**The Tyger**

**William Blake**

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

In the forests of the night;

What immortal hand or eye,

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

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, & what art,

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,

What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp,

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears

And water'd heaven with their tears:

Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,

In the forests of the night:

What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

**Analysis**

The poem "The Tyger" was written by English author and visual artist William Blake. The poem is part of Blake's Songs of Experience, a collection of poems. It is Blake's most popular as well as frequently printed poem. The poem's rhyme pattern is repetitive and primarily written in catalectic trochaic tetrameter, with a few lines in iambic tetrameter. The narrator of the poem approaches an imaginary tiger directly. He asks the Tiger some questions, but the animal never answers. The Christian God is a mighty being whose dominion includes all creation, including heaven, just like the Tiger is a powerful animal and the jungle is his territory. Blake's poetry and art are filled with religious references and symbolism.

The poem often uses words like "bright," "fire," and "furnace" to express lighting. The Tiger's splendor is contrasted with the nighttime forest's gloomy surroundings. In this situation, the Tiger throws light on the dark surroundings. Therefore, the Tiger might represent a revolutionary, creative, or important concept that sheds light on the darkest parts of the mind. The Tiger may also be a metaphor for nature's simultaneous beauty and fury. It is consistent with the meaning of the Tiger as a symbol of God's creation. Blake's theory holds that both nature and God are uncontrollable forces. The Tiger transforms into a spiritual being in everyone's hearts and brains.

Every lyric poem has a speaker, and in Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience, Blake mostly uses the bardic prophet's voice. The speaker's voice is evident in this poem. Awe- and spirit-inspiring, the Tyger is the subject of the speaker's apostrophe-detailed conversation. It is also implied that a heavenly architect created the terrifying Tiger specifically for interaction with people.

Along with this metaphysical author, the poem appears to be connected to aspects of the industrial revolution, which completely changed the rural, agricultural existence Blake depicted in his earlier poem "The Lamb." Readers familiar with Blake's poetry could deduce from the poem that works of creation like The Tiger had to have been made in a familiar divine. The fire and metal that filled this divine production created a threat. The work in these industrial environments hurts workers and production, again compared to lambs in the companion poem.

After considering God capable of making Lamb and Tyger, Blake suggests a certain accusation of the creation plan. At least one can see the paradox of creation, which is based on two forces, innocence and experience or violence, created from the outset and designed to oppose each other in such uneven situations.

**Conclusion**

In conclusion, Tyger demonstrates how some feel when it comes to the supernatural ability of God. God is perfect, but he has the power to create bad things, just like human beings. He sees human beings the same as a tiger, and in his eyes, we are good because he uniquely created us; however, we are defective creatures, making us imperfect. Blake's use of images and symbols helps us to relate to God's beauty. He saw everything he created as good, even if evil could be implied as good.

**“Apostrophe to the Ocean” by Lord Byron**

Lord Byron is George Gordon’s noble title. Gordon was born in 1788 in London, England.

His poetry included works such as Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage and Don Juan. He is

considered a Romantic poet, but his work tends to be more autobiographical than that of

the other Romantic poets. The following excerpt—called “Apostrophe to the Ocean”—is

from Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.

**CLXXVIII.**

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

There is a rapture [joy] on the lonely shore,

There is society where none intrudes,

By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal

From all I may be, or have been before,

To mingle [join] with the Universe, and feel

What I can ne’er [never] express, yet cannot all conceal [hide].

**CLXXIX.**

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man’s ravage [destruction], save his own,

When for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled [not mourned], uncoffined, and unknown.

**CLXXX.**

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields

Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise

And shake him from thee; the vile [terrible] strength he wields

For earth’s destruction thou dost all despise [hate],

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send’st him, shivering in thy playful spray

And howling, to his gods, where haply [by chance] lies

His petty [small] hope in some near port or bay,

And dashest [smashes] him again to earth:—there let him lay.

**CLXXXI.**

The armaments [weapons] which thunderstrike the walls

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

And monarchs tremble [shake] in their capitals.

