CHAPTER - II

Early Poetry

Tradition And Experiment
Lawrence's early poems from 1906 to 1911 are almost entirely autobiographical, and are written in the fashionable form of poetry of the second decade of the 20th century in England, the short ‘nature poem’ in rhyming verse that he inherited from Wordsworth, Hardy and that of Georgians. These early poems were published in four installments in ‘English Review’ (1909), ‘Love Poems’ 1913, ‘Amores’ (1916), and ‘New Poems’ (1919). But it was in 1929 that almost all the early poems were republished as ‘Rhyming Poems’. In the ‘Preface’ to ‘Collected Poems’ (1928), Lawrence explained that he had attempted to establish his “the order of experience chronologically” as they were written.

The early poems of D.H. Lawrence constitute his early experiences and we can anticipate themes, ideas and conflicts of his later works. His collection can be taken as a starting framework of the discussion about Lawrence as the poet.

He was an artist of young instinctive love plains, natural pleasures stillness and warmth with the same mellowness that we can find in the pastoral chapters of The White Peacock. Lawrence wrote about thirty volumes in eighteen years, besides travelling all over the world and living astonishingly full life. His early poetry throws light on his originality of sensibility.

We can see such originality either in his treatment of poems or his relationship with women or in his social and cultural concerns. Though he wrote poems in rhyme and regular metre, but he found the constraint of formal verse, a hindrance to expression of his feelings.

The early poems bring out Lawrence’s impatience with formal principles of poetic composition. It is a bursting intensity, a heat of emotions, which simply overflows in his poems. It is quite natural as a poet was a young man, discovering the world around himself and also his mode of expression of experiences. The demon and
the young man are locked in a grim conflict as the personal emotional drama enacted honestly and faithfully in his early poems. The drama of the conflict is within but not without. Sandra M. Gilbert rightly comments that early phase of Lawrence’s poetic growth is marked by a chaotic search for self achievement and his realization and art lay in the rejection of obvious artifice. These poems also affirm his belief that, “one sheds one’s sickness in books".2

According to Lawrence, the essential quality of his poetry highlights his newness of quest of emotions and discovers “the New World within the Known World”.3 He appreciates Merry Crossby’s ‘Chariot of the Sun’, for depicting the real picture of the soul and its liberation from the world of self. Any deliberate attempt to please the ear in form, sound or rhythm is a sort of mental interference and it is like a curtain imposed upon direct utterance. He wants an absolute surrender of the demon in order to go through the poet. Horace Gregory has rightly remarked:

D.H. Lawrence, like Emerson before him, accepted the task of reviving Adam in himself and renaming the beasts of creation.4

To Lawrence, we live in a strange and surging world of chaos, and we try to safeguard ourselves against such chaos. But Lawrence sees a vision of life through such chaotic conditions which are inevitable conditions for existence. He reacted fiercely against:

Our endless objective curiosity. Sight is the least sensual of all the senses. And we strain ourselves to see, see, see… everything, everything.5

He seizes the live chaos in his poems. He believes, true poetry bursts all the bubbles and umbrellas of reality and gives us a breath of the live chaos. Poetry is neither an expression of sound and image, nor it is made of words, forms or techniques, but it consists of the live chaos, in the poetry which makes it distinguished. Therefore, a true poet cannot accept the imposed restrictions of standard poetic forms. A true poet is a liberator of soul and spirit beyond the superficial formal limitations of
world. According to Lawrence, true poetry deals with the ‘present’ which is still unconquerable. The immediate instant moment has splendid mystery in its folds:

In the immediate present there is no perfection, no consummation, nothing finished. The strands are all flying, quivering, intermingling into the web, the waters are shaking the moon. There is no round consummate moon on the face of running water, nor on the face of the unfinished tide. There are no gems of the living plasm. The living plasm vibrates unspeakably, it inhales the future, it exhales the past, it is the quick of both, and yet it is neither.  

One has only a hardened bit of the past, the bygone life under our observation. Lawrence rejects the sense of completeness, consummation and finality in art. He adopts the concept of becoming rather than being. His purpose is to project a powerful emotional conviction and the ever-changing tide of emotions in life. Lawrence’s sole concern is to wake up the emotions in many people as much as possible. All the emotions of love emerging from our belief in flesh and blood can only lead to reality.

Blackmur admits that Lawrence’s poetry possesses certain notable qualities which are admirable. The first is, “a kind of furious underlying honesty of observation” and secondly, “a religious quality”. He further observes that Lawrence is a religious poet and his purpose of poetry is to make an attempt:

To declare and rehearse symbolically his pious recognition of the substance of life.

According to him, there is a third quality which is, “mixture of tenderness and reverence, a sort of cosmic piety”. ‘Love On the Form’, is a beautiful ‘nature poem,’ which comprises the first two qualities. The poet gives expression to the feeling of love and cruelty in nature. Though he does not speak about it clearly and expresses symbolically. ‘Love on the Form’ is an observation of the life on a Midland form. Pinto has importantly remarked on the poem:
Nature here is not the quiet landscape vision which found elegant expression in numerous Georgian poems. It is compounded of terror, beauty and cruelty, full of contradictions, something at once disturbing and mysterious, lying behind the common place facts of English country life.11

The middle of the poem shows us a man going to kill a rabbit, (spurts with terror) caught in a snare:

OH, water-hen, beside the rushes  
Hide your quaintly scarlet blushes,  
Still your quick tail, lie still as dead,  
Till the distance folds over his ominous tread!  
The rabbit presses back her ears,  
Turns back her liquid, anguished eyes  
And crouches low; then with wild spring  
Spurts from the terror of his on coming.  

The rabbit spurts with terror and tries to escape but unfortunately, he is caught in the snare. The man kills it, flings it on the table as he enters and embraces the woman who waits for him. His hand is uplifted like a sword against her bosom; his glance demands a welcome despite all his cruelty. His caressing fingers smell of the rabbit's fur and she is ensnared:

God, I am caught in a snare!  
I know not what fine wire is round my throat;  
I only know I let him finger there  
My pulse of life, and let him nose like a stoat  
Who sniffs with joy before he drinks the blood.  

11
The woman is caught like the rabbit as he puts his fingers on her “pulse of life”\(^\text{14}\) and noses like a stoat eager for blood. As he kisses her, she is drowned in a blood of “sweet fire”\(^\text{15}\) and “finds death good”\(^\text{16}\).

The man is compared to a stoat, a small furry animal, cruel in behaviour who is full of joy before he drinks the blood. But Lawrence does not show us in this poem that sex and death are close together in nature rather he makes us feel the numerous quality of their closeness, its terror and mystery. He is making us feel, by using his own phrase, “The living plasm vibrate unspeakably”.\(^\text{17}\)

In ‘Cherry Robers’, the poet describes the cherries hanging round the ears of a girl as blood drops. The poet links her offer of love with the dead birds under the cherry tree. The girl is most probably, Jessie Chambers. The poem ends with a dislike for love on the spiritual plane, which Jessie Chambers offered him:

Against the haystack a girl stands laughing at me,
Cherries hung round her ears.
Offers me her scarlet fruit: I will see
If she has any tears.\(^\text{18}\)

Spiritual love that the girl offers him in ‘Cherry Robers’ is referred to both of his early novels in *Sons and Lovers* and *The White Peacock*.

The offer of love merely on the spiritual level was rejected by Lawrence. Mark Spilka says:

...The act of love involves the nourishing, sacred flow of life between man and woman. That is what Lawrence believed, that love is a religious experience, a communion of the blood which brings renewed vitality of being as well as children and which serves to confirm our close involvement with the living universe.\(^\text{19}\)
The early poems of Lawrence spring from events and incidents in real life. Perhaps, it was through Jessie Chamber, his youthful sweet heart, who had selected some of his poems and sent them to the ‘English Review’. The editor saw a promising poet in Lawrence and a group of his poems was published in Nov. 1909, issue of the ‘English Review’. In fact, Jessie Chambers made D.H. Lawrence realize his destiny as a writer. Lawrence too responded in the later years that it was in the company of Jessie Chambers that he was inspired to be a writer. But Lawrence did not find the relationship of physical consummation in her. Jessie too, called Lawrence a ‘puritan’ in her memoirs and uttered that he was afraid of sex, disturbed by the difference he felt to exist between physical and spiritual love.

Lawrence’s early poems also reflect his desire as a lover, and as an uninhibited figure of love in the world. His mystic vagueness and the sensual reality appears in the constant struggling beneath an inhibiting surface of flesh, struggling to escape into another realm for meaning. The critics have found element of Freudanism in the poems of this period. It also shows his relationship with women as a consequence of the ‘Oedipus Complex’. And it is true that a number of poems have been devoted to Lydia Lawrence, his mother and the language suggests the tender expression of a lover-son. But it is also unfair to call the poems as a reflection of the ‘Oedipus Complex’. The poems generally refer to the time when Lydia was a dying woman, afflicted by cancer. They are, infact, natural outpouring of a sensitive son who watches his loving parents hopelessly dying before him. Her death made the world appear meaningless to Lawrence. In one of his early poems, Lawrence says pitifully:

“I own that some of me is dead to night”.

Lawrence had great love for his mother. She was perhaps the most powerful influence on his life, that he experienced throughout his life. It is not difficult to imagine the misery of Lawrence when she suffered an intolerable pain. After her death, he is broken and shattered, over whelmed by the darkness of his soul. His agony is beyond comfort. He instinctively felt that his mother suffered as Christ suffered for mankind:

And I at the foot of her cross did suffer
My own Gethsemane.\textsuperscript{21}

Jesus, before he was arrested and made captive by the Romans, prayed at the place, Gethsemane and suffered too much for mankind. Lawrence also compares his love for his mother to Jesus Christ’s love for humanity. He, at that juncture, was in need of an emotional anchor, that he sought in Jessie Chambers. But he could not get the response of hearty love and he became a different creature on the earth. Lawrence feels such pang of separation in the poem:

\begin{quote}
If only then
You could have unlocked the moon on the night?
And I baptized myself in the well
Of your love? we both have entered then the right
Rare passion, and never again?
I wonder if only
You had taken me then, how different
Life would have been?\textsuperscript{22}
\end{quote}

In another poem, Lawrence also feels guilty for breach of his relationship with his beloved Jessie Chambers. The mood of the poem expresses the sense of failure and guilt. In ‘Last Words to Miriam’, he acknowledges his indebtedness to Jessie:

\begin{quote}
You had the power to explore me,
Blossom me stalk by stalk;
You woke my spirit, you bore me
To consciousness, you gave the dour
Awareness – then I suffered a balk.
Body to body I could not
Love you, although I would.
We kissed, we kissed though we should not.
You yielded, we threw the last cast,
And it was no good.
You only endured, and it broke
My craftsman’s nerve.
\end{quote}
No flesh responded to my stroke; 
So I failed to give you the last 
Fine torture you did deserve.  

The poet regards the physical fulfilment as a purifying fire:

You are shapely, you are adorned  
But opaque and null in the flesh;  
Who, had I but pierced with the thorned  
Full anguish, perhaps had been cast  
In a lovely illuminated mesh  
Like a painted window; the best  
Fire passed through your flesh,  
Undressed it, and left it blest  
In clean new awareness.  

The fire of physical fulfilment removes the bodily deadness and creates it like a lovely painted window. But the poet is disgusted when Miriam refuses in physical fulfilment. Hence the poet remarks:

Since the fire has failed in me,  
What man will stoop in your flesh to plough  
The shrieking cross?  

