CHAPTER - 2

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Lawrence lived in an age of over industrialization. He was unhappy with man's rationality that had ruined his emotion and made his life drab and dry. He writes poetry, particularly the poetry of Nature to express man's emotion and his love for Nature. This chapter attempts to examine his poems on Nature.

The birth-place of Lawrence was in a beautiful part of England. The beauty was spoilt and marred by the galloping rush of Industrialism. It left hideous marks on this beautiful part. It is one of the reasons why Lawrence hated industrialism and machinery. The rural part of England became the product of imagination and his memory.

Lawrence is a versatile and prolific poet. The finished poems, the earlier drafts, the revised poems, the uncollected poems, have the linking thread of the poet's life. The poems blossom directly out of a life spent in a passionately
experienced explorations of nature and natural world. To deal with nature in poetry of Lawrence, in some sense, is to deal with nearly the whole bulk of his poetry, because nature as subject-theme and as involved in his poetic theory is central to his poetry. In Lawrence’s poetry, nature becomes many things, many moods. It becomes a place—the rocks, the hills, the sea, mountains, woods, flowers that man can appreciate. He is extremely sensitive to the various shades of nature and passionately expresses them with a throbbing sensational vision. From earlier childhood, Lawrence was fascinated by

the natural world and he soon became very intimate with it. There seemed no flower, nor even a weed, whose name and qualities Lawrence did not know.¹ (p.34)

His memories of the Hagg Farm constituted, for Lawrence, the beautiful and fabulous wood and its flora and fauna captivated the poet’s mind as much as anything. Lawrence is a kind of a poet who lives his own poetry so that his life and works can scarcely be separated. Lawrence wrote profusely, nearly one thousand poems and, in most of them, is heard the Lawrentian note especially on Nature. He
passionately explored natural surrounding and this intimacy with nature inspired him to mould his experience into poetic expression. Once the emotional subject-pattern has been set, the poetic world reveals colours, moods, seasons, flowers, birds, beasts and animals, trees, sea and so many aspects of nature in their bountifulness. The world, he presents comes sharply through his own personality. Lawrence, as a poet, wants to glorify his emotional identify, assimilated with emotional truth in a convincing harmony with nature. As a boy he was in alive contact with nature and natural objects. Lawrence loved Eastwood, a village in Nottingham, the rural England, and the mining countryside, which Lawrence lovingly reminisces and conjures up the bygone days in his poems He fondly recalls the days spent in his village as:

I was born in Eastwood, a mining village of some three thousand souls, about eight miles from Nottingham and one mile from the small stream, the Eastwood, which divides Nottinghamshire from Derbyshire. It is hilly, country, looking west to crich and towards Matlock, sixteen miles away-east and north – east towards Mansfield and the Sherwood forest district. To me, it seemed, and still seems, an extremely beautiful countryside, first between the red sandstone and oak tree of
Nottingham and the cold limestone, the ash trees, the stone fences of Derbyshire. To me, as a child and a young man, it was still the old England of the forest and agricultural past: there were no motor-cars, The mines were in a sense, an accident in the landscape and Robin hood and his merry men were not very far.....²(p.817)

His affinity with and admiration for this landscape, inspired young Lawrence to enliven it through poetic exuberance. He used to read a sense of beauty in them all.

Jessie Chamber's MEMOIRS interestingly acquaints us with Lawrence's literary formation and taste. It displays a broad spectrum of interests of Lawrence. Lawrence is extremely sensitive to the various aspects of nature and his surroundings. He knew his countryside intimately. From his childhood, he had explored it with genuine love and devotion. As a child, he spent much time in the wood and felt the presence of some living spirit, real though unseen, a silent, serene, warm companion. Lawrence was highly charmed, even as a boy, by the flora the fauna and natural world. He was closely attached to the natural surroundings and was deeply interested in knowing their names and qualities. It was a life-long relationship and the poet
maintained it very earnestly and intensely. May Chambers took a note of this striking quality of Lawrence's profound love for nature and remembered:

His keen interest and a vast knowledge of the minutest thing of nature enriched his companions also, no matter, What-so-ever their age.³ (p. 45)

Lawrence had an astounding and irresistible curiosity to know and trace the wonders of the wonderful. He has always seriously attempted to comprehend and analyse his relation to nature through BIRDS, BEASTS AND FLOWERS and many other poems on nature in various collections. The title of his magnum opus, BIRDS, BEASTS AND FLOWERS is selected from a biblical psalm.

In the earlier phase of poetry writing, nature, is earth and sky, assimilated through the senses and sentiments absorbed and romantically felt, as if it were, part of poet's own making, existence and identity. Lawrence's poetic journey began with a flower and Lawrence makes a special reference to this as:
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 Gueilder-Roses' and 'To campions: in spring time, of course and, as I say, in my twentieth year. Any young lady might have written them and 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 'like' my real poems as I liked 'To Gueldelr-Roses'.

The presence of flowers, the picturesque landscapes with birds and trees, the omnipresent serenity of nature, in most of his poems, bracket the poet with the poets of the pastoral and pantheistic tradition. Lawrence had an emotional attachment with romanticism and as he is the child of the nineteenth century sensibility, romanticism made a very remarkable and significant impact on the budding poet. It moulded his attitude to nature. The things he admired and adored seem to have a very strong and powerful correspondence in his personal teenage emotions. All absorbing love for nature is a very dominant feeling and also a subject for most of the romantic poets. The young Lawrence implicitly got engrossed in this romantic mode and a passionate love for nature dominates Lawrence and
his poetry. This new trend and ideology made an everlasting impression on his development as a poet and this influence is revealed in his attitude and treatment of nature. Nature reigned supreme, remained a powerful symbolic focus, associated with the conflict between nature and nurture. It also conjured up a dreamland of rural happiness and tranquility which remained a haunting ideal alternative to the experiences of urban society.

Lawrence’s conception of nature was a living force which had its roots, of course, in the romantic movement and the transcendentalists, whose image of the integration of the mind with nature held a fascination for the poet. Lawrence was highly impressed by Thoreau. And Thoreau’s cool presence can be traced in the spiritualised landscapes of some novels and some early poems.

Lawrence seems to be made more by nature than by any other forces. His life is of a peculiar interest as he always, drew upon his inward experiences. Two trends are obvious in Lawrence’s treatment of nature, first – impressions received in childhood, impart a permanent mode of feeling or bent of mind. And second, Lawrence, a gifted man received
impression of great subtlety from nature. Nature becomes an integral part, the inner core of the growing poet. Consequently: Lawrence succeeded in creating a more genuine and satisfying pastoralism than the over vegetated fantasies of some Georgian poets.⁵ (p.134)

Lawrence was a great lover of the visible world and particularly a lover of flowers, ever since his childhood days in that Nottinghamshire-mining village. The letters from Italy and Germany and from other foreign countries, and Lawrence's first journey abroad are full of delightful descriptions and Flowery Tuscany is surely superb. Like Wordsworth, Donne and Blake, he read the invisible world in the visible. The early exquisite presentation of country-life is a remarkable quality of his tribute to nature. In spite of his repudiations, Lawrence never broke away from his natural roots in England and Europe and he always sincerely admitted it.

