

## 1: Christian Poems to Strengthen Your Faith

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His constant motivation and inspiration led to the completion of my work in time. I am obliged to Biplab Majumdar for providing me with all the required primary material to carry out the research. Moreover, his readily agreeing to my request for an interview via e-mail adds to the resources on his poetry. I remain grateful to other faculty members viz Dr. Mojibur Rahman, and Dr. Aju Aravind for their active support and encouragement. My special thanks are due to my friends Ms. Namrata Prerna Horo, Mr. Sahel Md Delabul Hossain and Mr. Shah Al Mamun Sarkar who readily offered me their assistance from time to time. Last but not the least, I take this first ever occasion to thank my parents who stood by me throughout my study for M. Modern English poetry is a reflection of this phase, importantly on the self centred interests, not abiding by the traditional moral values and degrading human standards. Amongst the socially committed poets, Biplab Majumdar stands apart for his selfless service to culture and literature. With vast poetic gamut and numerable awards, the poet has not yet been seriously explored on the basis of his literary merits. The dissertation aims to bring him on the forefront in the contemporary period with the textual and contextual study of his poetry. The poet is remarkable for his distinct social consciousness. It highlights the various aspects of his poetic vision fused with worldly vision. In other words, the poet is steeped into humanity, spiritualism, and optimism and these form the foreground of his poetry. The chaos and the unrest prevailing in the society of modern age, frets and fumes the poet. He attempts to set out things on track with an optimistic perception. Majumdar as a modern and a social being abides to the responsibility to reflect and ponder upon the root causes and provides a midway. He also aims to create awareness of universal brotherhood. This dissertation has reached the standard fulfilling the requirements of the regulations relating to the nature of the degree. The results embodied in this dissertation have not been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma elsewhere.

## 2: Observational Poems | Poems about Life, Society and the World

*Amazon Giveaway allows you to run promotional giveaways in order to create buzz, reward your audience, and attract new followers and customers. Learn more about Amazon Giveaway This item: Peaceful Poetry to Love Your Societal Conscienceness.*

Rumi Quotes More from Rumi is found in the videos and photos. These timeless classics have enjoyed a renaissance in recent years, as Rumi has become one of our most popular poets. Even during his lifetime he was noted for his cosmopolitan outlook. Rumi was born in , in what is now known as Afghanistan. It was a period of remarkable social and political turbulence. The 13th Century was the era of the crusades; also the area where Rumi lived was under constant threat of Mongol invasion. The great upheavals Rumi faced during his life is said to have influenced much of his poetry. Rumi met many of the great Sufi poets. For example, as a young boy he met the Sufi Master, Attar. Attar is said to have commented about Rumi. Sham appeared to be quite different to the respectable and prestigious scholar, as Rumi was at that point. However Rumi saw in Sham a divine presence. It was at this point Rumi abandoned his academic career and began to write his mystical poetry. Rumi was himself a great mystic. His outpourings of poetry were a reflection of his own inner consciousness. Ironically Rumi said that no words could adequately explain the experience of mystical union. Yet his words are inspiring signposts which point towards the divine. In his poetry Rumi frequently uses imagery which may be unexpected. Reading the words of Rumi can awaken in ourselves, our own spiritual self. The minute I heard my first love story I started looking for you, not knowing how blind that was. In this gathering there is no high, no low, no smart, no ignorant, no special assembly, no grand discourse, no proper schooling required. There is no master, no disciple. This gathering is more like a drunken party, full of tricksters, fools, mad men and mad women. This is a gathering of lovers. What is the soul? I cannot stop asking. If I could taste one sip of an answer, I could break out of this prison for drunks. Whoever brought me here, will have to take me home. Where did I come from, and what am I supposed to be doing? I have no idea. Someone sober will worry about events going badly. Let the lover be. Since in the religion of love, there is no irreverence or faith. Become this, fall in love, and you will not be separated again. Give birth to the Beloved in me, and let this lover die. Let a thousand wrangling desires become one Love. So it is with all desires and affections, all loves and fondnesses that people have for every variety of thing – father, mother, heaven, earth, gardens, palaces, knowledge, things to eat and drink. We have fallen into the place where everything is music. So the candle flickers and goes out. We have a piece of flint, and a spark. This singing art is sea foam. The graceful movements come from a pearl somewhere on the ocean floor. Poems reach up like spin drift and the edge of driftwood along the beach, wanting! Stop the words now. Open the window in the center of your chest, and let the spirits fly in and out. My heart is pulsing with passion like waves on an ocean. Behind the veils intoxicated with love I too dance the rhythm of this moving world. I have lost my senses in my world of lovers. Every morning a new arrival. A joy, a depression, a meanness, some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor. Welcome and entertain them all! He may be clearing you out for some new delight. The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at the door laughing, and invite them in. Be grateful for whoever comes, because each has been sent as a guide from beyond. I will meet you there. That shadow of a shadow of your love, that somehow contains the entire universe. Praise God for those two insomnias! And the difference between them. Live where you fear to live. Cleverness is mere opinion, bewilderment is intuition. Speech is a river. Listen to the ocean, and bring your talky business to an end. First to let go of life. Finally, to take a step without feet. But when the sublime fountain gushes from within you, no longer need you steal from the other fountains. A mystic sits inside the burning. There are wonderful shapes in rising smoke that imagination loves to watch. Feel the artistry moving through, and be silent. There are a thousand ways to kneel and kiss the earth. In your beauty, how to make poems. You dance inside my chest, where no one sees you, but sometimes I do, and that sight becomes this art. To walk the path of Truth you need the grace of God. We all face death in the end. But on the way, be careful never to hurt a human heart! Your mistakes can also lead you to the Truth. When you ask, the answer will be given. It is all kindness, generosity. Disharmony

