

Turning In & Away:

A Discussion on the Turn from Description to Revelation
within Emblem Poems

Lauren Schlesinger

A thesis

submitted in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts

University of Washington

2017

Committee:

Pimone Triplett

Andrew Feld

Program Authorized to Offer Degree:

Department of English

©Copyright 2017
Lauren Schlesinger

University of Washington

Abstract

Turning In & Away:
A Discussion on the Turn from Description to Revelation
within Emblem Poems

Lauren Schlesinger

Chair of Supervisory Committee:
Associate Professor Pimone Triplett
Department of English

Turning In & Away explores how poets can use the notion of a turn to generate a sense of uncertainty and surprise within emblem poems. Using poems by Gjertrud Schnackenberg, Elizabeth Bishop, and Emily Dickinson, this critical thesis interrogates how the turn between description and meditation can be used to destabilize how a poem is read. Furthermore, this study examines how these turns can be endorsed by other elements of craft besides their placement within and orientation to the dominating structure of a poem's argument. This essay concludes with a final discussion about how the turn proves to be crucial for establishing the sense of intimacy or sense of distance between the speaker and the object of inquisition.



The majority of my poems, especially early work, have often been tied to the mode of ekphrasis. As a writer, I prefer to yield to another world—to live out the action of paintings and objects. Within my undergraduate Honors Manuscript of poems, I investigated how miniatures, or the original piece of art and inspiration, “serve as a port and haven for greatness.” In addition, I claimed that this endeavor was not only a mode of escapism from reality, but “while there is a world in a miniature, miniatures simultaneously coax the viewer [back] into the larger physical world.” In many ways, this thesis picks up the thread of where my last thesis left off; if there is a submersion into an object or alternative world, but then a reversal, a coaxing, of the reader back out—where and how is that juncture constructed by the poet?

One reason why I elected to study this turn of the poet, from observation to meditation, was because if I am not going to depart from this type of poem often, then I would like to know more about how to vary the manner by which I turn the reader’s attention from poem to poem, across an entire manuscript. In order to better understand how poetic-turns function in relation to the reader’s sense of surprise, I began with Michael Theune’s book “Structure and Surprise.” In particular, Theune defines this type of poem, called the emblem poem, as: “A two-part structure, [that] begins with an organized description of an object and culminates with a meditation on that same object. In this way, the emblem structure moves from sight to insight, from perception to reflection” (Theune, 27). To retell or re-write the visual-image or object is not enough; by investigating the turn from perception to reflection, he does thereby engage in investigating the underlying elements of craft required to make the switch in the reader’s mind.

In addition, Theune affirms that the uses of the emblem poem are highly varied. Although emblem poems harken back to the Renaissance, they have also been used “[...] for all manner of

entertainment and instruction: to assist priests in prayer and meditation, to give political advice, and to teach children proper manners” (Theune, 27). Within his discussion of this structure, Theune makes several additional connections between this type of poem and prayer or revelation with respect to a Christian God, but he does at least defend this form as linked to secular revelations as well. And in tandem with that, by the end of his chapter on this structure, he concludes that emblem poems need not be rooted primarily in the visual but can come out of other senses as well.

Alongside the potential for emblem poems to be oriented around other senses, Theune clarifies that the structure does not always revolve around a primary perception, to be then followed by a secondary reflection. Instead of proceeding in this lockstep fashion, it may at times reverse—or other times, such as depicted by Dickinson’s “A Certain Slant of Light,” it may be without (or with a faint) revelation—which would make it seemingly radical due to its anti-epiphany. Thus, while explicating poems by Gjertrud Schnackberg, Elizabeth Bishop, and Emily Dickinson, I will investigate how the making and unfolding of an emblem poem is also an investigation into how the poet navigates the relationship between the eye and the mind—such that the mind does not always follow the eye, but always the interplay and dance between them is essential to the emblem poem.



Advent Calendar
by Gjertrud Schackenberg

Bethlehem in Germany,
Glitter on the sloping roofs,
Breadcrumbs on the windowsills,
Candles in the Christmas trees,
Hearths with pairs of empty shoes:
Panels of Nativity
Open paper scenes where doors
Open into other scenes,
Some recounted, some foretold.
Blizzard-sprinkled flakes of gold
Gleam from small interiors,
Picture-boxes in the stars
Open up like cupboard doors
In a cabinet Jesus built.

Southern German villagers,
Peasants in the mica frost,
See the comet streaming down,
Heavenly faces, each alone,
Faces lifted, startled, lost,
As if lightning lit the town.

Sitting in an upstairs window
Patiently the village scholar
Raises his nearsighted face,
Interrupted by the star.
Left and right his hands lie stricken
Useless on his heavy book.
When I lift the paper door
In the ceiling of his study
One canary-angel glimmers,
Flitting in the candelabra,
Peers and quizzes him: Rabbi,
What are the spheres surmounted by?
But his lips are motionless.
Child, what are you asking for?
Look, he gazes past the roofs,
Gazes where the bitter North,
Stretched across the empty place,
Opens door by door by door.

This is childhood's shrunken door.
When I touch the glittering crumbs,

When I cry to be admitted,
No one answers, no one comes.

And the tailor's needle flashes
In midair with thread pulled tight,
Stitching a baptismal gown.
But the gown, the seventh door,
Turns up an interior
Hidden from the tailor's eyes:
Baby presents like the boxes
Angels hold on streets and stairways,
Wooden soldier, wooden sword,
Chocolate coins in crinkled gold,
Hints of something bought and sold,
Hints of murder in the stars.
Baby's gown is sown with glitter
Spread across the tailor's lap.
Up above his painted ceiling
Baby mouse's skeleton
Crumbles in the mouse's trap.

Leaning from the cliff of heaven,
Indicating whom he weeps for,
Joseph lifts his lamp above
The infant like a candle-crown.
Let my fingers touch the silence
Where the infant's father cries.
Give me entrance to the village
From my childhood where the doorways
Open pictures in the skies.
But when all the doors are open,
No one sees that I've returned.
When I cry to be admitted,
No one answers, no one comes.
Clinging to my fingers only
Pain, like glitter bits adhering,
When I touch the shining crumbs.