In an early story: The Shades of Spring' he describes the nostalgic craving of the protagonist:

He loved the place extraordinarily, the hills, the ranging round with bear skin, woods covering their giant shoulders, and small red farms like
broaches clasping their garments ...... To his last day he would dream of this place.6 (p.108)

In an autobiographical work written in the last phase of his life, Lawrence explains:

It was the landscape I knew best on earth.7 (p.831)

The creator in Lawrence established the intense emotional links between man and the landscape. As Vivian de Sola Pinto aptly comments:

For Lawrence the English countryside was a living reality and not merely a pleasant view from the window of a week-end cottage.8 (p.134)
The sights and sounds of the countryside are not 'anodyne' only but they awaken- nameless and indescribable emotions in Lawrence.9 (p.234)

In its bucolic interpretation nature is gentle which is served as counterpoise of spirit for man’s hectic life. The inter­fusion of the subjective and objective elements is a remarkable point. He became an attentive, passionate observer and a witness of the natural scenario. And So:

The objects of Nature are like exterior nerves and veins, for the conveyance of feeling. The beauty of Nature excites in him a rapture, an ecstasy, ‘an inflatus’ that approaches the condition of intense prayer and communion.10 (p.53)
Lawrence's treatment of nature in poetry means the treatment of various aspects of nature. Nature as a subject is central to his poetry. And as a poet he has attempted to solve the problem of his relationship with nature. The problem is the involvement of man with nature, which is either full or partial. And sometimes the poet feels that he lives in the midst of nature and still does not become one with nature as much as he wishes to do. Sometimes again the man feels that his preoccupation with nature is comprehensive and total or all enveloping. A true poet, as he is, he lives in and feels to be a part of the entire natural phenomena.

Nature is impregnated to give man rootedness and stability. In a letter, Lawrence remarks:

The world of nature is wonderful in revivifying spontaneity. But Oh God, the world of man...... At any rate the cooing of the dove is very real and the blithe impertinence of the lambs as they peep round their mothers. They affect me like the Rainbow, as a song that life will never be destroyed or turn bad altogether.11 (p.97)

Lawrence becomes an integral part of the British poetic tradition which had unprecedented love and regard for
nature and its effects on human beings. English poetry secure in its tradition and centrality, the natural world with curiosity and gentleness. This is a partial explanation for the unfailing presence of nature in the romantic poetic tradition. Quasi-mystical communication with nature and tender pouring over the minutest natural objects are fairly common aspects and sights in British poetry after Wordsworth.

Like, the romantics Lawrence’s starting point, in some poems, is a personal encounter between himself and some flower or some animal.12 (p.439)

This element in Lawrence’s poetry urged Edmund Wilson to consider Lawrence as ‘the last of the great romantic poets’. William Paley in NATURAL THEOLOGY, first published in 1802, begins his demonstration that God is good by a pleasing evocation of the prolific delights of the natural world. The writer says:

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water with delighted existence. In a spring noon or summer evening, on which ever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. Insects of various kinds, four footed animals, the fishes, all manifest joy in their
existence. The full grown cat purrs, the kitten frolics. \(^{13}\) (p.p.490-491)

Much of Lawrence's poetry can be seen as a variation of this theme. More philosophically, like Wordsworth, Lawrence's nature poems can evoke silent nature's breathing life and discern a grandeur in the beating of the heart. A surprising number of poems are tributes to the natural objects. For the poet, human life was simply an extension of the life of nature. Flowers, to Lawrence, were the loveliest symbol of the beautiful non-human world. He interprets the secrets of Nature's beauty very profoundly. His love for flowers with their ravishing colours, generates a feeling for the flower, the unassuming commonplace of nature. The poems proceed from the deepest levels of his experience. Some of the flower poems are among his best poems.

The presence of guelder Roses, campions, wild common, cherry, snap-dragon, violets, roses, Almond blossoms, the picturesque landscapes, serenity of nature create a beautiful sensory poetic world. SNAP-DRAGON
heralded Lawrence’s installation as a great poet of nature. It is an exceptionally intimate poem and remarkable for the passionate wild exhuberance of feelings. Through this snapdragon Lawrence has made the extensive use of the flower as a phallic symbol. The poem also describes the existence of violence at the centre of a scene of nature which the poet enjoys to depict as:

And I do not care, though the large hands of revenge Shall get my throat at last, shall get it soon, It 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.14 (p.126)

A series of poems have ‘Rose’ as the flower. Here rose is not presented as godly creation only, but it has something more to convey. To him in rose:

Nature responds so beautifully Roses are only once wild roses, that were given an extra chance, so they bloomed out and filled themselves with colourfulness. Out of sheer desire to be splendid and more splendid.15 (p.831)
Some imagist traits are present in the poem, but ROSES has personal treatment. It projects fully blossomed tender, warmth - enriched by sensual satisfaction. RIVER ROSES, GLOIRE DE DIJON, ROSES ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE, I AM LIKE A ROSE, ROSES OF ALL THE WORLD are the titular themes the poet is interested in.

He urges the roses!
Blossom, my darling, blossom
be a rose
Of roses, unhidden and
purposeless, a rose
For rosiness only, without
an ulterior motive
For me it is more than enough
if the flower unclose.16 (p.219)

Rose, in every poem mentioned above, is treated and expressed differently, exhibiting various shades and moods of nature. It varies with the human condition and the quality of communion with nature. Lawrence loves to be alone and is never lonely with nature. He spends much time in the company of nature, woods, flowers, far-off lands. And he constantly experiences the presence of some living spirit. It is the life of nature which is greeted and adored:
In the window full of sunlight concentrates her golden shadow fold on fold, until it flows as mellow as the glory roses.\textsuperscript{17} (p.217)

Lawrence expresses the impact of the sun-touched uneven, irregular, unkempt fields of the gorse bushes on his consciousness. This personal voice is audible and he is in a rush to present the natural scene vividly and vigorously. His imagination is vitally shaped by the concepts of nature as in the case of Hardy, Meredith, Hale white and Jefferies. THE WILD COMMON is how uncommon!:

The quick sparks on the gorse-
bushes are leaping
Little jets of sunlight texture
  imitating flame:
Above them, exultant,
  the pewits are sweeping;
They have triumphed again
Over ages, their screamings proclaim
  over my skin in the sunshine
  the warm clinging air
Flushed with the songs of seven larks, singing
  at once, goes kissing me glad.
You are here! You are here!
We have found you! Every where.\textsuperscript{18} (p.33)

Lawrence was a major poet, who asserted himself in the poetic field between the traditional Georgians and the Imagists. His earlier nature poetry has certainly some traits
of this group of poets but his main concern is to dramatize the way in which the mind grasps and moulds the human experience. They differ even in selecting their material from the aspect of nature.

THE WILD COMMON can be illustrated which drew a line of difference between him and the Georgians. Though his alliance with Georgians was short-lived, it was an important, significant, literary cannon that coincided with the formative phase in Lawrence's personal development as a poet. The young Lawrence accommodated himself with the current trend of the English poetry according to which the poets wrote short nature poems.

In RED GERANİUM and GODLY MIGNONETTE the poet transformed the flower as if the redness of the red Geranium could be anything but a sensual experience. He further expresses this way:

We know that even God could not imagine the redness
of red Geranium
nor the smell of mignonette. 19 (p.690-691)
The adjective "red" does not fascinate the poet as the word "redness"—to be—identity and existence, both appeal to the poet's vision of the flower and he pines for the hidden beauty and the poem concludes:

But imagine, among the mud and the mastodons
God-sighing and yearning with tremendous creative yearning, in that dark green mess
Oh, for some other beauty some other beauty,
that blossomed at last, red Geranium, and mignonette. \(^{20}\) (p. p. 690-691)

The poem is the pencil sketch of BAVARIAN GENTIANS. The poet's integrity in the pursuit of art, beauty and life is undeniable. One immediately notices that the speaker has kept his eyes more closely on the object. There are more details and the picture of the flower is very colourful. Lawrence has an infinite passion for nature and an indomitable desire and zest to glorify each and every current, shade, mood, aspect, of nature, even the smallest, the pettiest.

Lawrence is in his element when he ceases to regard himself and observes instead as some extraneous object. A quick understanding and compassion for the natural
aspects can be seen in the earliest of his works as in CAMPIONS, GUELDER ROSES, THE WILD COMMON.

Lawrence has written some introductory prose notes for the poems. These 'notes' clearly indicate that the poems could be understood in their proper light and mood in which they were conceived. The 'notes' also reveal Lawrence's approach to nature.

