

Chapter 1 : Pilgrimage Poems | Examples of Pilgrimage Poetry

Natasha Trethewey was born on April 26, , in Gulfport, Mississippi. She earned an MA in poetry from Hollins University and an MFA in poetry from the University of Massachusetts.

In the first he describes a journey to the scene of the battle, in the second an allegorical vision underscoring the historical and theological significance of the event. The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament the restoration of the Bourbons, because the hopes which they entertained from the French Revolution have not been realized: Southey through his pilgrimage with unmixed pleasure, with satisfaction unalloyed" 50 He has, indeed, acquitted himself above all expectation, in his description of this horrid scene: This is the prominent, and most conspicuous part of the poem: This part itself, would stamp the fame of the poet, and secure the celebrity of the poem The two parts are, strictly speaking, two distinct subjects, and should have had two different titles; for, from the Canto, called The Tower, to the end of the book, mention is made but once of Waterloo, and its advenient circumstances. The poem, therefore, should properly have ended with the Scene of War, which is the natural climax of the subject. By spinning it out four Cantos further, the author has diminished the interest, and weakened the effect of the whole, and rendered it rather irksome, than amusing. This was the more injudicious, on account of his having chosen a quaint and tedious measure; the old stanza of Spencer, in all its antiquated dress and structure: The stanza of Spencer is, however, susceptible of a more lively motion, and harmonious metre: Southey has coined new words, and revived old ones" 2 November , He also kept a full journal of his adventures in the course of this journey, but this diary was not published until The description is punctuated with Spenserian archaisms, establishing a tone of jolly pilgrimage as the travellers pass through a flourishing countryside. At Brussels the signs of the conflict begin to appear, as three months after the battle the hospitals are still thronged with wounded, dying, and recovering soldiers. Proceeding south to Waterloo, he discovers monuments to the fallen already appearing. The site of the battle is next described, mingled with recollections of the earlier wars of William III and Marlborough. Amid the grim reminders of death the landscape bursts into bloom. Such was the danger when that Man of Blood Burst from the iron Isle, and brought again, Like Satan rising from the sulphurous flood, His impious legions to the battle plain: Such too was our deliverance when the field Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield. So forth I set upon this pilgrimage, And took the partner of my life with me, And one dear girl, just ripe enough of age Retentively to see what I should see; That thus with mutual recollections fraught, We might bring home a store for after-thought. Small vestige there of that old siege appears, And little of remembrance would be found, When for the space of three long painful years The persevering Spaniard girt it round, And gallant youths of many a realm from far Went students to that busy school of war. And still from underneath the drifted sand, Sometimes the storm, or passing foot lays bare Part of the harvest Death has gathered there. Peace be within thy walls, thou famous town, For thy brave bearing in those times of old; May plenty thy industrious children crown, And prosperous merchants day by day behold Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea, Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay. Embarking there, we glided on between Strait banks raised high above the level land, With many a cheerful dwelling white and green In goodly neighbourhood on either hand. Four horses, aided by the favouring breeze, Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek and large; Crack goes the whip, the steersman at his ease Directs the way, and steady went the barge. Ere evening closed to Bruges thus we came,. Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame. The season of her splendour is gone by, Yet every where its monuments remain; Temples which rear their stately heads on high, Canals that intersect the fertile plain, Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all. Time hath not wronged her, nor hath Ruin sought Rudely her splendid structures to destroy, Save in those recent days with evil fraught, When Mutability, in drunken joy Triumphant, and from all restraint released, Let loose the fierce and many-headed beast. When I may read of tilts in days of old, And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown, Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold, If Fancy would pourtray some stately town, Which for such pomp fit theatre should be, Fair Bruges, I

