

Chapter 1 : » 10 Greatest Poems Ever Written

The Top Poems offers a vivid portrait of poetry in English, assembling a host of popular and enduring poems as chosen by critics, editors, poets, and general.

Oh, I kept the first for another day! Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh Somewhere ages and ages hence: Two roads diverged in a wood, and Iâ€™ I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. For example, we might imagine a young man choosing between being a carpenter or a banker later seeing great significance in his choice to be a banker, but in fact there was not much in his original decision at all other than a passing fancy. In this, we see the universality of human beings: It is still about this question. The ending is the most clear and striking part. The striving is reconstituted and complicated here in reflection, but our hero wants to make a difference and so should we. That is why this is a great poem, from a basic or close reading perspective. From her beacon-hand Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door! It also has one of the greatest placements in history. Like the Statue of Liberty, the Colossus of Rhodes was an enormous god-like statue positioned in a harbor. Although the Colossus of Rhodes no longer stands, it symbolizes the ancient Greek world and the greatness of the ancient Greek and Roman civilization, which was lost for a thousand years to the West, and only fully recovered again during the Renaissance. The relevance of this poem stretches all the way back to the pilgrims fleeing religious persecution in Europe to the controversies surrounding modern immigrants from Mexico and the Middle East. While circumstances today have changed drastically, there is no denying that this open door was part of what made America great once upon a time. Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed: And on the pedestal these words appear: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away. This king is still regarded as the greatest and most powerful Egyptian pharaoh. The image of a dictator-like king whose kingdom is no more creates a palpable irony. But, beyond that there is a perennial lesson about the inescapable and destructive forces of time, history, and nature. In terms of lost civilizations that show the ephemerality of human pursuits, there is no better example than the Egyptiansâ€™ who we associate with such dazzling monuments as the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid at Giza that stands far taller than the Statue of Liberty â€™ yet who completely lost their spectacular language, culture, and civilization. If all ordinary pursuits, such as power and fame, are but dust, what remains, the poem suggests, are spirituality and moralityâ€™ embodied by the ancient Hebrew faith. What men or gods are these? What struggle to escape? What pipes and timbrels? 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! Who are these coming to the sacrifice? What little town by river or sea shore, Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel, Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn? The art on the Grecian urnâ€™ which is basically a decorative pot from ancient Greeceâ€™ has survived for thousands of years. While empires rose and fell, the Grecian urn survived. Musicians, trees, lovers, heifers, and priests all continue dying decade after decade and century after century, but their artistic depictions on the Grecian urn live on for what seems eternity. This realization about the timeless nature of art is not new now nor was it in the s, but Keats has chosen a perfect example since ancient Greek civilization so famously disappeared into the ages, being subsumed by the Romans, and mostly lost until the Renaissance a thousand years later. Further, what is depicted on the Grecian urn is a variety of life that makes the otherwise cold urn feel alive and vibrant. Indeed, the last two lines can be read as the urn itself talking: Thus, we can escape ignorance, humanness, and certain death and approach another form of life and truth through the beauty of art. This effectively completes the thought that began in Ozymandias and makes this a great poem one notch up from its predecessor. In what distant deeps or skies. Burnt the fire of

thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand, dare seize the fire? And what shoulder, and what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the Lamb make thee? Tiger Tiger burning bright, In the forests of the night: What immortal hand or eye, Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? Meaning of the Poem This poem contemplates a question arising from the idea of creation by an intelligent creator. The question is this: If there is a loving, compassionate God or gods who created human beings and whose great powers exceed the comprehension of human beings, as many major religions hold, then why would such a powerful being allow evil into the world. Evil here is represented by a tiger that might, should you be strolling in the Indian or African wild in the s, have leapt out and killed you. What would have created such a dangerous and evil creature? To put it another way, why would such a divine blacksmith create beautiful innocent children and then also allow such children to be slaughtered. The battery of questions brings this mystery to life with lavish intensity. Does Blake offer an answer to this question of evil from a good God? It would seem not on the surface. The answer comes in the way that Blake explains the question. This indirectly tells us that the reality that we ordinarily know and perceive is really insufficient, shallow, and deceptive. Where we perceive the injustice of the wild tiger something else entirely may be transpiring. What we ordinarily take for truth may really be far from it: Thus, this poem is great because it concisely and compellingly presents a question that still plagues humanity today, as well as a key clue to the answer. But Patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies: They also serve who only stand and wait. His eyesight gradually worsened and he became totally blind at the age of To put it simply, Milton rose to the highest position an English writer might at the time and then sank all the way down to a state of being unable read or write on his own. The genius of this poem comes in the way that Milton transcends the misery he feels. First, he frames himself, not as an individual suffering or lonely, but as a failed servant to the Creator: While Milton is disabled, God here is enabled through imagery of a king commanding thousands. This celestial monarch, his ministers and troops, and his kingdom itself are invisible to human eyes anyway, so already Milton has subtly undone much of his failing by subverting the necessity for human vision. This grand mission from heaven may be as simple as standing and waiting, having patience, and understanding the order of the universe. Thus, this is a great poem because Milton has not only dispelled sadness over a major shortcoming in life but also shown how the shortcoming is itself imbued with an extraordinary and uplifting purpose. For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem. And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each tomorrow Find us farther than today. Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave. Be a hero in the strife! Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act,â€”act in the living Present! Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait. Meaning of the Poem In this nine-stanza poem, the first six stanzas are rather vague since each stanza seems to begin a new thought. Instead, the emphasis here is on a feeling rather than a rational train of thought. Longfellow lived when the Industrial Revolution was in high gear and the ideals of science, rationality, and reason flourished. From this perspective, the fact that the first six stanzas do not follow a rational train of thought makes perfect sense. The last three stanzasâ€”which, having broken free from science by this point in the poem, read more smoothlyâ€”suggest that this acting for lofty purposes can lead to greatness and can help our fellow man. We might think of the entire poem as a clarion call to do great things, however insignificant they may seem in the present and on the empirically observable surface. That may mean writing a poem and entering it into a poetry contest, when you know the chances of your poem winning are very small; risking your life for something you believe in when you know it is not popular or it is misunderstood; or volunteering for a cause that, although it may seem hopeless, you feel is truly important. Thus, the greatness of this poem lies in its ability to so clearly prescribe a method for greatness in our modern world. 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 gazedâ€”and gazedâ€”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. First, the poem comes at a time when the Western world is industrializing and man feels spiritually lonely in the face of an increasingly godless worldview. The daffodils then become more than nature; they become a companion and a source of personal joy.

Chapter 2 : 11 of My Favorite Poems from The Top of All-time - WESLEY BANKS

Top famous poems. I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings. Invictus: The Unconquerable. The Road Not Taken. All The World's A Stage.

Came on the following Feet, And a Voice above their beat-- "Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me. I turned me to them very wistfully ; But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair With dawning answers there, Their angel plucked them from me by the hair. I triumphed and I saddened with all weather, Heaven and I wept together, And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ; Against the red throb of its sunset-heart I laid my own to beat, And share commingling heat ; But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart. My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me, And smitten me to my knee ; I am defenceless utterly. I slept, methinks, and woke, And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep. My days have crackled and gone up in smoke, Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream. Yea, faileth now even dream The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist ; Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist, Are yielding ; cords of all too weak account For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed. Such is ; what is to be? The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind? I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ; Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds From the hid battlements of Eternity ; Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again. But not ere him who summoneth I first have seen, enwound With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned ; His name I know, and what his trumpet saith. Now of that long pursuit Comes on at hand the bruit ; That Voice is round me like a bursting sea: Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest me! Wherefore should any set thee love apart? Seeing none but I makes much of naught" He said , "And human love needs human meriting: Alack, thou knowest not How little worthy of any love thou art! Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee, Save Me, save only Me? Rise, clasp My hand, and come! Is my gloom, after all, Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly? Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest me.

Chapter 3 : Top Poems of All-Time

The Top Poems offers a vivid portrait of poetry in English, assembling a host of popular and enduring poems as chosen by critics, editors, poets, and general readers. These works speak across centuries, beginning with Chaucer's resourceful inventions and moving through Shakespeare's masterpieces, John Donne's complex originality, and.