Lawrence comments:

I don't want everlasting flowers, and I don't want to offer them to anybody else. A flower passes and that perhaps is the best of it. It we can take it in its transience, its breath, its may be Mephistophelian, may be palely ophelian face, the look it gives, the gesture of its full bloom, and the way it turns upon us to depart- that was the flower, we have had it, and no IMMORTELLE can give us anything in comparison.²¹(p.424)

Lawrence is not interested in permanent, static life. He is profoundly interested in the flow of life, the pleasure of being alive and the recognition and realization of the living moment - the joy of living has a charm of its own. The flowers, to Lawrence, are not a pageant of colours only. They are something rapturous and all-absorbing. Through flowers
Lawrence is in quest of life in all its naturalness, gaiety and mystery.

While, in Cyclamens, as observed by Lawrence in a Sicilian dawn, have a vivid particularity of their own, appearing:

Like delicate very young grey-hound bitches
Half-yawning at the open,
in experienced vista of the day.22 (p.311)

It has been brilliantly remarked that his travel-lust and aimless wanderings had fruition in the form of some superb poems on birds, beasts and flowers.

It is a period much of intrim and abeyance in his dealings with human experience and much of his insight and energy flows into communion with the natural world, a communion of highly original kind. Here we have “the entirely pleasing sensation of straying in demi-paradise, a subtly chosen little wonder-zoo of plants and animals”.23 (p.124)

In September 1915, Lawrence had recalled the Cyclamens of Lake Garda as ‘little living myths that I would not understand’. Flowers always fascinated Lawrence very much as the most beautiful symbol of the non-human
world. They had meant much to him in his loneliness. He thinks of the flowers bringing newness very silently and subtly. The poet happily notes this:

I have found a place of loneliness
.......I waited therefore,
then I knew
The presence of the flowers that grew
Noiseless, their wonder noiseless blew²⁴(p.161-162)

In October back in Taormina Lawrence wrote the first of the flower poems SICILIAN CYCLAMENS 'The tender rosy flowers', 'dawn-pink', 'dawn pale' are compared to such swift violent creatures of the morning as 'very young grey hound bitches' or 'bunches of wild hares' rapturous.

But they issue from among the 'squat toad-leaves, leaves which are toad filmy, earth iridescent Beautiful Frost-filigreed Spumed with mud Snail-nacreous Low down.²⁵ (p.310)

These autumnal flowers seem nevertheless as belonging to 'the world morning'. Leaves show their clinging to the very ancient world age, holding their dark secrets about which the only cyclamens flowers know. With this original and
bizzare approach to the leaves and flowers, the poet achieves the sensuous and sensory appeal together. The climax is beautifully attained when there is:

    Whispering witchcraft
    Like women at a well,
    The dawn-fountain. 26(p. 310)

It hints at the elemental vision and emotional excitement. The emphasis here is on personal revelation, on passion. The vivacious cyclamens take on the delicacy of very young grey-hound bitches indicating erotic feelings. Earlier, in a poem called CRAVING FOR SPRING, he has declared that he is sick of flowers of earlier spring—the snowdrops, the jonquils, the chill-lent lilies because of their: 'Faint bloodness slow blooded icy-flashed purity'. He would like to trample them underfoot. The lifelessness, the passivity, rather instigates Lawrence to be violent emotionally as it happened in the case of SNAP-DRAGON.

BAVARIAN GENTIANS is the example of the best flower Lawrence ever created. He thought of naming the flower bavarian gentians, glory of darkness. The poem was written when Lawrence was in the south of France, just before he
died. He was inspired by some gentians which he saw at Rottach in Bavaria, where he was staying in September 1929. Earl Brewster believed that the sight of the dark blue gentians seems to have evoked the memory of their explorations of the Etruscan tombs in April 1927:

From the jewelled splendour of these dark tombs we came forth into the brightness of an April day and a blue sky broken by hurrying clouds: the fields through which we walked were gay with red poppies: our guide unlocked the door leading to another tomb and we would descend again to behold the joyous scenes with which the Etruscans, of such a different world, chose to adorn the homes of their dead.27 (p.123)

Lawrence builds up a concept of a dark flower, the gentian, a candle, illuminating, guiding the soul's journey down into the nether-world. With the strength of 'mythopoeic' vision the Gentian is related to the myth of Persephone, daughter of fertility Goddess, Demeter, taken down to the nether regions by Pluto, its king.

The myth here exemplifies:

........of the peace of death, seen
as a kind of Glory!
Not every man has gentians in his house
In soft September, at slow,
sad Michaelmas.
Bavarian Gentians, big and dark,
only dark
darkening the day time, torch-like
with the smoking blueness of
Pluto's gloom,
Ribbed and torch-like, with their blaze of
darkness spread blue.28 (p.697)

It is darkness visible, based on the optical evidence that
dark colours light. There follows a rich and intense
description of the flower. The profundity of thought and
emotion is surprising. It is a poetic contemplation accepting,
welcoming, whatever is one's inevitable destination.
Lawrence has splendidly accomplished the artistic union of
the emotion and the theme with a structure sustaining and
expressing them both.

Lawrence interprets the Greek myth of Pluto and
Persephone in an original way, employing images of
gentians and the nether world to express his personal
persistent yearning for the world of primal innocence. He
feels no anguish at the loss of life. Like Persephone, he will
be embraced by death as by a lover:

    Reach me a Gentian, give me
    a torch!
    let me guide myself with
    the blue, forked torch of this
    flower
down the darker and darker
stairs, where blue is darkened on blueness.29 (p.697)

As in all his art, for Lawrence life is a search for completeness. It is a journey of a flower of transmutation. In the poem the human and the natural are artistically united.

The poem further runs:

And Persephone herself is but a voice or darkness invisible enfolded
In the deeper dark
of the arms Plutonic, and pierced with the passion of dense gloom,
among the splendour of torches of darkness, shedding darkness on the lost bride and her groom.30 (p.697)

This is a different Lawrence, who foresees his own approaching death. And this vision of death has changed his approach and appreciation of the flower. The sky of the poet's mind is heavily overcast with the darkness-the premonitory darkness of the approaching end - darkness at noon. And the poem has 'noble lack of bitterness or protest'. The flowers arouse grave and sombre, but soft and splendid vision. Consequently:

He is not concerned, as in earlier poems, to give the reader an immediate apprehension of the flowers but uses them as a symbol of ultimate mystery.31 (p.8)
Lawrence earnestly and eagerly yearned for reading the mystery of the living existence. To him, each flower, each tree, each fruit has something 'secretive, mysterious' about them, which, as a poet he cannot understand.\(^{32}\) (p.88) He felt that by assiduous reading and persistent pondering he could understand these mysterious entities of nature. In his attempt to unearth the secret of trees, he says:

IT IS SAID, a disease has attacked the cypress trees of Italy and they are all dying. Now even the shadow of the lost secret is vanishing from earth.

He further writes:

Empedokles says trees were the first living creatures to grow up out of the earth, before the sun was spread out and before day and night were distinguished, from the symmetry of their mixture of fire and water, they contain the proportion of male and female; they grow, rising up owing to the heat which is in the earth, so that they are parts of the earth just as embryos are parts of the uterus.\(^{33}\) (p.395)

At the beginning of 1920, Lawrence was invited by his close friend, Mrs. Popham, to visit her at Villa Canovia, at San Gervasio, Fiesole. Lawrence stayed in the villa for most of September there. The place was rich in flora and fauna. Mrs. Popham recalled it as:

......In the arcaded courtyard were lemon and orange trees and in the garden cypresses,
cactuses, roses, vine, wistaria and lizards
tortoises, nightingales, cicadas and fireflies.

Tree also has captivating influence on Lawrence's emotional
domain. He pours all substance, the cyclic motions of the
events and transforms them into the important
metaphorical worth. As Lawrence writes:

Because I know the tree will ultimately die, shall I
therefore refrain from planting seed! Bah! It
would be conceited cowardice on my part. I love
the little sprout and the weak little seedling I love
the thin saplings and the first fruit and the falling
of the first fruit. I love the great tree in its,
splendour. And I am glad that at last, the great
tree will grow hollow and fall on its side with a
-crash and the little ants will run through it and it
will disappear like a ghost back into humus.

