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|   | Well, today I take up Blake’s poem: ‘To Autumn’. Here’s the text of the poem:

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| O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stain'dWith the blood of the grape, pass not, but sitBeneath my shady roof; there thou may'st rest,And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,And all the daughters of the year shall dance!Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.'The narrow bud opens her beauties toThe sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, andFlourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.'The spirits of the air live in the smellsOf fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves roundThe gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat,Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleakHills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.  |

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“To Autumn” is one in a set of season-cycle poems by Blake, viz. “To Winter,” “To Spring,” and “To Summer.” The poem starts with a reference to the stage of fermentation of the grapes following its full maturity, which marks the coming of the Autumn in the air. The poet then beseeches the season to sing to him a song about fruits and flowers- that is to recount to him the lusty tale of Creation. And then Autumn sings a song which relates to the poet the rapture of summer:'The narrow bud opens her beauties toThe sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, andFlourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.'The spirits of the air live in the smellsOf fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves roundThe gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'And as the poem goes to conclude, we see the poet observing how Autumn , which appears to the poet still a newborn, fails to deny the bidding of Time, as inter is about to come. And finally, Autumn flees from the poet’s sight leaving behind the ‘golden load’ to the earth as its legacy.Autumn is perceived in the poem as the antithesis of the Spring. The poet pleads that the autumn is the offspring of the inebriated summer. The newborn autumn is “stain’d with the blood of the grape” (a reference to wine) and seeks “rest.” Notice the beginning of the second stanza to the middle of the third :'The narrow bud opens her beauties toThe sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, andFlourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.'The spirits of the air live in the smellsOf fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves roundThe gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'Here Autumn is describing the orgasmic rapture of summer’s consummation (a female opening her beautiful bud, love rushing through thrilling veins, flourished bright cheeks, breaking into song, her head is in the clouds, fruit emerges among joy and pinions light). Overall, there is a lusty tone to be felt in the autumn’s description of summer’s love. Sadly, as the poem ends, the offspring—autumn—must leave her mother and “flea” into the “bleak hills” alone to survive in the forthcoming brutality of winter.The ‘seeing’ experience of him always plays a crucial role in his compositions. It is from the level of his sensuous experience (sight) through eyes that the spiritualist in him evolves. It leads to raise his awareness of something of mythical nature going on in nature. |
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The process of creation and procreation in nature arouses a whole lot of creative imagination in him. It simultaneously arouses his love of nature and also many a spiritual thoughts.

The era of Romanticism was conspicuous by writers who were more attuned with feeling and communicating those feelings through various methods of language. Thinking began to weave creativity and imagination within the writers and poets as they refused to dispense everything in its entirety towards reason, alone. It was a period in which the richest forms of language were born. The poems expressed the writers' minds at work and all such works became important vehicles to deliver such expression. Being more enriched with deeper thought with individual quests for truths and a richer meaning of existence, or at least with the sincere attempt to define it, seemed to be the main drive of the Romantic minds. This poem too, thus is a specimen of the same Romantic spirit.