Gjetrud Schnackenberg's poem, "Advent Calendar" will serve as my foundational example of a poem that adheres to Theune's initial suggestion for the structure of an emblem poem—with a leading perception, then a turn toward revelation. As is common to many of Schnackberg's poems, the reader is immediately saturated with the splendor of the object from even the first few

lines of the opening stanza. Schnackberg not only stacks up the conflation of locations for the poem—such that the calendar channels the ancient scene of Bethlehem cast onto the presumed season of Christmas in Germany—but this stanza highlights the wealth of lines rooted in perception, by emphasizing the externality of the scene and calendar. Even if one is to read down the line-breaks, she breaks on several nouns that layer the external surfaces of the opening to this foray into the object; the scene is marked by “sloping roofs” (2), “windowsills” (3), “trees” (4), “doors” (7, 13), and “stars” (12). Before even entering the world of the calendar, before opening the doors or examining its contents, this emphasis on externality highlights that the speaker’s point of origin, during this moment of speaking, is predominantly on the outside. Even though advent calendars are known to be objects that are opened, that are celebrated for their interiority, her external, outsider-positioning cannot be forgotten. This is in fact reinforced by the ending line to the first stanza: “In a cabinet Jesus built” (14)—no matter what, this is Jesus’s cabinet. The world of it can only be claimed to originate and deviate from him because this is the Nativity—however, as someone raised in a mixed-faith or double-faith or dueling-faith household, in the presence of both Christian teachings and Jewish traditions—I cannot help but note the use of the word cabinet. Advent calendars are commonly made of paper nowadays; they do not often carry the hefty presence of a cabinet; they do not commonly “Open up like cupboard doors” (13). Thus, this concluding line to the stanza is the first glimpse into Schnackenberg’s corollary discussion of religion (alongside her discussion of the object itself)—especially the stories (and histories) outside of the expected Christian story that one would expect to come out of a poem about a Christmas calendar.

Thus, it is evident in this first stanza that the calendar is not only upheld for its description of the object itself but as an emblem for descriptions of past-stories—stories much less bright than

that of the Nativity and joyous birth of the Christ-child. Returning again to the beginning of the stanza, Schnackenberg's move to specify that the supposed manger-scene is in Germany in combination with the detail that there is "Glitter on the sloping roofs," (2) with "Breadcrumbs on the windowsills," (3)—one can immediately picture this abundance of glitter which is often used to jazz up depictions of snow in the winter season—on many holiday tchotchkes—which then seems to get everywhere, into every crevice, on its own accord. The crumbs are not waiting to be eaten by birds or crumbs of Weihnachtsstollen—those crumbs are also lingering on the sills and strewn about the exteriority of the calendar. The line regarding "Hearths with pairs of empty shoes:" (5) can also be read with connections to the emptied pairs of Jewish shoes following the Holocaust, besides one's initial, simple reading of the shoes children might leave out before Christmas to be filled by morning with small gifts and coins. The haunting piles of shoes that are now well-known images, representing the millions who died, is woven into, alongside, and over this naïve, usually jovial tradition for children. Thus, Schnackenberg's pronouncement that these panels "Open paper scenes where doors / Open into other scenes, / Some recounted, some foretold" (7-9) reaffirm that this object, as many objects of the present-tense, will always open through and onto scenes of the past; scenes both that must be retold besides the 'foretold' story of the Nativity. The calendar is a composite of "Picture-boxes in the stars" (12) because it then relays and opens up these past-stories amongst the celestial stars (the same stars that would have shown down on the alleged Nativity scene) but also gestures toward the stars worn by the Jewish people.

Schnackenberg's illustration of how the village receives the comet extends the dueling stories and double-thread of perception within this emblem poem. Although Schnackenberg does not relay that the exact city where the story occurs, she does specify that the villagers are in South Germany (15); in addition, by specifying that these "Peasants [were] in the mica frost" (16), yet

again there is a glittering yet dark shade around these figures. Mica, which is a sheet silicate material, is often found in paints and even drywall; mica dust can even be hazardous if ingested often. Thus, even though this material reminds us of the glitter on the roofs from the first stanza, the fact that these villagers are covered in a presumably hazardous material and the dust from the walled remains of their homes and businesses help us understand why they are not dazzled by the comet. Instead they “See the comet streaming down, / Heavenly faces, each alone, / Faces lifted, startled, lost, / As if lightning lit the town” (17-20). Instead of depicting joy and relief as emotions written onto the faces of those in the presence of the Star of Bethlehem—which usually appears glittering above, as a hopeful spectacle in the Christmas Story; instead these villagers, may be facing heaven, but they are cast as “alone” (18), “startled” (19), and “lost” (19). The comet here is not a stellar announcement uniting God’s people with news of the blessed babe’s birth; each villager is without such a gleeful tiding and tethering to this tale. Instead, these solemn faces respond “As if lightening lit the town” (20)—as if a destructive force, such as the lootings and burnings preceding the Holocaust, or to the Holocaust itself.

With the introduction of the Rabbi in the next stanza, the speaker’s own engagement with the object complicates the ‘initial perception’ or description of the poem to begin its turn toward revelation. The rabbi—otherwise known as the “village scholar”—is also interrupted by and struck by the star (23, 24). However, it is also noted that “Left and right his hands lie stricken” (25). Stricken: past-tense of strike; he too has been beaten. Even if one wants to read over the line-break, such that they are stricken “Useless on his heavy book” (26), and thus, they have only been rendered useless and not physically-struck, the Rabbi—who would otherwise be the highest, most respected, most powerful Jewish leader to be appointed in a congregation—has been struck down to uselessness. In response then, the speaker enjambs herself into the scene; she “lift[s] the paper

door / In the ceiling of his study / One canary-angel glimmers, / Flitting in the candelabra” (27-30). Although she could have merely observed and noted the specificities of the scene, she acts upon. She peeks in on him. She questions him at this time: “What are the spheres surmounted by?” (32) as one would consult a Rabbi on her questions with respect to life. Her question about what sits atop of the spheres of heaven and earth—which is also to question the very existence of a God/G-d because she did not ask ‘who’ but what—is however answered with silence because “his lips are motionless” (33). Even a man of knowledge and faith is in this time depicted as static. His hands are on his book; he is not singing the Torah or praying. Instead he responds “Child, what are you asking for?” (34)—as if it is pointless at this time to inquire and instead gazes. He gazes back over those glittering roofs and “the empty place” (37) which “Opens door by door by door” (38). These are not only emptied compartments of the Christmas calendar; the Rabbi and speaker gaze out over the doors of a people emptied from Germany. The calendar does thereby both “recount” and “foretell,” because one would use it to count down to the forthcoming day of Christmas for the year, but it also recounts past calendars of history whereby an entire body of people were wiped from their homes and removed from living-existence.