Lawrence has seriously attempted to penetrate the
mystery of the botanical aspect of nature. The poems like
CYPRESSES, BARE-FIG TREES, and a few other poems may
have been suggested by the trees in the courtyard of the
Villa Canovia.

Lawrence saw cypresses as:

brooding, softly-swaying pillars of dark flame,
Folded in like a dark thought
For which the language is lost,
Tuscan cypresses,
Is there a great secret?
Are our words no good? (p. p. 296-297)

Cypresses are the trees with dark green leaves and hard wood that does not lose their leaves in winter. The tree, is incapable of developing stump sprouts, once the tree is cut down, was regarded as a symbol of dead, and perhaps for that reason was sacred to Pluto. Their smell was 'like an aroma of lost human life'. They have buried in them the secret of the dead Etruscans. The trees are admirable, respectable, symbols of the indestructibility of what the Romans attempted to destroy—their culture—and debunked them as vicious. Lawrence maintained the inviolability of the Etruscan way of life—their culture, and civilization, though a short-lived civilization and culture that met with an untimely destruction by the Romans. Lawrence wishes, he could restore the meaning, which is now 'inviolable in soft Cypresses.

The poem is made up entirely of rhetorical questions. If the trees are messengers, their message is undecipherable. He felt that cypresses have frankly communicated with him and vice a versa. Lawrence tries to revive the long-forsaken
Etruscan world with great understanding and pagan tenderness. If we recollect the passage of Aaron’s Rod, the cypresses of the novel are shown as demonic presences. While, in the poem, ‘Cypresses’, written at about the same time as the passage of AARON’S ROD, there is no such problematic context. It begins:

Tuscan Cypresses,
What is it?
Folded in like a dark thought
For which the language is lost,
Tuscan Cypresses
Is there a great secret?
Are our words no good?

The Tuscan cypresses have buried an inexpressive secret in them. The two types of cypresses unite the undeliverable secret’ and the image that emerges is that ‘subtly smiling’. Etruscan male. The fidelity of the dark cypresses is praiseworthy. It enthused Lawrence to think loudly and he lapses into the dialogue with the trees

...... Nay tongues are dead, and
words are hollow as hollow seed-pods,
Having shed their sound and
Finished all their echoing
Etruscan syllables,
That had the telling.37 (p.p.296-297)
The cypresses ‘become the vicious dark cypresses’ which are now inviolable in soft cypress trees. Gradually Lawrence revives the buried historical past of the valiant Etruscan race. The poem CYPRESSES looks forward to Lawrence’s concern for the Etruscan culture and civilization which was to constitute the final, intellectual and imaginative interest of his life.

The theme of plants as dumb-messenger, is continued but not developed in BARE ALMOND TREES. The twisted almond trees grow in his own garden in Fontana Vecchia. When he wrote this poem he was copying a picture of Lorenzetti’s. He was also busy correcting the proof of his HISTORY. Lawrence was wonder-struck to find the almond trees in blossom though rain poured down heavily. Lawrence has a composite vision of ALMOND BLOSSOM - a longer poem and BARE ALMOND-TREES, -two diametrically opposite natural phenomena-have been responded to poetically. Lawrence seriously considers the trees and assigns shapes to the trees; and there is a gradual movement of thought, shape and the meaning of these
symbolic shapes. Ultimately, the fig-trees which are made of 'sweet untarnished silver, have the dull hard 'life lustre' of human bodies, the suavity of passion of flowers, the strangeness of 'rock-living, sweet-flushed anemone.

To Lawrence, fig-tree is 'a many branching candelabrum'—growing out of a rock; and, as he observes it minutely, each single young twig seems to grow straight to the sky producing in its turn a bud which shot upward:

    Each one setting of straight to the sky
    As if it were the leader, the main stem, the forerunners,
    Intent to hold the candles of
    the sun upon its socket dip
    It alone.\(^{38}\) (p.299)

BARE ALMOND TREES and BARE FIG-TREES were written in December 1920. Fontana Vecchia (Old fountain) was the house in Taormina, Sicily, where Lawrence lived for two years. In SEA AND SARDINIA Lawrence celebrates the memory of that house in a very interesting manner:

    Very dark under the great carob tree as we go down the steps. Dark still the garden, scent of mimosa and then of jasmine. The lovely mimosa tree invisible. Dark the stony path. The goat whinnies out of her shed. The broken roman tomb which lolls right over the garden track does not fall on me as I slip under its massive tilt. Ah,
the dark garden, dark garden, with your olives and your wine, your medlars and mulberries and many almond trees, your steep terraces ledged high up above the sea, I am leaving you, slinking out.39 (p.140)

Lawrence's poetic world centres round this particular multidimensional facets of nature. He grips the scene, the situation, feeling or any part of nature and brings forth the essence on which they sustain themselves. The fig-tree conveys the message of equality where there is no rivalry, race or any dispute of the status. THE BARE FIG TREE suggests the charm that lies in equality, the co-existence:

Oh many branching candelabrum oh strange up-starting
fig-tree,
Oh weird Demos, where every twig is the arch
twig,
Each imperiously over-equal to
each, equality over reaching itself.40 (p.300)

Lawrence sees in sky-pointing of Bare-fig-trees and twigs a representation of democracy. ALMOND BLOSSOM has altogether a different picture. The blossoming of the almond trees in the torrential rains had the magnetic influence on the poetic mind. The late autumnal rains caused Lawrence a lot of inconvenience as he could not stir out in Taormina. He wrote in a letter to Mrs. Popham:
It rains with such persistency and stupidity here that one loses all one's initiative and remains cut off ........., Sicily at the moment feels like a land inside an aquarium—all water—and people like crabs and black grey shrimps creeping on the bottom.\textsuperscript{41} (p.125)

In Sicily, the almond is in exile, in the iron age. But it offers encouragement as its blossom bursts from iron like branches in January. The theme of plants as dumb messenger is also taken up in BARE ALMOND TREES: The poem has this beginning:

\begin{verbatim}
Even iron can put forth, 
Even iron. 
This is the iron age, 
But let us take heart 
Seeing iron break and bud, 
Seeing rusty iron puff with 
clouds of blossom. 
......Tree suffer, like races, down the long ages. 
They wander and are exiled, 
they live in exile through long ages 
.....The alien trees in alien lands; and yet 
The heart of blossom, 
The unquenchable heart of blossom.\textsuperscript{42} 
\end{verbatim}

(p.p.304-305)

Lawrence wrote in STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE:

\begin{verbatim}
Even the buds of iron break into soft little flames of issue. So will people change so will the machine parts open like buds and the great machine break into leaf even we can expect out iron-ships to put forth vine and tendril and
\end{verbatim}
bunches of grapes, like the ship of Dionysos in full upon the Ocean.43 (p.243)

Lawrence is potentially creative and his poetic vision accomplishes the height of colourful, fascinating superb imagination. In the Introductory notes on BIRDS, BEASTS AND FLOWERS Lawrence had explored the significance of the almond trees in terms of the Persephone myth and of the resurrection. Again, in his usual style, he states:

AND LONG AGO, the almond was the symbol of resurrection But tell me, tell me, why should the almond be the symbol of resurrection? Have you not seen, in the wild winter sun of the southern, Mediterranean, in January, in February, the rebirth of the almond tree, all standing in clouds of glory? .....yet even this is not the secret of secrets. Do you know what was called the almond bone, in the body, the last bone of the spine? This was the seed of the body, last bone of the spine. This was the seed of the body, and from grave it could grow into a new body again, like almond blossom in January No, no, I know nothing of that. Oh, Persephone, Persephone, bring back to me from Hades the life of a dead man.44(p.303)

ALMOND BLOSSOM has an acceptance of miraculous natural powers. Lawrence observes the frame of the tree as dark, rusted, iron and steel black, grey, lavender, sensitive steel. The flowering codifies renewal, a symbol of courage
and promise and the red-core of the almond trees. Flower signifies the last sore-heartedness—the crucifixion. Lawrence describes the cross as:

....the tree of life in blossom
......sprouting its superb and fearless flowers.