shall then remember thee. My lot hath lain in scenes sublime and rude, Where still devoutly I have served and sought The Power divine which dwells in solitude. In boyhood was I wont, with rapture fraught, Amid those rocks and woods to wander free, Where Avon hastens to the Severn sea. In Cintra also have I dwelt erewhile, That earthly Eden, and have seen at eve The sea-mists, gathering round its mountain pile, Whelm with their billows all below, but leave One pinnacle sole seen, whereon it stood Like the Ark on Ararat, above the flood. And now am I a Cumbrian mountaineer; Their wintry garment of unsullied snow The mountains have put on, the heavens are clear, And yon dark lake spreads silently below; Who sees them only in their summer hour Sees but their beauties half, and knows not half their power. Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for me That soothes and wins upon the willing heart; Though all is level as the sleeping sea, A natural beauty springs from perfect art, And something more than pleasure fills the breast, To see how well-directed toil is blest. Two nights have past; the morning opens well, Fair are the aspects of the favouring sky; Soon yon sweet chimes the appointed hour will tell, For here to music Time moves merrily: Farewell, good people of the Fleur de Bled! Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit rides, With painted plumes and tent-like awning gay; Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all sides, And passengers and porters throng the way, Contending all at once in clamorous speech, French, Flemish, English, each confusing each. All disregardant of the Babel sound, A swan kept oaring near with upraised eye,. A beauteous pensioner, who daily found The bounty of such casual company; Nor left us till the bell said all was done, And slowly we our watry way begun. Europe can boast no richer, goodlier scene, Than that through which our pleasant passage lay, By fertile fields and fruitful gardens green, The journey of a short autumnal day; Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vessel drew, The heavens were fair, and Mirth was of our crew. Ashore too there was feast and merriment; The jovial peasants at some village fair Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there. Nor of that sisterhood whom to their rule Of holy life no hasty vows restrain, Who, meek disciples of the Christian school, Watch by the bed of sickness and of pain: Oh what a strength divine doth Faith impart To inborn goodness in the female heart! A gentle party from the shores of Kent Thus far had been our comrades as befell; Fortune had linked us first, and now Consent,. For why should Choice divide whom Chance so well Had joined, and they to view the famous ground, Like us, were to the Field of Battle bound. Farther as yet they looked not than that quest,. The land was all before them where to choose. So we consorted here as seemed best; Who would such pleasant fellowship refuse Of ladies fair and gentle comrades free? Certes we were a joyous company. Yet lacked we not discourse for graver times, Such as might suit sage auditors, I ween; For some among us, in far distant climes The cities and the ways of men had seen; No unobservant travellers they, but well Of what they there had learnt they knew to tell. He those barbaric palaces had seen, The work of Eastern potentates of old; And in the Temples of the Rock had been, Awe-struck their dread recesses to behold; A gifted hand was his, which by its skill Could to the eye pourtray such wondrous scenes at will. A third, who from the Land of Lakes with me Went out upon this pleasant pilgrimage, Had sojourned long beyond the Atlantic sea; Adventurous was his spirit as his age, For he in far Brazil, through wood and waste, Had travelled many a day, and there his heart was placed. And sometimes over thirsty deserts drear, And sometimes over flooded plains he went;. For he of what I most desired could tell, And loved the Portugals because he knew them well. Here to the easy barge we bade adieu; Land-travellers now along the well-paved way, Where road-side trees still lengthening on the view, Before us and behind unvarying lay: Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent, Whose venerable fragments strew the land; Grown wise too late, the multitude lament The ravage of their own unhappy hand; Its records in their frenzy torn and tost, Its precious stores of learning wrecked and lost. Whatever else we saw was chearful all, The signs of steady labour well repaid; The grapes were ripe on every cottage wall, And merry peasants seated in the shade Of garner, or within the open door, From gathered hop-vines plucked the plenteous store. Through Assche for water and for cakes renowned We passed, pursuing still our way, though late; And when the shades of night were closing round, Brussels received us through her friendly gate,. Proud city, fated many a change to see, And now the seat of new-made monarchy. Where might a gayer spectacle be found Than Brussels offered on that festive night, Her squares and palaces irradiate round To welcome the imperial Moscovite, Who now, the wrongs of Europe twice redressed, Came there a welcome and a glorious guest? Her mile-long avenue with lamps was hung, Innumerable, which diffused a light like day; Where through the line of

splendour, old and young Paraded all in festival array; While fiery barges, plying to and fro, Illumined as they moved the liquid glass below. By day with hurrying crowds the streets were thronged, To gain of this great Czar a passing sight; And music, dance, and banquetings prolonged The various work of pleasure through the night. You might have deemed, to see that joyous town, That wretchedness and pain were there unknown. Some I beheld, for whom the doubtful scale Had to the side of life inclined at length; Emaciate was their form, their features pale, The limbs so vigorous late, bereft of strength; And for their gay habiliments of yore, The habit of the House of Pain they wore. Some in the courts of that great hospital, That they might taste the sun and open air, Crawled out; or sate beneath the southern wall; Or leaning in the gate, stood gazing there In listless guise upon the passers by, Whiling away the hours of slow recovery. Others in waggons borne abroad I saw, Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight: Languid and helpless some were stretched on straw, Some more advanced sustained themselves upright, And with bold eye and careless front, methought, Seemed to set wounds and death again at nought. Well had it fared with these; nor went it ill With those whom war had of a limb bereft, Leaving the life untouched, that they had still Enough for health as for existence left; But some there were who lived to draw the breath Of pain through hopeless years of lingering death. Brave spirits, nobly had their part been done! Recorders thus of many a change were they, Their deadly work through every change the same; Nor ever had they seen a bloodier day, Than when as their late thunders rolled around, Brabant in all her cities felt the sound. Then ceased their occupation. From the field Of battle here in triumph were they brought; Ribbands and flowers and laurels half concealed Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin fraught; Women beheld them pass with joyful eyes, And children clapt their hands and rent the air with cries. Now idly on the banks of Senne they lay, Like toys with which a child is pleased no more: Only the British traveller bends his way To see them on that unfrequented shore, And as a mournful feeling blends with pride, Remembers those who fought, and those who died. The way is through a forest deep and wide, Extending many a mile on either side. No chearful woodland this of antic trees, With thickets varied and with sunny glade; Look where he will, the weary traveller sees One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight, With interchange of lines of long green light. What time the second Carlos ruled in Spain, Last of the Austrian line by Fate decreed, Here Castanaza reared a votive fane, Praying the Patron Saints to bless with seed His childless sovereign; Heaven denied an heir, And Europe mourned in blood the frustrate prayer. That temple to our hearts was hallowed now: For many a wounded Briton there was laid, With such poor help as time might then allow From the fresh carnage of the field conveyed; And they whom human succours could not save, Here in its precincts found a hasty grave. Not far removed you find the burial-ground, Yet so that skirts of woodland intervene; A small enclosure, rudely fenced around; Three grave-stones only for the dead are seen: One bears the name of some rich villager, The first for whom a stone was planted there. A son of Erin sleeps below the third; By friendly hands his body where it lay Upon the field of blood had been interred, And thence by those who mourned him borne away In pious reverence for departed worth, Laid here with holy rites in consecrated earth. Ere this hath British valour made that ground Sacred to you, and for your foes unblest, When Marlborough here, victorious in his might Surprized the French, and smote them in their flight. Those wars are as a tale of times gone by, For so doth perishable fame decay,. And even our glorious Blenheim to the field Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield. Behold the scene where Slaughter had full sway! A mile before us lieth Mount St. John, The hamlet which the Highlanders that day Preserved from spoil; yet as much farther on The single farm is placed, now known to fame, Which from the sacred hedge derives its name. Straight onward yet for one like distance more, And there the house of Belle Alliance stands, So named, I guess, by some in days of yore, In friendship or in wedlock joining hands: Little did they who called it thus foresee The place that name should hold in history! Beyond these points the fight extended not,. Small theatre for such a tragedy! Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Papelot To where the groves of Hougoumont on high Rear in the west their venerable head, And cover with their shade the countless dead. But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground, And trace with understanding eyes a scene Above all other fields of war renowned, From western Hougoumont thy way begin; There was our strength on that side, and there first, In all its force, the storm of battle burst. Strike eastward then across toward La Haye, The single farm: Once it was lost,. Not so the leader, on whose equal mind Such interests hung in that

