

Lyric

Lyric poetry: A genre of poetry that expresses the poet's feelings, emotions and thoughts through language that is musical, imaginative and personal, often with a focus on the individual's inner world and experiences.

Hudson strikes the keynote of lyric poetry when he says that in a lyric "the poet is principally occupied with himself." Ruskin also does the same when he observes "Lyric poetry is the expression by the poet of his own feelings." In a lyric, the poet expresses his own moods, feelings, emotions and even experiences.

We know that personality of the poet is the predominating element in a lyric, but the personality alone can not be the be-all and the end-all of lyric poetry. Great lyrics of the world go on appealing to the readers through the ages not for their revelation of the poet's personality, but for their revelation of some universal facts of life.

In "Ode To The West Wind", there is a deeply reflective cry on the despondency of Shelley's own life -

" I fall upon the thorns of life:
I bleed."

~~From~~ From this personal reflection, the poet passes on to reflect on the future of the world, and the poem ends with a touching prophecy about the millennium to come -

" O Wind,
If winter comes, can spring be
far behind? "

JOHN MILTON

John Milton (9 December 1608 – 8 November 1674) was an English poet, polemicist, and civil servant for the Commonwealth of England. He is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost*.

He was a scholarly man of letters, a polemical writer, and an official serving under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of



religious flux and political upheaval in England, and his poetry and prose reflect deep convictions and deal with contemporary issues. As well as English, he wrote in Latin and Italian, and had an international reputation during his lifetime. William Hayley's 1796 biography called him the "greatest English author". He remains generally regarded "as one of the preeminent writers in the English language and as a thinker of world importance."

On His Blindness is one of the best known of the sonnets of John Milton. It may have been written as early as 1652, although most scholars believe it was composed sometime between June and October of 1655, when Milton's blindness was essentially complete. It appears in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, an anthologized collection of English-language poetry spanning 1250-1900.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. MILTON

জীবনের মধ্যলগ্নের পূর্বে কবি মিল্টন তাঁর দৃষ্টি শক্তি হারিয়েছেন। দৃষ্টি শক্তিহীন অবস্থায় তিনি তাঁর কবিত্বশক্তি ভগবানের কাছে নিয়োগ করতে অক্ষম। তাঁর আশঙ্কা ঈশ্বরের সেবায় কবিত্বশক্তি ব্যবহারের অক্ষমতার জন্য ঈশ্বর তাঁকে শাস্তি দিবেন। ঈশ্বরের কাছে তাঁর অভিযোগ তিনিই তো তাঁর চোখের আলো কেড়ে নিয়েছেন। ধর্মপ্রাণ মিল্টনের মনে অবিলম্বে পরমেশ্বরের অসীম করুণায় বিশ্বাস ফিরে এল। কবি অনুভব করলেন, মিল্টনের মত অন্ধ ব্যক্তির কাছ থেকে পরমেশ্বর সক্রিয় কাজ দাবি করবেন না। পরমেশ্বর দেখেন মানুষের হৃদয়ের অন্তরতম অন্তঃস্থল। যারা কেবল ঈশ্বরের আদেশের প্রতীক্ষায় অপেক্ষা করে তারাও ঈশ্বরের সেবক।

On His Blindness

- John Milton

"On His Blindness" is a reflection on Milton's blindness. The poet has become blind before the middle of his life. So he cannot serve God with his poetic gift. The poet wants to sing the glories of God but his blindness has frustrated him.

The poet is afraid that on 'The Day of Judgement' God will punish him for his failure in fulfilling his duty. He compares himself with the third servant in 'The Parable of Talent'. The story runs thus - a rich man had three servants. Once he went away for a journey. Before going, he left five talents with one, two talents with another and one talent with third servant. When he returned home, he found that the first two servants had doubled their talents (gold coins) by their clever investment. But the third servant did not use his talent. He kept it hidden in the earth. The master was naturally pleased with the first two servants and the third servant was rebuked ~~him~~ for not using his talent. In the parable, the master is God and servants imply of all men. The poet fears that he will be rebuked by God like the third servant for not using his talent.

Then the question comes to his mind, does God demand service even from a blind man? His patience and faith in God consoles him. The poet feels that God does not expect any return of his gift. God does not need man's work. He expects only obedience and devotion. one serves God best by submitting to the gentle rule of God.