The oak leviathans [monsters], whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain [proud] title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter [judge] of war;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar [harm]

Alike the Armada’s pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.1

**CLXXXII**

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?2

Thy waters washed them power while they were free

And many a tyrant since: their shores obey

The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay

Has dried up realms [kingdoms] to deserts: not so thou,

Unchangeable save to thy wild waves’ play—

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure [blue] brow—

Such as creation’s dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

**CLXXXIII.**

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty’s form

Glasses itself in tempests [storms]; in all time,

Calm or convulsed [violent]—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid [hot and humid] clime

Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime [beautiful]—

The image of Eternity—the throne

Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone

Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless [bottomless], alone.

**CLXXXIV.**

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy

I wantoned with [played in] thy breakers [waves]—they to me

Were a delight; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror—’twas a pleasing fear,

For I was as it were a child of thee,

And trusted to thy billows [waves] far and near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

**Summary:**

Lord George Gordon Byron (1788-1824) was as famous poet in his lifetime; this is because of his personality cult and for his poetry. Byron is mostly known for his creation of the idea of the ‘Byronic hero’ – this is a, “glum young man, growing on some mysterious, unforgettable event in his past” (Watkins, p. 35).

Byron’s has a great influence on the European poetry, literacy writing, music and art. He had been immense, although some of his poems were widely condemned on moral grounds by his critics. However, Byron still remains a great poet even in these times with his poems being published in several poetry books.

Byron was celebrated in his life for his general life excesses including huge debt and several love affairs, rumors of a shocking incestuous connection with his half-sister, and self-imposed exile (Watkins, p. 36).

However, he remained famous and was described by Lady Caroline Lamb as “mad, bad and dangerous to know” (Watkins, p. 36). Other people said that he also suffered from bipolar disorder, or manic depression.

Byron remained a much controversial man and even participated in the war against the Ottoman Empire during the Greek War of Independence; this has since seen Greeks revere him as a national hero (Watkins, p. 38).

Lord Byron died at a tender age of 36 years after succumbing from a fever he contracted while in Missolonghi in Greece (Watkins, p. 38). Bryon lived to write many romantic poems in his life and was fond of using women and love affection in his works.

He was a good poet and was able to compose poems that combined different poetic devises like rhyme, metaphors, simile, alteration and, sometimes, songs. He was also a great composer of music songs, which were of a romantic nature.

One of his works is called the “The Ocean”. It is one of the common poems by this writer. The poem has been translated to many languages, and several poets have drawn several themes from this poem.

The poem uses several features of nature and the general environment as part of its style in sending the message to the audience.

In this poem, “the ocean”, George Gordon employs several poetic devices in realizing the theme in the poem. As usual, Lord Gordon has employed some romance and a sense of affection in his poem, which is a character associate in most of his poems.

This poetic period in itself was a revolution that was greater than other writing works. While the earlier era was based on order, rules, and logic, the poetic period was based on other foundation (Sprague, p. 66).

This poetic period was inspired by early emotions and passion, nova art and wild feelings earlier to this; poetry was so much in vigor was considered as heresy of literature work. Other areas affected were music and art, but poetry was the largest affected by the revolution (Sprague, p. 67).

Unlike in the previous poems by this poet, he had followed strict rule of poetry for the composition of this work. The poem is written in the era when music was majorly used in the poems and other literacy works like opera and plays. In this poem, the poet uses rhyming as one of the stylistic devices.

The rhyming scheme in this poem is like the one used by William Shakespeare in his sense of iambic pentameter accompanied with repetitive rhyme methods (Sprague, p. 67).

The poet used poetry to idolize his sense and thinking and employed this rhyming scheme to create the much needed musical sensation in his poem.

For example, in the first stanza, the poet uses rhymes like, steal, feel, roar, shore, to bring the musical feeling and drive the intended message to the audience. In this poem, the poet insists on sending a message of love.

In this poem, the poet has used imagery to narrate his poem and depict the theme; a lot of imagery has been used in the entire poem from the first stanza to the last one. For example, the poet compares the joy of the ocean to that of a youthful boy. He combines both rhyme and simile in this line to describe his joy.

Following the use of imagery in the poem, Lord Byron focuses the story in the poem by exclaiming some wild emotions to the ocean. He writes as if he was really talking to a real woman who he sorely loved or desired.