'The Cross' in the above lines is symbolic of conflict between spirituality and sex. Lawrence concludes the poem with a sense of guilt and says in the end:

I should have been cruel enough to bring  
You through the flame.  

Lawrence's relations with his girl friends could never give him what he craved for. But it does not mean that his deep attachment to his mother has lost his normal sexual relation with other women. But his mother, Lydia Lawrence, stands always on his way - which proved his failure in achieving his relationship with Miriam, partly as
a lover and partly as she was unable to offer him passion. Paul, later realized that it was impossible for him in achieving any relationship with other women till his mother was alive. His confession in the XIII Chapter of the novel, 'Sons and Lovers', clearly shows that he is not in position to have relationship with other women:

‘But no, mother. I even love Clara, and I did Miriam; but to give myself to them in marriage I couldn’t. I couldn’t belong to them. They seem to want me, and I can’t ever give it them’.
‘You haven’t met the right woman’.
‘And I never shall meet the right woman while you live’, he said.  

In these pages we can come across an experience of reality, intensity and a stimulation which reveals the real art. Lawrence is undoubtedly a poet of the first rank who does not unnecessarily philosophise his feelings and Jessie carved out artist of life in him and she put forth imagination into creative art. Therefore, Jessie was a fertilizing influence and a stimulating force on Lawrence:

In contact with Miriam he gained insight; his vision went deeper. From his mother he drew the life-warmth, the strength to produce; Miriam urged this warmth into intensity like a white light.  

Jessie could not share of sex and marriage with Lawrence as his mother was a great hindrance on the road of love. In this connection, in the chapter of ‘Sons and Lovers’ called ‘The Test of Miriam’, he realizes truth when he compares himself, with other men who live in a state of virginity:

The sons of mothers whose husbands had blundered rather brutally through their feminine sanctities, they were themselves too diffident and shy. They could easier deny themselves than incur any reproach from
a woman; for a woman was like their mother, and they were full of the sense of their mother.29

In separating himself from her, he misses the vigour of life’s inspiration. It was also tragic for Miriam. Jessie is also partly responsible for failure of her relationship with Lawrence. There is some want in their friendship. We can witness a shade of the moments of their joy. For example in ‘Scent of Irises’:

I can smell the bog-end, gorgeous in its breathless
Dazzle of may-blobs, where the marigold glare overcast you
With fire on your cheeks and your brow and your chin as you dipped
Your face in the marigold bunch, to touch and contrast you,
Your own dark mouth with the bridal faint lady-smocks,
And the kingcups’ glisten, that shall long outlast you.
You amid the dog bog-end’s yellow incantation,
You sitting in the cowslips of the meadow above,
Me, your shadow on the bog-flame flowery may-blobs,
Me full length in the cowslips, muttering you love;
You, your soul like a lady-smock, lost, evanescent,
You with your face all rich, like the sheen on a dove!30

The poem evokes a happy memory of Jessie and Lawrence amid a, ‘Yellow incantation’31 of flowers.

He seems optimistic in the next verse:

And yes, thank God, it still is possible
The healing days shall close the dark gulf up
Wherein we fainted like a smoke or dew!
Like vapour, dew, or poison! Now, thank God
The last year’s fire is gone, and your face is ash;
And the gulf that came between you, woman, and me, man,
That day, is half grown over, it need not abash
Either of us anymore; henceforth we can
Forget each other and the bruise of our bodies' clash.  

Lawrence is hopeful and believes that such gulf can be bridged. But it was his illusion of his mind that could never be materialized. In ‘Reminder’, Lawrence blames Jessie for such disconnection. He extremely wondered how life would have been if only Jessie had accepted him in the Nov. of 1910 when his mother Lydia was dying. Her illness was painful experience for him and her death was a great jolt to him. Under great stress and strain, Lawrence entered another world of experience of engagement like a true egotist and was engaged with ‘X’, which was completely broken in Feb. 1911. During the writing of ‘Sons and Lovers’ Lawrence was deeply disturbed and wrote:

Those were the days
When it was awful autumn to me;
When only there glowed on the dark of the sky
The red reflection of her agony,
My beloved, smelting down in the blaze
Of death; my dearest
Love who had borne, and now was leaving me.  

Lawrence was obsessed with his mother and he felt that his soul belonged to her. He told Jessie that physically she was not attractive and she shrank physically from him. Jessie considered such affair simply as a slander. Jessie figures in many of his early poems, which shows that she was Lawrence’s first love : ‘ she is the Renaissance’. His longing for her is deeply expressed in ‘Dog Tired’. It was written after a long day in the hay fields:

I should like to drop
On the hay, with my head on her knee,
And lie dead still, while she
Breathed quiet above me; and the crop
Of stars grew silently.
I should like to lie still
As if I was dead; but feeling
Her hand go stealing
Over my face and my head, until
This ache was shed.\(^{34}\)

Other poems written on Jessie Chambers like ‘Cherry Robers’, ‘Love on the Farm’, ‘Letter From Town’, On a Grey Morning in March’, ‘Letter From Town: The Almond Tree’, are concentrated on her. These poems belong to the ‘Crydon’ period and he longs to go back to his home town.

We can find a personal feeling in his poems which are in the instinctive vein. Lawrence imagines her in wood or out by the orchard, and the song that he writes is like the play of tears and swords in his heart. In ‘Letter From Town: The Almond Tree’, the violets, Jessie had promised to send him, are “a pledge of their love that hardly has opened yet”,\(^{35}\) that he expresses:

You promised to send me some violets. Did you forget?
White ones and blue ones from under the orchard hedge?
Sweet dark purple, and white ones mixed for a pledge
Of our early love that hardly has opened yet.\(^{36}\)

In this poem we can not see the tension which developed later on in their love affair as Lawrence was under the impact of dominating love of his mother. Both of them knew that the relation between the two would never come to fruition. At Crydon, Lawrence still felt the need for her intellectual companionship, he wanted to discuss the ideas which struck him and waited for her criticism on his works as he was heavily influenced by Jessie. He felt the need of Helen in some way as Jessie was inadequate in other respects. He had taken something from both of them. But situation was quite unacceptable to Jessie and as a result, she faced deadlock in family and their engagement was broken off. But Lawrence realized that Jessie shrank physically from passion as it was the theme of “Lightning”, when he says:

I felt the lurch and halt of her heart
Next my breast, where my own heart was beating:
And I laughed to feel it plunge and bound,
And strange in my blood-swept ears was the sound
Of the words I kept repeating,
Repeating with tightened arms,
And the hot blood's blindfold art.
Her breath flew warm against my neck,
Warm as a flame in the close night air;
And the sense of her clinging flesh was sweet
Where her arms and my neck's thick pulse could meet.
Holding her thus, could I care
That the black night hid her from me,
blotted out every speck?
I leaned in the darkness to find her lips
And claim her utterly in a kiss,
When the lightning flew across her face
And I saw her for the flaring space
Of a second, like snow that slips
From a roof, inert with death, weeping
"Not this! Not this!".\textsuperscript{37}

In some other poems like, 'Sigh No More', 'Aware', 'A White Blossom', 'A Pang of Reminiscence', etc. Lawrence depicted the same idea. In 'A Pang Reminiscence', he says:

High and smaller goes the moon,
    she is small and very far from me,
Wistful and candid, watching me wistfully
    from her distance, and I see
Trembling blue in her pallor a tear
    that surely I have seen before,
A tear which I had hoped that even
    hell held not again in store.\textsuperscript{38}
Lawrence did not like Jessie’s gentle grieving like she-dove in ‘Sigh No More’, as it irritated him but he was hopeful that all will be good in the end:

‘Love will yet again return to her and make all good’.  

He further adds:

I do not like to hear the gentle grieving,

Grieving

Of the she-dove in the blossom, still believing

Love will yet again return to her and make all good.  

In ‘Aware’ and ‘A Pang of Reminiscence’, Lawrence compares Jessie, his first love of youth with the moon. He finds moon as white and passion less. The poem ‘Aware’, opens as:

Slowly the moon is rising out of the ruddy haze,

Divesting herself of her golden shift, and so

Emerging white and exquisite; and I in amaze

See in the sky before me, a woman I did not know

I loved, but there she goes, and her beauty hurts my heart;

I follow her down the night, begging her not to depart. 

The moon casts of its golden colour which symbolizes the passions, while white emerges as being passion less. ‘A Pang of Reminiscence’, presents Jessie with tears in her eyes who seems to be fearful in the name of love. ‘A White Blossom’, presents his first love as passionless:

A tiny moon as small and white
    as a single jasmine flower
Leans all alone above my window,
    on night’s wintry bower,
Liquid as lime-tree blossom,
    soft as brilliant water or rain
She shines, the first white love of my youth,
  passionless and in vain.42

It was a period of death of his mother when he became frustrated and
disconnected with Jessie and other girl friends. It was a time of his emotional crises
that we could find in his poetry. His ‘Love Poems’ are evidence of his internal
conflicts. He addressed many poems to Louie Borrows and most of these poems are
characterized by sensuality like ‘These Clever Women’ and have revealed his instincts
of love and sex:

I would kiss you over the eyes till I kiss you blind;
If I could – if anyone could!
Then perhaps in the dark you’d get what you want to find:
The solution that ever is much too deep for the mind;
Dissolved in the blood...
That I am the hart, and you are the gentle hind.
Now stop carping at me! Do you want me to hate you?
Am I a kleidoscope
For you to shake and shake, and it won’t come right?
Am I doomed in a long coition of words to mate you?
Unsatisfied! Is there no hope
Between your thighs, far, far from you peering sight.43

Before we may go further to explore the instinctive elements in the early
poems of Lawrence it is necessary to consider in brief about Lawrence’s association
with the literary tendencies of his times. He came into limelight after criticism of his
works by Ford Madox Hueffer, Ezra Pound, Edward Garnell and he was also
introduced to many literary trends. Technically inadequate Lawrence’s early poems
were noticeably inferior to much verse appearing in England at the beginning of the
century. W.H. Auden pointed out two main characteristics i.e. the originality of
sensibility and conventionality of the expressive means in the early poetry of D.H.
Lawrence. Throughout his poetic career, his tone shows a poet eager to express a
personal vision. Lawrence at early stage of his career was looking for the appropriate
style so that he may express his personal subjective vision of life confidently. As an
authentic author, Lawrence discovered new means to express what he strongly felt about, otherwise he could not have produced poetry at all. He attempted to break away the conventional forms in poetry of his times, as he found the constraint of formal verse as a hindrance on the way of expression of his feelings. He was deadly against the restrictions of such formal verse.

So, Lawrence succeeds in expressing his emotions in conventional form and the metaphoric mode and the Imagist technique. Lawrence was never an Imagist in a true sense and H.T. Moore has rightly remarked:

In defence of Lawrence’s independence it may be pointed out that he became a Georgian verse and poets’ contributor fairly early in his career as a poet, and both these collection remained hospitable to his work at times when he found it difficult to be published at all.44

His verses appeared in the four issues of Georgian Poetry between 1911 to 1922. His poems were printed in a number of Imagist collections ranging from Some Imagist Poets (1914) to The Imagist Anthology of 1930. It is necessary to discuss Lawrence’s place as an instinctive poet of his times.