momentous day; So well had he his motley troops assigned, That where the vital points of action lay, There had he placed those soldiers whom he knew No fears could quail, no dangers could subdue.

Chapter 2 : Robert Southey: The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo: Proem.

A Poet's Pilgrimage has 2 ratings and 1 review. Ian said: A man walks with his heart as well as his legs This is an account of former Supertramp, Wi.

Share via Email Lord Byron. It hardly mattered to his admiring readers that Harold made an unconvincing young pilgrim-knight in an under-plotted script. They were in on the autobiographical secret, and Harold attained immediate notoriety as the "Byronic hero". The first part of the "Pilgrimage" is colourful, panoramic, politically impassioned. As an appealing, and revealing, innovation, Byron adds informative and sometimes witty footnotes about the places and people he encounters, ensuring that the reader participates in the tour: But as verse-writing, to be frank, a lot of it is fairly unexceptional. The full potential of the writer, uniting all the disparate parts of his genius – his ruthlessly comical social insight as well as his romantic agonies – would perhaps only be fully consolidated in his great masterpiece Don Juan. But the Childe Harold "concept" is still to undergo important developments, when, around eight years after the first instalment, while living in Italy, Byron writes the two further Cantos that complete the project. Byron excels both as an observer of himself and his surroundings, and in combining each level of perception to enhance the other. He drops the mock-Tudor diction and the posturing, and the feeble attempts at establishing Harold as an independent persona. Byron the rigorous thinker "comes out" as himself – and his writing discovers fresh nuance and depth as a result. There are many great set-pieces in Canto III: Then there are meditations on Napoleon himself, on Rousseau and the French Revolution and the grandeur of the Alpine landscape. Byron brings history and historical ideas alive. He also becomes a bit of a Wordsworthian, positing the splendours and spirituality of nature against the human world. Is this a genuine conversion to the philosophy of the Lake poet he so frequently mocked? Byron is a fantastic painter of sea and mountains, but he comes into his own when working with an admixture of manmade and natural material. His ivied tombs and sky-framed ancient columns are never vulgarised by an excess of Gothic shadows. The passion for political liberation goes on flaring, conscious, now, of tragic paradox in a context of shattered empire. Revolutionary fervour is tempered by a sense of the cyclic nature of history: Byron is a great Romantic poet, but this greatness owes much to the Augustan quality of his intellect. The poet, like Yeats, pursues "the quarrel with himself" in the company of an immortal pantheon. He has been brooding on personal betrayal, a gamut of "mighty wrongs" and "petty perfidy". Now, as he resists his drive to self-pity, he conjures a mysterious "dread power" that might perhaps relate to the "soul of my thought" liberated by a meditation on artistic creation in Canto III stanza VI. But, if artistic immortality is on his mind, it is on an unnamed figure that his eye rests and lingers - the sculpture of the dying Gaul, previously known as "The Dying Gladiator". The scene is all the more moving for modern readers, aware of how Byron himself will die. With hindsight, we can see in the "Pilgrimage" a poem that has grown up with its hero: The seal is set. What matters where we fall to fill the maws Of worms -- on battle-plains or listed spot? Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot. CXL I see before me the Gladiator lie: He heard it, but he heeded not -- his eyes Were with his heart, and that was far away: It will not bear the brightness of the day, Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

One of the most colorful and politically powerful members of the court of Queen Elizabeth I, Walter Raleigh (also sometimes spelled Raleigh) has come to personify the English Renaissance.