In the first four stanzas of this poem, the poet differentiates and finds similarities between the images of the Earth and the ocean. Byron often used epic scenery as one of the fundamental parts of his major poetry works.

In line fifth line of the poem, the writer shows an enormous size in exasperation on the subject of love (Sprague, p. 67). A good example of figurative work is seen, whereby the poet is referring to the large ocean. From stanza 10 to 13, the poem uses personification in reference to various things he discusses.

The poet uses the words “The Invincible Armada” to mean a specific Armada which actually existed (Sprague, p. 67). During his earlier life, a large Spanish fleet of over 130 left the city Corunna in 1858 and attacked the English ships, however, they were defeated (Sprague, p. 67). Surprisingly, the sailor was Lord Gordon himself.

The poet also goes further to talk of a man challenging the powers of the Earth and ocean. Byron once again shows his source of poetic passions and love. Byron also uses the metaphor in stanza 30 – 35 referring to a sea struggle. In this part, Byron indirectly acknowledges the Spanish

In Lines 36 – 38, Byron uses imagery to refer to ancient cities of power. These cities include Carthage Greece, Rome, Assyria and Rome. These were cities which had great influence in the early years in the world, and specifically Europe. The cities were leaders during pinnacles of ancient civilizations of their time.

Interestingly, all of them collapsed due to several inner turmoil caused by several factors like corruption and greed. In lines 44 down to line 47, Byron creates an image of reflection. In these lines, Byron uses water ice, and wind. All of these things symbolize mirror properties.

Byron also used other environmental and nature features like the ocean, desert, winds and earth. He gives these features images and sensory appeals. Byron uses the characteristics of wind, fire, water, and earth, in the poem. This is a poetry technique commonly used in Japanese poetry.

In lines 48 through 52, the poet uses a form of finalization in the characteristic portion of the poetry piece. For example, in Line 48, he talks of ” Dark-heaving; – boundless, endless, and sublime” these words show one images of immortality.

They also bring out the theme of life after death (eternal life) (Watkins, p. 37). The poet uses things that cannot be forgotten to depict his themes.

In the last stanzas, the poet tries to conclude his message. For example, in line 53, the poet uses imagery to draw his attention. In this line, he refers to the ocean as an inanimate object that is referred to as if it were a woman.

In normal circumstances, a woman is associated with emotions which are attributed to the ocean in this case. In this stanza, the ocean has been given all of the qualities every man can desire from a woman. He uses metaphor to represent these qualities in aquatic terms.

In conclusion, this poem is about a woman. However, Lord Byron does not write exactly about one woman in particular. He even does not talk of a real woman sometimes, but he uses imagery and poetic techniques to drive his message and composed this poem with the emotions of a real man to a real woman.

He gives this poem life and uses the features of nature to inspire the readers and have the picture of the poem in their mind. Although Byron was believed to have many love affairs, in real life, he had nothing to do with it in this poem. He exhibited a good character and was able to differentiate two worlds.

Byron was able to oddly enough keep a well secluded character in his life. Indeed, Byron was a romantic. This gave him the passion to write about love and ardent passion, however, most of his characters were fictitious, even his targets were fictitious, and the women never existed.

**The Lotus – Toru Dutt**

Love came to Flora asking for a flower

That would of flowers be undisputed queen,

The lily and the rose, long, long had been

Rivals for that high honour. Bards of power

Had sung their claims. “The rose can never tower

Like the pale lily with her Juno mien”-

“But is the lily lovelier?” Thus between

Flower-factions rang the strife in Psyche’s bower.

“Give me a flower delicious as the rose

And stately as the lily in her pride”-

“But of what colour?”- “Rose-red,” Love first chose,

Then prayed, -“No, lily-white,-or, both provide”;

And Flora gave the lotus, “rose-red” dyed,

And “lily-white,”- the queenliest flower that blows.

This poem follows the structure of a Petrarchan sonnet and thus consists of 14 lines, divided into an octave of 8 lines and a sestet of 6 lines.

**Summary:**

The poem begins with “Love” asking “Flora” to name the “undisputed queen” of flowers. Lily and Rose, it is revealed, have long been “Rivals for that high honour”, with many powerful bards having sung of their praise. Thus, which flower is to be crowned the queen is left in dispute at the end of the octave– towering “pale lily” or lovely rose.