The speaker does then in the next stanza not only attempt to engage with the scene but expresses her wish to enter it. Thus, Theune’s notion of perception is more complicated than sheer, hyper-saturated description in the first half of the poem. The speaker touches the glittering crumbs of the snow; she then “cr[ies] to be admitted, / [but] No one answers, no one comes” (41-42). She wants to be taken back across the threshold of childhood—or “childhood’s shrunken door” (39)—back into the protective seal of innocence. But no one will answer and bring her back to that locus of not-knowing. Although this outcry to enter into the object, the past, and prior innocence does

not yet mark the turn from Theune's perception to revelation, it does still gesture toward the turn that is to come in the final stanza. It is the prelude to that turn.

Through both the discussion of the absent baptismal gown and the presence of the skeleton, the next stanza melds the calendar with the darker, secondary historical-story—even bringing it to the surface by discussing it as murder (54). The tailor is at first, unlike the scholar, depicted as doing labor within scene; the tailor does not just stitch any piece of clothing—it is, however, a baptismal gown, such as one that the Christ-child might wear. Unlike the meditative scholar, the tailor is portrayed as both more distant from the speaker and also more of a terror. The scholar's hands were rendered useless, resting on a book; the tailor's "needle flashes / In midair with thread pulled tight," (43-44). Similar to a weapon, the needle beams like a blade or sword. Curious it is then to find that despite these taut stitches, the gown does not turn up immediately thereafter. Instead, behind the seventh door (46), there is a concealed interior which is hidden from the tailor's eyes where instead "Baby presents like the boxes / Angels hold on streets and stairways" (49-50). With respect to the tailor as a whole, I cannot help but think of those who must have made or helped make the stripped uniforms for Jews, for my own distant relatives, in the camps. The tailor, much like my German Lutheran relatives, is complicit in the scene and part-of-it—as those relatives were, even if they were not German soldiers. But even the tailor does the labor, the tailor is still duped: given that the resulting interior is hidden from his eyes.

In-place of the gown, there are presents—thus, within this stanza Schnackenberg takes a stab at how the calendar replaces actual faith and religiosity with secular, non-doctrinal traditions. The gown is replaced with those baby presents (49); the baby presents cast up the image of the gifts, like frankincense, gold, and myrrh, which were brought to baby Jesus—however, "Angels hold on the streets and stairways" (50) with "Hints of murder in the stars" (54). The glitter and

shimmery hope of Christ's birth has been replaced with squinty-eyed stars, reflecting the murder of the Holocaust. To speak of the "Wooden soldier, wooden sword, / Chocolate coins in crinkled gold / Hints of something bought and sold" (51-53), Schnackenberg blurs both the traditional trinkets of Christmas time—such as the miniature, militant nutcracker and chocolate coins that one might find in a stocking—with the soldiers, swords, and gold amassed by Hitler's forces in Germany during WWII. In these lines, Schnackenberg does also knit together less literal associations with religion, war, and childhood all imagined through this petite image of the sword. In addition, through line: "Hints of something bought and sold" (53), Schnackenberg hints at the buying and selling of Christ by Judas—whereby Judas received thirty pieces of silver. With the gown across his lap, it is then noted that "Up above his painted ceiling / Baby mouse's skeleton / Crumbles in the mouse's trap" (57-59). In another room, in a room that he cannot see, the slaughter occurs. Even though it is a mouse, not a rat, that is killed, I recall from the unit that I used to teach on MAUS by Art Spiegelman that both were in fact used within Nazi propaganda to depict Jews on posters. While the tailor sews this glittering gown, the mouse is not only caught—but its skeleton deteriorates. It is the epitome of decay. Not only has life been snapped out of the mouse, but the residue of life—its skeleton—now breaks down. Here, I am reminded of both the stacks of bones burned and crushed during the Holocaust but also how the gold sifted out from those bodies (from fillings and teeth) was often collected by Germans—a glittering thing that was "something [not quite] bought and sold" (53).

Within the final stanza of the poem, the larger, heavier turn is executed by Schnackenberg—whereby the speaker does at last enter the space of the object to interrogate her position relative to it. The stanza opens, yet again, highlighting the present-tense, as if we are in the presence of all that is happening within the poem, with multiple gerunds and verbs in the

present-tense; “Leaning from the cliff of heaven / Indicating whom he weeps for, / Joseph lifts his lamp above / The infant like a candle-crown” (60-63). Before we see the tears of the speaker, first there are these expectant tears of Joseph. Joseph cries for the Christ-child, who will redeem the world of its sins. However, Schnackenberg still turns this image on its head because while Joseph does cry for the child, and hold his lamp above the child—creating a heavenly halo, he is “Leaning from the cliff of heaven” (60) as opposed to standing at his side in the manger. Joseph, much like the speaker, is an outsider. He can weep, but he can do nothing. The speaker then interjects her response—“Let my fingers touch the silence / Where the infant’s father cries” (64-65)—pleading to touch and interrupt that resolute sadness. Joseph, like the Rabbi and the tailor and the speaker, can do little; he is not an active agent in or upon the scene even if he so wished. The speaker however pleads to do more; she demands: “Give me entrance to the village / From my childhood where the doorways / Open pictures in the skies” (66-68). If only, thinks the speaker, if only she could go back, if she could look upon this calendar as a magical object, if she could touch and taste and walk through the innocence that one knows only in childhood. Literally, her statement also speaks to her wish to touch and know the sadness of someone else and to enter into a village that is not her village; often even if we want to know or identify with the sadness of another people or time or area, we can never know it. Our sadness will never meet theirs—even if we wish to empathize with them. Yet, even if she merely wants to know the sweetness and magic that she once saw as a child—such that the “doorways / Open pictures in the skies” (67-68), she cannot go back. Even “when all the doors are open, / No one sees that I’ve returned. / When I cry to be admitted, / No one answers, no one comes” (69-72). Upon entering, she is isolated. No one is there to receive her. No one responds to her. If this is the time of Advent, there is no joy or tears of hopeful celebration. Instead the parallel syntax in these lines, highlight that despite her possible

entry, she is alone and cannot return to her childhood innocence and the joy of those pictures in the skies. Her return trip is not successful; she cannot reclaim innocence.

The final three lines reveal the speaker's moment of juncture with the object, or in this case, the residue of it. The syntactical reversal and repetition of the gerund-form, on "clinging" (73) and "adhering" (74), place the emphasis once again on the glitter bits as opposed to the highlighting only the speaker's pain; the pain and bits cannot be detached from one another following this exposition of the calendar and scenes. The line-break—whereby "pain" (74) is pushed over the edge to begin the next line clarifies that no seasonal, merry sentiment remains. Her fingers are "only / Pain" (73-74). Even if the doors stood open, she could not regain the innocence—moreover, she could not un-see the pain and darkness and "murder in the stars" (54). And at this point the glitter, that "mica frost" (16) has spread from the roofs, to the interiors, across the peasants, onto the shrunken door, stitched into the baptismal gown, but "adher[es]" (74) and stays on the speaker. She does not merely touch it, like the silence, and leave it. But after touching this, after reading through and into the object of the advent calendar, much like touching the fragments of stories that make up any historical narrative, she cannot walk away the same. She cannot think of Germany and of Christmas the same. Thus, the exposition of the object ends with this realization that her previous state of innocence cannot be returned to and also that the sadness that comes with that realization will not leave her even once she has left the calendar.



