

Cats in the Cradle

Appreciation (Planetpapers.com)

This poem, "Cats in the Cradle" is written by Harry and Sandy Chapin. The poem teaches you that you have to pay attention to your kids and not as much to your work. This poem is about a dad who pays more attention to his work than to his son.

The dad is concerned that his son will turn out like him and not pay attention to him or his children. This poem is lyrical and also narrative because it tells a story. An example of alliteration is "Little Boy Blue". There aren't any sound devices used in this poem that I could find.

This poem makes me feel kind of sad because now the son doesn't pay attention to his dad and his job is more important than his family. The poem was pretty good because it told a story about what can happen if you take your job too seriously. I don't think I would change anything in the poem because it all goes together really good and I don't think it would work out very well if I changed anything in it. This poem is kind of interesting because you wonder what is going to happen to the son.

I called him up just the other day,
I said, "I'd like to see you, if you don't mind."
"He said I'd love to Dad if I could find the time.
You see my new job's a hassle, and the kids got the flu,
But it's sure nice talking to you Dad,
It's sure nice talking to you."

As I hung up the phone it occurred to me,
My boy was just like me, he'd grown up just like me.

And the cats in the cradle and the silver spoon,
Little boy blue and the man on the moon,
"When you coming home, I don't know when,
We'll get together then, Son,
You know we'll have a good time then."

-Harry Chapin

My child arrived just the other day, IMS©
Came into the world in the usual way,
But there were planes to catch, bills to pay,
He learned to walk while I was away.
He was talking before I knew it,
And as he grew, he said,

"I'm going to be like you, Dad,
you know I'm gonna be like you."

And the cats in the cradle and the silver spoon,
Little boy blue and the man on the moon,

"When you coming home, I don't know when,
We'll get together then, Son,
You know we'll have a good time then."

Son turned ten just the other day,
He said, "Thanks for the ball Dad come on lets play,
Can you teach me to throw?"

I said, "Not today, I've got a lot to do."
He said, "That's OK" and he walked away
smiling ever bit that said,
"I'm going to be like him, yea,
you know I'm gonna be like him."

And the cats in the cradle and the silver spoon,
Little boy blue and the man on the moon,

"When you coming home, I don't know when,
We'll get together then, son, You know we'll
have a good time then."

Came home from college just the other day, So
much like a man that I had to say, "Son I'm
proud of you, will you sit for a while?"

He shook his head and he said with a smile,

"What I really want Dad is to borrow the car keys,
See you later, can I have them please?"

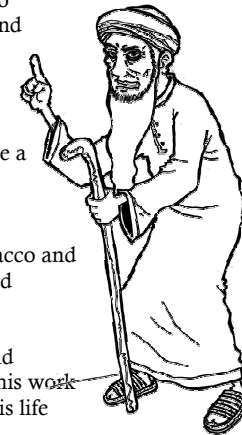
And the cats in the cradle and the silver spoon,
Little boy blue and the man on the moon,
"When you coming home, I don't know when,
We'll get together then, Dad, you know we'll
have a good time then."

I have long since retired, now our Son's moved
away,

Grandpa

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he was a man
He taught me the things that mattered
how to eat oxtail soup before
fishing on Saturday morning to
keep you warm how to
cast a line into a
streamful of angered anglers and
be the only one to
come home with anything worth
bragging about how to
set teeth in any saw and
dovetail a joint in a
chair leg and roof a
house and weld a
straight seam on a
kitchen pipe and make a
home out of a
workshop out of a
two-car garage and
smoke Granger's tobacco and
love work out kids and
fishing for 'a Man's
life is his work and
his work is his life' and
Once you take away his work
you pull the plug of his life
and it takes too long
for it to drain silently away.
one day the came and
told him to go home and
rest old man it's time
that you retire he begged
them 'let me stay' but
they of course knew best for
every one knows at sixty-five
all men are old and useless and
must be cast off to
rot so he came home and
tried to fish and
couldn't and tried to joke and
couldn't and tried to live and
couldn't Every morning he was
up and four and cooked breakfast for
grandma and warmed up the house and
went to the workshop and filed saws for
neighbors but
they told him to stop that too
so he put all his tools away and
cleaned up the workshop and
came into the house for his



daily afternoon nap and
died. They didn't know
what I knew because he didn't tell them but
he showed them
Grandpa he was man.