**Analysis:**

As in all Petrarchan sonnets, in the octave, the main problem of which flower is best is introduced. The two flowers mentioned in this octave have a deep connection with the two goddesses mentioned. Lily is said to have been created with the breast milk of the virginal Roman goddess Juno upon the birth of her son Mars while Rose is said to have originated as a result of the lovemaking of Greek goddess Psyche and Cupid.

Here, Love asks for a new flower that has the qualities of both a rose and a lily. Upon Flora’s question on the desired colour of this flower, Love first replied “Rose-red”, then “lily-white” before settling on a blend of both the colours. Upon this, Flora provides the lotus, “the queenliest flower that blows.”

In the sestet, the resolution for the previous problem is attained. The new queen of flowers is declared to be the lotus, whose colour is of both the lily and the rose. Crowing the lotus as the queen is a move by the poet to shed light on the significance of India’s national flower, even as she rejects the classical notions of beauty in flowers.

**Conclusion:**

This is a lovely sonnet. Through the lotus, it exquisitely brings out the beauty of Indian culture.

**After Apple-Picking**

**BY ROBERT FROST**

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree

Toward heaven still,

And there's a barrel that I didn't fill

Beside it, and there may be two or three

Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.

But I am done with apple-picking now.

Essence of winter sleep is on the night,

The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.

I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight

I got from looking through a pane of glass

I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough

And held against the world of hoary grass.

It melted, and I let it fall and break.

But I was well

Upon my way to sleep before it fell,

And I could tell

What form my dreaming was about to take.

Magnified apples appear and disappear,

Stem end and blossom end,

And every fleck of russet showing clear.

My instep arch not only keeps the ache,

It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.

I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.

And I keep hearing from the cellar bin

The rumbling sound

Of load on load of apples coming in.

For I have had too much

Of apple-picking: I am overtired

Of the great harvest I myself desired.

There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,

Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.

For all

That struck the earth,

No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,

Went surely to the cider-apple heap

As of no worth.

One can see what will trouble

This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.

Were he not gone,

The woodchuck could say whether it's like his

Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,

Or just some human sleep.

**Summary**

After a long day’s work, the speaker is tired of apple picking. He has felt drowsy and dreamy since the morning when he looked through a sheet of ice lifted from the surface of a water trough. Now he feels tired, feels sleep coming on, but wonders whether it is a normal, end-of-the-day sleep or something deeper.

**Form**

This is a rhyming poem that follows no preordained rhyme scheme. “After Apple-Picking” is basically iambic, and mostly in pentameter, but line-length variants abound. Line 1, for example, is long by any standard. Line 32 is very short: one foot. The poem’s shorter lines of di-, tri-, and tetrameter serve to syncopate and sharpen the steady, potentially droning rhythm of pentameter. They keep the reader on her toes, awake, while the speaker drifts off into oblivion.

**Analysis**

First, a comment on form. Throughout the poem, both rhyme and line-length are manipulated and varied with subtlety. The mystery of the rhymes—when will they come and how abruptly—keeps words and sounds active and hovering over several lines. We find the greatest separation between rhyming end-words at the poem’s conclusion. Sleep comes seven lines after its partner, heap, and in the interim, sleep has popped up three times in the middle of lines. Sleep is, in fact, all over the poem; the word appears six times. But the way it is delivered here, the last rhyme is masterful. Heap first rhymes internally with sleep, then again internally with sleep, and then again, and only pairs up with the end-word sleep in the poem’s last line. At this point, we’ve nearly forgotten heap. Sleep seems to rhyme with itself, with its repetition, like a sleepy mantra or a sleep-inducing counting of sheep. The poem arrives at final sleep not through a wham-bang rhyming couplet but more “sleepily.”

“There are many other things I have found myself saying about poetry, but the chiefest of these is that it is metaphor, saying one thing and meaning another, saying one thing in terms of another, the pleasure of ulteriority.” This is Robert Frost in 1946, in an essay for The Atlantic Monthly. “After Apple-Picking” is about picking apples, but with its ladders pointing “[t]oward heaven still,” with its great weariness, and with its rumination on the harvest, the coming of winter, and inhuman sleep, the reader feels certain that the poem harbors some “ulteriority.”