In the concluding part of the poem, Lawrence arranges the repetitive syllables and phrases in such a way as to reveal the almond blossom in the act of opening:

open,
open,
Five times wide open,
Six times wide open,
And given, and perfect;
And red at the core with the last sore-heartedness sore-hearted looking.45 (p.p.306-307)

The tender transition from bud to flower is superbly conveyed, but it explores the other hidden biblical, mythical symbolism as suggested in the preface. The blossoming of the almond tree, the rebirth of the tree, announces the rebirth of all vegetation. The genuine regeneration, which does not humiliate and destroy the order to relieve an immortal soul:

knots of pink, fish silvery
In heaven, in blue, blue heaven,
soundless, blissfull, wide-rayed, honey-bodied,
Red at the core,
Red at the core
Knotted in heaven upon the fine light.\(^{46}\) (p.307)

The more scarred and wounded the tree, like the vine and fig., the more unquenchable its 'heart of blossom' its heart of delicate super-faith which observes the sanctity of other's existence.

HIBISCUS AND SALVIA flowers are:

Rosy, rosy scarlet,
And flame-rage, golden throated Bloom along the Corso on the living, perambulating bush has the regality, magnificence, power of a princess, which is a favourite flower of Eve:

\[
\text{Eve, in her happy moments, put hibiscus in her hair}
\text{Before she humbled herself, and knocked her knees with repentance.}^{47}\text{ (p.p.314-315)}
\]

The poem has political over- tones and the flower is related to farfetched political undercurrents. The poet confesses:

\[
\text{And still I cannot bear it}
\text{That they take hibiscus and salvia flower.}^{48}\text{ (p.318)}
\]

PURPLE ANEMONES is not very impressive, because there is personal, confined autobiographical dominance. During its writing Lawrence was in state of tension with his wife.
The flower is overtaken and over-possessed by the personal story and strife.

Most of the poems on fruits were written at the villa Canovaia, in 1920. Pomegranate, Peach, Medlars and sorb Apples, Figs and Grapes are the fruits Lawrence chose for poetic treatment. For Fruits he wrote:

For fruits are all of them female, in them lies the seed. And so when they break and show the seed, then we look into the womb and see its secrets. So it is the apple of love to the Arab, and the fig has been a catchword for the female fissure for ages. I don’t care a fig for it? The apple of Eden, even, was Eve’s fruit. To her it belonged, and she offered it to the man. Even the apples of knowledge are Eve’s fruit, the woman’s. But the apples of life the dragon guards, and no woman gives them.....49 (p.277)

Lawrence has selected POMEGRANATE, PEACH, MEDLERS AND SORB-APPLES, FIGS, GRAPES in his fruit section of BIRDS, BEASTS AND FLOWERS. He is interested in them for their symbolic associations. These fruits attracted him because they had mythological significance and he sincerely intended to fathom the classical myths attached to these fruits.
You tell me I am wrong
Who are you, who is anybody to
Tell me I am wrong?
I am not wrong.
In Syracuse, rock left bare by the viciousness of Greek women,
No doubt you have forgotten the pomegranate trees in flower, Oh so red and such a lot of them.50 (p.278)

The assertive statement and interrogation and 'I am not wrong’ set the tone and mood of POMEGRANATE. Lawrence’s tactful questions seem to disarm and silence the reader. Yet the questions are asked not only for the sake of asking. He enjoys to ask and answer them. He recalls the classical-mythical associations of pomegranate, the rocky landscapes of Syracuse, the viciousness of Greek women, the dogs at Venice and Tuscany whose landscapes fascinated Lawrence. The poem has a gusto of movement which makes it softly transact from past to present and again with some pithy reference to the point again. The persona, the speaker, addresses the audience. Which is a fact romanticized as the- fruit is associated with love and finally:

Do you mean it is wrong, the gold, filmed skin, integument, shown-ruptured?
For my part, I prefer my heart to be broken.
It is so lovely, dawn-kaleido-scopic within the crack.\textsuperscript{51} (p.p.278-279)

Lawrence loves illusory opposites'. He enjoys to exalt the apparently ugly and odd. In MEDLARS AND SORB-APPLES he says:

I love you, rotten,
Delicious rottenness...........\textsuperscript{52} (p.280)

and then the thinking and questioning- a curiosity to fathom the secrets of the existence the fruit bears:

What is it?
What is it, in the grape turning raisin,
In the medlar, in the sorb-apple,
wine skins of brown morbidity,
Autumnal excrementa:
What is it that reminds us of white gods?
......Orphic farewell and farewell and farewell
And the ego sum of Dionysos
The sono i0 of perfect drunkenness
Intoxication of final lonliness.\textsuperscript{53} (p.p.280-281)

Gradually the fruits grow along with the theme. The poet is very dynamic and inventive. The movement of his thought seems to interest and absorb Lawrence more than the thought itself. Very artistically he utilizes his spontaneity and creativity. In opening lines of \textit{Figs} the usual method of fig-eating in the society is shown. The fig is a:
The fig has been examined and demonstrated practically from a botanical point of view. A shape and structure is given to the fig and it creeps into generalization:

Every fruit has a secret-
The fig is a very secretive fruit.55 (p.282)

But the poem falters almost immediately as Lawrence expounds the symbolism of the fruit. It comes alive very temporarily with references to Adam and Eve. When Lawrence forces the point of the ripe fig bursting—the poem finally collapses.

In SEA AND SARDINIA Lawrence describes the fig tree in his typical way:

Another naked tree I would paint is the Gleaming mauve-silver fig, which burns its cold incandescence, fangled like some sensitive creature, emerged from the rock. A fig tree comes forth in its nudity gleaming over the dark winter-earth, is a sight to behold. Like some white fanged sea-anemone. Ah! If it could but answer? Or if we had tree speech? 56 (p.64)

The association of silver and nudity are traced in both versions of FIGS, BARE FIG TREE. And the comparison of the fig tree to a sea-anemone is common. The association of
the figs with Eve has biblical interpretation of the fruit. Though the fruit has been described from the botanist’s brilliance and expertise, it is not a lively, vivacious, fruit.

In GRAPES, Lawrence nostalgically conjures up the dark green sticky and sappy prefloral world as a symbolic scenario for his argument:

So many fruits come from roses,
From the rose of all roses,
From the unfolded rose,
Rose of all the world.57 (p.285)

Which has a rushing retreat to the past:

Of which world, the vine was the invisible rose
Before petals spread, before colour made its disturbance,
before eyes saw too much
In a green muddy, web-foot, unutterably songless world the vine was rose of all roses.58 (p.286)

The age old supremacy of the grapes over roses has been brilliantly established. Most of his flower and tree poems reveal the fact that the presence of the flowers and the trees- is not a very conscious revival or reaction. It unites Lawrence’s personal involvement with nature and the recognition of natural forces in a very poetic and genuine
and original fashion. His profound love for nature and forms enthused and encouraged Lawrence to feel a universal spirit in nature; as he exclaims:

Ah listen, for silence is not lonely,
Imitate the magnificent tree
That specks no word of their rapture, but only
Breath largely the luminous breeze.⁵⁹ (p.284)

This sensory verbal expression of feeling shows Lawrence’s belief that nature was alive and he found greatest joy in her presence. He reads the meanings in the natural objects. The flowers in the ‘crannied wall’ are useless merely as a symbol and godly creations. The flower or a tree can be valuable only if it revived in him the lost face of a relative or a friend, the association of joy long past or the hope of one to come. The object must be ‘humanized’ by its reference to a thought or fancy or a mood or a feeling in Lawrence. The strength of trees for Lawrence lies in:

Their aristocratic silence and blind surge for their sap.⁶⁰(p.125)

The symbolistic ancient association of the fruit with wine is utilized impressively, partly because the sensuous appeal is clearly brought out. He cherishes the mythical past of the vegetable world. He brilliantly associates the vine with the
'dark grape' almost invisible among the leaves of the vine, 'the rose of roses', with its powerful influence over man, a power which could send men down the tendrilled avenues of the wine and the other world:

....the fern-scented frontiers of the world before the floods, where man was dark and evasive.
And the tiny vine-flowers rose of all roses, perfumed,
And all in naked communion communicating as now our clothed vision can never communicate, vistas, down dark avenues,
As we sip the vine.61 (p.286)

The mythic past has been invoked in a live manner, but the poem ends rather abruptly. The reader is likely to feel non-plussed when the poet suggests together to:

Take the fern -seed on our lips,
Close the eyes, and go
Down the tendrilled avenues of wine and the otherworld.62(p.287)

The fruit poems are heavily and overtly sexual. As Pibion aptly remarks:

Lawrence begins BIRDS, BEASTS AND FLOWERS with impish, emphasis on the vulval features of ripe fruits, yet he makes little of these subjects and their prominence is rather, unfortunate, for in retrospect they appear relatively dull.63 (p.119)
Yet, at the same time, through these fruits Lawrence attempts to rediscover the sources of the myths within his own psyche, within the natural world and tries to conflate them with most urgent crucial problems.