Cirque d'Hiver
by Elizabeth Bishop

Across the floor flits the mechanical toy,
fit for a king of several centuries back.
A little circus horse with real white hair.
His eyes are glossy black.
He bears a little dancer on his back.

She stands upon her toes and turns and turns.
A slanting spray of artificial roses
is stitched across her skirt and tinsel bodice.
Above her head she poses
another spray of artificial roses.

His mane and tail are straight from Chirico.
He has a formal, melancholy soul.
He feels her pink toes dangle toward his back
along the little pole
that pierces both her body and her soul

and goes through his, and reappears below,
under his belly, as a big tin key.
He canters three steps, then he makes a bow,
canters again, bows on one knee,
canters, then clicks and stops, and looks at me.

The dancer, by this time, has turned her back.
He is the more intelligent by far.
Facing each other rather desperately—
his eye is like a star—
we stare and say, "Well, we have come this far."

Although "The Fish" by Elizabeth Bishop would have been a prime example of an emblem poem and traditional emblem structure, "Cirque d'Hiver" will instead serve as our next investigation into this form because in future poems, I would like to make use of a similar clipped, delayed insertion of the revelation portion of the poem. While "The Fish" houses a long turn into the personal, making use of the personal pronoun—like Schnackenberg's "Advent Calendar," the positioning of the speaker in "Cirque d'Hiver" and use of the first-person pronoun does not occur

until the turn itself. Thus, it is productive to consider this as a companion poem to Schnackenberg's to investigate how the revelation portion can be enacted in various manners.

“Cirque d’Hiver” interrogates two companions—the horse and the dancer—who make up one toy. The title is however a gesture toward Cirque d’Hiver—meaning: Winter Circus. Cirque d’Hiver is an actual location in Paris—a venue for circuses, dressage, fashion shows, concerts, and other events. Given that I have obsessed over this poem and Bishop since 2007, I did go off the tourist-grid to find Cirque d’Hiver (and one of Bishop’s apartments in Paris). This venue was originally opened by Emperor Napoleon III, before the fall of the empire, and known as the birthplace of the flying trapeze act. While I could not enter, the unusual shape of the building—a polygon with twenty sides—and its many columns with an ornate, prominent plaque: CIRQUE D’HIVER, protected on both sides by statues of two men riding bareback with spears—still set the background and context for the venue that is suggested in the title, even if Bishop’s edition is a toy-performance, not a circus performance.

The first stanza marks the arrival of the toy and focuses the eye on the realistic elements of the toy horse. The toy is at first marked by its motion; “Across the floor flits the mechanical toy,” (1). It is crossing the room, as a horse would cross the polygon-shaped stage of the floor at Cirque d’Hiver—it enters into the spotlight of our attention. Both “flits” (1) and “mechanical” (1), reinforce however that it does not move displaying live, organic motion. Instead, it is motorized and perfunctory. Even if toys are meant to miniaturize life, the horse does not move with the grace of a real horse. And this is not an ordinary or cheap toy—instead it is said to be “fit for a king of several centuries back” (2). In terms of its construction and ownership, it was built for noble hands of the past. Much like the tradition of writing about some of the world’s most celebrated paintings, while participating in the tradition of ekphrasis, Bishop has elected to use a toy that is not

emblematic of the bourgeois—even if it is depicted as “A little circus horse with real white hair” (3). In this one-liner—a mock-sentence without a verb, Bishop clarifies that this is a circus horse—a horse not meant for field labor, only the labor of entertainment—but also that it has real hair. This small detail is chilling because hair is a symbol of life. Thus, for the horse to have real hair, means that the horse is somewhat (even if not at all) alive. The fact that it has real hair also reinforces that this would have been an expensive, refined toy; the owner possessing a miniature edition of a living beast—almost like the bonsai-trees of toys. To own this toy is to be a horse-owner—to possess a beast.

The ending of the first stanza complicates this initial reading of the horse by setting up the position of its partner, the dancer. Besides his real hair, Bishop further humanizes, or at least enlivens, the horse by stating that “His eyes are glossy black” (4). Although the first stanza has been full of lines around ten syllables in length, Bishop breaks with that on this shorter line; she does not begin a new sentence and enjamb a new thought over the line-break; instead, we are meant to sit with, or under the spell of, these glossy eyes. Four lines into the poem and already we are staring wide-eyed into the creature, caught within the life of it. “Glossy black” (4) globes as if its eyes are all dilated pupils—all orbs of arousal with no blank space, no white rims. And we are left to wonder already what his relation is to *his* dancer because she is upheld by him. “He bears a little dancer on his back” (5). To bear is to support, to give forth, to yield, to hold-up. Thus, he presents her. My initial reading was that the diction here emphasizes that she is his gift; he owns her because she depends upon him, as he carries her. However, the fact that he must bear her, he must hold her up, also immediately (within the first stanza) establishes a sense of empathy for him. He must carry the burden of the dancer; she could twirl and perform on a stage or spin automatically as one opens a box, but instead his back is her stage. He is literally saddled with the burden of her weight and

the exhibit of her performance. Thus, this line is one that I could learn from because the verb matters so much: it works to complicate, to subtly turn our understanding of their companionship, to make us read onward to better understand their working-relationship as opposed to merely reading onward to luxuriate in the description.

The next stanza begins the pattern of then alternating between the horse and dancer, between stanzas, for the rest of the poem. The dancer is introduced as one who is piqued, or upturned, and also marked by continual motion. “She stands upon her toes and turns and turns” (6); standing in *sous-sus en pointe*, she stands on both legs, turning with the highest, longest-line as a ballet-dancer. Bishop’s choice to use “upon” instead of merely say “on” emphasizes that the dancer is the featured half who is stitched with artifice, but also by using “upon” the line is cleanly iambic: reinforcing the “and turn and turns” (6)—such that we should not forget while reading the rest of the poem that she is always in a state of twirling. On she goes, no matter where Bishop’s eye is.