Siegfried Sassoon Arguably, but not indisputably. Many critics, begging to differ with such a judgment, would argue that his friend, Wilfred Owen, was more gifted and could boast a superior achievement in verse. Yet, if they are right, Sassoon becomes, if not the greatest, then certainly the most important of the War Poets. Owen was killed in action on the Western front in , one of the final victims of the dying embers of World War I. As such, he remains cocooned in the incorruptible image of eternal youth. A slaughtered lamb, butchered before his gifts could develop. Sassoon, on the other hand, lived to a ripe old age, growing ever closer to Christ and His Church. Sassoon enjoyed, or rather endured, a controversially meteoric and mixed military career, his war service making him both famous and infamous, hero and villain. In June he was very much the hero, being awarded the military cross for gallantry in battle after he had brought in under heavy fire a wounded lance corporal who was lying close to the German lines. This and other acts of bravery earned him the nickname of "Mad Jack. In , after capturing some German trenches in the Hindenburg Line single-handed, he remained in the enemy position reading a volume of poems, seemingly oblivious of the danger. This particular act of cavalier gallantry earned him a recommendation for the Victoria cross, the highest honor attainable in the British army. Having been wounded in the fighting on the Hindenburg Line, Sassoon was sent home. Then he began to reflect upon the human butchery he had witnessed, endured, and inflicted. From these moments of reflection the hero hatched the villain. The perfect soldier became the pacifist rebel. It was made "as an act of willful defiance of military authority" and attacked those in power who were willfully prolonging "the sufferings of the troops. But, in true Orwellian fashion, he was declared mentally overwrought and not responsible for his actions. He was sent to Craiglockhart military hospital in Edinburgh to be treated for psychological shell shock. Here he met and befriended Wilfred Owen. Religious imagery, albeit sometimes overlaid with the irony of anger, is discernible in much of his war poetry and detectable in the very titles of many of them. "Good Friday Morning" all testify to a soul haunted by Christ. The embryonic spirit of Christ was most apparent in "Reconciliation," a poem written in November , the month the war finally ended. In eight intensively potent lines, Sassoon asks his compatriots, even as they mourn their own dead, to remember the German soldiers who were killed. Apart from the solace sought in the writing of his own verse, he gained consolation in the poetry of others. He defended the provocative modernity of Edith Sitwell, writing an article defending her work in the Daily Herald under the combative title "Too Fantastic for Fat-Heads. In the interim, Sassoon became as respected for his prose as for his poetry. Truly autobiographical works followed. Neither the "Journey" of Siegfried nor the "Progress" of Sherston ended in , the year in which the last of his autobiographical works of prose was published. On the contrary, the ending of World War II marked a new beginning for the poet. Despite the success of the prose volumes, the most profound autobiography of the poet was to be found in his poems. As with the previous war, the world had emerged from the nightmare of conflict into the desert of despair, transforming "wasteland" to nuclear waste. Influenced to a degree by Catholic friends such as Ronald Knox and Hilaire Belloc, but to a far greater degree by the experience of his own life, he was received into the Church in September , shortly after his 71st birthday. After a lifetime of mystical searching he had finally found his way Home. During his first Lent as a Catholic, Sassoon wrote "Lenten Illuminations," a candid account of his conversion which invites obvious comparisons with T. These, and not his diaries, his letters, or his prose, are the precious jewels of enlightenment that point to the soul within the man. This article is reprinted with permission from Lay Witness magazine.

Chapter 4 : Poems of Pilgrimage

Short Pilgrimage Poems. Short Pilgrimage Poems. Below are examples of the most popular short poems about Pilgrimage by PoetrySoup poets. Search short poems about Pilgrimage by length and keyword.

My taxi wheezes up winding mountain roads and into the fertile hills of Mallorca. In the valley below, clouds cling to terraced slopes, where orange and lemon trees groan under the weight of their bounty. It starts to rain and suddenly the blue skies and sunshine I woke to in Palma seem a long way away. Heavy droplets drum on the cab roof. The taxi halts outside a rambling stone villa, surrounded by olive trees, orange groves and neatly pruned hedges. This is the home of the late English poet and novelist, Robert Graves, who eloped here to seek solace and inspiration after a tumultuous adult life that began in the trenches. But it merely scratches the surface: The shadow of death Robert Graves was born in to a middle class family in Wimbledon. His father was a school inspector with English and Irish blood and his mother came from German nobility. Worse was to come. The surgeon thought he was a goner and left him for dead and on his birthday, too. Graves set them straight and the newspaper printed a correction, which is displayed inside the house. Graves spent the rest of the war in England, fearful of being mistaken for a German spy. Graves survived the Great War, but he was mentally and physically scarred. Riding and the Graves family which included four children, no less moved into a house in Wimbledon, where Riding tried to top herself. The room is just how he left it: Picking up the pieces The outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in forced Graves and Riding to abandon their Mallorcan bolthole paid for with profits from his seminal novel, I, Claudius and move back to London. He kept his hard-earned cash in a hollowed-out book of poetry, which is on display inside the house. As the rain dies off, I leave William where I found him, at the front gate. He kindly gives me an orange from one of the trees, planted by his father. I walk around the terraced necropolis, scanning the headstones, until I find one inscribed with the word poeta. It belongs to Robert Graves, of course. This modest plot is where the great writer wanted to be buried, where he finally said goodbye to all that. The boutique hotel has fine views of the Tramuntana mountains, plus an outdoor swimming pool.

Chapter 5 : Robert Southey: The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo. Part the First. The Journey.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE. My personal spiritual journey By Rex Woodmore. I find inspiration for rhyme can come at almost anytime A gift? Or perhaps a quirk, but whatever, a poem always lurks.