-W.M. Ransom

IMPORTANT NOTES

1. grandson sees grandpas as role model
2. grandson has a good relationship with his grandpa who has taught him many things
3. grandpa was a man whose life was devoted to his work
4. metaphor: grandpa stops working "Once you take away his work you pull the plug of his life and it takes too long for it to drain silently away"
5. pull the plug "when he's forced to retire" > drain silently away "his life going to end"
6. grandpa has been objectified as rotting plants - his life is no longer worth living
7. the shape of the poem is irregular and the lines seem to drag on endlessly, echoing the image of water going down the drain
8. all grandpa's words are direct speech-suggest a close relationship between the writer and his grandpa - grandpa's words are meaningful to the writer
9. Grandpa has taught the writer:
 - * how to eat oxtail soup
 - * cast a line into a streamful of angered anglers
 - * set teeth in any saw and dovetail a joint
 - * weld a straight seam on a kitchen pipe
10. Grandpa was a working man:
 - * smoke Granger's tobacco
 - * love work
 - * love kids
 - * love fishing

Source: <http://eforexcellence.blogspot.com/>

Characters of My Grandmother

In many of Elizabeth Jennings poems she reflects the difficult personal experiences of her life. Many of her poems deal with themes of family, friendship, suffering, loneliness and religious experiences, without them being too sentimental.

In this poem Elizabeth Jennings has set it out in four stanzas. Where each stanza tells a part to her story. Elizabeth Jennings is talking about her own experiences with her grandmother. The poem is a memory of her childhood and she is looking back at it.

People have lots of different opinions about what a Grandmother is supposed to be like. Some people think that they should be caring to others, loving to their families, always going to play bingo, constantly knitting something for their grandchildren and never unkind to others. Even though all Grandmothers are not like that we class as to be all the same and we always classify them as being old and frail. Some Grandmothers are fit and healthy always doing something active.

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studentcentral.co.uk:

The final stanza talks about when she died, and what was left of her antiques and the memories that were left of her in the room where all her things were. In the first stanza there are many ways in which the writer has created the atmosphere of an antique shop. "Apostle spoons" and "Bristol glass" are the most obvious in the first stanza; this is because they are both collectables and are treasured by antique lovers. The writer also uses phrases such as "faded silks" and "heavy furniture". The faded silks could have been describing her grandmother as well as what was in the shop (double entendre). Heavy furniture would have been in the shop because years ago the heavier the furniture, the more expensive it would be.

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This poem in particular makes you reflect on how you treat others, also that every day should be made the most of - nothing lasts for ever. From reading this poem in particular I have tried to pay more attention to other people, in particular,

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my Gran, old people can often seem "in the way" their old fashioned ways can become annoying, since reading this poem I've started talking to her more. I recently realised I am going to have to purchase a dictaphone to deal with the vast amount of hilarious stories she has to tell...

Jennings' work, though consistent in tone, is not repetitious. There's a steady growth in emotional intensity. People are often uneasy about talking about subjects such as guilt, Jennings has a willingness to tackle uncomfortable subjects, each volume contains at least a few poems of startling power.

Elizabeth Joan Jennings, poet, born July 18 1926; died October 26 2001

The poem explores the relationship between the speaker and her grandmother.

1. The first stanza sets the scene- the antique shop reflects the character and life of the grandmother. ... But to the grandmother the antiques have great importance. ... She takes pride in her possession of them; the speaker's 'wish not to be used/ Like antique objects' is a wish not to be accorded the same kind of attention the antiques receive - and though the grandmother can see her own reflection in the antiques, she is denied the chance to see it in her granddaughter (someone whom we might expect to reflect her). ... The caesura (pause) is extremely powerful here as it emphasises the poet's feeling of guilt the author experienced at having rejected her grandmother's company.