Lawrence’s early poetry throws light not only on the social backgrounds but also on the literary trends of his age. His publication of the early poetry occurred simultaneously with the birth of the two poetic movements that is Georgians and Imagists, and both groups were eager to claim Lawrence as their own. Georgian poetry came into existence with a series of anthologies, edited by Edward Marsh after 1911. The title ‘Georgian’ arose in the association of Marsh’s anthologies on the eve of the accession of George V after the death of Edward VII in 1910. Marsh and Rupert Brooke conceived the idea of issuing a collection of modern poems aimed at disturbing modern lethargy and bringing out to general attention the existence of a body of unrecognized talent.
Reviewing the first volume of 'Georgian poetry' by Edward Marsh that came out in 1912 Lawrence commented:

We are waking up after a night of oppressive dreams. The nihilists, the intellectuals, hopeless people - Ibsen, Flaubert, Thomas Hardy represent the dream we are waking from. It was a dream of demolition. Nothing was, but was nothing. Everything was taken from us. And now our lungs are full of new air, and our eyes see it in the morning, but we have not forgotten the terror of the night, we dreamed we were falling through space into nothingness, and the anguish of it leaves us rather eager... This great liberation gives me an overwhelming sense of joy, _joie deter, joie de vivre_.

Lawrence contributed a poem or two to the first volume of the ‘Georgian Poetry’, 1911-1912, initially when he agreed with the poetic manifesto of the Georgians. ‘The Wild Common’, ‘Cherry Robers’, ‘Virgin Youth’, bear certain resemblance to the best Georgian verse as they are rhymed verse on subjects taken from nature. But in treatment of nature Lawrence’s poetry differs from Georgian Poetry. In his book ‘Crises in English Poetry’ Pinto makes a difference between Lawrence and the Georgians by stating that unlike Georgian’s Poetry Lawrence’s early nature poems were full of sharp personal sensation almost painful in intensity. To the Georgians, nature was the important feature of poetry but to Lawrence nature was a part of his consciousness. He adapts the landscape for his own use. Some critics linked Lawrence with ‘Imagists’, since many of his poems were published with _Some Imagist Poets_, in 1915. Ezra Pound, an American Poet, was the leader of the group. Besides Ezra Pound, there were Amy Lowell, T.E. Hulme, Richard Aldington and Hilda Doelittle. They did not imitate romantics. They have to create hard and clear images. V de Sola Pinto in ‘Crises in English Poetry’ sums up the characteristics of ‘Imagist’ poets as such:
(1) To use the language of common speech, not to employ always the exact word, nor the nearly exact, nor the merely decorative word.

(2) To produce poetry that is hard and clear and not to deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous.

(3) To create new rhythms and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods.

Their idea of poetry was to have form and the poet must enjoy the artistic individualism. They believed in art for the artist’s sake. Some of Lawrence’s early poems are related to this group since they show vivid and brilliant images. The opening lines of ‘The Wild Common’, for example, represent appropriate imagery:

The quick sparks on the gorse-bushes are leaping
Little jets of sunlight texture imitating flame;
Above them, exultant, the pewits are sweeping.

‘Cherry Robers’ another poem also exposes the exact images. The poet refers to a girl with cherries hanging round her ears which looked like drops of blood:

Under the long dark boughs, like jewels red
In the hair of an Eastern girl
Hang strings of crimson cherries, as if had bled
Blood- drops beneath each curl.

However Lawrence did not take the Imagist and Georgians movement seriously. Pinto, therefore, remarks:

He contributed both to Georgians Poetry and the later Imagist anthologies. But he was neither a Georgian nor an Imagist.
Lawrence always kept himself independent from the point of view of versification. He defended his poetic style in a letter to ‘Edward Marsh’, in 1913. Marsh published Lawrence’s work in anthologies of the Georgian Poetry. Lawrence’s concept of skill involved the ability first to attend and secondly avoiding what he saw:

...Well, I don’t write for your. This is the constant war I reckon between new expression and the habituated, mechanical transmitters and receivers of the human constitution.

Some of Lawrence’s early poems express nature as a prime theme. But nature is not merely admiration of the scenic beauty but it also includes all forms of animal and vegetable life. It recognizes the working principle of creative evolution. No other poet had overtly spoken of nature in relation to the instinct of sex. Lawrence speaks of its significance in the poems. He made an important contribution to the English poetry by introducing new subject matter to the readers. He wrote what he felt. His poetry came from within – which includes the men, the women, the animals, the gardens, the mine, the landscape of nature and others. Lawrence’s early poems are characterized chiefly by the intense thoughts, emotions or gropings of self conscious men or women with their love, fatigue or solitude. These early poems are not only concerned with his personal experiences but they also cross-fertilize the broader manifestations of the same theme in his novels. The early poems highlight Lawrence’s impatience, a bursting intensity with a heat of emotions which simply overflows like a river.

H.T. Moore has aptly pointed out the difference between Lawrence and the Georgians:

To most of the Georgian poets, nature was important poetically, but it was something flimsed beyond the edges of the tennis court; to Lawrence nature was a part of one’s consciousness, virtually a part of one’s body indeed. It might be said of Lawrence that he
His early poems display the personal emotional drama honestly and faithfully. In Lawrence’s ‘Preface’ to Collected Poems (1928) we come across two mutually contradictory and discordant poetic selves: The young man and the demon. The young man is obviously a follower of conventionality but ‘demon’ is creation of the real genius of the poet. His other self i.e. ‘demon’ is creative and emerges from unknown world of the poet’s consciousness.

Lawrence’s skill involves poet’s ability to streamline the emotional pattern which creates poetry. It does not depend on the ear particularly, but on the sensitive soul. The ear cultivates a habit and becomes master when the ebbing and lifting emotions rules like a master and ear turns a transmitter. The young man is cautious, imitative and handicapped by convention, as is frightened by the intensity of emotions. But the demon is the creative and artistic self of the poet.

Lawrence becomes an advocate of the poetry of utterance, as he goes beyond from the ‘obvious form’ to ‘the hidden emotional pattern’ which become ‘the ebbing and lifting rhythm of experience’, in itself. He wants to create distance between the reader and the felt experience. It is this goal of immediacy that will eventually be instrumental to abandon the conventional rhyming quatrains in his poems.

Thus, in the long run of poetic journey, the demon – the real poet – triumphs the conflict with the traditional and conventional form (the young man). It is the demon that holds the responsibility of creating a poetry that has a ‘wind-like transit’. The conflict between the demon and the young man in the early Lawrence is real and important.

‘The Wild Common’ of ‘Rhyming Poems’ is the typical product of Lawrence’s impressionism – an ecstasy leading to the fervent immediacy of his early phase of poetry. Lawrence’s youthful experience of nature is closely linked with his natural world. It is the recognition of the divine otherness of the living universe that enables man to experience life. Such vivid life is like ‘alive in the flesh’ which embodies the substantial self as an individual expression of God. The poet feels, ‘the quickened
sense of life’. The speaker of this beautiful poem is a young boy who is standing naked on the edge of a pond and looking his own shadow on the water. The poet emphasizes its importance and calls it more a substance than a shadow. In the earlier versions, the shadow was identified first with his soul and then with a passionate woman who loved him. Later on, Lawrence considered both themes as an extended conceit in which shadow is identified as a white dog with his master. The poet through this poem transfers his experience of cosmic self as much as possible. He bursts out:

----how splendid it is to be substance, here!
My shadow is neither here nor there; but I, I am royally here!
I am here! I am here! screams the peewit;
the may-blobs burst out in a laugh as they hear!
Here! flick the rabbits. Here! pants the gorse.
Here! say the insects far and near.
Over my skin in the sunshine, the warm, clinging air
Flushed with the songs of seven larks singing at once,
goest kissing me glad.
You are here! You are here! We have found you!
everywhere
We sought you substantial, you touchstone of caresses,
you naked lad!
Oh but the water loves me and folds me,
Plays with me, sways me, lifts me and sinks me,
murmurs: Oh Marvelous stuff!
No longer shadow!—and it holds me
Close, and it rolls me, enfolds me, touches me,
as if never it could touch me enough.
Sun, but in substance, yellow water-blobs!
Wings and feathers on the crying, mysterious ages,
pewits wheeling!
All that is right, all that is good, all that is God
takes substance!53

For Lawrence the sensual passions and mysteries are equally sacred as the spiritual mysteries. He believes that love is spiritual experience, which involves the
communion of blood of man and woman and in turn brings renewed vitality and children. This also confirms man's close relation with the living universe. 'Renascence' an interesting poem, contains the Lawrentian impressionistic experiments. The poem is a sort of thanks-giving to the girl, Miriam, and he also gives a vivid picture of the natural surroundings in which she lived. The title of the poem itself bears testimony of the fact that he has found out the new channels of experience. Like the previous poem 'The Wild Common', the present poem employs the means by which Lawrence conveys the interaction of human with birds and animals. It is a part of his poetic awareness based on his experience in love:

So now I know the valley
Fleshed all like me
With feelings that change and quiver
And clash, and yet seem to tally.\(^{54}\)

The poem begins with protest against the social restriction in love. For Lawrence, his eve (Jessie Chambers) has been instructress, the source of wisdom and inspiration:

I learned it all from my Eve,
The warm, dumb wisdom;
She's a quicker instructress than years;
She has quickened my pulse to receive
Strange throbs, beyond laughter and tears.\(^{55}\)

The poet here renews his awareness in the living universe through the thrilling sensitivity of the girl:

It was dishonest because it is irrelevant to his main theme... Its importance to him probably lay in her special sensibility more than in her physical beauty.\(^{56}\)
The whole of Lawrence’s power and originality depends on his close relationship with his feelings. This is why he had to rid himself of conventional forms. The poems take their shape from the feelings. In 1928 ‘The Times Literary Supplement’ proclaimed about Lawrence when some of his fine poems were yet to be written:

The poet has always been discernible in Mr. Lawrence’s prose, illuminating the novelist’s characterization and his darker prophesying. But when a poet is writing prose fiction, there is some degree of metaphor in speaking his quality. It only appears in substance and with a subtle change, when he is writing his own medium.37

Lawrence is so far as equally a great writer, artist, and a great poet. His definition of poetry reflects a kind of whole or single vision yet he never rejected irony, ambiguity, and paradox as literary techniques. But he did not consider these techniques as essential part of poetry.