His love for nature repleted his poetry with not only Flora, but also animals, birds beasts, reptiles insects and other creatures. A volume is exclusively allotted to the Birds, Beasts and Flowers. The volume exhibits the blossoming of Lawrence’s poetic genius and vivacious originality. Through the vegetations, animals and creatures Lawrence voices his insights into and responses, emotions, and approaches to nature. Most of these poems were written in Italy or Sicily, a few in other countries and some poems in Mexico. His communion with the natural world is highly creative and original.

IN PAN IN AMERICA’ he says:

I prefer to open my doors to the coming of the tree. Its raw earth-power and its raw sky-power, its resinous erectness and resistance, its sharpness of hissing needles and relentlessness of roots, all that goes to the primitive savageness of a pine tree, goes also to the strength of man.64 (p.225)
Jessie chambers noted in her memoirs that 'a living vibration passed between Lawrence and wild thing'.\textsuperscript{65} (p.60) Undoubtedly, the animal world exercised a magnetic influence on him. And he was never tired of speaking about cows and horses. Lawrence himself expresses it better:

I wonder if I am here (Italy) or if I am just going to bed at the Ranch (Taos) Perhaps looking in Montgomery’s ward’s catalogue and drinking moonshine and hot water since it is cold, Go out and look if the chickens are shut up warm, if the horses are in sight; if Susan, the black cow, has gone to her nest among the trees, for the night. The cows don’t eat much at night. But Susan will wander in the moon. The moon makes her uneasy. And the horses stamp around the cabins. In a cold like this, the stars snap like distant coyotes, beyond the moon ..... and the pine trees make as, if they were walking about. And the place heaves with .....\textsuperscript{66} (p.p.339-340)

Lawrence very feelingly recollects and tenderly retells his experiences with the pets of his childhood- Adolph (the brown rabbit) and a Rex (the dog) even in man it was the animal that always attracted him the most. This he aggressively defended throughout his life. A certain degree of tentativeness is sometimes noticeable in his treatment of human experiences, whereas he comes to terms with nature and himself which betokens a perfect understanding of and
oneness with nature. There existed a genuine bond between the human being and the other aspects of nature. As:

When I see the lambs skip up from the grass into the sharp air and flick their hind legs friskily at the sky, then really I see how absurd it is to grieve and persist in melancholy.67 (p.p.339-340)

Lawrence has chosen a typical group of four beasts, living creatures of the Apocalypse (Revelation, IV-6-8) belonging to the last age of the living cosmos. In his Introductory Notes on 'The Evangelistic Beasts', he writes:

Oh, put them back, put them back in the four corners of the heavens, where they belong, the apocalyptic beasts. For with their wings full of stars they rule the night and man that watches through the night lives four sleep, the sleep of the lion, the sleep of the bull the sleep of the man, and the eagle's sleep. After which the lion wakes, and it is day. Then from the four quarters the four winds blow, and life has its changes. But when the heavens are empty, empty of the four great beasts, the four natures, the four winds, the four quarters, then sleep is empty too, man sleeps no more like the lion and the bull, nor wakes from the light eyed eagle sleep.68 (p.319)

The beasts are virtually associated with the evangelist writers: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, as in the book of KELLS. All the four beasts the Lion, the Bull, the Man and the Eagle- are apocalyptic beasts. Here he identifies Mark
with the traditional lion, Luke with the bull and Matthew – with the man and John with the eagle.

In St. Mark, Lawrence locates Mark with the lion of Judah and using the image of the lion and the lamb and the idea of Jesus as the Lamb of God, imagines the lion lying down with the lamb. Mark represents the lion who has lost its, dignity, grandeur, regality and has become:

The faithful sheep dog of the shepherd.\(^59\) (p.325)
And will soon be blind.

In ST. MATTHEW: the man:

They are not all beasts.
One is a man, for example,
and one is bird.
I, Matthew, am a man
And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me-
......That is Jesus.\(^70\) (p.320)

Matthew- a Man represents Lawrence’s two-tiered approach to life. It needs to be lived on the dark sensual plane as well as the spiritual plane. Matthew is a traveller back and forth.\(^71\) (p.323)

St. LUKE, the Bull is ‘over-powered’ by the pressure of his own massive black blood. The bull ‘serves the son of
Man' and fights on man's behalf. The bull represents the common man who has given blood in the service of Christ.

The concluding line of St. LUKE says:

Let it know nothing
.....And throwing himself upon it,
throw of the madness of his blood.
Let it be war.
And so it was war
The bull of the proletariat has got his head down.\(^72\) (p.327)

ST. JOHN is the brilliant sun-peering eagle. The poet addresses:

John, O John,
Thou honorable bird,
Sun-peering eagle.\(^73\) (p.330)

This bird gradually changes itself into a phoenix, Lawrence's favourite bird, a symbol of change, renewal. But it is also tinged with ironical reality that phoenix is,

..... only known to us now as the badge of insurance company.\(^74\) (p.330)

Lawrence represents four biographers of Jesus as four different Natures and tries to explain and resolve his personal problem of accepting Jesus as son of God or the Saviour. The codification of them explains his responses to nature and natural things.
His well-established, communion with birds beasts and flowers has taught Lawrence to feel the animalness of the animal. With unquenched curiosity and passionate love for natural objects, he observes, examines and analyses the animals in order to reach into the within of the animals. How remarkably he puts the case of animals in the preface to the section of animals:

YES, and if oxen or lions had hands and could paint with their hands, and produce works of art as men do, horses would paint the forms of gods like horses, and oxen like oxen and make their bodies in the image of their several kinds.75(p.376)

The section begins with THE ASS. It is the first of all animal, to fall in love, is, like man The authentic Arabic interpretation of his braying is really convincing. Lawrence sees the plight of western humanity as that of an ass:

the triumphant entry into Jerusalem leading inevitably to the great cross. 76 (p.378)

The conflict is between the ‘blood-self and the nerve brain’ or the ‘spiritual self’.
The Ass:

howls in that agony
that is half insatiable
desire and half unquenchable humiliation.\(^{77}\)  
(p.378)

HE-GOAT presents another animal whose instinctive life is a failure. Occasionally the Godly spark:

And storm-lightning slitted, eye
splendidly planting his feet......
With a sudden rock-hammer announcement.\(^{78}\)
(p.381)
But he has become a poor stinking lascivious domesticated beast!\(^{79}\)  
(p.381)

He is the head of indifferent females-all the other males have been removed from his world and he is left in this ‘sullen stagnating atmosphere of goats.

Even with a serious intention Lawrence can present the animals in their comical aspects. His SHE GOAT ‘trips mild and smug, like a woman going to mass or he catches her sight: standing like some ‘huge ghoulish grey bird in the air’. His admiration for the ugly She – Goat makes a marvellously individualized creature, really a personality to take notice of:

“See me!” She says, “That’s me!” \(^{80}\) (p.386)
While, a Sydney KANGAROO, watching with eternal cocked wistfulness, is taken as a representative of the distinctive quality of Australian nature—both human and animal Lawrence introduces Kangaroo:

How full her eyes are, like the full, fathomless, shining eyes of an Australian black-boy who has lost so many centuries on the margins of existence!