Meanwhile, Bishop’s eye and the rest of the stanza is then devoted to the portrait of her body. The dancer’s associations with artifice, as opposed to the relatively natural elements of the horse, are bolstered by the descriptions of her attire and positioning of her body. “A slanting spray of artificial roses / is stitched across her skirt and tinsel bodice” (7-8). Bishop does not say a ‘slanted’ but “slanting spray”—as if the spray is also moving at the present and fragrant. Yet, these roses unlike the hair (of the horse) are not to be confused with real roses; she is stitched with these markedly artificial decorations. The sibilance woven through both lines highlights this but also the tinsel-nature of her bodice. Tinsel implies that it is glittering, showy, metallic—this laced corset-type garb is not at all meant to look natural; instead it has the glitz of someone performing at the *Cirque d’Hiver*. One can only imagine how gaudy it would actually appear: fake roses stitched all

over tinsel. As if this is not enough, she is surrounded by artifice; “Above her head, she poses / another spray of artificial roses” (9-10). Bishop repeats both “spray” and “artificial” while relaying the image of this arch of roses above the dancer. Nothing about the dancer, even her face—which could have easily been featured as a natural-aspect to her—is without this display of artifice. And the fact that she “poses” (9) that spray of roses sets up the fact that she controls and gives forth that element of artifice within their performance. The horse bears her; she bears the decorative artifice; she adds the showiness to their show.

Within the third stanza, Bishop switches back to discuss the horse by moving beyond a discussion of his appearance to the toy horse’s soul and feelings. Bishop makes us think of the hearty, long, wavy hair of horses drawn by Giorgio Chirico by beginning with the statement that “His mane and tail are straight from Chirico” (11). His painted horses—such as in his painting “Horses” from 1928—always have their hair flowing to the ground, beneath their robust and muscular bodies. Yet, Bishop muscles onward—developing the soul and nature of the horse; “He has a formal, melancholy soul” (12-13). The gender-dynamics between them relate not only to appearances, but as the male, he is the one thought to have a “formal, melancholy soul” (12-13). He is the he—therefore, his soul is a matter of discussion. Bishop—no stranger to the discussion regarding the performance of gender and gap in poetry for men and women—portrays the man in the way *of course* he would be: formal and melancholy (especially in that time, was there ever a male-poet who was not?). And it is somewhat funny because if he is a toy horse, one would not be able to see or know of this component—nor does one also speak of the souls within toys. Especially children—children would not be often calculating or estimating or even envisioning the quality, depth, or nature of the soul held within their toys. Yet, here there is no doubt in it: “He has” (12) such a soul—as if it is not to be doubted at all. One of the reasons why I love Bishop’s poems is

exactly for her aggressive, authoritative—yet somehow still self-possessed and quiet—approach to pushing against perceptions of gender.

Besides pronouncing the qualities of his soul, we learn also how he feels about the dancer on his back. “He feels her pink toes dangle toward his back / along the little pole / that pierces both her body and her soul” (13-15). Her feminine, pink little toes dangle along the pole towards his back; she is suspended above him—besides just the fact that he bears her. Moreover, she has a pole that runs through her tinsel, rose-laden bodice and then pierces her soul as well. In years past, I had misread this or pictured it incorrectly; I imagined that the pole was more like a pole on a carousel, such that she was clearly the rider: revolving somehow around this exterior pole. However, Bishop has not pardoned such a reading; the pole clearly punctures and joins both the soul of the dancer and her dancer’s-body. However, this stanza unlike the rest is not closed. The sentence and the piercing continues over the line-break and stanza-break; the little pole goes through her body and soul “and goes through his, and reappears below, / under his belly, as a big tin key” (16-17). The pole ties them together, but even in terms of the poem’s construction on the page, that pole forms the juncture between them that tethers the two stanzas together.

Despite their differences, they cannot be thought of as two disparate pieces of one toy. She is not cleanly the body, and he is not cleanly the soul or mind. He cannot so cleanly be thought of as real—while she is only artificial because in fact their bodies and their souls are joined to each other with the same pole that ends in a key. Although I still find the key to be somewhat of a surprise—how does a pole end in a key? This does link the ignition behind their motion with the pole-itself—such that when one turns the key to wind up the toy, then the pole is also wound up. The uniting force between them is activated when the toy is turned on. Thus, this image—of the pole running through both, as opposed to my false mental-image that it was like a carousel pole—

displays its visible and internal union of the two figures. But we cannot forget the beginning of the sentence despite its length: “He feels [...]” (13) that union, that pole running through both of them. This union is not merely told to the reader based on the speaker’s perceptions; instead he feels that union between them. It is not just how it is; he also feels that union of their bodies and souls as they perform together.

The conclusion of this stanza marks the turn from description to revelation—including a shift to first-person pronouns. Much like Schnackenberg’s speaker, Bishop crosses into the realm of the object. First there is however more action, more pomp and circumstance acted out by the horse: “He canters three steps, then he makes a bow, / canters again, bows on one knee, / canters, then clicks and stops, and looks at me” (18-20). Still, even after ten years with this poem, I always hear a little gasp at the insertion of “me” as opposed to “her” or really any other word. It is still a surprise. Canter is not walking. Before the “me” appears, the horse’s gait is marked by an air of performance; he enacts a rhythm; he makes a particular, fashioned series of steps before then bowing—as a human might. And then again, he repeats this choreography. The fact that he “clicks and stops” (20) connects back to the opening line—whereby he was described as one who “flits” and is “mechanical” (1). The key has unwound; his motion has ceased following his bows. When he stops, the speaker is implicated in the scene; she no longer merely looks on or over this intercourse between the dancer and horse, but instead she is now directly gazing into those “glossy black” (4) eyes of the horse. The act no longer revolves around two but three.

Within the final stanza, the turn toward understanding the positioning of the revelation within this emblem poem and Bishop’s use of toy with respect to interrogating her role as a poet becomes more apparent. Given that the last stanza ended upon the horse, we have an opening switch back to the dancer; “The dancer, by this time, has turned her back” (21). It is not possible

to read Bishop into the dancer—as the one to communicate with and interact with the horse. Bishop does not at all read or position herself in the role or body or consciousness of the dancer; in fact, the dancer is turned away from the scene. She has stopped about-face; she is at the end of the poem less relevant—for she has already danced her part. The decorative element has properly decorated. Bishop follows this with a line that seems connected to the line about the horse’s formal, melancholic soul; she states with an affirmative tone: “He is the more intelligent by far” (22). While the dancer was known for her decorative aesthetic-presence and circular, unchanging dance, the horse is of superior intelligence. Yet, to connect this to poetry: if she is the decoration, then in poetry she would be akin to craft and the decorative elements, the flourishes that show off one’s technique. Meanwhile, he is the substance, the meat of a poem; he is the experience and meaning conveyed through the poem. Thus, they are the two companion parts of art.