Lawrence treats poetry as a process of visionary awareness. In the ‘Preface’ to the ‘Chariot of the Sun’, Lawrence advocates his view of poetry as a vision. He, willingly and consciously selects the process of visionary awareness. His epithet ‘poet of naivete’, may be considered as ‘to wring the neck of sophistication’. In his opinion, the true poet should be anti-formal, anti-traditional, as well as anti-ironic, but not without knowledge of the genre or technique, and seek to explore the artistic impulses. It depends upon the poet if he selects the technique in favour of the ‘naivete’, which is the nucleus or artistic impulse. Lawrence takes all art as a revelation, a discovery and a visionary and expository process and his own poetry discovers its own form and content in the creative way. Lawrence succeeds in expressing his thoughts in conventional form. His early poems are written in rhyming verse; these poems are of short nature poems like those of the Georgians. Kenneth Rexroth, in ‘Introduction’ to Lawrence’s poems says:
‘Wild Common’, ‘Cherry Robers’, and the others bear a certain resemblance to the best Georgian verse. They are rhymed verse in the English language on ‘subject taken from nature’.58

These poems are emotional outbursts and have a musical quality due to the rhyming pattern. These short nature poems of rhyming verse display:

A young poet of genius who is struggling with an inadequate mode of expression, like the Blake in

_Poetical Sketches_ and the Wordsworth in ‘The Evening Walk’.59

According to Lawrence - a poet should speak without self-consciousness in his own voice which is the most honest articulation of his feelings. Lawrence’s ‘Introduction’ to the American edition (1928) of ‘New Poems’ contains some of his most serious poetic instinctive idiom altogether different from the conventional ones. His faith clearly centered on the idea of ‘organic’ or ‘expressive form’ advocated by Coleridge and other Romantics. He believed that ‘art’ must be wholly spontaneous. He treated poetry as a method of expressing the religious intuitions. No power from outside could force him to change the discipline of his mind. On January 17, 1913 Lawrence wrote a letter to Earnest Collings (c. l. 180) which shows how his mind or thought was shaping up as an instinctive poet. It was a conflict between blood, flesh and that of intellect:

‘My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds, but what our blood feels and believes and says is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or what not. I conceive a man’s body as a kind of flame, forever upright and flowing and the intellect is just the light that is shed, onto the
things around which is really mind – But with the mystery of the flame forever, flowing coming, God knows how from out of practically no where, and being itself, what ever there is around it, that it hights up .... . The real way of loving is to answer to one's wants. Not, I want to hight up with my intelligence as many things as possible but for the living of my full flame – I want that liberty, I want that woman, I want that pound of peaches, I want to go to sheeps, I want to go to the pub, and have a good time, I want to look beastly swell today, I want to kiss that girl, I want to insult that man............" 60

This letter is not a philosophical statement, but protest against the subordination of human fulfilment's to the abstract purposes conceived by the intellect. It is the 'full flame' of human mind as Lawrence believes that feelings are more powerful than intellect.

Lawrence published his best artistic creations like The Rainbow and Women In Love which were bitterly criticised by insensitive critics.

However, Blackmur’s essay is a notable piece of criticism on D.H. Lawrence which is like Johnson’s criticism on Milton as a testimony of truthful criticism. Blackmur’s main concern is about the poetry of D.H. Lawrence which highlights “the fallacy of the faith in expressive form”, 61 which Blackmur calls as a belief, “that if a thing is only intensely enough felt, its mere expression in words will give it satisfactory form, the dogma in short, that once material becomes words, it is its own best form”. 62 But Pinto feels that no English writer has held dogma in the crude form as is criticised by Blackmur.

Lawrence’s reactions are instinctively personal. His poetry shows both in form and subject, the signs of an extraordinary sensibility in conjunction with the most potential energy. There is an insatiable quest for energy in his poetry of soul that he expresses:
I will sift the surf that edges the night, with my net, the four
Strands of my eyes and my lips and my hands and my feet,
sifting the store
Of flotsam until my soul is tired or satisfied.\(^{63}\)

He leaves his impact of poetry like an impressionist and instinctive poet. Though Lawrence contributed a poem or two to the anthology of Georgian poetry, yet he cannot be called a Georgian poet. Undoubtedly, we can find the keen observation of nature, frankness and sincerity like the Georgians, but he differs from them in his treatment of nature. In the next verse he found the communion between the nature and himself:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Oh but the water loves me and folds me,} \\
\text{Plays with me, sways me, lifts me and sinks me, murmurs: Oh} \\
\text{marvellous stuff!} \\
\text{No longer shadow! -- and it holds me} \\
\text{Close, and it rolls me, enfolds me, touches me,} \\
\text{as if never it could touch me enough!}^{64}
\end{align*}
\]

The lines show a kinetic vigour and exhilaration. In the next lines, the poet put forward his religious philosophy, his belief in the life of flesh and blood. He says that God is present in living beings in the form of vitality:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{All that is right, all that is good,} \\
\text{all that is God takes substance!} \\
\text{A rabbit lobs In confirmation,} \\
\text{I hear sevenfold lark-songs pealing.}^{65}
\end{align*}
\]

He thinks that his flesh and blood holds his pen.

The most powerful aspect of philosophy is the liberation of sex in his poems which is astonishing diagnostician of life. He aims at the utter naturalness of nature poetry than that of Romantics. To Lawrence, nature is not purely kind and benevolent. He, like the Romantics does not neglect the animal world and sexual elements in
nature. He does not reveal the life of nature as a quiet contemplation of landscape. ‘The Wild Common,’ like most of his nature poems presents an instinctive observation of nature:

Rabbits, handfuls of brown earth,  
Lie low-rounded on the mournful turf  
Have bitten down to the quick.  
Are they asleep? – are they living?  
Now see, when lift my arms,  
The hill bursts and heaves under their spurring kick.

The poet does not divorce nature from human life. He treats nature as part of his consciousness:

Flushed with the songs of seven larks  
singing at once, goes kissing me glad.

We can trace treatment of nature in poetry of Lawrence like Wordsworth’s poem ‘Ode on Intimations to Immortality’. He recalls his past as a powerful medium of poetry. Here, the touch is magic and his magic seeps into the tapestry of his poems:

There lies the world, my darling,  
full of wonder and wistfulness, and strange  
Recognitions and greeting of half-acquaint things,  
as I greet the cloud  
Of glass palace aloft there,  
among misty, indefinite things that range  
At the back of my life’s experience,  
where dreams from the old lives crowd.  
Over the nearness of Norwood Hill,  
through the mellow veil  
Of the afternoon glows  
still the old romance of David and Dora,  
With the old, sweet, soothing tears, and laughter
that shakes the sail
Of the ship of the soul over seas
where dreamed dreams lure the unoceaned explorer.68

Though Lawrence is not a worshipper of nature like the romantic poets, but romantic theme is obvious in many of his poems.

The difference between Shelley, Hazlitt and the other Romantics and that of Lawrence is quite subtle. For the Romantics, the source of inspiration is external but for Lawrence it is internal which emerges from poet's own being. The thematic structure of Lawrence in the early nature poems was the description of the external scene which depicts of his mood. ‘Dog Tired’ and many other poems follow this pattern.

His longing for Jessie Chambers got express in this poem. The poet is tired at the end of the day and his head is also aching. He craves for his sweet heart in order to soothe his pains. The imagery gives the contradictory reflection. On the one hand the poet presents the harvesting season while on the other hand there is “The green sky”.69 The green colour reflects the spring season. In “Twilight”, the poet describes the phenomenon of day and night where darkness at night snatches the glamour of the day:

The night-stock oozes scent,
And a moon-blue moth goes flittering by:
All that the worldly day has meant
Wastes likes a lie.
The children have forsaken their play;
A single star in a veil of light
Glimmers: litter of day
Is gone from sight.70

His feelings are autobiographical as night is symbolic of darkness of mind. His father worked in the mine during day, and he would come outside when darkness is grown on the earth. He is cut off from light and darkness is meaningful for the poet as
his father could never become free from the dark mystery. ‘From A College Window’ is a symbolic poem and the poet makes use of synaesthetic imagery:

Beyond the leaves that overhang the street,
Along the flagged, clean pavement summer-white,
Passes the world with shadows at their feet
Going left and right. 71

Symbolism, characterized as a part of 19th century French poetry in which Bandelaire and his followers created the image of the poet as a seer, who could foresee the ideal world of poems and essences beyond the real world. Thus the task of the poet was to create ‘other world’ through suggestion and symbolism by transforming reality into a greater and more permanent reality. The symbolist movement in French poetry had entered the great age with the discovery of Poe by Bandelaire, and its ancestry can be observed even from the period of Coleridge. The translations of Poe’s critical writings by Bandelaire can be said as the first scriptures of the symbolist movement in France. One of the cardinal principles of composition derived by the symbolists was that of suggestive vagueness of effect. This effect of indefinite vagueness was produced by confusion between imaginary and the real object, or that of confusion between the perceptions of different senses. Coleridge wanted to destroy the antithesis between words and things, as he was influenced by the transcendental philosophy of Kant, who considers mind as a creative force according to which world is based on conception of reality. In the “Philosophy of Composition’, Poe says that the poet is engaged in creation of ‘Pure Beauty’. Following the lead of Coleridge, Lawrence thinks of poetry as a creation of poet in those points of time where the confines of the working world blend with those of dreams.

One of the consequences of Poe’s theory of poetry was the possibility of conversion of an image from one realm of sensibility to another. The poet is concerned with pure beauty and the beauty of this world is a sort of reflection. In Baldeiaire, Poe’s principle of multiform combinations of things and thought in which the distinctions are obliterated. It is further developed into a system of correspondence as in all things, there is a symbolic sense in which every object in nature has its special connection with spiritual reality. Thus there are equivalencies among the data of the
various senses, sounds, colours, odours, “since the sensuous data can have the expansion of the infinite, it follows that a desire, a regret, a thought, things of the mind can awaken corresponding symbols in the world of images, (and vice versa) … from the world of the senses, the poet takes the material in which to forget a symbolic vision of himself or of his dreams, that he makes of the world of the senses is that it gives him the means of expression of his soul”.  

Lawrence uses such synaesthetic imagery to unify the desperate modes of mental and emotional experiences. He relates visual, auditory, tactual and other forms of sensations. In the opening lines ‘From A College Window’, he says:

The glimmer of the limes, sun-heavy, sleeping,
Goes trembling past me up the College wall.
Bellow, the lawn, in soft blue shade is keeping
The daisy-froth quiescent, softly in thralls.  

The limes are shining in sun-shine. They are ripe and “Sun-heavy”.  

This is followed by sleep because heaviness of sunshine creates the feeling of drowsiness. Hence the limes are sleeping. Next, the poet says that the lawn is full of daisies. The “soft blue shade”, has more to say about synaesthetic imagery. Soft is tactual image and blue shade a visual. Blue is not a striking shade and thus soft and blue are an adequate combination. This is the description of the scene seen by the poet through a college window which an ordinary man can not see. The poet unifies all the sensations and presents a beautiful imagery.

Towards the end of the poem, the poet points out the condition of England. The reality of the poverty-striken world is depicted:

See the woman’s twinkling fingers tend him a coin,
I sit absolved, assured I am better off
Beyond a world I never want to join.
The poet refers to the world of poverty and misery. It is rather astonishing that he does not feel any responsibility towards this world. It is poet’s irony that he is carefree and does not take this world seriously.

Lawrence has faced enough of poverty in Eastwood and he wanted it no more. Though he is socially conscious, yet he does not want to be dragged into poverty-ridden world. In ‘Last Hours’ the poet describes the sensuous enjoyment of nature. The poem was written when he was a teacher at Cryoden and when he left home. The poet describes his happy mood laying under the oak:

The cool of an oak’s unchequered shade  
Falls on me as I lie in deep grass  
Which rushes upward, blade beyond blade.

The poet watches a white cloud pile up, catching the fragrance of dover as a bee hums by. This is almost a Wordsworthian poem describing the sensual enjoyment of nature. Sitting under a sycamore tree, Lawrence is enjoying the beauty of nature. He concludes the poem by turning towards himself. He becomes sad at the thought of leaving his home:

Down the valley roars a town word train  
I here it through the grass  
Dragging the links of my shortening chain  
South words, alas!

At the last moment, the poet does not want to leave his valley in order to join the mechanical world. He has to leave because of, “scent of insouciant flowers”, which can not make time drowsy and sleep.

