

Metaphorism in the thought fox by ted hughes

Literature



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

MIND GAMES

In the solid silence of a deep, dark night,
I sit in solitude. Nothing moves except my
Elusive thoughts. They are dancing out of my grasp,
As I seek to capture them, to give them life.
In my circle of light, they swirl and sway.
Dipping, curving, arcing high above the lamp,
They taunt me with promises, swiftly slipping
Out of reach. I despair; push paper, pen and light away.
The silent stillness smothers me; the night is growing old
And stale. Ideas elude me and words are not my friends,
They have no wish to join me in the lost and empty spaces
Between lines, on lines, blankness, stark and cold.
They must be taken, from head, to hand to pen,
Their meanings spoken, read and understood.
Yet still they flutter, just outside the light, hiding
On the edge of my reality. Skipping back to tease again.
Black and white, dark and light, half empty, or half full?
Living, breathing, feeling, still I survive. I think.
I think! Like a cold drink in scorching heat, I
Grab the thought and hold it close, touch its blessed cool.
A glimpse of hope, like a small star in the dark night sky
Appears. I wait, not struggling, peaceful now.
They will come back, and settle for my needs, I know.
I let calm acceptance draw them in; hope rises high.

Yes, they are mine to do with what I want,
While in the darkness, still they hide and run
Away. Forsaking me again, I am alone once more
In a dark place, too heavy for this dance.
But just as dawn creeps up the sky, enlightenment occurs.
I watch the pen move gently, filling up the page below.
They have let me grasp their essence, given their gifts,
Their presence lies before me. The thoughts are now my words.

NOTES: Marquita, read 'The Thought Fox' by Ted Hughes, because this is where the idea for this poem came from. You can find it on the internet or in the Norton Anthology of Poetry, Ed. 4 p. 1697. You can explain the origins of the poem to your teacher, once you know it and know the Thought Fox. This poem is a METAPHOR, like his, for the act of creation and how it can be lonely and difficult.

FORM: A quatrain + 4 lines, rhymed or unrhymed. I have used 'end rhyme' in lines 1 and 4 in each stanza. This poem is like a ballad, but with a little poetic license.

VOICE: The voice of the speaker is you, the poet, trying to turn thoughts into words and get them down on paper to make a poem.

TONE: The tones vary from sad, thoughtful, frustrated, then hopeful and triumphant.

ASSONANCE: This is in the similar vowel sounds, like 'flutter' 'just' and 'outside' (stanza 4)

ALITTERATION: This is to aid the flow and add to how the poem sounds when you say it out loud. "solid silence", "solitude", (stanza 1) and "silent stillness smothers" in stanza 3.

<https://assignbuster.com/metaphorism-in-the-thought-fox-by-ted-hughes/>

IMAGERY: Visual, auditory and tactile - see stanza 1 with the 'solid silence' and 'deep dark night' and stanza 7, 'too heavy for the dance. Stanza 2, push paper, pen and light away'.

METAPHOR: "Dawn creeps up the sky" (Stanza 8) meaning daylight, and "In a dark place" (stanza 7), = somewhere sad and lonely, where there is no brightness.

PERSONIFICATION: I have made the thoughts seem like naughty children playing a game of hiding and running away (st. 7) and "skipping back to tease again" (stanza 4)

CAESURA: Breaks that bring more dramatic meaning to the words "I wait, not struggling, peaceful now" (stanza 6) and "Forsaking me again; I am alone once more" (stanza 7). Varied pauses throughout, to capture the feelings.

ENJAMBMENT: This is used to help the flow of words and ideas, as in "... hiding/On the edge.." (st. 4) and ".. swiftly slipping/Out of reach.." (st. 2) and

".. they hide and run/Away..." (st. 7)

SIMILIES: "Like a small star in the dark night sky" (stanza 6) and "Like a cold drink in scorching heat.." (stanza 5)

SYMBOLS: "darkness" (empty mind, sadness), "light" (feeling hope, brighter)

"heavy" (unable to think of anything, a bit tired of trying) "enlightenment" (able to create at last).

A poem works best as the spoken work, so read it out loud a few times to get the feel of what is happening to the poet. What is the message, does it work,

do you empathize with the feelings and the hard work they are putting in to create the final poem?