Bishop’s role or positioning, as the artist hovering above and staring into the face of art itself, is not established until the final three lines of the poem. She begins: “Facing each other rather desperately” (23)—which immediately is odd (and fosters an element of surprise) because we know that “each other” cannot be referring there to the horse and dancer, as one would expect, because the dancer is now facing away (not to mention he cannot face what is on his own back)—instead the speaker and horse are facing each other with desperation. The detail that they are looking at each other “desperately”—seems to imply that in both directions there is a fierce, intensity to the longing in their stare. She does not however back away from this intense attraction between the poet and the substance; instead, it is said that “his eye is like a star” (24). This is the shortest line in the poem: only three, regular iambic feet. And it is intriguing that she says his ‘eye’—singular instead of plural—because if they are facing each other, then one would think she would be looking into both. However, I think this sense of staring into only one star, and being

drawn into—pierced and united in some way—with the eye of the horse depicts Bishop’s process as an artist: her willingness to yield and lean into the subject and substance (embodied by the horse) itself, for the sake of the poem. The last line is however shrouded with even more mystery and surprise despite the number of times that I have read this poem; “we stare and say, ‘Well, we have come this far’ ” (25). The poem does not end—“he and I stare”—but instead we. There is a greater sense of ambiguity and a sense of opening to this joined, first-person pronoun; the reader cannot be so cleanly left off or out of this pronoun. As Jonathan Ellis noted in “Art and Memory in the Work of Elizabeth Bishop,” “The final line of the poem typically employs Bishop’s favourite ambiguous pronoun to confuse perspective pronoun to confuse perspective. The ‘we’ that ‘stare and say’ may be mechanical figures, but perhaps they are also the human speakers of the poem whose relationship is cruelly reflected in the bleak turns of the horse and dancer” (Ellis, 117). I rather disagree with Ellis that there is necessarily a “distanced couple” of actual human speakers to which Bishop is referring; in addition, I do not believe that the pronoun “we” is meant to confuse the perspective—only to blur it, to meld the horse and speaker into one—such that the final quotation is shared by both. Housed inside what could have possibly been a simple line of iambic pentameter, the interjection of “well” shatters the rhythm of iambs. However, I would argue, unlike Ellis, that it is actually this interjection—as opposed to the “we” which confuses the tone of the last line. I have, in years past, wavered regarding whether this “well” is an affirmative, vote of certitude between them or if is much like a sigh or shrug: “I suppose, we have come this far . . . (que sera).” Yet, if this poem speaks to and explicates her task as a poet to work with both elements of art, as discussed earlier, then this embrace and melding of the artist with the substance and experience that is behind art is not a shrug or compromise or sigh. Especially following “his eye is like a star” (24), Bishop looks into the face of “experience” or “substance” behind art, within

the (at that time) still predominantly (perceived to be) male-soul oriented genre of poetry—and becomes it. She is the artist and the poet, and despite that she is a *she*, she does not back down or away.

Unlike Schnackenberg's speaker, who is still left on the outskirts of the Advent Calendar—with painful glitter bits as her only point of interaction with it, within the revelation portion of this poem Bishop is no stranger to coming-into the object itself. The toy combines both elements of her art: the decorative elements of craft bound up and presented by the dancer along with also the necessary, hearty, substance and experience that stands as the core of a given poem. Thus, within the first four stanzas, Bishop observes and interrogates the role of each and how they two parts function in tandem. Yet, at the end of the fourth stanza, there is this initial invitation, into the turn to revelation: the switch-kick of "looks at me" (20). Unlike Schnackenberg, Bishop's speaker is not interrogating the past; she is not asking to be pardoned, to be permitted again to the innocence of childhood; she is instead interrogating her role and the position as an artist—such an interrogation is of the present-tense. Thus, while both are a form of revelation, Bishop's comes to be more than just an inquisition into the meaning of the object; while Schnackenberg turns to interrogate her broader positioning the past and history, Bishop's is a direct inquisition into her position and the problem one faces as a poet while braiding experience and craft together in a poem—especially as a woman in a gendered world.



There's a certain Slant of light,
by Emily Dickinson

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference –
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –
'Tis the seal Despair –
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
Shadows – hold their breath –
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –

Michael Theune makes use of this poem within “Structure and Surprise” to demonstrate one variation on the emblem tradition—whereby no specific lesson is garnered through the poet’s experience with and description of the particular object. Furthermore, Theune even goes as far as to argue that Dickinson offers “a momentary anti-epiphany, a glimpse at fleetingness itself, at death” (Theune, 33). While it is certainly possible to see the movement in this poem as “anti-epiphany,” I would actually posit that the epiphany is merely faint—plus the move from description to meditation is simply not as ‘hinged’ as his other examples, or as the two poems that I have previously explored. The fact of the matter is that an emblem poem, is not less of one, merely because it is not structured like a bi-valve essay—with a turn in the middle or in the midst of the two parts, to flip from description to meditation. Thus, I shall make use of Dickinson’s “There’s a certain Slant of light,” to consider how otherwise one may move between *and* among the two parts of the emblem poem in a less straightforward, categorical, and lock-step manner.

Within the lyric poem “There’s a certain Slant of light,” Dickinson explicates the angular, heavyweight light of winter as her object. Written in four stanzas, with trochaic meter, Dickinson alternates between lines of seven and five syllables—except for three lines, which we will later return to, due to their critical placement within a poem of ballad meter. In the first stanza, Dickinson crafts the description of the object by making it clear that this is not an uplifting, warm light. The light is not shining direct from heaven but instead it is at first noted for its “Slant” (1). The light is askew; it is at an angle from her. Moreover, she immediately grounds the light within the darker, cold winter season by clarifying that this certain light is of “Winter Afternoons—” (2)—such that it is not the fresh, awakening of light in the morning, and also not when the sun sits zenith above her at noon. Instead, the sun has already started to descend, casting its light from an angle closer to the horizon. Still, however, this not the kind of light to be welcomed on one’s face—even in the afternoon because Dickinson clarifies that it is a light “That oppresses like the Heft / Of Cathedral Tunes –” (3-4). Both “oppresses” and “heft” reinforce that she does not at all feel liberated by such a light; this slant of light instead weighs her down—as if someone has heaved something upon her, to keep her down, with cruel restraints, lower than the horizon. The verb “oppress” also lets us closer to her mind because if she is oppressed by such a light then in mind and spirit, she cannot even think of things that are not held down with sorrow. All is forced downward. And on top of these details, Dickinson stitches the association of the light with “Cathedral Tunes” (4); despite any tempo or smorgasbord of trills, accidentals, runs, and thrilling dynamics, cathedral tunes are still most often generated by an organ. And organ-music is not lite. In fact, the use of tunes, in this instance, in comparison to its contemporary usage seems nearly ironic; regardless, no one would call organ-music easily listening or casual. It is not dancing-music, and thus, Dickinson concludes the first stanza with this unwavering association of the light with

weight. The rhyme exhibited by the second and fourth lines even reinforces this heavy, drowning force of the light such that whatever sense of knowledge and meaning opened up by the first two lines is then slammed shut in the second to lines of the stanza.