‘The Enkindle Spring’ involves a beautiful description of spring. Spring clothes the earth in green. A green fire is lit over the surface of the earth. This is a season of revival and rejuvenation. The life force is active and gives birth to new vegetation, buds, blossoms, etc.:
This spring as it comes bursts up in bonfires green,
Wild puffing of green-fire trees, and flame-green bushes,
Thorn-blossom lifting in wreaths of smoke between
Where the wood fumes up, and the flickering, watery rushes.
I am amazed at this spring, this conflagration
Of green fires lit on the soil of earth, this blaze
Of growing, these smoke-puffs that puffs in wild gyration,
Faces of people blowing across my gaze.  

Spring is revival of life in nature and it is a season of mating. For poet, men, women, animals, plants, all experience the same process of birth, growth, fruition and decay. The same life force flows through all. The instinct of sex is common to all but men of traditional society have imposed restriction on such natural instinct:

And I, what sort of fire am I among
This conflagration of spring? the gap in it all!
Not even palish smoke like the rest of the throng.
Less than the wind that runs to the flamy call!  

The wind also responds to the call of nature but man does not. 'Song Day In Autumn,' and 'Autumn Sunshine' also have the similar theme. In 'Autumn Sunshine', the poet represents the mellow fruit fullness of autumn:

The sun sets out the autumn crocuses
And fills them up a pouring measure
Of death-producing win, till treasure
Runs waste down their chalices.  

The autumn conspires with sunshine and the corcuses are so ripe that their juicy sap runs down their cups. The imagery is symbolic of the sexual consummation during autumn. Here nature is communicative of human behavior.

In the next poem the poet refers to Persephone's myth. Persephone, the daughter of Zeus and Demeter was carried off by Pluto and was made the queen of
Earth. Zeus consented to her return on condition that she had not eaten anything in the infernal region. But she had eaten some pomegranate seeds. Zeus allowed her to spend six months of the year on earth and the remaining with Pluto. The myth here is used in order to symbolize the cycle of seasons:

All, all Persephone’s pale cups of mould
Are on the board, are over-filled;
The portion to the gods is spilled;
Now, mortals all, take hold!  

The poet concludes the poem with reference to the social prohibitions on sex:

Swear, in the pale wine poured from the cups of the queen
Of hell, to wake and be free
From this nightmare we writhe in,
Break out of this foul has been.  

The poet says that we should break away from the conventional attitude towards sex and treat it as something natural. In ‘Song Day In Autumn’ the poet shows his disgust for conventional love. There is contempt for this concept of love and sex:

When the autumn roses
Are heavy with dew,
Before the mist discloses
The leaf’s brown hue,
You would, among the laughing hills
Of yesterday
Walk innocent in the daffodoils,
Coiffing up your auburn hair
In a puritan fillet, a chaste white snare
To catch and keep me with you there
So far away.
The girl mentioned here is perhaps Louie Burrows. He describes her waking "In a puritan fillet". The word 'Puritan' signifies her shrinking away from the physical passions. He is ensnared by the charms of the girl but she keeps him away. His yearning for physical communion is further shown in the next verse of the poem:

When in the autumn roses
Creeps a bee,
And a trembling flower encloses
His ecstasy,
You from your lonely walk
Turn away,
And leaning to me like a flower on its stalk,
Wait among the beeches
For your late bee who beseeches
To creep through your loosened hair till he reaches,
Your heart of dismay.

The poet shows the difference between man and nature. Plants and animals treat sex as a natural instinct but for men it is a disgraceful thing. A flower receives a bee in a natural way. But the poet has to beg his beloved so that she may respond to his love.

Lawrence believes men to be primarily 'Rassional beings', ever growing into the world of knowledge through spontaneous, instinctive and creative drives of moments. Sex is depicted in the light of his poems, instead of living in the darkness of taboos and prejudices. He felt the mystery and power of sex as the primal urge of life and restored sexual relation to serious, almost holy place in human existence, and his devotion was given to the sexual act in itself. His greatness can not be denied. He realized the fallacy of attributing more power to the faculty of reason than to instinctive feeling. Lawrence was really interested in the forces of the elemental life impulse and had shown how the unconscious vital forces controlled the conscious life.
Lawrence feels that a poem should not be static but should be spontaneous, direct and frank without any shadow of a lie or illusion. He considers experimental beginnings in the writing of poetry in the 'Preface' to the 'Complete Poems':

The first poems I ever wrote, if poems they were, was when I was nineteen: now twenty three years ago. I remember perfectly the Sunday afternoon when I perpetrated those first two pieces: 'To Guelder-Roses' and 'Two Campions'; in spring time, of course, and, as I may say, in my twentieth year. Any young lady might have written them and been pleased with them; as I was pleased with them. But it was after that, when I was twenty, that my real demon would now and then get hold of me and shake more real poems out of me, making me uneasy. I never 'liked' my real poems as I liked 'To Guelder-Roses'.

His some other beautiful poems like, 'Excursion Train', 'Kisses in the Train', 'After Many Days', 'Snap Dragon', 'Come Spring Come Sorrow', 'The Hands of the Betrothed', 'A Love Song', etc. are written under the impulsive passions and emotions. 'Snap Dragon' presents a typical experience of love written in the intuitive vein with the psychological touch:

She bade me follow to her garden, where
The mellow sun light stood as in a cup
Between the old gray walls; I did not dare
To raise my face, I did not dare lookup,
Lest her bright eyes like sparrows should fly in
My window of discovery, and shrill "Sin!"
So with a down cast mien and laughing voice
I followed, followed the swing of her white dress
That rocked in a tilt along; I watched the poise
Of her feet as they flew for a space, then paused to press
The grass deep down with the royal burden of her;
And gladly I'd offer my breast to the tread of her. 89

We can witness the imagery of sex as found in the poem that the poet expresses:

“I like to see”, she said, and she crouched her down,
She sunk into my site like a settling bird;
And her bosom couched in the confines of her gown
Like heavy birds at rest there, softly stirred
By her measured breathes: “I like to see”, said she.
‘The snap-dragon put out his tongue at me’. 90

but the critic like F.B. Pinion finds no note of special imagery:

‘... becomes involved in fanciful analogies especially when Lawrence attempt to express blood consciousness, lack of grasp and improvisation results in metaphorical extra vagence, unevenness and disproportion’. 91

The emotion of women about sex has also been embodied in the poem. There is expression of the male-impulse, which has been rendered truthfully in its ambivalence of pleasure and agony. Sex is the vital aspect of life which has been condemned by civilized society. The poet has depicted the male reaction regarding the sexual search beautifully in a symbolic manner:

I longed to turn
My heart’s red measure in her cup;
I longed to feel my hot blood burn
With the amethyst in her cup. 92

We can find the Biblical references in the poem ‘Snap-Dragon’, the word ‘Grail’ refers to that cup from which Christ drank the ‘Last Supper’. The word also
refers to the cup in which Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood flowing from Christ's side at the 'crucifixion'. It symbolizes man's quest for God which is the source of life. But Lawrence also uses it as a symbol of quest for sex:

My Grail, a brown bowl twined
With swollen veins that met in the wrist,
Under whose brown the amethyst
I longed to taste! I longed to turn
My heart’s red measure in her cup;
I longed to feel my hot blood burn
With the amethyst in her cup.
Then suddenly she looked up,
And I was blind in a tawny-gold day,
Till she took her eyes away.
So she came down from above
And emptied my heart of love. 93

Later on, he speaks of love as "Stark Fervour" 94 and the feminine presence as "The pool of her twilight", 95 like an adorist, Lawrence recognizes the glory of love associated with delight which one seeks in life.

The poet in the end of the poem, seems to realise the true sense of the experience of love as the poet, in the end, feels a note of disappointment and sadistic streak:

And I do not care, though the large hands of revenge
Shall get my throat at last, shall get it soon,
If the joy that they are lifted to avenge
Have risen red on my night as a harvest moon,
Which even death can only put out for me;
And death, I know, is better than not-to-be. 96

Lawrence's other poems related to L. Burrows depict his experience of love like that of Jessie Chambers.
Lawrence was in search of an anchor. Some times he wrote in a serious mood and some times in light vein that we can trace in ‘Tease’, and ‘Kisses in the Train’. The poem ‘Kisses in the Train’, celebrates the joy of success of Lawrence’s impulsive proposal to L. Burrows:

And still as ever
The world went round,
My mouth on her pulsing
Throat was found,
And my breast to her beating
Breast was found.
But my heart at the center
Of all, in a swound
Was still as a pivot,
As all the ground
On its prowling orbit
Shifted round.
And still my nostrils
The scent of her flesh;
And still my blind face
Sought her afresh. 97

The poet seems completely satisfied and has developed confidence in himself. In ‘Tease’ Lawrence expresses the glory of love expressing delight which one seeks in life. He answers the call of the woman:

You have fingered all my treasures;
Have you not, most curiously,
Handeled all my tools and measures
‘And masculine machinery ?
Still you are not satisfied !
Still you tremble faint reproach !
Challenge me I keep aside
Secrets that you may not broach.  

But Lawrence recognizes the limitation of love, and according to him the limitations one must drink deep from the fountains of love which speaks the body language:

Now I am all  
One bowl of kisses,  
Such as the tall  
Slim votaresses  
Of Egypt filled  
I lift to you  
My bowl of kisses,  
And through the temples  
Blue recesses  
Cry out to you  
In wild caresses.

Lawrence’s another poem ‘Come Spring Come Sorrow,’ has an admirable imagery like his mature poetry. In this verse, he develops sexual theme with his cosmic theory:

In the lustrous gleam of the water, there  
Scramble seven toads, across silk, obscure leaves,  
Seven toads that move in the dusk to share  
Dim spring that interweaves  
The hidden bodies mating everywhere.

Lawrence believed that an authentic development of the self turns the individual towards the unknown and towards the vital principle of life force which pervades through the organic world and especially the animal world. According to Lawrence, ‘the sexual fulfilment can make a human being transcend to a higher reality’.
Lawrence was not a numb worshipper of nature, like Wordsworth. But he thought that human beings should partake the sexual instinct as nature does. It is the organic world with its essential properties of change and growth which could best express Lawrence’s vital philosophy. He feels that spring is the season of mating. As nature confirms this fact but his beloved L. Burrows discouraged him. The poem is similar to ‘The Unkineled Spring’. Nature conveys the message of rejuvenation:

For, sure from the golden sun
A quickening, masculine gleam floats in to all
Us creatures, people and flowers undone
And opened under his thrall
As he plants his new germ in us. What is there to shun? 101

Though nature has given the call yet L. Burrows does not respond to it. Lawrence wanted sexual consummation which was unresponded. His desire for sexual fulfilment becomes the theme of ‘A Love Song’:

And I do lift my aching arms to you,
And I do lift my anguished, avid breast,
And I do weep for very pain of you,
And fling myself at the doors of sleep, for rest,
And I do toss through the troubled night for you,
Dreaming your yielded mouth his given to mine,
Feeling your strong breast carry me on into
The sleep no dream nor doubt can undermine. 102

The similar desire becomes the theme of his another beautiful poem, ‘Two Fold’, when he says through the poem:

As I went down our street
In my rosy-brown jacket-sleeves
Some one said to me ‘your lover is sick’.
I said ‘OH’, bring him to me, you thieves
I will put ostrich featherlets
On my breast which is his bed-head. 103

Like Jessie Chambers, L. Burrows also did not yield to his physical passion. Her self expression is presented vividly in ‘The Hands Of the Betrothed’:

I know from her hardened lips that still her heart is
Hungry for love, yet If I lay my hand in her breast,
She put me away, like a sales woman whose mart is
Endangered by the pilferer on his quest. 104

Louie Burrows also wants to possess Lawrence physically but she kills her desire because of the social restrictions:

And often I see her clench her fingers tight
And thrust her fists suppressed in the folds of her skirts;
And sometimes, how she grasps her arms with her bright
Big hands, as if surely her arms did hurt.
And I have seen her stand all unaware
Pressing her spread hands over her breasts, as she
Would crush their mounds on her heart, to kill in there
The pain that is her simple ache for me.
She makes her hand take my part, the part of the man
To her; she crushes them into her bosom deep
Where I should be, and her own strong span
Closes her arms, that should fold on me in sleep. 105

Lawrence was engaged with Louie Burrows about the time of his mother’s death. The engagement did not last long, as Lawrence was emotionally disturbed. He could not find his emotional anchor in Louie Burrows. His pains and agonies were summed up by Richard Aldington beautifully:

To reach that state of sanity he has been forced to go
through bitter struggles, wild uncertainties and
miseries. It took him a long time to find out that it was really ‘some sort of perversity’ in people and their attitude towards sex which made them actually ‘not want’, get away from the very thing they want.\textsuperscript{106}

Lawrence considered love as the happiness of the world. In later days, Lawrence came in contact with Helen Corke, who had a love affair with a married musician, who committed suicide after-wards. After the death of Helen’s husband in the autumn of 1909, her relationship with Lawrence reached at its peak. He was her sympathetic friend and Lawrence wanted to have physical relation with Helen but she refused:

\begin{quote}
I am ashamed, you wanted me not to-night.
And it is always so, you sigh against me.
Your brightness dims when I draw too near, and my free Fire enters you like frost, like a cruel blight.\textsuperscript{107}
\end{quote}


\begin{quote}
Why does she come so promptly, when she must know She’s only the nearer to the inevitable farewell ?
The hill is steep, on the snow my steps are slow – Why does she come, when she knows what I have to tell ?\textsuperscript{108}
\end{quote}

In ‘The Appeal’ he begs her to own her physically:

\begin{quote}
You surely, seeing I am a bowl of kisses Should put your mouth to mine and drink of me.
\end{quote}
Helen, you let my kisses steam
Wasteful into the night's black nostrils; drink
Me up, I pray; oh you, who are night's bacchante,
How can you from my bowl of kisses shrink? \(^{109}\)

'Return' is also written in the same mood:

Now I am come again, to you who have so desired
My coming, why do you look away from me?
Why burns your cheek against me? how have I inspired
Such anger as sets your mouth unwontedly?
Now here I sit while you break the music beneath
Your bow; for broken it is, and hurting to hear.
Cease then from music! Does anguish of absence bequeath
But barbed aloofness when I would draw near? \(^{110}\)

Lawrence had the similar problem with Helen as he had with other ladies like Jessie Chambers and L. Burrows. All these women shrank physically from him. They wanted 'to have only spiritual relation 'with him' which Lawrence hated. He believed in the philosophy of life of flesh and blood. Helen wanted him to be a mystery. Lawrence wanted this mystery to be revealed in sexual consummation.

Lawrence believed that the resurrection of the human soul is within the living body and this is the real theme of his poem, 'Lillies In The Fire', where the poet shows the oneness of physical and spiritual elements:

And now I know, so I must be ashamed;
You love me while I hover tenderly
Like moonbeams kissing you; but the body of me
Closing upon you in the lightning-flamed
Moment, destroys you, you are just destroyed.
Humiliation deep to me, that all my best
Soul's naked lightning, which should sure at least
God stepping through our loins in one bright stride.
Means but to you a burden of dead flesh
Heavy to bear, even heavy to uprear
Again from earth, like lilies flagged and sere
Upon the floor, that erst stood up so fresh.

In 'Excursion Train', Lawrence says that the intimacy between Helen and himself is a half love unless there is the physical union:

You hurt my hurt-beat's privacy;
I wish I could put you away from me;
I suffocated in this intimacy
In which I half love you;
How I have longed for this night in the train!
Yet now every fibre of me cries in pain
To God to remove you!
Though surely my soul's best dream is still
That a new night pouring down shall swill
Us away in an utter sleep, until
We are one, smooth-rounded!
Yet closely bitten in to me
Is this armour of stiff reluctancy,
And my dream is ill-founded
So, Helen, when another night
Comes on us, lift your fingers white
And strip me naked, touch me light
Light, light all over.
For I ache most earnestly for your touch,
Yet I can not move, however much
I would be your lover.

In 'These Clever Women' Lawrence expresses his impatience with a relationship which seemed entirely on the upper plane:

Close your eyes, my love, let me make you blind!
They have taught you to see
Only problems writ on the face of things,
And algebra in the eyes of desirous men,
And God like geometry
Tangling his circles, to baffle you and me.
I would kiss you over the eyes till I kissed you blind;
If I could—if anyone could!
Then perhaps in the dark you’d get what you want to find:
The solution that ever is much too deep for the mind;
Dissolved in the blood .......  

His relationship at the spiritual level frustrated Lawrence. His reproach in
‘Passing Visit To Helen’ is frustrated when he discovers the old attitude of Helen
which keeps him away:

Still she says: ‘Nay, loose no flame
To lick me up and do me harm!
Be all yourself!—for oh, the charm
Of your heart of fire in which I look!
Oh, better there than in any book
Glow and enact the dramas and dreams
I love forever!’  

His love suffers a split between his attitude and that of Helen regarding love:

Yet I’ve forgotten in playing this game,
Things I have known that shall have no name;
Forgetting the place from which I came
I watch her ward away the flame
Yet warm herself at the fire—then blame
Me that I flicker in the basket;
Me that I glow not with content
To have my substance so subtly spent;
Me that I interrupt her game.....
I ought to be proud that she should ask it
Of me to be her fire-opal....

Lawrence has often quoted that common people are more tuned with warmth of love than the educated people. It is mind but not the heart which governs their mind. Intellect is a barrier on the road of love that is a controlling power of educated society. Since Helen denied him the physical intimacy, he feels as if he is uprooted:

The night is immense and awful, yet to me it is nothing at all.
Or rather 'tis I am nothing, here in the fur of the heather
Like an empty dandelion stalk, bereft of connection, small
And nakedly nothing 'twixt world and heaven,
two creatures hostile together.
In the fur of the world, alone; but this Helen close by!
How we hate one another to-night, hate, she and I
To numbness and nothingness; I dead,
she refusing to die.

Lawrence feels the sense of numbness and nothingness in love of Helen. He feels malicious when he looks at the Heaven. God seems hostile and as compared to Heaven, the present world appears him to be the greater evil. In context of greater evil, the human beings, appear like the two towns of world and appear like the two nostrils of a big beast:

In front of me, yes, up the darkness, goes the
gush of the lights of two towns,
As the breath which rushes upwards from the
nostrils of an immense
Beast crouched across the globe, ready, if
need be, to pounce
Across the space on the cat in Heaven’s
hostile eminence.
Lawrence was a poet of 'physical insight.' He was poetically aware of the deep physical attributes of men, animals, beasts and birds. Almost in all his poems he goes farther than sex and becomes almost philosophical in his approach. In his poem 'Love On The Farm', he feels the grasp of the dark hands in the golden lights:

What large, dark hands are those at the window
Grasping in the golden light
Which weaves its way through the evening wind
At my heart’s delight?
Ah, only the leaves! But in the West
I see a redness suddenly come
Into the evening’s anxious breast-
‘Tis the wound of love goes home! 118

The colour comes to him with a palpable visibility. There is a poetry in his blood. His sensuous poetry is of the tactile touch, particularly of the sensitive spots of human organism, ‘Of his hand against my bosom’.119 His faith in the caressing touch of the body is reassured in the poem:

I hear his hand on the latch, and rise from my chair
Watching the door open; he flashes brea
His strong teeth in a smile, and flashes his eyes
In a smile like triumph upon me; then careless-wise
He flings the rabbit soft on the table board
And comes towards me; ah! the uplifted sword
Of his hand against my bosom! and oh, the broad
Blade of his glance that asks me to applaud
His coming! With his hands he turns my face to him
And caresses me with his fingers that still smell grim
Of the rabbit’s fur! God, I am caught in a snare! 120

Lawrence perhaps believed in a free love rather than in the formal bounds of matrimony:
And wed me, to ease my yearnings.
For the rest, when thou art wedded
I'll wet my brow for thee
With sweat, I'll enter a house for thy sake,
Thou shalt shut doors on me.121

Lawrence has a strained love relationship with Miriam and Frieda and his emotional love with mother plays a vital role in getting realized the fulfilment of love. Lawrence was not like Keats pining tragically and poetically for Fanny Brawne. He married chivalrously with Frieda. Regarding his affair with Miriam he seems to have struggled desperately but could not achieve spiritually what he desired. There was a flow in the adjustment. Both of them spun like two near planets in the vicinity of each other without merging into each other. There was a psychological flow in this love affair. In ‘Dog Tired’ he considered love to be a sweet fire, as he himself has such experience. Human love is different and it is the sacrificing one. It is always a giver but not a taker. It nourishes the spirit of soul that he describes in his poems, ‘End of Another Home Holiday’:

Love is the great asker.
The sun and the rain do not ask the secrets
Of the time when the grain struggles down in the dark.
The moon walks her lonely way without anguish,
Because no one grieves over her departure.
Forever, ever by my shoulder pitiful love will linger,
Crouching as little houses crouch under the mist when I turn.
Forever, out of the mist, the church lifts up a reproachful finger,
Pointing my eyes is wretched defiance where love
hides her face to mourn.122

Lawrence considers his love for Miriam as the love like a growing flower under the sunshine. This love reflects the order of nature. He confesses that it was Miriam who awakened up his spirit, who brought him to consciousness that he called, ‘dour awareness’ upon him. He expresses his personal suffering and psychological failure in the ‘Last Words to Miriam’:
Yours is the sullen sorrow,
The disgrace is also mine;
Your love was intense and thorough;
Mine was the love of a growing flower for the sun shine.
You had the power to explore me,
Blossom me stalk by stalk;
You woke my spirit, you bore me
To consciousness, you gave me the dour
Awareness – then I suffered a balk.  

Love is not physical but spiritual. It brings adjustment as well as fulfilment in life. In his poem ‘Manifesto’ he describes love as a hunger deep ravening, the cry of body’s body, which is frightening:

But then came another hunger
Very deep, and ravening;
The very body’s body crying out
With a hunger more frightening more profound
Than stomach or throat or even the mind
redder than death, more clamorous.  

To Lawrence, such hunger is redder than death, and more clamorous. Love is a tremendous force for Lawrence, which universalizes the individual. Lawrence had been a crusader of love and fought with a great zeal in his life with Frieda.

