a different opinion because poems are open to interpretation.

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Poem: *By the Sea* by Christina Rossetti

Why does the sea moan evermore?  
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,  
It frets against the boundary shore;  
All earth's full rivers cannot fill  
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.

Sheer miracles of loveliness  
Lie hid in its unlooked-on bed:  
Anemones, salt, passionless,  
Blow flower-like; just enough alive  
To blow and multiply and thrive.

Shells quaint with curve, or spot, or spike,  
Encrusted live things argus-eyed,  
All fair alike, yet all unlike,  
Are born without a pang, and die  
Without a pang, and so pass by.

Post by Mahnoor Amin

Hi, I hope you guys are well. Today I just wanted to talk about my favorite poem and would like to share some opinions. First, I think Christina Rossetti wrote this poem '*By the Sea*' because she either has lost someone quite close to her and the sea reminds her of them but on the other hand, I think that Christina Rossetti has written this poem because the sea seems like a tiny slice of Paradise .So in my opinion the message

of this poem is how the beauty of the ocean hides the thirst of the sea. Another point is that Christina is making is that the sea is paradise itself. The narrator writes:

"Why does the sea moan evermore?  
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan. "

So, these two lines show how she is slowly revealing the fact that the sea is like paradise.

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Poem: *Composed Upon Westminster Bridge* by William Wordsworth

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Post by Daneya Abumatar

Hello people, welcome to my blog!

Today I wanted to talk about a poem I recently read called *Composed upon Westminster Bridge*.

I wanted to talk about the poem because I thought that it was a very interesting poem, and I thought you guys would enjoy it. I really like how descriptive the poem is and how it still manages to be a bit mysterious. The poem is a bit confusing to read as it uses a lot of older words that you don't use nowadays, like 'doth' and 'glidith'. I had to take a moment to think about what they meant.

I am not the biggest fan of poems, and I don't really analyse them, but as soon as I was done with this one I started to think about what it could mean. Is the poet so impressed because they hadn't been to the city before, or has the author always lived in the city and is only now appreciating it?

I suppose we can't know without asking the author, but it's fun to speculate.

At first I only picked the poem because I had to choose a poem and it was the first one I saw, but now that I have read it I would absolutely choose it again and I would highly recommend the poem to all of you!

See you all next time!

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Poem: *Sonnet 130: My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun* by William Shakespeare

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

Post by Mariam Farghal

Hello! Today I will be discussing the poem *Sonnet 130: My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun* by William Shakespeare. Sonnet 130 is so interesting in its own way and I like how Shakespeare uses a lot of similes and metaphors. An example from the poem is "If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head". Shakespeare compares her black hair to wires which can make us easily picture it.

The poem is very formal-like while still being easy to understand and I really like that about it. What kind of confuses me is how is it a real, up-to-standard poem if it has spelling mistakes? And would you even call it a mistake? Okay, you're probably confused with what I'm even talking about. There is a line in the poem that goes "That music hath a far more pleasing sound". After some research I found out that "hath" is just "has" in Shakespeare writing which I find a bit surprising due to the fact that Shakespeare is one of the biggest poem writers. But basically Shakespeare is using Old English so though we use 'has' today, 'they would have used 'hath' in that era.

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Poem: *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came* by Robert Browning

NB: This is a very long poem so we have only printed the first two stanzas. The link to this poem is [here](#).

I.

My first thought was, he lied in every word,  
That hoary cripple, with malicious eye  
Askance to watch the working of his lie  
On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford  
Suppression of the glee, that pursed and scored  
Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

II.

What else should he be set for, with his staff?  
What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare  
All travellers who might find him posted there,  
And ask the road? I guessed what skull-like laugh  
Would break, what crutch 'gin write my epitaph  
For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

III.

If at his counsel I should turn aside  
Into that ominous tract which, all agree,  
Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiescingly  
I did turn as he pointed: neither pride  
Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,  
So much as gladness that some end might be.

IV.

For, what with my whole world-wide wandering,  
What with my search drawn out thro' years, my hope  
Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope  
With that obstreperous joy success would bring,  
I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring  
My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

V.

As when a sick man very near to death  
Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and end  
The tears and takes the farewell of each friend,  
And hears one bid the other go, draw breath  
Freelier outside, ("since all is o'er," he saith,  
"And the blow fallen no grieving can amend;")

Post by Tunajjina Huda Yasmin

Assalamulikum everybody! It's me Tunajjina. Today I will be talking about a poem I have been reading. The poem is very interesting and inspiring. I chose the poem *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came* because I like the way the poem talkies about perseverance and how it tells a story of Childe Roland going to the Dark Tower and how he faces challenges. When it says "all travellers who might find him poster there, And ask the road" it made me wonder why they would ask the road.

I also liked it when it said "That hoary cripple, with a malicious eye". I like this because it gives a deeper description with powerful adjectives. One of the things I like about poems is how they have a special meaning like this poem. The meanings can have a huge impact on a person. Thank you for reading my blog post.

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Poem: *Monsters* by author unknown

Post by Zubeda Yasin

Hey people! It's Zubeda here! Right now I will be discussing the poem I am currently reading myself called '*Monsters*'.

This poem is very interesting and catchy. I like this poem because of its vivid yet accurate imagery and the moment you start reading you are immediately consumed into reading more and thinking about why the poet chooses to write it that way if you get what I mean.

Also I feel that the poet decided to add a hidden message to it which would be 'after hardships comes ease.' This is also a verse from the Qur'an"

The poem also draws attention to how people are easily controlled by their fears. But this is what I think and everyone has different interpretations and ideas. So I recommend you all to read the poem *Monsters*.

Thank you for reading my thoughts.

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Poem: *The Sea* by James Reeve

The sea is a hungry dog,  
Giant and grey,  
He rolls on the beach all day,  
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws  
Hour upon hour he gnaws  
The rumbling, tumbling stones,  
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'  
The giant sea-dog moans,  
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars  
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,  
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,  
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,  
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May and June,  
When even the grasses on the dune  
Play no more their reedy tune,  
With his head between his paws  
He lies on the sandy shores,  
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

Post by: Ayaana Shaikh

I'm going to be talking about a poem I like. It is called '*The Sea*'. I really like this poem because of the way it progresses from aggressive to laid-back. What makes me think that it starts as aggressive is 'With his clashing teeth and his shaggy jaws'. There is also a section where I get the interpretation of quietness/ serenity is in the following 'But on quiet days in May or June.' and 'He lies on the sandy shore, so quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores'.

An idea that does puzzle me is when there is a pause between an idea of rumbling, tumbling stones and then we are transferred into a scene of bones, which I think ruins the general rhythm of the poem.

The poem is very scenic and full of imagery which brings the poem to life.

I was very moved by the likeness of the sea being a hungry dog, The sea is such a complex subject to distinguish but also the simplicity of the dog makes it very understandable. A dog for instance can range from tens of personas, from cute and cuddly to aggressive and bold. Which is where there is a likeness of the two subjects. When I was studying the poem, I wondered why compare the two?

- To make the sea a clearer image in our mind

- Establish a more vivid imagination
- The reader can develop more mixed feeling about the poem
- Creates a connection to make us understand on a deeper level