Robert Southey declares that he is "if but self-approved, to praise or blame Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame" p. Southey was aware that scores of poems had been written on his subject, yet the object of his emulation is higher, appealing to the Muses to "aid me with your fuller influence, And to the height of that great argument, Support my spirit in her strong ascent! So may I boldly round my temples bind The laurel which my master Spenser wore" pp. Robert Southey to G. About this time Southey wrote to Chauncy Hare Townshend: Do you love Spenser? I have him in my heart of hearts" 10 February , in Life and Correspondence 4: The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament the restoration of the Bourbons, because the hopes which they entertained from the French Revolution have not been realized: The last epithet is, in truth, indicative of the sin which most easily and most uniformly besets the author. A want of figurative and poetical expression is the prevailing defect of his writings in verse; while a great clearness, simplicity, and freedom from bombast, form their prevailing excellence" NS 80 June The author seems to have had fresh in his mind the beautiful scene between the Red Cross Knight and Despair, in the first book of the Fairy Queen, a scene which for richness and colouring, for maintenance of character, for suitableness in the tone of language and measure to the subject, has never, we will venture to say, been surpassed in any language When we consider one as built upon the model of the other, we by no means intimate that it is a tame, or servile copy. Southey will not be offended, when we say, that he has not improved upon his master Spenser; it is no small praise to say, that he has shewn himself his worthy scholar" NS 6 July 30, The author of Roderic submitted to no degradation in becoming the biographer of Nelson; and the history of the campaigns in Spain, will, we doubt not, continue to be read with avidity, when many ephemeral epics have perished, and the heroic numbers which were intended to eternize their memory shall be wholly forgotten" 70 November Southey through his pilgrimage with unmixed pleasure, with satisfaction unalloyed" 50 Once more I see thee, Skiddaw! Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample breast The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest! Once more, O Derwent! For I have wandered far by land and sea, In all my wanderings still remembering thee. Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent, Of evil and of good have held their way, Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent. Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here, Where childless and opprest with grief I came; With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim: O joyful hour, when to our longing home The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh! When the first sound went forth, "They come, they come! Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprize, While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes. Soon each and all came crouding round to share The cordial greeting, the beloved sight; What welcomings of hand and lip were there! And when those overflowings of delight Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss, Life hath no purer deeper happiness. The young companion of our weary way Found here the end desired of all her ills; She who in sickness pining many a day Hungered and thirsted for her native hills, Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain, Rejoiced to see her own dear home again. Recovered now, the homesick mountaineer Sate by the playmate of her infancy, Her twin-like comrade,. Here silently between her parents stood My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove; And gently oft from time to time she wooed Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love, With impulse shy of bashful tenderness, Soliciting again the wished caress. The younger twain in wonder lost were they, My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel: Long of our promised coming, day by day It had been their delight to hear and tell; And now when that long-promised hour was come, Surprize and wakening memory held them dumb. For in the infant mind, as in the old, When to its second childhood life declines, A dim and troubled power doth Memory hold: But soon the light of young Remembrance shines Renewed, and influences of dormant love Wakened within, with quickening influence move. O happy season theirs, when absence brings Small feeling of privation, none of pain, Yet at the present object love re-springs, As night-closed flowers at morn expand

again! Nor deem our second infancy unblest, When gradually composed we sink to rest. Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be; Her old endearments each began to seek: But there stood one whose heart could entertain And comprehend the fullness of the joy; The father, teacher, playmate, was again Come to his only and his studious boy: Bring forth the treasures now,. For rich as Eastern merchants we return! The tumbler, loose of limb; the wrestlers twain; And many a toy beside of quaint device, Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice, The German shepherd carves with curious knife, Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life. It was a group which Richter, had he viewed, Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill; The keen impatience of the younger brood, Their eager eyes and fingers never still; The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy! Scoff ye who will! For so that inward light by Nature given Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way, And brightening as the shades of age descend, Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end. And O ye nymphs of Castaly divine! A low prelusive strain, to nature true. But when I reach at themes of loftier thought, And tell of things surpassing earthly sense, Which by yourselves, O Muses, I am taught, Then aid me with your fuller influence, And to the height of that great argument, Support my spirit in her strong ascent!

Chapter 6 : A Poets Pilgrimage : Davies W H : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

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Abandoned by his father at an early age and resentful of his mother, who he blamed for his being born with a deformed foot, Byron isolated himself during his youth and was deeply unhappy. Though he was the heir to an idyllic estate, the property was run down and his family had no assets with which to care for it. As a teenager, Byron discovered that he was attracted to men as well as women, which made him all the more remote and secretive. During this time Byron collected and published his first volumes of poetry. The first, published anonymously and titled *Fugitive Pieces*, was printed in and contained a miscellany of poems, some of which were written when Byron was only fourteen. As a whole, the collection was considered obscene, in part because it ridiculed specific teachers by name, and in part because it contained frank, erotic verses. At the request of a friend, Byron recalled and burned all but four copies of the book, then immediately began compiling a revised version—though it was not published during his lifetime. The next year, however, Byron published his second collection, *Hours of Idleness*, which contained many of his early poems, as well as significant additions, including poems addressed to John Edelston, a younger boy whom Byron had befriended and deeply loved. Though his second collection received an initially favorable response, a disturbingly negative review was printed in January of , followed by even more scathing criticism a few months later. His response was a satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which received mixed attention. Publicly humiliated and with nowhere else to turn, Byron set out on a tour of the Mediterranean, traveling with a friend to Portugal, Spain, Albania, Turkey, and finally Athens. Enjoying his new-found sexual freedom, Byron decided to stay in Greece after his friend returned to England, studying the language and working on a poem loosely based on his adventures. Inspired by the culture and climate around him, he later wrote to his sister, "If I am a poet When the first two cantos were published in March of , the expensive first printing sold out in three days. Byron reportedly said, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous. The significant rise in a middle-class reading public, and with it the dominance of the novel, was still a few years away. At 24, Byron was invited to the homes of the most prestigious families and received hundreds of fan letters, many of them asking for the remaining cantos of his great poem—which eventually appeared in He also continued to publish romantic tales in verse. His personal life, however, remained rocky. He was married and divorced, his wife Anne Isabella Milbanke having accused him of everything from incest to sodomy. By , Byron was afraid for his life, warned that a crowd might lynch him if he were seen in public. Forced to flee England, Byron settled in Italy and began writing his masterpiece, *Don Juan*, an epic-satire novel-in-verse loosely based on a legendary hero. He also spent much of his time engaged in the Greek fight for independence and planned to join a battle against a Turkish-held fortress when he fell ill, becoming increasingly sick with persistent colds and fevers. When he died on April 19, , at the age of 36, *Don Juan* was yet to be finished, though 17 cantos had been written.

Chapter 7 : Poets Pilgrimage ~ I AM A LOVER ~

Poets are spiritual suns whose expressed acts of truth and imagination heal all that is sick with our civilization. Poets unlock us by being genuine, authentic and real.