2. The grandmother's life is bound up with the antiques even after she no longer keeps the shop. ... This third stanza is full of unattractive images - shadows, the smell of absence, things too long shut up - yet the speaker still has to acknowledge that, to her grandmother, they represent 'all her best things'. This imagery sums up the life of a person who has been defined by her antiques - 'the smell of absences' suggests the memories that the grandmother attaches to these objects, but it also hints at an unfulfilled existence.

3. The last two lines of stanza four produce a particularly effective ending: 'no finger marks were there', meaning no sign of human life, instead the 'new dust falling through the air' reveals the total absence of life, death itself.

termpaperslab.com:

The poem 'My Grandmother,' is a recount of a childhood memory of the poets' grandmother who "kept an antique shop", and there are many underlying meaning and thoughts in the poem, which illustrate the strong attachment of the grandmother towards her shop and the relationship between her and the poet.

The poet uses her grandmothers' life to portray themes such as loneliness, guilt and the passing of time.

The first and third verse are written in third person, describing the grandmother and her relationship with the shop, however the second and forth verse are written in first person, describing the poets memories and her relationship with her grandmother, while she was alive and after she died.

Each verse is divided into six lines and each line has ten syllables, this creates a pattern, which reminds the reader of the repetitive circle of life and gives the poem and order and style, which characterizes the poet.

The first line of the poem personifies the "antique shop," as the poet is in doubt whether her grandmother kept an antique shop or "it kept her." This brings out the strong attachment of the grandmother towards the shop to the point where it could keep her, which is impossible as the shop is not a living thing. In the second and third lines the poet lists the objects that were found in the shop, like they were friends of her grandmother.

The reader can notice that by bringing this out, the poet wants emphasize the loneliness and the absence of love in Elizabeth Jennings grandmother's life.

The theme of reflection and distortion comes up in line four where the grandmother, "watched her own reflection in the brass salvers and silver bowls, there was no need of love." The poet creates a setting of grand surroundings, and extravagant objects, which were once new and belonged to someone.

megaessays.com:

In "My Grandmother" by Elizabeth Jennings, the relationship between the granddaughter and her grandmother is very distant. No finger marks are on the furniture as she isn't there anymore to handle things. The mirror can remember the woman as a young girl, and because she has now grown up, the image of the young girl is a mere memory that has died, and gradually the older version of the woman will do the same.

Soon the grandmother became too old to run the shop on her own and she realised that she couldn't keep the antiques in replacement of love. She can't go back now and there is nothing to feel love towards. Her grandmother kept the items as if to preserve them so they survive for much longer than they would without her.

In this poem the granddaughter is trapped in her own guilt that she feels towards her grandmother. She was afraid to get too close to her grandmother, as if she felt that if she did, she may get treated like one of her grandmother's antiques, used and named a possession. She now knows the hurt her grandmother must of felt when she declined the offer to go out with her and that she hadn't even given her grandmother a chance! She walked into her grandmothers room full of her old antiques, and saw all the things that her grandmother never used but needed to keep her alive.

The only thing that touches the antiques now is the new dust that builds up on them, as the grandmother is not there anymore to polish and dust them. The smell of absences are the missing loved ones that were no longer in her life. She was trying to convince herself all her life that she didn't need love in her life to stay alive.

"A goodly (pleasant) word is like a goodly (large) tree; which root is firmly fixed, and its branches reach to the sky."

[Quran, 14:24]



Those Winter Sundays (1962)

Sundays too my father got up early
And put his clothes on in the blueback cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labor in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him, who had driven out
the cold and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?