......wistfully watching, with wonderful liquid eyes.
All her weight, all her blood, dripping sack-wise down towards the earth's centre,
And the live little one taking in its paw at the door of her belly.

The poet urges the mother kangaroo to

Leap then, and come down on the earth's deep, heavy centre.\textsuperscript{81} (p.394)

BIBBLES has got some connection with Lawrence's life. The dog-Bibbles was a French bull-terrier, whom Lawrence loved and owned. But the bitch suddenly deserted him for the Airedale dog owned by the Danish artist living nearby. After a while, she returned to Lawrence's cabin in Del Monte Ranch. Lawrence furiously attacked the bitch and might have killed her, had he not been intervened. It is quite a paradoxical incident. But the contrasting instincts, feelings—love and hate harbour and co-exist in the human heart.
Lawrence draws a realistic picture of the Bibbles with all the clashes of feelings. MOUNTAIN LION is one of the great poems of Lawrence. At the entrance of the Lobo canyon in New Mexico, he encountered:

Two Mexicans, strangers, emerging out of the dark and snow and inwardness of the Lobo valley. ......It is a mountain lion, A long, long slim cat, yellow like a lioness, Dead.82 (p.401)

The two men- 'the strangers' allowed Lawrence to observe and appreciate the hunted wild beast. The encounter of the poet with the killers and the killed has really a heart rending impact. Ironically, the poet finds beauty in 'Beautiful dead eyes' of the mountain lion. The poem shows a cold protest of the poet against the barbarous killing of this royal beast.

RED WOLF expresses Lawrence's reverence for the perseverance of the sanctity of the aborigines and primitive people. The poem refers to the intrusion of the white civilized people- Americans- over the natives- both man and animals. The American-Indians – negroes respectfully and ritually stick to their age-old way of life. But the so-called
civilized man rather effortfully neglected it. The red wolf standing 'on the shadow's red rim' is described as 'the dark old demon'. Lawrence imagines himself actually conversing with one of these gods, or demons, or 'the old father of life'.

The blackness rules over:

And a black crucifix like a dead  
Tree spreading wings,  
May be a black eagle with its wings out  
Left lonely in the night  
In a sort of worship.  
And the dark demon, named Nick asks:  
Where 's your God, you white one? 83 (p.404)

Lawrence introspects to answer to the power of this old demon and he finds a relevant answer in his redness. And redness is a state of livelihood. He states:

But blood is red, and blood is life. Red was the colour of kings. Kings, far-off kings, painted their faces vermilion and were almost god.84 (p.303)

The two BAT poems, Lawrence wrote at Florence, on his way back to Sicily. When, in Florence, he goes into his room and finds a bat flying round in insane circles. His encounter with the bat has a sufficiently acknowledged charm. Bats are the only mammals who can fly. They feed primarily on flying insects and fruits. There are some
species which catch fish on the surface of the rivers or lakes and eat them on flight. The recorded time is evening, the leisure hours, the retiring hours in the evening. The poet mistakes a dark shape for a swallow, but the fact is:

Dark air life looping
....Like a glove, a black glove
thrown up at the light,
And falling back.

And the poet addresses the creature in Italian as Pipistrello the black-piper on an infinitesimal pipe.

......Hanging up side down
like rows of disgusting old rags
And grinning in their sleep Bats!85 (p.p.341-342)

BAT represents the whole, species, yet it assumes an individual identity. The poet admits his indifference and disgust for the bats, though he also acknowledges that in China it is a symbol of happiness. MAN AND BAT describes a struggle – an actual encounter between the chased and the chaser between man and bat:

Round and round and round in an impure haste,
Fumbling, a beast in air,
And stumbling, lunging and touching the walls,
the bell wire
About my room.86 (p.342)
It is a very detailed, real, natural description of a bat and its movements and the response of a very sensitive human being to it.

There he sits, the long loud one?  
But I am greater then he.....  
I escaped him.....87 (p.347)

Both the Bat poems exemplify Lawrence's amazing genius for recalling impressions and dramatization of the incident – and the encounter has the effect of a total experience.

The sequence of six TORTOISE poems is a superb poetic achievement. Lawrence is completely engrossed in the –non- human-animal world which hints at his admiring attitude to Nature.

Lawrence is astoundingly interested in the process of becoming and in BABY TORTOISE he has established a rapport with the new-born baby and exclaims:

You know what it is to be born alone,  
Baby Tortoise!88 (p.352)

It is the main spring of poetic ideas and actions and the poet wanders into different realms along with the baby tortoise who is 'So indomitable' – soft red tongue, 'tiny shell-bird; 'challenger; Little Ulysses, little Titan and finally:
Traveller,
With your tail tucked
a little on one side.
Like a gentleman in a
long-skirted coat.
All life carried on your shoulder
Invincible forerunner.\textsuperscript{89} (p.p.353-354)

It is a journey from birth onwards from the time immemorial
with various mythic and mythological references. The
primitive creature is adorned in the gentlemanly guise
which suggests the artificial refinement of the human ways.

TORIOSE SHELL has richness of abundant religious
mythological, historical references. The poet counts the
rings of the tortoise shells. And like a march-song, the
ascending numbers achieve the heights of 'Five-fold complex
nature'. And in a very striking manner, the poet hints at the
destiny of this creature:

The Lord wrote it all down
on the little state
of the baby tortoise.
Outward and visible indication of the plan within,
The complex, manifold involvedness of an
individual creature plotted out
on this small bird,
this rudiment,
This little dome, this pediment of all creations.
This slow one.\textsuperscript{90} (p.p.354-356)
TORTOISE SHOUT is full of the revival of nostalgic memorable moments. A male tortoise, in the poem, seems to stand for all life that cries out either in pain or in ecstasy. Lawrence builds up a multi-levelled analogy of the animal world. He says in the 'Notes' on reptiles:

The wise tortoise laid his earthy part around him, he cast it round him and found his feet. So he is the first of creatures to stand upon his toes and the dome of his house is his heaven. Therefore it is charted out and is the foundation of the world.91 (p.348)

TORTOISE FAMILY CONNECTIONS are given human qualities, abilities and terminology TORTOISE GALLANTRY and LUI ET ELLE are given certain human virtues and elements and ways, which also indicate the natural order and human order. It is a comparative study of the elemental values and forces.

THE MOSQUITO is in the form of a colloquial, witty dialogue between a man and a mosquito. The spaces between the lines suggest the silence of the mosquito, its evil little circular movement, or later, 'its hateful little trump'. Lawrence hates the mosquito much more than any other creature, because the mosquito has invaded his very
blood - being. The voice which says that Mosquitoes must be killed is never questioned. Perhaps, of all the other creatures in the collection the mosquito arouses outrageous hatred in the poet. Lawrence’s originality and a typical touch make this nuisance mosquito, an interesting and a powerful subject to write a poem on.

At Zeell-am-see Lawrence wrote FISH. He is thrilled emotionally by the movement of the fish. By the observation of this water- creature, the poet realizes that he does not know the fish. In his preface, Lawrence regards fish as:

But fishes are very fiery, and take to the water to cool themselves.92 (p.331)

The fish is a symbol of fire. In the zodiac sign-the Pisces- the fish indicates south-east direction, the Agni (Fire) which is an aqueous sign. Lawrence is trying genuinely to comprehend and to get into the mysterious ‘suchness’, reality of fish:

But oh, fish, that rock in water,  
you lie only with the water;  
one touch.  
No fingers, no hands and feet,  
No lips;
No tender muzzles,
No wistful bellies,
No loins of desire,
None.\(^93\) (p.335)

Lawrence seems to have hooked while fishing and then released the fish into the lake and this is a remarkable feature of the poem. As he had caught the 'Aqueous, subaqueous', he could see, the fish very closely:

His red-gold, water precious, mirror flat- bright eye:
And my heart accused itself
Thinking I AM NOT THE MEASURE OF CREATION.
THIS IS BEYOND ME, THIS FISH.
HIS GOD STANDS OUTSIDE MY GOD.\(^94\) (p.337)

The poet envies the fish, its life of sheer freedom from love. The world of fish is beyond human way. He relevantly finds the differences and the poem is finalized with a suggestion of 'teleological significance:

In the beginning
Jesus was called the fish....... 
And in the end.\(^95\) (p.340)

Jesus was called 'The Fish', because he had 'the divine consciousness of the ocean, which is the divine end of us all. The fish has a magical impact as the poet and his readers are, for the time-being transformed into fish.
To be a fish!