God is like a great King. Thousands of angels are busy in carrying out his order. They are posted all over the earth and ocean. Those men who stand and wait for the blessing of God also serve him. The poem shows Milton's faith in God. The poet is a true christian, a sincere and devoted christian.

WILFRED EDWARD SALTER OWEN

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen (18 March 1893 – 4 November 1918) was a British poet and soldier, one of the leading poets of the First World War. His shocking, realistic war poetry on the horrors of trenches and gas warfare was heavily influenced by his friend Siegfried Sassoon and sat in stark contrast to both the public perception of war at the time, and to the confidently patriotic verse written earlier by war poets such as Rupert Brooke. Some of his best-known works—most of which were published posthumously—include “Dulce et Decorum Est”, “Insensibility”, “Anthem for Doomed Youth”, “Futility” and “Strange Meeting”. His preface intended for a book of poems

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to be published in 1919 contains numerous well-known phrases, especially "War, and the pity of War", and "the Poetry is in the pity".

He was killed in action at the Battle of the Sambre a week before the war ended. The telegram from the War Office announcing his death was delivered to his mother's home as her town's church bells were ringing in celebration of the Armistice when the war ended. 'STRANGE MEETING' was composed by the poet shortly before his death.

STRANGE MEETING

It seemed that out of battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,
By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.
With a thousand pains that vision's face was grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns-thumped, or down the flues-made moan.
'Strange friends,' I said, 'here is no cause to mourn.'
'None,' said that other, 'save the undone years,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,

And of my weeping something had been left,
 Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
 The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
 Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
 Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
 They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
 None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
 Courage was mine, and I had mystery,
 / Wisdom was mine, and I had mystery;
 To miss the march of this retreating world.
 Into vain citadels that are not walled.
 Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels
 I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
 Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
 I would have poured my spirit without stint
 But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
 Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.
 I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
 I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
 Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
 I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
 Let up sleep now

--WIFFRED OWEN

সৈনিক কবি স্বপ্ন দেখলেন যে তিনি যুদ্ধক্ষেত্র থেকে পালিয়ে এক গভীর সুড়ঙ্গে
 প্রবেশ করেছেন। সেখানে এক মৃত সৈনিকের সাথে তার সাক্ষাৎ হল। কবি সেই
 অপরিচিত বন্ধুকে উদ্দেশ্য করে বললেন যে, এখানে বিলাপ করার কোন কারণ
 নেই কারণ এখানে মৃত্যুর রক্তপাত বা কামানের শব্দ নেই। মৃত সৈনিকটি উত্তর
 দিল যে যুদ্ধে অপরিণত বয়সে মৃত্যু না হলে তিনি পৃথিবীতে আরও কিছুদিন বাঁচতে
 পারতেন এবং যুদ্ধের সত্য উৎঘাটন করে জগতের কিছু মঙ্গল করতে পারতেন।
 অবশেষে মৃত সৈনিকটি জানালো “আমি হচ্ছি সেই শত্রু যাকে বন্ধু, তুমি হত্যা
 করেছিলে।” এখন নিদ্রায় মগ্ন হওয়া ভাল।

Strange Meeting

- Wilfred Owen

In "Strange Meeting" Wilfred Owen makes a dramatic disclosure with the mouth of the German soldier. A young soldier dreams that he has escaped from the battle field and meets the spirit of the German youth in the dark tunnel. The young soldier tells the dead soldier that there is no cause for lamentation. There is neither roar of guns, nor the fear of death.

The dead German soldier replies that his premature death is the cause of regret. He feels sad because he cannot do good to the world by telling the truth about war. He has made good gestures although their dialogues. He reveals suddenly that he is the very German soldier whom the English soldier killed in the previous day. He narrated in details how he had frowned at aiming his gun. He killed him as he made no attempt to save himself.

Now they are in the world after death. They are above hatred and enmity. Death made them forget all the earthly feelings. Now they must enjoy eternal sleep and rest. The German soldier is addressing his enemy, the killer poet as a friend. There is a bitter irony expressed here. The poet does not sing the glory of war but the pity of war. We find here the realistic attitude of Wilfred Owen.