Introduction

Robert Hayden (1913-1980) possessed amazing skill with language and the structure of the poem. Though he is perhaps best known for his poems that explore and express the African-American experience, from the days of slavery, to the Civil War, to that of his own time, poems like Middle Passage, or The Ballad of Nat Turner, he also wrote shorter, arguably more lyric poems that capture personal or religious moments. "Those Winter Sundays," a poem about a son remembering his father, is an excellent example of one of these shorter poems as it displays Hayden's incredible control of language and intricate understanding of human experience. It is clear that there was distance between them and little communication or even warmth. It is discovered though, in recollection, that love actually was present. It was just communicated subtly in the father's effort, specifically by building fires in the early morning that "dr[ove] out the cold." The poem seems to be a lament of the fact that the son, who at the time could not perceive such subtle expressions of love, never returned them. Though subjects and speakers of poems do not necessarily correlate with the poet who writes them, it is interesting to note that Hayden was not actually raised by his real mother and father, but by their neighbors to whom he was given at the age of eighteen months.

Lines 1-2:

The poem begins with a very simple line that nonetheless establishes the subject and the tone of what will follow. The title has already suggested the quiet cold of "winter Sundays" and this first line adds to it the notion of the early morning. The speaker's father is also introduced which leads one to believe that he will figure centrally in the poem.

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The simple action of the man getting up and dressing is sharpened as an image by the use of the interesting and striking adjective "blueblack," which describes a darkness that will soon be contrasted by the image of fire. This beginning might also be seen to suggest something of the father's character as well, as he is up before daybreak, and is the one to confront the cold darkness of the home.

Lines 3-5:

The father's effort and suffering are then focused upon. His hands, a particularly human reference, are dry and pained from weekday work. Yet this is not enough to keep him from the necessary task of making a fire. The element of self-sacrifice is clear in this description as the man disregards his own pain to warm and light the home for his family. The first stanza comes to a close with a quiet but surprising admission: "no one ever thanked him." This addition seems to further the implied isolation of the father as we learn that his suffering and effort go unacknowledged by the others. This last line also adds the element of lament or regret on the part of the speaker to the poem as it shifts from the father to the son and anonymous others.

This first stanza also serves as an excellent example of Hayden's meticulous skill with language. Notice the sounds that he compiles as he tells the beginning of this simple story. He first establishes the cold dark with "blueblack." Then, consistent with the sound of a hard "c," he adds the element of pain: "cracked hands that ached." When certain consonant sounds repeat in close proximity it is called consonance and its use here is part of what holds the stanza together. The sounds are very subtle, but as each new hard "c" is uttered, it evokes some recollection of those that came before. So as one continues through the first stanza and hears "weekday," "banked," and "thanked," the poem coheres almost without notice. It could also be argued that this hard "c" was chosen to resemble the sound of a fire just starting, the cracking and popping of the dry wood. Finally, Hayden uses alliteration, the repetition of words beginning with the same consonant sound, with "weekday weather" and

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"banked fires blazed" to add to the smoothness of the lines and their sound.

Line 6:

Here, as the focus shifts to the speaker's role in this Sunday morning experience, the consonance continues. Though it is described as the speaker hearing the "cold splintering, breaking," the sounds continue to carry the connotation and sound of the fire started in the first stanza. The image of the fire affecting the cold also begins the progression from dark and cold to light and warm that seems to flow through the poem.

Lines 7-8:

Here, once warmth is established, the father calls to the son, who then performs the same act as the father in lines one and two by rising and dressing. This could be seen as a parallel between the two, to make a subtle connection that adds weight to the speaker's lament. It is possible, the parallel suggests, that the speaker has come to understand this childhood experience by eventually finding himself in the role of the father.

Line 9:

The second stanza then ends as the first did with an unexpected and powerful line. The idea of "chronic angers" is introduced into the calm scene in which the father makes the house warm and comfortable for his family. More specific information is not offered however, and the reader is left to guess who the source of the anger is, and what its causes might be. It is clear though that anger was a constant in the house, as much a part of the mornings as the fire itself. Hayden uses another hard "c" sound to express this, with the word "chronic," which connects this idea of anger to the earlier description of the fathers painful hands, and the fire blazing. One could argue that this introduces complexity psychological and structural that makes the poem much more accurate a description of such familial interaction.