........... so utterly without misgiving
To be a fish
In the waters.\textsuperscript{96}(p.337)

Perhaps about five years after his experience with the golden brown asp viper that Lawrence recorded in \textit{SNAKE}, a poem written in Taormina, Sicily in 1920-21. Regarding snake Lawrence comments in the 'Note' on reptiles:

For when fire in its downward path chanced to mingle with the dark breath of the earth, the serpent slid forth, lay revealed. But he was moist and cold, the sun in him darted uneasy, held down by moist earth, never could he rise on his feet. And this is what put poison in his mouth. For the sun in him would fain rise half-way and move on feet. But moist earth weighs him down, though he dart and twist, still he must go with his belly on the ground.\textsuperscript{97} (p.348)

And so in the poem \textit{SNAKE}, the transfixed Lawrence watches with an emotion that confuses honour, fear gratitude and mystery as a snake drinks at his water trough. Lawrence accursed human education, which teaches man to abhor and kill snakes and he felt 'afraid' of meeting the viper. Then he goes on to describe snake, poison and its antitoxins. He expresses an empowered sense of joy at witnessing this 'yellow brown earth-brown', 'earth-golden', visitor at his own trough. He confesses:
How he liked him and how he felt so honoured to find the snake whom he eventually called 'my' snake,

‘one of the lords of life’ ahead of him to drink.98 (p.p.349-351)

Lawrence describes this snake as his equal. Both are individuals. He, the ‘I’ of the poem, met ‘A snake’ (not the universal species, the snake, but a particular creature) which came to, he says, ‘my’ water-trough, Just as Lawrence is dressed in pajamas for the heat and comes to a water-trough, put him at the social level of all these drinking from troughs, including animals such as cattle. Both descended from a higher place, one more suiting their rank in the world. The word ‘reached’ suggests that the snake behaved like a hand, as Lawrence’s own did, holding the pitcher. Just as Lawrence stood in the deep strange-scented shade of a great carob tree, this snake emerged from the gloom. Both of them are males and, he (snake) was at the trough before me (the poet), for the reason Lawrence must stand and wait. He uses the word twice, almost in disbelief or indignation, but a civilized man always respects a queue and never butts in ahead of the last one in line.
'Because some one was before me at my water trough'
Lawrence stood waiting.

The black-forked tongue of the snake is like a flash of dark in the day light implying that the snake belongs to the world of night-dreams, the dark, the unconscious, as opposed to the day-light, conscious world of men. The snake is a visitor from the underworld who looks round unseeing. It does not belong to this world of nagging, accusing voices, it is a different consciousness. The climax is built up. The poet puts down the gentle side of his mental make-up and in picking up a clumsy log he also takes up the destructive weapon of the voices of education. It is significant that the log hit the water - trough, the traditional meeting place of man and nature where men can take the water which comes from the earth. But we are forced to wonder with the poet, why he had acted as he did. But no words, even from the poet, atone for the 'paltry, vulgar, mean act'. The log-throwing is a betrayal of himself. There is no reason why he should cause this god-like creature to be 'convulsed in undignified haste'. His mean, arrogant behaviour made
Lawrence recall the 'albatross' and the 'Ancient Mariner'. In both the cases, the destructive element in man commits an outrage against an innocent creature. In both the poems, the creature, is a symbol of something that another part of man feels to be good, and desirable and 'so offence against the creature, is also an offence against the better side of man himself'.

SNAKE memorably brings together myths of death and life that the western people associate with the reptiles. Lawrence says in THE PLUMED SERPENT:

The Lords of life are the Masters of Death.  
(p.189)

The snake here has been not merely interpreted as the object of evil as the biblical serpent in the Garden of Eden but it assumes the mysterious supernatural dignity and force. Lawrence is keenly interested in each and every facet of nature. And birds seem to fascinate him very much. He says regarding birds:

Birds are the life of the skies, and when they fly, they reveal the thoughts of the skies. The eagle flies nearest to the sun, no other bird flies so near.  
(p.386)
Lawrence’s varied interest in and affinity to natural things inspire him to love and study the birds like an orioanthologist. He aspires to feel the bird or ‘suchness’ of a bird. TURKEY COCK presents, colourfully and amusingly, the depreciatory, study of an imperfect species. As usual, it has an encounter and questioning part with the bird. The second person address is current throughout the poem. He asks the bird:

Why do you have wattles and a naked, wattled head?
Why do you arch yours naked – set eye with a more than comprehensible arrogance?\textsuperscript{102}
(p.p.369-370)

It embodies the spirit of insistence or assertion. Lawrence wonders whether this slag-wattled bird must go through the fire again until it ‘smelted pure of will-becomes the bird of the west.

HUMMING BIRD is notable because it is the only poem in the collection, about the creature Lawrence had not seen. He wrote the poem in Italy. After two years, he saw many humming birds in NEW MEXICO. He describes the bird as:
Probably he was big
As mosses and little lizards,
they say, were once big,
probably he was a jabbing terrifying monster.
.....We look at him through the wrong end of the long telescope of time.
Luckily for us.\textsuperscript{103} (p.371)

Lawrence heightens the ugly, the odd, the non-beautiful aspect of the bird as he loves the 'rotten sorb-apple'. He daringly appreciates and mentions the quality of the bird which generally would not have been noticed by any other poet.

In THE BLUE JAY, written at Lobo, the poet describes his meeting with the bird and then follows a series of questions. He hails the bird as you acid-blue metallic-bird, you thick bird with a strong crest,

Who are you?
...........you copper-sulphate blue bird!\textsuperscript{104} (p.375)

In SWAN, the thing which Lawrence notices about swans is that they are vast, which they are particularly not. The poem sinks into some inexact and very ordinary details regarding the Swan. The rest of the poem is about 'forces and atoms and 'the core of space'. The core of space seems to interest Lawrence much more than the bird of the title.
There are two poems on Eagle. EAGLE IN NEW MEXICO and THE AMERICAN EAGLE. The eagle becomes something else. The eagle becomes an emblem of the spirit of liberty and prosperity. EAGLE IN NEW MEXICO is:

Sun breaster,  
staring two ways at once,  
to right and left  
masked one  
Dark visaged  
Sickle masked  
With iron between your two eyes.105 (P.728)

The last poem which Lawrence has written, is on his favourite bird phoenix. Lawrence’s PHOENIX is a short but significant poem. It is about a legendary bird that defies death and is reborn. According to the legend, this bird is born from the ashes after every five hundred years. The bird has become more a symbol than a concrete bird and he conceptualizes the triumph of immortality on mortality. This also reminds us of Christ- resurrection. It also symbolizes the universal cycle of creation and destruction. It is an inspiring idea that from the debris, from the ashes, the indomitable will of life asserts itself. Lawrence raises the phoenix to the pedestal of the immortal bird. He says:

The phoenix renews her youth only when she is burnt,
burnt alive, burnt down to hot and flocculent ash. Then the small stirring of a new small bub in the nest which strands of down like floating ash shows that she is renewing her youth like the eagle, immortal bird.\textsuperscript{106}\textsuperscript{106}(p.728)

Lawrence asserts his conviction in the natural cyclic process. Lawrence addressing Phoenix - Nature's representative - as immortal bird, the messenger of regenerative force as it appears to say 'DEATH BE NOT PROUD'.
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