

A literary appreciation of i wandered lonely as a cloud.

[Art & Culture](#), [Dance](#)



A literary Appreciation of I Wandered lonely as a cloud. I wandered lonely as a cloud is a lovely piece of writing — a poem by a nature lover & writer William Wordsworth. While he was writing ; he imagined him to be a cloud floating in the sky-high over the valleys & hills. Once he became a cloud he could see and imagine the beauty of daffodils with a great pleasure in a totally free mood. He became a cloud while he humanized the daffodils by telling that a host of golden daffodils beneath the trees were fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Again he saw the same as twinkling stars in the milky way. Maybe the times when the breeze was not there but only a little movement due to the momentum of breeze which was there a little while ago. Again he humanized the daffodils and saw them as they were stretching in never ending lines , tossing their heads in sprightly dance. The waves in the lake danced but the rippling waves couldn't beat the dancing skills or the beauty of the daffodils. This scenario had brought an invaluable wealth to the poet so that he couldn't do anything unless he gazed and gazed at this heavenly piece of land. How deeply the poet was amused by the sight; he used to walk along the lake grasping the taste and glory of the dancing daffodils and rippling waves in the lake through his mental eye while he was lying on the couch. It shows that he amused by the imaginary scene than by the real scene. The piece of writing “ then my heart with pleasure fills and dances with the daffodils “ states it clearly. As the reader I feel , I am in a countryside of a cold country with lots of hills and valleys. When I walk and walk through the beams of sun rays and some time through the cloudy mist , along the bay of a lovely lake thousands and thousands of golden daffodils have blossomed beneath the trees. Far away from this lake or the stretch of

daffodils there is a little house where Wordsworth is lying on a couch quiet and calm but touring about in his imaginary world. How successfully the poem has written by WW ; now he has brought the reader too into another imaginary world of “ Daffodils & Wordsworth”. By Iranganie Fonseka