Apr 11, 2: This year, because of the 50th anniversary of Freedom Summer , Congressman John Lewis led the 14th Congressional Civil Rights Pilgrimage not only to its annual destination in Selma to remember the events of Bloody Sunday, but also to my native state, Mississippi. As many times as I have traveled through Mississippi, making my own pilgrimages in order to write about the place that made me, I had never been to Money, the town where Roy Bryant and J. It stands now as a ruin, a marker inscribing on the landscape the traces of just one of the episodes of violence and injustice in our shared American past. When we turn to survey the past the first thing we see is nothing but ruins. But here was a literal ruin, the imagery of it possessing the power to compel us to remember and to engage in our own private reckoning. Our sojourn in Money, MS culminated in a program of remembrance at the church down the street from the grocery. His pain was visceral, as if he were reliving it. The language of poetry, its imagery and musicality “ sound and sense ” helps us do this too. And so what came to me as I sat listening in the church were the words of poets. Not many people connect possums with Chicago, but this is where the city ends, after all, and I float still, after the footfalls fade and the roots bloom around us. The fact was, everything that worked for my young man worked for my new tenants. The fact was, he had been gone for years. They lifted him from my embrace, and I was empty, ready. When they finally remembered, they peeked through my clear top. Then their wild surprise. It is also a powerful assertion of the role of poetry in the remembrance of and reckoning with our history. The words of the Romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley remind us that poetry is one of the best ways to contend with such difficult knowledge, how the elegant language of a poem can transform experience: Poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted. On the Pilgrimage, I was reminded that a lack of awareness of the past, forgetting, and willed amnesia are easy. The necessary work of remembering is harder. Poetry gives us a way to look at our past unflinchingly, to see it clearly. It is also transformative as it gives us a way to imagine our future, the just and humane society we continue to build “our more perfect union. You can tune in to our Ustream Channel at 6 p. Frank Carlson contributed to this report.

Chapter 8 : A Poet's Pilgrimage

Poems on Pilgrimage Spiritual Pilgrimage Posted on February 13, by Lynne McNaughton April 16, Sometimes a few words capture the essence of Pilgrimage.

Last Poems, was published posthumously, Denise Levertov established herself as a brilliant, original, and formidable presence in contemporary poetry, both in England and America. Having written her first poem at age five, Levertov thought of herself thereafter as a poet, first and foremost. All other identities—that of Englishwoman, adoptive American, daughter, sister, wife, mother, homemaker, teacher, literary critic, political activist, and religious convert—would be subject to this primary identity, signifying absolute commitment to a vocation that arrived early in her life and never deserted her. This fierce devotion to her gift is evident in every poem Levertov ever published, in every essay she wrote, and in every interview she granted. She is in fact classically independent" Saturday Review, In the passage quoted above from "Poetry, Prophecy, and Survival," one of her many fine essays on the craft and vocation of poetry, Levertov likens her simultaneous journey as a human being in quest of truth and as an artist in quest of beauty to the personal and archetypal journey Dante depicts in *The Divine Comedy*. Like Dante, whose pathway leads him out of the depths of destruction towards salvation, Levertov discovers in the pattern of her own pilgrimage that poetry has served as both her pathway and her guide from darkness to light, from ignorance to enlightenment, and from the desolation of existential doubt towards the consolation of belief. In lieu of such a full account, the following summary offers an overview of the shape of the journey, stopping briefly at some of the stations along the way. As unconventional children of unconventional parents, neither Denise nor her elder sister, Olga, received any formal education; instead, they grew up in a houseful of books, receiving religious instruction from their father, who wrote prolifically about Jewish and Christian mysticism in several languages Hebrew, Russian, German, and English , reading aloud with their mother works of the great nineteenth-century novelists and poets, and studying art and ballet. Growing up in a multi-ethnic, multi-lingual household, partaking of many identities but belonging to no one in particular, "among Jews a Goy, among Gentiles a Jew; among Anglo-Saxons a Celt; in Wales a Londoner," Levertov felt her "difference" early and understood herself to be marked for a life unlike those of ordinary English children her age: She was confirmed in this suspicion at a young age and for the remainder of her life by respected literary figures who encouraged her and publishers who praised and promoted her work. At the age of twelve, Levertov sent several of her poems to T. Eliot and received, in response, a two-page typewritten letter from him offering the young poet advice and providing the impetus for her to continue her pursuit of writing. In , her first poem to appear in print, "Listening to the Distant Guns," was published in *Poetry Quarterly*. A few years later, when Levertov was working as a civilian nurse in London during World War II , she walked into the office of Cressett Press, publisher of the journal, introduced herself, and soon after gave him a manuscript of her poems. Impressed with her work, the editor brought Levertov into his circle of London poet friends and published her first book, *The Double Image*, in The following year, while travelling in Europe with a friend, Levertov met American writer Mitchell Goodman and married him. With the recent publication of the first full-scale biography of the poet, *Denise Levertov: A Biography*, Levertov left England, and the over-protective environment of her childhood home, to serve as an au pair for a Dutch family in Holland. Shortly after her arrival, Levertov discovered that she was pregnant. The father was Norman "En" Potter, a young Englishman with whom she had had an affair and who was now engaged to another woman. Faced with the potential ruination of her plans to be an artist, afraid to reveal to her parents what would have been deemed a shameful affair, and lacking the financial resources to raise the child on her own, Levertov sought an abortion, a dangerous—as well as an illegal—procedure. Her decision to marry Goodman was motivated by the desire for security and a stability her life lacked, rather than love, yet the marriage proved happy for the first few years, produced a son, Nicolai, in , and enabled the two budding writers to enjoy a literary partnership at the beginning of their careers. Goodman suffered from bouts of depression. They divorced in , freeing Levertov, at the age of fifty-one, to live independently for the first time in her life. According to Levertov, "Marrying an American and coming to