The intense love of Lawrence during youth was that of his mother. Her illness and death ended in sorrow and he got the opportunity to live with a mature woman like Frieda apart from his mother. Frieda satisfied his yearning for mother-love and marriage. Lawrence expresses fear of his mother for his loving Jessie Chambers in his poem, ‘Monologue of a Mother’ and presents it with a sympathetic insight. The poem contains element of Oedipus Complex with the psychological touch:

Strange he is, my son, for whom I have waited like a lover;
Strange to me, like a captive in a foreign country, haunting
The confines, gazing out beyond, where the winds go free;
White and gaunt, with wistful eyes that hover
Always on the distance, as if his soul were chanting
A monotonous weird of departure away from me.
Like a thin, white bird blown out of the northern seas,
Like a bird from the for north blown with a broken wing
Into our sooty garden, he drags and beats
Along the fence perpetually, seeking release
From me, from the hand of my love which creeps up, needing
His happiness, whilst he in displeasure retreats”. 125

The lines coated here explain a strange phenomenon of a woman’s breast. Regarding the male side, the poet, calls “as if his soul were chanting a monotonous weird of departure away from me”. 126 Such bricks built the large edifice of ‘Sons and Lovers’, showing the natal relationship between Paul and his mother, Mrs. Morel. Both the son and the mother suffer. The next verse conveys the pain of the son and guilt of the mother:

I must look away from him, for my faded eyes
Like a cringing dog at his heels offend him now,
Like a toothless hound pursuing him with my will;
Till he chafes at my crouching persistence,
and a sharp spark flies
In my soul from under the sudden frown of his brow
As he blenches and turns away, and my heart stands still”. 127

When at Crydon, Lawrence continually thought of his mother’s suffering, this expression we find in ‘Suspense’ and ‘Endless Anxiety’. In ‘Suspense’ he is eager to know about her:

Whither I turn and set
Like a needle steadfastly,
Waiting ever to get
The news that she is free;  
But ever fixed, as yet,  
To the lode of her agony.  

In ‘The Endless Anxiety’, the poet says that whenever he sees a telegraph boy riding down the street on the official red bicycle, his heart leaped chokingly. But to his disappointment:

He has passed us by; but is it 
Relief that starts in my breast?  
Or a deeper bruise of knowing that still  
She has no rest.

In another poem ‘The End’, Lawrence thinks of the tribulations of his mother’s life. The severe affliction of her life is felt:

And oh, my love, as I rock for you to-night  
And have not any longer any hope  
To heal the suffering, or to make requite  
For all your life of asking and despair,  
I own that some of me is dead to-night.”

Lawrence was too strongly attached to his mother to achieve any satisfactory relationship with any other woman, and his mother’s love was extremely possessive. He could not exist without her warmth of love. The language Paul uses during his mother’s last illness in the ‘Sons and Lovers’ is the language of a lover and not of a son. One night Moral walked from Nottingham but when he reached home his mother’s door was wide open. He went in and sat beside her bed:

“How late you are!” she murmered.

The terrible struggle within the soul of Paul has been described with great minuteness and detail, and it makes Paul a psychoanalytical creature. He is a victim of
Oedipus Complex and he realizes that he can not establish rightful sexual relations with any other woman that he tells his mother bitterly:

"And I never shall meet the right woman while you live," he said. 132

Ultimately, under the terrible emotional strain, he has been revealed which shows his soul a broken and disintegrated man. His mother appears like a dead and lonely figure in the world. He could not forget his mother, and after her death, he felt an irreparable loss, that we can find in ‘The Bride’:

She looks like a young maiden, since her brow
Is smooth and fair;
Her cheeks are very smooth, her eyes are closed,
She sleeps a rare,
Still, winsome sleep, so still, and so composed.
Nay, but she sleeps like a bride, and dreams her dreams
Of perfect things.
She lies at last, the darling, in the shape of her dream;
And her dead mouth sings
By its shape, like thrushes in clear evenings. 133

The similar scene is presented in the autobiographical novel ‘Sons and Lovers’ upon the death bed of Mrs. Morel:

She lay like a maiden asleep. With his candle in his hand, he bent over her. She lay like a girl asleep and dreaming of her love. The mouth was a little open, as if wondering from the suffering, but her face was young, her brow clear and white as if life had never touched it. He looked again at the eyebrows, at the small, winsome nose a bit on one side. She was young again. Only the hair as it arched so beautifully from her temples was mixed with silver, and the two
simple plaits that lay on her shoulders were filigree
of silver and brown. She would wake up. She would
lift her eyelids. She was with him still.¹³⁴

Lawrence was a tortured soul throughout his life, and what he suffered and what
he thought and observed under the stimulus of suffering can very well be guessed,
from a study of his famous novel ‘Sons and Lovers’. This is so because the novel is
primarily a story of mother fixation.

In the real life, both the son and the mother loved each other passionately. He
speaks of his mother as lover talks to his beloved. In the novel, Paul’s love for Miriam
is a desperate attempt to free himself from the excessive attachment to his mother. The
result is a terrible and torturing conflict of Lawrence and the disharmony surmounts
between him and that of the woman who wants all his love in full but he responds only
a half of his love. In ‘The Virgin Mother’ Lawrence shows his indebtedness to his
mother:

My little love, my dearest,
Twice you have issued me,
Once from your womb, sweet mother,
Once from your soul, to be
Free of all hearts, my darling,
Of each heart’s entrance free.¹³⁵

He says that his mother has given him birth twice, which is physical as well as
spiritual. In the last verse, he bids farewell to his mother when he says:

Is the last word now uttered?
Is the farewell said?
Spare me the strength to leave you
Now you are dead.
I must go, but my soul lies helpless
Beside your bed.¹³⁶
Lawrence wanted to be free from the memories of his mother. He loved her like a lover, and observed every physical movement of her with delight. When they went out for a walk, they looked like lovers. Mother too, loved him more than other children and felt:

As if the navel string that had connected its frail little body with hers had not been broken.  


In ‘The Virgin Mother’, he utters his feelings when he says:

I kiss you good-bye, my dearest
It is finished between us here.
Oh, if I were calm as you are,
Sweet and still on your bier!
Oh God, if I had not to leave you
Alone, my dear!  

The poem ‘Sorrow’ gives a dramatic expression to his unutterable feelings in a casual manner:

Ah, you will understand;
When I carried my mother down stairs,
A few times only, at the beginning
Of her soft-foot malady,
I should find, for a reprimand,
To my gaiety, a few long grey hairs
On the breast of my coat; and one by one
I watched them float up the dark chimney.\textsuperscript{139}

The poem describes the scene when Lawrence carried his mother down stairs after her disease which rendered her too weak to move. He felt tragic and lonely that he rights in ‘Silence’:

\begin{verbatim}
Since I lost you, I am silence-haunted ;
Sounds wave their little wings
A moment, then in weariness settle
On the flood that soundless swings
Whether the people in the street
Like pattering ripples go by,
Or whether the theatre sighs and sighs
With a loud, hoarse sigh:
Or the wind shakes a ravel of light
Over the dead-black river,
Or last night’s echoings
Make the daybreak shiver :
I feel the silence waiting
To sip them all up again,
In its last completeness drinking
Down the noise of men.\textsuperscript{140}
\end{verbatim}

In another poem ‘Troth With The Dead’, the poet gives an unusual imagery regarding the memory of his mother. He compares his mother with the half of the moon. According to him, one half is there in the sky that throws light for the world during night, while other half of the moon i.e. his mother lies in the grave. It is a pathetic comparison with a sense of personal loss to the poet:

\begin{verbatim}
So half lies on the sky, for a general sign
Of the troth with the dead that we are pledged to keep;
Turning its broken edge to the dark, its shine
Ends like a broken love, that turns to the dark of the sleep.
And half lies there in the dark where the dead all lie
\end{verbatim}
Lost and yet still connected; and between the two
Strange beams must travel still, for I feel that I
Am lit beneath my heart with a half-moon weird a blue. 141

According to Lawrence, the half moon is like a broken lover. He is an
unsuccessful lover who goes to dark sleep which is like death and which is symbolic
of half-darkness of moon. His another beautiful poem, ‘On That Day’, clearly refers to
the birthday of Lawrence’s mother. The poem is related to Lawrence’s birthday salute
to his mother:

On that day
I shall put roses on roses, and cover your grave
With multitude of white roses: and, since you were brave,
    One bright red ray.
So people, passing under
The ash-trees of the valley-road, will raise
There eyes and look at the grave on the hill, in wonder,
Wondering mount, and put the flowers asunder:
    To see whose praise
Is blazoned here so white and so bloodily red.
Then they will say: “Tis long since she is that,
Who has remembered her after many days?” 142

Lawrence was true to emotional feelings. Owing to his ‘mother fixation’, ever
failed him to experience a happy emotional adjustment with other women. Born and
grown up in an atmosphere of domestic strife, his home was shattered by the conflict
between the parents on the ground of poverty and that ugly mineral’s life which have
contributed to the strife. But the real conflict was centred on the incompatibility of the
parents. It was natural that such atmosphere of disharmony and constant bickering
imposed an excessive emotional strain on Lawrence. And the result was, he became,
‘Neurotic’, an ‘introvert’, who shrank from real life, like Paul, the hero of the novel,
‘Sons and Lovers’.
Dissatisfied with her husband, Lawrence's mother switched on and made her son as a lover, the 'husband substitute' emotionally if not physically. As a result, Lawrence loved his mother passionately almost like a lover.

But when he came to know that she was suffering from cancer, he arranged the best possible medical treatment for her. After her death he was released from the bondage of his deep and strong love for his mother. He suffered from melancholy and was haunted by her death. His poems reveal his grief and agony. In 'The Shadow of Death', 'In Trouble and Shame', and 'Call Into Death', shows his alienation from the world:

> And I am willing to come to you now, my dear,  
> As a pigeon lets itself off from a cathedral dome  
> To be lost in the hage of the sky; I would like to come  
> And be lost out of sight with you, like a melting foam.  
> For, I am tired, my dear and if I could lift my feet,  
> My tenacious feet, from off the dome of the earth  
> To fall like a breath within the breathing wind  
> Where you are lost, what rest, my love, what rest!  

In 'The Shadow of Death', he expresses the same feelings in a different way:

> I with the night on my lips I sigh with the silence of death;  
> And what do I care though the very stones should cry me unreal, though the clouds  
> Shine in conceit of substance upon me, who am less than the rain!  
> Do I not know the darkness within them? What are they but shrouds?  
> The clouds go down the sky with a wealthy ease,  
> Casting a shadow of scorn upon me for my share in death.

The hopelessness of the miners also become the subject of many of his poems, letters, stories and plays of Lawrence. Social setting of the miners becomes the theme
of 'Colliers Wife'. Arthur Lawrence often met accidents and was hospitalized. During his absence there would be complete peace in the house. But the wife is not worried on account of her husband's condition. She feels miserable because she has to nurse him:

An’ what a moan ‘e’ ll make ! there niver
Was such a man for a fuss
If anything ailed, im; at any rate
I shan’t ‘ave’ im to nuss.145

At the same time she feels relieved when it occurs to her that they will have a peaceful home for the period he remains in the hospital. We confined such ironic tone of the poet in the verse:

There’s one thing, we s’ll ‘ave a peaceful ’ouse f’r a bit,
Thank heaven for a peaceful house !
An’ there’s compensation, sin’ its accident.
An’ club-money – I won’t growse”.146

It brings out sharply the clash of ideologies.