Lines 10-12:

The third and final stanza begins with an image of emotional distance. This seems a fairly natural extension of the previous line's mention of the presence of anger in the house. The next two lines, however, imply that as much as the indifference

may have been self-protective, it was also ungrateful. There is no judgment made about whether or not the indifference was justified, or could have been helped. There is only the admission that, in addition to possibly being the source of "chronic angers," the father also tended to his child. The images offered are clear and strong as first we are reminded of the building of the fire which drives out the cold, and then are given the more austere and sharper image of the man polishing shoes. Both of these images carry the connotations of the actions of a servant more than a father.

Lines 13-14:

After establishing the complex emotional sense of the remembered ritual, the speaker poses a striking rhetorical question that will end the poem. Line 13 provides, with an almost pleading repetition, the admission of ignorance on the part of the speaker. Then Line 14 reveals what it is that the speaker was ignorant about, what he has discovered looking back on those mornings. It is the nature of love, more specifically the love of the father. The first key adjective to offer insight into this is "austere." This means simple, or unadorned, but also removed from the ideas of pleasure. All of this we see in the description of the father who neglects his own comfort and confronts the cold and pain of his hands, in order to foster the comfort of his family. The second adjective, "lonely," then adds to this the element of isolation, which the father experienced each morning as he built the fire.

All of this seems to point to the fact that when the speaker was young he doubted his father's love; as a child he assumed love was expressed in certain, more obvious ways. It is not until the speaker has grown significantly older that he realizes that love is often expressed silently and indirectly, and he is then able to recognize it in the early morning gestures of his father. Though there is still a sadness at the end of the poem, a lament for the opportunity to thank the father, or treat him better, there is also a feeling of resolution. It is as if homage is being paid finally in the making of the poem.

Source: "Those Winter Sundays," in Poetry for Students, Vol. 1, Gale Research, 1997.



By: Linda Sue Grimes (*suite101.com*)

Man Remembering Childhood

The speaker in Robert Hayden's sonnet is a man looking back at his childhood; he dramatizes an event that made him realize that he had not treated as father with as much love and respect as the father deserved. But instead of allowing himself to wallow in guilt and self-recrimination, he offers a rhetorical question that puts his attitude in proper perspective: he just did know any better. If he had known better, he could have done better. And that is a useful attitude that we all need.

First Stanza – "Sundays too"

The first line, "Sundays too my father got up early," implies that the father did not sleep in because it was Sunday, but rather he continued his duty to his family. The father had to get dressed in the cold—"blueblack cold" is such a marvelous description for bitter, biting cold of an unheated house on winter mornings—because no one else would get up before the house was warm.

The father had worked all week in the cold weather, possibly outside, until his hands were "cracked," and even though his hands ached, he made the fire to warm the house for his family. Another wonderful image that adds its magic to this nearly perfect sonnet is [he] "made / banked fires blaze." The phrase "banked fires" refers to the piles of wood that were heaped to keep a low glow during the night to make starting the fire again easier in the morning.

This kind of fresh language is what makes poetry so alluring; instead of merely reporting that the father got up early as usual and started the fire in the stove so his family would be warm, the poet has fashioned a little drama filled with intriguing images that make us see and hear the events.

The simple, literal line following these skillfully crafted images, delivers a blast: "No one ever thanked him." The speaker has shown us a caring man who did so much for others, yet no one appreciated it.

Second Stanza – "the cold splintering, breaking"

The speaker would lie in his warm bed listening while his father was rekindling the fire in

the stove or fireplace to warm the house. He would hear "the cold splintering, breaking"—another image that contributes to fabulous dramatic quality of this poem. Literally, the father was splintering the wood, but figuratively while almost literally to the child listening, it would sound as if the cold itself were breaking up. Then when the house was warm enough, the father would call his son to get up, and the son would reluctantly comply. He would "rise and dress."