live here while still young was very stimulating to me as a writer for it necessitated the finding of new rhythms in which to write, in accordance with new rhythms of life and speech" Wagner, Denise Levertov, Significantly, some years before, Levertov had discovered in a Paris bookstore a collection of essays by William Carlos Williams, *In the American Grain*, and had sought out his poetry. Reading his work, however, planted seeds that would germinate when she arrived in America and heard the play of American speech on a daily basis. Open to change, delighted by new ways of hearing and seeing the world, and always susceptible to the power of the word, Levertov set about re- newing and re-inventing her language, and, deliberately, becoming an American poet. Even as this shift in her work had begun, Kenneth Rexroth included her poems in his anthology of *New British Poets* in a nice piece of historic irony , effectively bringing her work to the attention of the American literati, including Robert Creeley, with whom Levertov would share a lifelong friendship, along with Robert Duncan, Charles Olson, and other poets of the so-called Black Mountain school. She, like the great, independent poets who came before her, including her first poetic mentor, Wordsworth, created the taste and the readership by which her poems would be appreciated. Her early work as a "British neo-Romantic," evident in her first two books, *The Double Image* and *Here and Now* , marks Levertov as an inheritor of the Wordsworthian tradition of celebrating the beauty in nature and in ordinary life. Her vision in these poems is grounded in an authoritative lyric voice, and, in keeping with Keats, Tennyson, and Hopkins other favorites of her childhood , the verse is musical and often written in strict forms. These poems establish a kind of ground rhythm from which Levertov will depart in the years to follow when she eschews formal verse. Even as she continues to focus on the events of ordinary life as a means of access to the transcendent, Levertov cultivates an entirely new voice as she experiments with free verse and a consciously American idiom. Yet even amid this poetry of spiritual affirmation, there appear powerful images of wandering and pilgrimage through realms of darkness and doubt, suggesting a growing uncertainty about her vocation and adumbrating the darkness of the poems of social protest that will occupy her mind for the next decade. Her poems of the late s and the s are overwhelmingly poems of socio-political protest, focused on the Vietnam War, American aid to El Salvador, and nuclear proliferation. As she is writing these poems, Levertov also takes on the role of social activist: The critical reception of these poems range from corrosive denunciation to congratulatory praise. Her anti-Vietnam War poems. The war-shadowed poems are less clean and symmetrical but are moral and philosophical schooners of some size. This divergence of opinion reflects the larger critical divide that emerged in this era between the model of the poet as distant and detached observer of human affairs and that of the activist poet who is very much in the fray and creates art that aims to alter the course of events for the common good. *Last Poems* , Levertov explores with greater focus and intensity the intersection between the twin journeys of art and faith, a theme implicit throughout her earlier work. Her preoccupation with the development of her role as poet fully engaged in the world, in combination with her passionate concern over matters of peace and non- violence, liberation theology, and social justice, leads to her conversion to Roman Catholicism in , the church of activist-writers Dorothy Day, Thomas Merton, and Daniel Berrigan and of the martyred Salvadoran Archbishop, Oscar Romero. Similar to the poems written along political themes, the poems of this later period, many of which are explicitly religious in nature, have been met with mixed critical reception, ranging from deep admiration of her project see Gelpi, "Introduction" and Lacey, "An Afterword" to puzzlement see Gish, Interview, In addition, Levertov writes movingly about aging and personal mortality in her later poems, prompting Daisy Aldan to observe, in *World Literature Today*, that these poems "manifest a new modesty, a refinement, sensibility, creative intelligence, compassion and spirituality," and Mark Jarman to conclude, in *The Hudson Review*, "This is the best writing she [has] done in years. Diagnosed with lymphoma in , Levertov fought the disease for the next three years and continued to live with her characteristic intensity, writing every day, visiting friends, and giving readings and lectures, as her health permitted. She died of complications of the disease on December 20, Fellow-poet, Walt Whitman, once wrote, "the proof of a poet is that his country has absorbed him as affectionately as he has absorbed it" Whitman, xii. Forty-nine years after her pilgrimage across the Atlantic, America claimed her as one of its own. It is not surprising, perhaps, that she declined the honor. That low pulsation in the east is war: Here we see Levertov assuming her characteristic role, that of poet and prophet. Levertov claims this