prevails when you confuse lust with love, while the distance between the two is endless. This Love is beyond the study of theology, that old trickery and hypocrisy. If you want to improve your mind that way, sleep on. You sleep during the day and the nights are short. By the time you wake up your life may be over. During these brief days that you have strength, be quick and spare no effort of your wings. You suppose that you are the lock on the door but you are the key that opens it. The power of love came into me, and I became fierce like a lion, then tender like the evening star. I have no power. I cannot give you wings. I felt like some flightless chicken. A sublime generosity is coming towards you. I am a willow shadow on the ground. You make my raggedness silky. The soul at dawn is like darkened water that slowly begins to say thank you, thank you. Then at sunset, again, Venus gradually changes into the moon and then the whole night sky. This comes of smiling back at your smile. The chess master says nothing, other than moving the silent chess piece. That I am part of the ploys of this game makes me amazingly happy. Nothing but the fire of separation can change hypocrisy and ego. The doubled end of the thread is not what goes through the eye of the needle. The wonders of this world are beyond description.

## 3: 31 best Love and Peace images on Pinterest | Peace and love, Consciousness and Knowledge

*Ann McCall is the author of Peaceful Poetry to Love Your Societal Conscienceness ( avg rating, 0 ratings, 0 reviews, published ).*

Living life to the fullest; being whole. Knowledge shall help one understand, That inner peace is truly grand. The beauty of it, is the lack of stress, Bliss and happiness, shall possess. One must know, oneself quite well, To attain a healthy, internal shell. To dive a little bit deeper - a person needs to understand and accept the role he or she plays in society or the world. More importantly, one must feel "valuable" or an "important" member of the human race. Otherwise, there would be very little to live for. Fortunately, every single one of us has something good and positive to offer to the world. Sometimes it just takes us some time to figure it out. If you have kids, share it with them, and ask them what their views are. Every child wants to be listened to patiently. I hope your kids enjoy reading and sharing these poems that rhyme. Peace is Kind Since the day of your birth, We have hoped for peace on earth. For peace to happen, we cannot fight, Help each other, and be polite. All you need to spread the word, Get some help from your dog or bird. Peace is something you will find, Start with yourself, and be very kind. They should feel like they are contributing to peace in the world by living and acting peacefully themselves. The next poem is intended to motive our young kids, and let them know that they can make a difference when it comes to peace. The first two stanzas let children know about the negative things that happen, due to wars. Peace By Kids Peace will make the world free, Open our eyes, and help us see. Wars and conflicts make people sad, Hurting others is really bad. Many kids live, through an awful war, Their family ends up very poor. During war, they often lose, Sometimes even, their own shoes. The more they get informed and educated about it when they are young, the better our world will be off when they become the decision makers in our societies in the near future. We all know that peace cannot exist without love. This is why we must preach love just as much as we preach and talk about peace. If beautiful love is freely shared, Nothing - there to be scared. Peace on earth will surely grow, If love like water; simply flow. We should give instead of take, Peace is ours to break or make. Peace on earth will surely grow, Might be tough, might be slow. But with love, close and near, There is nothing, we should fear. Even though it may seem like an huge goal, the poem states that peace on earth is within our reach. But it will only be possible if we all learn to be generous and loving people that constantly promote and spread love. Because if you really think about it, most wars are started by a few very selfish, power hungry, individuals. Love and Peace Without love the world would cease, There could never be lasting peace. For love on earth, we must be grateful, We must stop being hateful. Love involves being kind, Keeping joy and peace in mind. For, love and peace, must unite, If we hope, to win this fight. Each of us, love must send, For peace to prosper, and war to end. The first two lines in the first stanza summarize the message of the poem quite well. Peace will never exist or last in the absence of love. The poem may be referring to world peace. However, it may still apply to individual or inner peace, because a person will never achieve or reach inner peace without love in his or her heart. You must be able to love yourself, if you wish to gain inner peace. A prime example of someone that has accomplished this is - the Dalai Lama. Poem about Peace and War This poem about peace and war starts off by reminding us the cruelty associated with war. In the second line it also mentions that war is often a tool used by politicians. Instead, choose peace and unity, That focuses on community. It will help so many lives, Avoid tears, from countless wives. War and peace, opposite sides, Lessons learned, history provides. Future struggles, need to cope. If war is avoided, countless lives may be saved. If not, many will end up suffering, not just the soldiers, but also citizens caught in the crossfire, and the families and friends of all the various victims. Thank you for taking the time out of your busy day to read these poems about peace. I hope these poems provide us with "hope" and remind us that peace may be achieved through love. My friend Jonathan Huie also has a nice little collection of poems about life and love , so feel free to check out his site.