The line, "fearing the chronic angers of that house," is the line that requires some interpretive power. Some readers have been led astray by this line, thinking that the poem is about child abuse by a father. If the angers are literal and belong to people, they not only refer to the father but to "that house," meaning anyone else living the residence.

Instead of assigning anger to people, however, one might argue that the angers belong to the house; perhaps the house has leaky, noisy pipes, broken windows, dilapidated furniture, rodent infestation, an abusive landlord, or any number of dangerous things that might cause the occupants discomfort.

It is this vague line that detracts from the perfection of this sonnet. This vagueness motivates critics to peer into the poet's life for possibilities for meaning. While looking at the biography of poets can certainly enrich the poet's work for readers, it is a flaw if the reader feels the biography a necessity in understanding any part of the work.

Third Stanza – "What did I Know?"

One could read this question as an excuse: "I was just a kid, what did I know?" But the fact is he did not know, because he was a kid. We are all in that same situation. None of us understands the sacrifices our parents make for us while they are making them. And the strength of this repeated question is that it provides the accurate reason for our failure to recognize the love, service, and attention that parents offer to protect their children.

That love should have "austere and lonely offices" escapes the awareness of children, because they do not have the insight and experience that adults who have served those offices have. The term "offices" might cause some

confusion if one thinks only of business offices or rooms.

Here the term refers to positions of authority and duty, especially those held in a sacred trust. The old adage that "it is lonely at the top" gives a sense of the meaning of the term. The poet could have used the term "duties," but "offices" broadens the meaning to include the responsibilities of authorities, including parents. A Spiritual Poem

The sonnet reaches heights of reason and feeling that are rare in poetry, especially poetry written in the twentieth-century and particularly in secular poetry. This poetry qualifies as a spiritual poem, and except for the line "fearing the chronic angers of that house," reaches nearly spiritual perfection.

"Those Winter Sundays"

Those Winter Sundays "Those Winter Sundays" is a very touching poem. It is written by Robert Hayden who has written many other poems. This paper will talk about the poem "Those Winter Sundays". In particular we will look at the structure, main idea, and each stanza of the poem. "Those Winter Sundays" has a structure like many other poems. It is written in the first person notation. Often through the poem you would find yourself reading "I'd wake" and "I know". "Those Winter Sundays" has three stanzas that are separated with even white space. The first stanza consists of five lines followed by the second containing four lines and like the first stanza the last consists of five lines. Although the poem does not seem to rhyme it has a rhythm of its own. In this particular poem, Robert Hayden writes about the relationship of the speaker (child, who is now grown up) with his father. He captures the need of love from a distant father to the child but at the same time, the child admits to his own lack of empathy to his father. Hayden uses specific detail to show that the father cared – the way the father woke up before everyone else to light the fire and polish the shoes. He also describes the conditions of the father's hands demonstrating that he was a hard worker and still woke up before everyone else to warm up the rooms. The father basically says love in the simple act he does. Like many people I can personally relate to this poem. My father was not always demonstrative and affectionate but during my childhood years he always made sure I had everything I needed. That showed me that my father cared. There is another side to this poem where the child

admits to his own lack of empathy to his father. I suppose at that time he never realized what his father was doing. The line, "no one ever thanked him" explain the child's regrets. In the first stanza the reader is introduced to the two characters in the poem. The reader is also made aware of the time of the year and day. The first stanza reveals a lot of information. It tells the reader who, when, and where. It also appeals to the sense of touch and sight when it describes the father's hands and also when he "puts his clothes on in the blueblack cold." One could almost feel the "cold" and see the "cracked hands." The second stanza is almost like the first in the fact that it appeals to the same senses. It talks about the actions and the feelings of the child. It describes how the child would wake and wait for his father to call him. The second stanza also describes the mood of the house in the line, "fearing the chronic angers of that house." Perhaps that line is talking about the mood and the anger of the father. The last stanza does not really appeal to any senses. It talks about how the child speaks to the father. It also tells the reader that the father polished the child's shoes as his own way of showing love. The last two lines were really interesting. "What did I know, what did I know of love's austere and lonely offices?" In those two lines Hayden is talking about the child that has now grown up looking back at his life to see the real meaning of "love". The words "love's austere" tell the reader that love could be a harsh and complex emotion that can be expressed in many different ways. In conclusion, "Those Winter Sundays" was about the relationship of the child with his father. Although the father cares and shows love in his own ways, the child expresses the need of love from a distant father. And at the same time, the child admits to his own lack of empathy and communication with his father.