But then I supposed all anthologies have both of those things since all editors have biases and none are perfect. The bias is particularly strong in this chronological anthology. I have no idea what its sources include but they apparently go back much later than be This book is based on statistics and thus has both an inherent bias and an inherent flaw. I have no idea what its sources include but they apparently go back much later than because this book has a strong historical bias. Obviously, the older the poem, the more chances it has had to be anthologized. Thus, even though this anthology was published in , there are very few poems from the 20th Century. The editor chose to take a list that provided the opportunity for some interesting juxtapositions and put it in the back of the book as a reference. Then he did the same old thing that most anthologies do: Some people have said this is a great book to have if it is the only book of poetry one owns. I completely disagree with that because it contains so little contemporary poetry. In fact, I would say this sort of anthology is the sort of thing that turns the average person off of poetry entirely because there is so much antiquated language and means of long-winded expression in it, especially at the outset. Hopefully the average reader will just skip around. So there are my gripes. I always feel the need to rant first. There is a brief note about each poet, some more biographical and some more anecdotal. In addition, there is also a brief note at the end of each poem. Notes on the poems often suggest connections to other poems, some connections more strained than others. A few notes fall entirely flat one wonders if the editor was ill and on deadline the day he wrote it but most are interesting. And the type is of an easily readable size. The poems make for book pages.

Chapter 4 : The Top Poems, edited by William Harmon | Poetry Log

There are two ways of reading "The Top Poems." You can either read fast skipping over unfamiliar poems to find your favorites or read each poem and spend a great deal of time discovering new poems.

Posted on September 28, by jppoetryreader This book is based on statistics and thus has both an inherent bias and an inherent flaw. But then I supposed all anthologies have both of those things since all editors have biases and none are perfect. The bias is particularly strong in this chronological anthology. I have no idea what its sources include but they apparently go back much later than because this book has a strong historical bias. Obviously, the older the poem, the more chances it has had to be anthologized. Thus, even though this anthology was published in , there are very few poems from the 20th Century. The editor chose to take a list that provided the opportunity for some interesting juxtapositions and put it in the back of the book as a reference. Then he did the same old thing that most anthologies do: Some people have said this is a great book to have if it is the only book of poetry one owns. I completely disagree with that because it contains so little contemporary poetry. In fact, I would say this sort of anthology is the sort of thing that turns the average person off of poetry entirely because there is so much antiquated language and means of long-winded expression in it, especially at the outset. Hopefully the average reader will just skip around. So there are my gripes. I always feel the need to rant first. There is a brief note about each poet, some more biographical and some more anecdotal. In addition, there is also a brief note at the end of each poem. Notes on the poems often suggest connections to other poems, some connections more strained than others. A few notes fall entirely flat one wonders if the editor was ill and on deadline the day he wrote it but most are interesting. And the type is of an easily readable size. The poems make for book pages.

Chapter 5 : Top famous poems : All Poetry

The Top Poems offers a vivid portrait of poetry in English, assembling a host of popular and enduring poems as chosen by critics, editors, poets, and general readers.. These works speak across centuries, beginning with Chaucer's resourceful inventions and moving through Shakespeare's masterpieces, John Donne's complex originality, and Alexander Pope's mordant satir.

Chapter 6 : Download The Top Poems Columbia Anthologies PDF â€“ PDF Search Engine

Top Poets from all around the world. Thousands of poems and poets. Search for poems and poets using the Poetry Search Engine.

Chapter 7 : Top Poets TOP POETS Poet

The Top poems presents the poems that have appealed most often to contemporary editors, critics, and poets for inclusion in their own widely disparate anthologies, which were indexed in the Ninth edition of the classic reference, The Columbian Granger's Index to Poetry.

Chapter 8 : The Top poems (Book,) [blog.quintoapp.com]

Tomorrow is National Poetry Day, and believe it or not, poetry was one of the first forms of writing I ever picked up. During my first few years of college I always had a book of poetry with me.

Chapter 9 : Books similar to The Top Poems

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