Within the second stanza, Dickinson complicates the nature of the light—such that the reader should come to understand that despite its oppressive qualities: it is still a force to be revered. Much like “Cathedral Tunes” (4)—which imbues the light with a holy, sacred, or spiritual quality—by referring to the light as “Heavenly Hurt” (5), there is a sense that despite the pain and oppressive nature of the light, it is still of divine origin. Moreover, the light is said to be something that “gives us” (5)—even if it is oppressive, it is still in the act of giving to her. It is a blessing—even if painful. Furthermore, Dickinson exacts that such a gift, much like the notion of a blessing, is internal: “We can find no scar, / But internal difference—” (6-7). There is no visible entry-wound; the weighty blow from this light delivers no bruise. However, despite all of its weight and its oppressive force, Dickinson clarifies that there is an “internal difference” (7), an unseen change in those who are subjected to the slant of light. And that “internal difference” (7) is “Where the Meanings, are—” (8)—meaning, that the light acts upon the subject to alter her greater understanding of all things, of life itself. Despite all of its weight, it still bequeaths knowledge and richer notions of perceiving the world to those who must bear it.

Within the third stanza, Dickinson further amplifies both the sorrow-laden strength of the light and its majestic, near mystical qualities. “None may teach it – Any –” (9); unlike any given religious scripture or doctrinal-based practice, the light cannot be taught into someone. Meaning also that humans cannot be teachers or givers of the light; it is beyond the human power of possession in that it cannot be re-given onto others. The use of “Any” surrounded by dashes could also be interpreted in multiple ways. Dickinson could be suggesting that “None may teach it [to]

Any[one else]” or “None may teach it [of] Any [kind]” or “None may teach it [at] Any [time]” or the “Any” could be merely to reinforce “None”—such that any possible human, whether priest, rabbi, king, poet, or serf can never teach it to anyone else. Regardless, wearing its coat of dashes, the most ambiguous and multifarious skin in poetry, there is no one definitive way to read this isolated word.

Dickinson amplifies the rich, sacred qualities of the light in the rest of the third stanza. A parallel line to “We can find no scar,” (6), Dickinson reiterates the emblem left behind by the light: “ ‘Tis the seal Despair—” (10). Although I do not often use an actual seal to close my letters daily; I do not melt wax and stamp my initial on the flap—I believe that is what we are meant to see: the soul is sealed, literally marked with the stamp of despair. That is the mark of this light: despair—which is somehow grim and beautiful at once. And this light is said to be not just any affliction but “An imperial affliction” (11)—much like it has descended from a sovereign empire or one of supreme rank; it is still an affliction: a cause of pain and suffering. Yet another line where six out of seven syllables contain and entertain these countering aspects of the light: to be of noble essence but to be a source of misery. A light that is of an elevated source yet brings one lower. Upon arriving at the next line—“Sent us of the Air—” (12), I always recalls the word “Heft” (3) from the opening stanza—not only because one would think of them so much to be opposites—to be of air but be representative of heft—but because both seem rather pedestrian. Except for the syntax, such that one would not naturally say: “Sent us of the Air—” (12) in our contemporary world, unless she wished to sound deliberately archaic—it is otherwise not shocking in content or diction. Light would be sent through air. “Sent” is not a prime example of a vivid-verb, as we tell our students to select even their verbs wisely. “Us” would be surprising, if like Bishop’s “me” it was its first appearance in the poem—however, since stanza two, we have already known the speaker

speaks of “we” and “us,” such that the light is not singular or individualized to only her. This plain-spoken line is however the last before the major turn of the poem.

Theune argued that “Dickinson’s poem differs from so many emblem poems in that no specific lesson is imparted” (33)—I would however argue that the lesson and turn toward revelation is housed within the final stanza. It is however quite different than the turn toward revelation attempted by Schnackenberg’s speaker and that experienced by Bishop’s speaker, because the turn does not involve the speaker *pivoting in toward* the object itself. Dickinson’s speaker does not accomplish a move toward (internal or personal) revelation by bringing her consciousness and perspective in closer to the object or image. Instead, the intimacy of revelation is accomplished only through distancing. And that is the purpose of the final stanza; in the final stanza, she backs off—further from the light with two parallel statements, almost like mathematical theorems—to pronounce: this is how the light is—both as it comes and goes. Theune says she has no lesson; he says there is instead an anti-epiphany. Yet, she is not muddled or confused or shy at the end; she has described the intricacies of the light for four stanzas, and now she steps back to postulate in a formal manner. Because now after the descriptive-portion, after four stanzas of focused looking, she knows what to make of it, and she tells it as she knows it—as any philosopher declares ideas once they are known to be true in the mind.

The last stanza can be nothing other than revelation or meditation—it is (precisely) the moment of epiphany. There is no doubt as she declares: “When it comes, the Landscape listens – / Shadows – hold their breath –” (13-14). This is more than a picture of the stillness, in terms of land and shadows—this is tied to the revelation of the lesson, to her own meditation because the stillness, the listening, the deadening of breath can be said to be her own. In this broader, distanced appraisal of how the light affects the physical-world is a pronouncement of how the light comes

into her. When it comes, there is a clarity—in terms of both the ear and tongue; both are suspended while in the presence of this scared, albeit burdensome light. And yet to say there is this suspension of the human ear and tongue, while in the presence of the light, is also to say that she yields to it. Although it is oppressive, she is filled by it.