#### 4: On "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

*Peaceful Poetry To Love Your Societal Conscienceness is like visiting Broadway-the words glide, excite, collide and place you in a gentle symphony then head on into.*

On "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" If each consciousness is an opaque sphere, then Prufrock has no hope of being understood by others. The lady is also imprisoned in her own sphere, and the two spheres can never, like soap bubbles, become one. Each is impenetrable to the other. If other consciousnesses exist only as opaque objects for Prufrock, he has an equally unhappy relation to time and space. One of the puzzles of the poem is the question as to whether Prufrock ever leaves his room. In another sense Prufrock would be unable to go anywhere, however hard he tried. If all space has been assimilated into his mind, then spatial movement would really be movement in the same place, like a man running in a dream. There is no way to distinguish between actual movement and imaginary movement. However far Prufrock goes, he remains imprisoned in his own subjective space, and all his experience is imaginary. There is no resurrection from the death which has undone him, and this is one meaning of the epigraph from Dante. Time disappears in the same way. Space must be exterior to the self if movement through it is to be more than the following of a tedious argument in the mind. In the same way only an objective time can be other than the self, so that the flow of time can mean change for that self. But time, like space, has only a subjective existence for Prufrock. As a result, past, present, and future are equally immediate, and Prufrock is paralyzed. Memories, ironic echoes of earlier poetry, present sensations, anticipations of what he might do in the future "I grow old. There is a systematic confusion of tenses and times in the poem, so that it is difficult to tell if certain images exist in past, present, future. Like the women talking of Michelangelo, he exists in an eternal present, a frozen time in which everything that might possibly happen to him is as if it had already happened: In this time of endless repetition Prufrock cannot disturb the universe even if he should presume to try to do so. Everything that might happen is foreknown, and in a world where only one mind exists the foreknown has in effect already happened and no action is possible. From Poets of Reality: David Spurr This five-line interlude ending on "the floors of silent seas" forms an encapsulated version of the remainder of the poem, in which the frustrated effort to establish purposive discourse leads once again to withdrawal downward and inward to a silent world of instinctual being. A return to images of distension and distracting sensuality provokes a final impulse toward violent imposition of the will--"to force the moment to its crisis"--which ends, like previous thoughts of disturbing the universe, in ruthless self-mockery. The image of decapitation parodies the theme of disconnected being and provides for at least a negative definition of the self: While its grammatical context "And would it have been worth it" reduces it to the contemplation of "what might have been"; the language and imagery of this passage enact with renewed intensity the recurring drama of mental conflict: Would it have been worth while, To have bitten off the matter with a smile, To have squeezed the universe into a ball To roll it towards some overwhelming question, To say: It sets these infinitives against present participles, which are constantly muttering, sprawling, rubbing, scuttling, and settling. Finally, it opposes these transitive verbs to intransitive verbs which lie, linger, mangle, lean, curl, trail, wrap, slip, and sleep. A relative lack of modifiers and the absence of plural forms further distinguishes the passage cited above. By contrast the language of disordered experience, of imprecision and aimlessness, abounds in modifiers and plurals: The structure of the imagery at this point in the poem corresponds to the thematic role played by linguistic form. The idea of proclaiming oneself a prophet "come back to tell you all" implies a power of linguistic discourse equal in magnitude to the physical act of squeezing the universe into a ball. Once more the idea of language joins with images of purpose, only this time in such hyperbolic fashion that the ultimate failure of discourse strikes one as inevitable: In a poem so obsessed with problems of speech and definition, to have failed with words is to have lost the war on the inarticulate: Paradoxically, this diminution of the outer self--the part of the mind concerned with imposing order on experience--brings about a corresponding expansion of the inner self. In the same essay where Eliot locates the beginnings of a poem in an unknown, dark "psychic material" that is put into form by the conscious mind, he allows for a secondary resurgence of the unconscious that arises from the very