“Final sleep” is certainly one interpretation of the “long sleep” that the poet contrasts with human sleep. The sleep of the woodchuck is the sleep of winter, and winter, in the metaphoric language of seasons, has strong associations with death. Hints of winter are abundant: The scent of apples is “the essence of winter sleep”; the water in the trough froze into a “pane of glass”; the grass is “hoary” (i.e., frosty, or Frosty). Yet is the impending death destructive or creative? The harvest of apples can be read as a harvest of any human effort—study, laying bricks, writing poetry, etc.—and this poem looks at the end of the harvest.

The sequence and tenses of the poem are a bit confusing and lead one to wonder what is dreamed, what is real, and where the sleep begins. It’s understandable that the speaker should be tired at the end of a day’s apple picking. But the poem says that the speaker was well on his way to sleep before he dropped the sheet of ice, and this presumably occurred in the morning. The speaker has tried and failed to “rub the strangeness” from his sight. Is this a strangeness induced by exhaustion or indicative of the fact that he is dreaming already? Has he, in fact, been dreaming since he looked through the “pane of glass” and entered a through-the-looking-glass world of “magnified apples” and the “rumbling sound / Of load on load of apples coming in”? Or is the sheet of ice simply a dizzying lens whose effect endures? If, in fact, the speaker was well on his way to sleep in the morning, does this lend a greater, more ominous weight to the long sleep “coming on” at the poem’s end?

The overall tone of the poem might not support such a reading, however; nothing else about it is particularly ominous—and Frost can do ominous when he wants to. How we ultimately interpret the tone of the poem has much to do with how we interpret the harvest. Has it been a failure? Certainly there is a sense of incompleteness—”a barrel that I didn’t fill.” The speaker’s inner resources give out before the outer resources are entirely collected. On the other hand, the poet speaks only of “two or three apples” remaining, and these only “may” be left over. Do we detect satisfaction, then? The speaker has done all that was within his power; what’s left is the result of minor, inevitable human imperfection. Is this, then, a poem about the rare skill of knowing when to quit honorably? This interpretation seems reasonable.

Yet if the speaker maintains his honor, why will his sleep be troubled? There were “ten thousand thousand”—that is to say, countless—fruit to touch, and none could be fumbled or it was lost. Did the speaker fumble many? Did he leave more than he claims he did? Or are the troubled dreams a nightmare magnification and not a reflection of the real harvest?

Lines 28-29 are important: “I am overtired / Of the great harvest I myself desired.” If there has been failure or too great a strain on the speaker, it is because the speaker has desired too great a harvest. He saw an impossible quantity of fruit as a possibility. Or he saw a merely incredible quantity of fruit as possibility and nearly achieved it (at the cost of physical and mental exhaustion).

When we read “After Apple-Picking” metaphorically, we may want to look at it as a poem about the effort of writing poetry. The cider-apple heap then makes a nice metaphor for saved and recycled bits of poetry, and the long sleep sounds like creative (permanent?) hibernation. This is one possible metaphoric substitution among many; it seems plausible enough (though nowise definitive or exclusive). However, our search for “ulteriority” may benefit from respecting, not replacing, the figure of the apples. Apple picking, in Western civilization, has its own built-in metaphorical and allegorical universe, and we should especially remember this when we read a poet whose work frequently revisits Eden and the Fall (c.f. “Nothing Gold Can Stay,” “Never Again Would Birds’ Song Be the Same,” “It is Almost the Year Two Thousand,” “The Oven Bird”). When the poet speaks of “the great harvest I myself desired,” consider also what apples represent in Genesis: knowledge and some great, punishable claim to godliness—creation and understanding, perhaps. This sends us scurrying back to lines 1and 2, where the apple-picking ladder sticks through the tree “Toward heaven still.” What has this harvest been, then, with its infinite fruits too many for one person to touch? What happens when such apples strike the earth—are they really of no worth? And looked at in this new light, what does it mean to be “done with apple-picking now”?

All of these questions are enough to make one forswear metaphor and limit oneself to a strict diet of literalness. But that isn’t nearly as much fun.