This declaration is however followed then by two lines of parallel syntax regarding what then happens when the light has gone; because she does in fact know both sides of it, such that “When it goes, ‘tis like the Distance / On the look of Death—” (15-16). After the light has departed, it is in fact not entirely extinguished or absent but instead “like the Distance” (15). It still has a presence—which is to say also that it is still with her, even if it is not filling her. It is with her as “Distance / On the look of Death—” (16); while this may seem hard to parse, “Distance” reminds me of the distinguished “Slant” (1) formation of the light at the beginning—which was a cue to its proximity to the horizon. Thus, distance looking over death is akin to the horizon and ending of the light for the day, which is always a certain, small death until the day and light is to begin again. In addition, it could also be emblematic of a mere metaphorical death. Or these lines could describe the immense, immediate distance with which someone who has died seems from those who are living. Beyond that, to say that the departure of this heavy, mystical light is like a distant-perspective looking onto death is to say that the departure is full of sorrow, for it is after-all facing the concept of mortality—however, because it is noted as distant from death, it is not severely sorrowful or distressed or pummeled deep into anguish. It is a meditative reminder of one’s mortality; to think and face and sit with in that moment that one will eventually die. And there, I think is the major lesson of the poem—for however burdensome it is to be filled by the light, with it, one departs from the human preoccupation with mortality. Yet, this lesson and the turn toward revelation did not come from closing-in on the object—like Schnackenberg and Bishop—instead

it was the result of distancing herself from it to postulate about her interior-meditation by setting it in the larger context of the physical world—as encapsulated by the “Landscape” (13) and “Distance” (15).



At the conclusion of Michael Theune’s chapter “The Emblem Structure,” he concludes that this structure is without boundaries. Although it is only one structure discussed among many, he claims that “[...] there is virtually no end to the possibilities for the emblem poem; subjects for the emblem poem are as limitless as the things of the universe. [...] And the description need not be primarily visual. Any of the senses might animate an emblem poem” (Theune, 36). After completing this inquest, especially after grappling with Dickinson’s “There’s a certain Slant of light,” I do not believe that my personal definition of this structure is quite so boundless. Theune is open to the belief that anything can be fodder for an emblem poem, and an emblem poem can communicate any potential message. I do not, however, hold such a munificent perception of this structure. While it is possible that the subject or content may be rooted in anything, and may be divorced from all that is visual—for me, I am most interested in poems that are undeniably emblem poems: poems that house an unquestionable amount of description—and more often than not are rooted in or waltzing with the phantom of a concrete object. I am held captive by reading and writing poems that interrogate the poet’s way of seeing. Which is also to say, those that turn readers on to seeing with certitude what they have not seen and what they will never see.

I began this study of emblem poems with the intention of deriving how such a structure could be altered to destabilize the reader and vary the sense of surprise or uncertainty housed within a poem. After closely reading Dickinson, Bishop, and Schnackenberg, there is a clear

difference in distance enacted between the object (or image) and the speaker's ultimate vantage point. Within Schnackenberg's poem, the speaker openly engages with the object; her presence and consciousness melds with the magical space and time inside of the Advent calendar. As readers, we make the voyage with her as she attempts to come into and experience the space of the object. Reader and speaker blatantly attempt this escape into the object together—even if this escape is flawed and brings her immense grief. Elizabeth Bishop's speaker does also fuse with the object and world of the toy—in particular with the horse—however, there is no transition or gradual melding of the speaker's consciousness with the object. Instead, the reader is jolted by the swift flip of the pronoun in the last line. While Schnackenberg's poem slowly seduces the reader into the consciousness of the speaker (and world of the calendar), Bishop leaves the reader to function as a remote observer—who is entirely off-taken by this sudden intimacy between the speaker and object. The speaker's inclusion within the world of the object is asserted without warning; the reader is thereby uprooted and distanced from their union without warning. Hence, the surprise never fades when Bishop drops the pronoun “we” in that final line. Unlike either poem, Dickinson's poem displays the most radical use of the turn, in relation to the vantage point and engagement with the speaker, because the speaker does not attempt to inhabit the image that gives way to description. Unlike Bishop and Schnackenberg, Dickinson does not attempt to walk around in the object (or in this case, the scene with this particular light) or fuse with it. Instead the move to meditation is derived by a speaker who is still at a distance. Thus, it is evident that—for me—as I proceed to write emblem poems in the future, I must reconsider how I, too, can modulate the orientation of the speaker to the object—to delay, to fuse, to wrench, or to annihilate the speaker's consciousness between and from the source that arouses such a meditation. Pace and placement of this turn determine the momentum of surprise.

Within all three of these poems and emblem poems in general, this investigation into how one can cultivate surprise illuminates that one must always consider how to navigate this sense of losing the self-identity of the speaker while crafting and unfolding both parts of the structure to an emblem poem. If always I have been drawn to these types of poems because they appear to sponsor the clean removal of the self and an escape from the reality surrounding the page, then these poems clarify that such vanishing act is incomplete without a turn, or return, to functioning as a self-possessed vantage point. No material or object will ever render the writer immaterial.



Works Cited

Bishop, Elizabeth, and Poets Laureate Collection. *The Complete Poems, 1927-1979*. New York:

Farrar Straus Giroux, 1983. Print.

Ellis, Jonathan. *Art and Memory in the Work of Elizabeth Bishop*. Aldershot, England ; Burlington,

VT: Ashgate, 2006. Print.

Theune, Michael. *Structure & Surprise: Engaging Poetic Turns*. New York: Teachers and

Writers Collaborative, 2007. Print.

Schnackenberg, Gjertrud. *Supernatural Love: Poems, 1976-1992*. New York: Farrar, Straus and

Giroux, 2000. Print.

Additional Resources

Anderson, Charles Roberts. *Emily Dickinson's Poetry; Stairway of Surprise*. 1st Ed. ed. New

York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1960. Web.

Bishop, Elizabeth, and Quinn, Alice. *Edgar Allan Poe & the Juke-box: Uncollected Poems,*

Drafts, and Fragments. 1st ed. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 2006. Print.

Bishop, Elizabeth. *Poems*. Ed. by Saskia Hamilton. New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 2011.

Fountain, Gary, and Brazeau, Peter. *Remembering Elizabeth Bishop : An Oral Biography*.

Amherst: U of Massachusetts, 1994. Print.

Jarrell, Randall. "Levels and Opposites: Structure in Poetry." *The Georgia Review* 55/56 (2001): 389-404. Web.

Kalstone, David., Hemenway, Robert, Bishop, Elizabeth, and Moore, Marianne. *Becoming a Poet: Elizabeth Bishop with Marianne Moore and Robert Lowell*. 1st ed. New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1989. Print.

Kinzie, Mary. *A Poet's Guide to Poetry*. Second ed. Chicago: U of Chicago, 2013. Print. Chicago Guides to Writing, Editing, and Publishing.

Kinzie, Mary. *The Judge Is Fury: Dislocation and Form in Poetry*. Ann Arbor: U of Michigan, 1994. Poets on Poetry. Web.

Theune, Michael. "The Structure-Form Distinction." *American Poet* 32 (2007): American Academy of Poets. Web.