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poemhunter.com: The poem is left too open ended to assume that his father is widowed. Rather I think he was looking at all the time he had wasted in his childhood not realizing what his father had been doing for him the entire time. His mother might have been providing a good childhood, but she wasn't the center of his internal conflict as he looks back now at how he disregarded his father. Also the lines 'fearing the chronic angers of that house' might imply that his father might have been also fighting with his mother, because it would be natural for a child to fear his/her parents fighting.



My father began as a god

by Ian Mudie

My father began as a god,
full of heroic tales
of days when he was young.
His laws were as immutable
as if brought down from Sinai,
which indeed he thought they were.

He fearlessly lifted to me to heaven
by a mere swing to his shoulder,
and made me a godling
by seating me astride
our milch-cow's back, and, too
upon the great white gobbler
of which others went in constant fear.

Strange then how he shrank and shrank
until by my time of adolescence
he had become a foolish small old man
with silly and outmoded views
of life and of morality.

Stranger still
that as I became older
his faults and his intolerances
scaled away into the past,
revealing virtues
such as honesty, generosity, integrity.

Strangest of all
how the deeper he recedes into the grave
the more I see myself
as just one more of all the little men
who creep through life
not knee-high to this long-dead god.

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Change is a concept that can be understood as a transformation or alteration rather than a substitute of a preceding notion. In the context of changing perspective it involves assessing old attitudes and adopting new ones.

The perception that change is inevitable is particularly evident in Mudie's poem. As the protagonist in the poem develops from adolescence to adulthood, he matures and his perspective of his father changes.

At first his interpretation of his father is to be a "god like" figure, a powerful man who no one

dared argue with. As the son grows into adolescence and into adulthood however, he sees his father as becoming less significant "a foolish small old man with silly and outmoded views on life and morality".

It is not until the death of his father that he is able to recognise him as a man with "virtues such as honesty, generosity and integrity." The use of the term 'god' as a hyperbole...

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At the beginning, "God" was used as a hyperbole of his father, and the father's greatness from Ian's point of view was further amplified using the biblical illusion ("as if brought down from Sinai") to describe his father's undisputable orders. Combined with the uses of alliteration and personification, the backyard were given a lively image ("silver skeletal arms", "struggling sapling", "its boughs stretch out to me beseechingly").

But the repetition "shrank" was used in the 3rd stanza, where the writer expresses the growth of the insignificance within his father, dismissing him as a "foolish small old man with outmoded views of life and morality".

The issue of change due to time is represented in the poem "My father began as a god", by Ian Mudie.

freeforessays.com: The poem that I believe is a perfect example of the topic changing perspective is the Poem "My father began as God" By Ian Mudie is set out in a life scope of the poet and the way in which as his life progresses he views his father. ...

online-literature.com/forum: The writer started to respect his father more and more with every cm of coffin deeper in the grave, realizing what a great man his father was. I think he didn't agree with his father in life, his realizing of good father came little too late. He also thinks that he should try to be a better man, just like his father, so that one day, somebody can also think same what he feels right now, instead of being some ordinary man, there's already enough of them.

When we are young we think that our parents are like god they're the best but as we get older we now think differently and independently because we are developing into mature people so therefore, we have different views on our parents. But when parents die, you've realised that that they are like god protecting us and providing our needs and probably our wants.

*Thy Lord hath decreed that ye be kind to parents.
Do not say a word of hatred to them, but address
them in terms of honour. Lower to them and say:*

"My Lord! Bestow on them thy Mercy as they
cherished me in childhood."

[Quran, 17:23]