My father told the tenants to leave

Who lived on the houses surrounding our house on the hill

One by one the structures were demolished

Only our own house remained and the trees

Trees are sacred my grandmother used to say

Felling them is a crime but he massacred them all

The sheoga, the oudumber, the neem were all cut down

But the huge banyan tree stood like a problem

Whose roots lay deeper than all our lives

My father ordered it to be removed

The banyan tree was three times as tall as our house

Its trunk had a circumference of fifty feet

Its scraggy aerial roots fell to the ground

From thirty feet or more so first they cut the branches

Sawing them off for seven days and the heap was huge

Insects and birds began to leave the tree

And then they came to its massive trunk

Fifty men with axes chopped and chopped

The great tree revealed its rings of two hundred years

We watched in terror and fascination this slaughter

As a raw mythology revealed to us its age

Soon afterwards we left Baroda for Bombay

Where there are no trees except the one

Which grows and seethes in one’s dreams, its aerial roots

Looking for the ground to strike.

**Felling of the Banyan Tree: Summary and Analysis**

The poem, Felling of the Banyan Tree, talks about the poet Dilip Chitre’s compassion and love for trees and nature. He is sad about trees being cut down from his house and compares it with the murder of humans.

**Felling of the Banyan Tree Summary**

The port says that his father asked all the tenants to leave their house so that they could proceed with its demolition. All the houses except for the one in which the poet’s family resided and a banyan tree considered holy by his grandmother were demolished. The trees were cut down, including several medicinal and sacred ones. However, the cutting of the enormous banyan tree that was so tall and had deep roots was a big problem. Still, the father gave the order to cut the tree.

The tree was thrice the size of the poet’s house, and its truck had a circumference of about fifty feet. Its aerial roots were thirty feet long and touched the ground. They started by shredding the branches, which caused the insects and birds to leave the tree. Fifty men had to constantly chop its trunk. Everyone saw the tree’s ring that showed its age of about two hundred years. The people witnessed this slaughter with fear and fascination. The poet expresses that soon after that, they moved to Mumbai from Baroda, where they could not see many trees. If they could see some trees, it was in their dreams only, as they looked forward to turning into reality and touching the ground, changing into a concrete building.

**Felling of the Banyan Tree Analysis**

With this poem, the poet delves into an exploration of a particular time in his life when his family roots were torn out, and they had to change their old way of life. At the start, the reader knows that the decision was made by the patriarch, the father. Contrary to the masculine approach, the antithetical is the feminine grandmother who speaks for nature and attaches a sacred aura to the trees. She adds a religious element and says that according to traditions, harming the trees is a crime. The poet names the trees that his father massacred. When the poet talks about the tree’s shape, he represents the centuries of living and the connection between heaven and earth.

Further, the poet talks about the helplessness of the tree, for it cannot resist being hacked by dozens of men. It gives the idea of a battle and foretells the environmental struggles. The two emotions that the speaker experiences are terror and fascination. The former is caused by fear of the future, and the latter because of the enormous tree crashing down, showing its rings and antiquity.

The family moves to a city, which hits the speaker hard because he can only see trees in his subconscious. The tree is angry because of how the move happened, and one does not know if its roots will find what they need.

**Felling of the Banyan Tree Theme**

The poem is based on uprootedness, the idea of leaving behind a family home. It also highlights the ecosystems and the massive destruction it is subjected to, particularly the felling of trees for profit under the garb of progress.

In the poem, the speaker moving and the tree being cut down are inextricably linked. The two are coinciding and fused.

**Felling of the Banyan Tree Central Idea**

The poem, Felling of the Banyan Tree, is focused on a specific time in the family’s history when an important decision had to be made by the father, which involved demolishing the house on the hills and cutting down a huge tree that had stood there for ages. In this autobiographical poem, the poet Dilip Chitre explores the time when he was uprooted from Baroda and sent to Mumbai. The tree is the metaphor he used for his life and the upheaval moving to a different place caused.

**Felling of the Banyan Tree: Figures of Speech**

The poet uses imagery and metaphors throughout the poem. He personified the tree and used it to depict his own household decision, where they were uprooted from their home in Baroda and moved to Mumbai.