We can read such passage in the novel, 'Sons and Lovers', when Mrs. Morel was upstairs and Paul was painting in the kitchen, a pit lad comes to Morel with the massage of Morel's accident. Mr. Morel is driven to the hospital. The lad comes:

'Is this Walter Morel's?' He asked.
'Yes,' Said Mrs. Morel. 'What is it?'
But she had guessed already.
'Yer Mester’s got hurt,,' he said.
Eh, dear me !’ she exclaimed. ‘It’s a wonder if he hadn’t, lad. And what’s he done this time?’
'I don’t know for sure, but it’s ‘is leg somewhere. They ta’ein’ ‘im ter th’ ‘ospital.’
'Good gracious me !’ she exclaimed. ‘Eh, dear, what a one he is!
There’s not five minutes of peace, I’ll be hanged if there is! His thumb’s nearly better, and now....."147

The same incident is presented with a difference in ‘Odour of Chrysanthemums’, a short story when Mrs. Elizabeth Jack Ringley was informed by her mother-in-law about the tragic news of the death of her husband and a pit man banged the same news:

‘They ’re bring in, ‘im Missis’.148

The same situation is presented in another short story ‘A Sick Collier’ when a lad warned Lucy that her husband Willy was hurt in the pit and that she should have a bed ready for him.149

His dialect poems also intensify the tragedy of the miner. Though Lawrence endorses his mother’s opinion that the miner is brutal, vulgar and dirty but he draws his more sympathy for miner than for the woman. His desire to escape the class as well as the society to which he belonged was preceded by his reactions, sympathies and impressions which got expression in the early poems. ‘Flat Suburbs, S.W., In the Morning’, describes the city scape in sunlight where:

The new red houses spring like plants
   In level rows
Of reddish herbage that bristle and slants
   Its square shadows.
The pink young houses show one side bright
   Flatly assuming the sun,
And one side shadow, half in sight,
   Half-hiding the pavement-run.
Where hastening creatures pass intent
   On their level way,
Threading like ants that can never relent
   And have nothing to say.150
Miners are compared with the ants working for the ant hill. They have to work relentlessly in a dehumanizing process i.e. reducing them like hollowmen who “have nothing to say”.

‘Suburbs On A Hazy Day’ interprets in general about the process of modern capitalist economy in the rural areas that we can find in some novels of Hardy. The stiffly shapen houses appear to be dilapidated, which have been razed to the ground:

Such resolute shapes of so harshly set
In hollow blocks and cubes deformed, and heaped
In void and null profusion, how is this?
In what strong aqua regia now are you slept?

He protests the change which the town, earth and humanity at large have experienced through ‘Transformation.’ The towns appear like a weeded city in the evening’s hazy air:

Oh you stiff shapes swift transformation seethes
About you; only last night you were
A Sodom smoulderling in the dense, soiled air;
To-day a thicket of sunshine with blue smoke-wreaths.
To-morrow swimming in evening’s vague, dim vapour
Like a weeded city in shadow under the sea,
Below the ocean of shimmering light you will be:
Then a group of toadstools waiting the moon’s white taper.

In the next poem he gives an objective assessment of the qualities of the working class:

Oh labourers, oh shuttles across the blue frame of morning!
You feet of the rainbow balancing the sky!
Oh you who flash your arms like rockets to heaven,
Who in lassitude lean as yachts on the sea-wind lie!
Who crowd in crowds like rhododendrons in blossom,
Who stand alone in despair like a guttering light;
Who grappling down with work or hate or passion
Take writhing forms of all beasts that sweat and that fight. 154

These working people sustain the beauty of life. They have the guts to challenge the heaven. With their beast like energy they can fight with bestial ferocity as they are full of vigour and strength. But singly they are like the dimming light of an unsteadily burning candle. So the poem is a very perceptive observation of the contradictory traits of the British working class, an apostrophe to the town, earth and men.

Through ‘The Morning Work’, Lawrence expresses the petit bourgeois idealization of the working class in an ironic tone:

A gang of labourers on the piled wet timber
That shines blood-red beside the railway siding
Seem to be making out of the blue of the morning
Something faery and fine, the shuttles sliding.
The red-gold spools of there hands and there faces swinging
Hither and thither across the high crystalline frame
Of day : trolls at the cave of ringing cerulean mining
And laughing with labour living their work like a game. 155

According to Lawrence these working class people appear to be ringing and mining the deep blue sky, extracting laughter while doing their work like a game. And this is the Marxist’s the petit bourgeois idealization of the working class. He commented on the working or labour class in several of his early poems. Here the poet is not using images of illustration or decoration but is thinking in forms of images. These poems have a peculiar quality of freshness and directness. Some of these poems appear to be written in a mood of exasperation, but many of them are brilliant and incisive satiric commentaries on Western civilization. His poem ‘The North Country’, where he talks about Northern Britain, exhibits the Industrialized and factories ridden population:

Out of the sleep, from the gloom of motion, soundlessly,
Somnambule
Moans and booms the soul of a people imprisoned, asleep
• in the rule
Of the strong machine that runs mesmeric, booming the
spell of its word
Upon them and moving them helpless, mechanic, their
will to its will deferred.156

Man has become an automation, reduced to physical slavery as well as to
spiritual slavery by use of machines. But the poet is optimistic and feel about their
state of apathy which will change as they will wake up:

Yet all the while comes the droning inaudible,
out of the violet air,
The moaning of sleep-bound beings in travail that
toil and are will-less there
In the spell bound north, convulsive now with a
dream near morning, strong,
With violent achings heaving to burst the
sleep that that is now no long.157

His other poems composed in the early period reflect Lawrence’s attitude to the
First World War, his experiences of a working world, that Lydia Lawrence had
protected him from the hard exigencies of the working world. But when he started
working as a pupil, teacher and as an assistant at a surgical instruments shop at
Nottingham, he developed a distaste for such a life. Such experiences only augmented
his desire to escape from the class to which he belonged. The nature of the job was full
of boredom which could never appeal to Lawrence and he was very soon tired of it. He
did not enjoy his teaching assignment too in the British School that he called - three
years savage teaching of colliers lads.

One can also witness such unhappy experiences of Ursula as a teacher in the
Rainbow. We can also find in these poems, the conflict between the Romantics
imagination and the mechanistic and stifling society. These poems have social
problems as themes. That is why they are considered as the greatest Imagist poems ever - written in English Literature.

The accuracy of Lawrence’s conservation haunts the mind of the readers permanently, as they are certainly pure and eternal. There is a connection between Lawrence’s historical situation and his poems. It is not one of merely relating empirical literary facts to empirical social facts, i.e., it is not simply a crude one to one’s corelation of literary and social detail. It is based on ideas which Lawrence had formed at that time. Not only his poems but also his novels and the letters reflect such notes of the period. His ideology was the result of the interaction between his mind and that of the social conditions.

It is befitting in the situation that the influence of the Eastwood setting was great on his mind and that of works of D.H. Lawrence. He does not show his reactions to his surroundings, to the people, to the customs and culture of the society that we can trace in his works.

Coal has been extracted in the Eastwood for centuries, but coming of the railways and the introduction of large scale mining changed the scene. In place of old little beautiful cottages there sprang up rows and rows of monstrous and ugly big structures constructed by the collier company. And Lawrence was very sensitive to the destruction of beauty of nature by machines.

Though Lawrence was against industrialization and its damaging effects on the spirit of man, yet he firmly believed that the working class could not solve the problems of society. The change can come through a revolution of values. Pursuit of false values have corrupted man. The relationship between man and man, man and woman must be changed.

We can thus find in the poetical works of D.H. Lawrence, an unmasked phenomenon or an element of Freudianism. He is also considered as a major prophet or a seer poet who has unmasked the feelings and made a naked and passionate expression. He is not like Blake who found ‘infinity’ in a grain of sand or like Wordsworth with his ‘reverence for mountain scenery’. But it was only an organic
world in which his poems could express Lawrence’s instinctive vital philosophy. Lawrence belonged to an order among literary writers of his day. In his poetry we may look for the insurgent naked throb of the instant movement’s poetry that is neither star nor pearl, but instantaneous like plasm. ‘Piano’, is again a fine example of the poetic rendering of an experience. This is an important poem from the point of view of poetic craftsmanship and instinctiveness to emotions. In Lawrence’s early poetry ‘Piano’ is perhaps the best expression of the qualities of tenderness and reverence;,

Softly, in the dust, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see,
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling
And pressing strings the small, poised feet of a mother
    who smiles as she sings.
In spite of my self, the insidious mystery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weep to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour; the tingling piano our guide
So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano, appassionato the glamour,
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like
A child for the past”. 158

The poem is an honest record of emotions. The emotions is controlled, the poet called his memory insidious and the song a betrayal. The poem has found its way into a number of anthologies, probably because the compilers think it an expression of sentimental nostalgia. In the ‘Introduction’, ‘The Complete Poems’ of D.H. Lawrence, Pinto remarks:

Piano provides a complete reputation of Blackmur’s charge that Lawrence was careless of craftsmanship in his poetry. The original draft of the poem survives in a manuscript now in Nottingham University Library that diffuse nostalgic and over crowed with detail. The poem in its final form is an early
example of Lawrence’s use of the controlled imagination which Blackmur denies to him. It is something rare in modern poetry, a successful rendering of unsentimental tenderness worthy to be placed by Cowper’s lines on his mother’s picture and Wordsworth’s ‘Poor Susan’.159

The prose description of this verse is also found in The White Peacock that appeared in print in 1911, as Lawrence’s first novel which caught at once the public eye. The story of this novel is narrated in first-person by its central figure Cyrill-Beardsall, a sensitive young man, a pen-portrait of Lawrence himself. Cyrill hears his mother playing on the ‘Piano’ for the first time since he has grownup:

“... The coy little time to teased me with old sensation, but memory would give me no assistance...”. Who is playing, Beck”? I asked, “Your mother: Cyrill ...” ‘An’, replied Rebeco, “you forget when you were a little thing sitting playing against her (mother’s) frooa with the prayer book and she singing to you”.160

It is because of his controlled emotion in autobiographical pieces of poems that Lawrence, beside the great Romantics like Keats and Shelley, got place in the works of poetry. Autobiography can become a sentimental confession and a creative writer is always aware of such danger. The manner in which he arouses from sentimental feelings and speaks dispassionately about a thing he feels passionately ranked him among the great writers of English literature. In all of his works, Lawrence gives an ‘instinctive response’ to life as an unmasked poet. Like James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, he tries to increase the expressiveness of language by the use of vivid imagery and symbol. A study of his works reveals his power as a mature genius. He was an artist with a gifted creative imagination. He regarded himself, as a passionately religious man, and his poems were written from the depths of his religious experience. Each of his poem is a naked throbing, an exposition of his religion, his philosophy or vision of life.
Lawrence’s poetry, especially the early poems thus present an unmistakable pattern of development. He began as a Georgian poet and ended as a poet advocating the ‘stark, bare, rockey, directness.’ Karl Shaphire finds the literal nature of Lawrence’s verses fascinating. Gordon thinks that ‘there is no fundamental recantation’ from Lawrence’s earlier stance. E.M. Forster ever more categorically affirms that in a sense he never developed. One can hear from the first what he is going to say’. According to R. P. Drapper, reading of Lawrence’s poetry is:

A unique kind of experience we get from Lawrence’s ‘Love Poems’; it is unique and it is unexpected, and for its intensity of sensuous passion it may, at any rate be called exciting. And this all is due to the reason that Lawrence’s poetry gives us something decidedly new made out of something decidedly familiar.\\(^{161}\)

In brief, we can say that Lawrence is a poet of sensuous passions with a unique kind of experience. He is a brilliant artist of passionate feelings, naked and unmasked emotions which present him as a different class of English poetry. He is untraditional, modern as well as romantic in his approach simultaneously. But the style of rendering his poetry makes him distinguished and matchless as an instinctive poet.
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