role, repeatedly, in her essays: Here she bears witness to the war of her childhood, World War II, and its omnipresence in her world. By the time Levertov writes the poems in her collection, *O Taste and See*, she has been experimenting with free verse over for a decade. In several of her essays, Levertov writes succinctly about the essential function of open or non-metrical forms in the development of modern poetry: This poem, depicting a moment of inspiration received in the most unlikely of places a New York City subway car, thrives on the element of surprise, both in terms of form and content. Her leap from word to word and thought to thought astonishes the reader, revealing unexpected relationships between unlike concepts and objects: The tree of life and the tree of death somehow grow from the same root. The sacramental understanding of the world is evident in the trope of Eucharist, implicit throughout the poem, as the eating of the goodness of the earth serves as the means through which one is redeemed from death. The generative force that powers the poem, of course, is the imagination. Levertov brings this same imaginative intensity and commitment to engagement of the world in the social protest poems of the succeeding decade. In "Advent," she attempts to describe the unspeakable horror she witnessed during a trip to North Vietnam. There is a cataract filming over my inner eyes. Or else a monstrous insect has entered my head, and looks out from my sockets with multiple vision, seeing not the unique Holy Infant burning sublimely, an imagination of redemption, furnace in which souls are wrought into new life, but, as off a beltline, more, more senseless figures aflame. And this insect who is not there—"it is my own eyes do my seeing, the insect is not there, what I see is there will not permit me to look elsewhere, or if I look, to see except dulled and unfocused the delicate, firm, whole flesh of the still unburned. Like the previous poems considered, this poem is grounded in a kind of double vision, one that is literary in nature and one that is actual. The first half of the poem is driven forward by repetition "multiplied, multiplied," "repeated, repeated," "infant after infant," "not vanishing, not vanishing", as if the poet is at a loss for the necessary words as she tries to bear witness to atrocity. In the second half of the poem, as if in attempt to account for this failure of language, the poet finds that her vision has been horribly compromised, "a cataract" having formed over her eyes giving her multiple simultaneous visions of multiple burning babes. The previous double image has been replicated, many times over, and despite her desire to do so, she cannot look away. However, even here, in this most dire of circumstances, the very act of writing the poem becomes a source of redemption. Levertov writes, "The action of imagination, if unsmothered, is to lift the crushed mind out of affliction. The intellect by itself may point out the source of suffering; but the imagination illuminates it" "Poetry, Prophecy, and Survival," It bears witness to suffering, refusing to offer any easy solace other than that inherent in its art, and sets it before others for illumination. This poem represents, in many ways, the culmination of her primary poetic themes even as it describes, albeit somewhat allegorically, her twin journeys of art and of faith. All others talked as if talk were a dance. Clodhopper I, with clumsy feet would break the gliding ring. Early I learned to hunch myself close by the door: The cows munched or stirred or were still. I was at home and lonely, both in good measure. Until the sudden angel affrighted me—"light effacing my feeble beam, a forest of torches, feathers of flame, sparks upflying: Caedmon, who worked as a herdsman at Whitby Abbey, would sit at table with the monks and laborers as they recited verses and accompanied themselves on the harp. Before the harp was passed to him, Caedmon, who was mute, would retire to the barn to sleep among the animals he considered his kin. According to the story, Caedmon had a dream in wherein a voice urged him to sing of the Creation, and in response he recited his now-famous hymn of praise. The following morning, Caedmon recalled the poem he created in his dream and discovered that he was able to improvise additional verses. His recitation amazed his superiors at the monastery, who regarded his new gift as a divine commission, and Caedmon embarked upon a new life as a poet. Levertov retells this familiar tale, but instead of employing third-person narrative, she creates a dramatic monologue, thus allowing the formerly inarticulate Caedmon to tell his own story and, thereby, reveal much about himself and the nature of the transformation that occurs within him. He begins with his sense of isolation from "all others," who seem to speak with the natural grace accorded to dancers. Their talk is a means of reinforcing their life together, imaged as a communal dance from which "Clodhopper" Caedmon is excluded by virtue of his clumsiness. Caedmon describes his self-imposed isolation even in the midst of his fellows: The speaker perceives the beauty of his fellow barn-dwellers and, through them, the mysterious but inexpressible mystery of life.

Though he is like the cows, in some ways, and feels he belongs in the barn more than the abbey, he knows himself to be radically un-like them as well, an intuition that leads him to the simple yet profound articulation of the universal sense of alienation familiar to all human beings: Still, he abides his condition patiently, as if waiting for some intervention. That intervention arrives with the appearance of "the sudden angel" who instantaneously transforms him and his destiny. In addition, the line contains strong alliteration a sonic effect quietly implicit in much of the poem in imitation of the primary formal element of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Most important, the sudden inspiration Caedmon receives is carried not by wind as is traditional and is also implied in the word "inspiration" itself but by means of fire. Like Isaiah before him, Caedmon receives the gift of prophecy and of poetry, the power to perceive the truth and to speak it so that others might hear. Through her retelling of this story, Levertov depicts the transformative power of the imagination, the gift that has shaped her own life and destiny, a mysterious force that makes artists of seemingly ordinary people.

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The joyful heart is the buoyant heart—empowered to rise above its circumstances, unweighted, unburdened, unbound, tied only to that which would lift it higher, untethered from anything which would pull it down, pull it under or suffocate it. True joy is only ours when we find an endless source of satisfaction, and of these I know only One! The secret to all joy is to crave Him above all else. The joyful heart is the one addicted fully to Him, desperate for Him to the expense of all else, willing to sacrifice everything to have that craving satisfied. Joy and idols, I have learned, do not easily reside together in the same heart. So if I find that joy is chased away the most likely culprits are my own desires. What am I wanting more than Jesus? There is, I suppose, nothing so reliable as suffering and loss to expose all of the hidden idols within me. Sometimes He offers to us all that is in His right hand, but for any with eyes truly opened to see the most precious of times may be those when He offers to us only the intimacy of His right hand. Rivers of sadness can open up into wide gulfs of endless delight and are often the very courses needed to carry us there. When all is lost, we find to our amazement that, even so, we still have ALL and no one can rob us of it. Those who run after other gods will suffer more and more I will praise the LORD, who counsels me; even at night my heart instructs me. I keep my eyes always on the LORD. With Him at my right hand, I will not be shaken. Therefore my heart is glad and my tongue rejoices; my body also will rest secure You make known to me the path of life; You will fill me with joy in Your presence, with eternal pleasures at Your right hand. Blessed are those who dwell in Your house; they are ever praising You. Blessed are those whose strength is in You, whose hearts are set on pilgrimage. As they pass through the Valley of Baca, they make it a place of springs; the autumn rains also cover it with pools.