process of poetic composition: The speaker is a failed poet in terms of his inability to "murder" existing structures in order to "create" anew; he finds it impossible to say what he wants to say. In the "secondary stimulation of the unconscious mind" that occurs at this point, he partly abandons and partly resolves the struggle of form and matter; the integration of the psyche remains at best incomplete. From *Conflicts in Consciousness*: University of Illinois Press, Carol Christ It is a striking fact that three of the principal modernist poets--Eliot, Pound, and Williams--each wrote a poem entitled "Portrait of a Lady" within a few years of Pound asserted that Hugh Selwyn Mauberley was an attempt to condense the James novel, and Eliot told Virginia Woolf that his early inclination was to develop in the manner of Henry James. These poems engage not just the subject of woman but the gender of the poetical. In order to do so, Eliot avoids envisioning the female, indeed, avoids attaching gender to bodies. We can see this process clearly in "The Love Song of J. Prufrock." The poem never visualizes the woman with whom Prufrock imagines an encounter except in fragments and in plurals -- eyes, arms, skirts - synecdoches we might well imagine as fetishistic replacements. But even these synecdochic replacements are not clearly engendered. The braceleted arms and the skirts are specifically feminine, but the faces, the hands, the voices, the eyes are not. As if to displace the central human object it does not visualize, the poem projects images of the body onto the landscape the sky, the streets, the fog, but these images, for all their marked intimation of sexuality, also avoid the designation of gender the muttering retreats of restless nights, the fog that rubs, licks, and lingers. The poem, in these various ways, decomposes the body, making ambiguous its sexual identification. These scattered body parts at once imply and evade a central encounter the speaker cannot bring himself to confront, but in the pattern of their scattering they constitute the voice that Prufrock feels cannot exist in the gaze of the other. *The Modernist in History*. And how should I presume? In his critical replay of the poetic process, Eliot remarks that the poet expresses not a personality but a particular medium. The particular medium expressed in "Prufrock" is a confession or a dramatic monologue. In the line "It is impossible to say just what I mean! I should have been a pair of ragged claws Scuttling across the floors of silent seas." The poem is a dramatic monologue, a mimesis of speech, yet it opens with an epigraph that identifies it as writing and diminishes its urgency by absorbing it within the prototype of another confession, so that the beginning "let us go" is already the "end of something." In "Prufrock," the literary epigraph, bespeaking "not only. Both kinds of anesthesia subject the individual voice to anterior fon1 lulas, forms, and styles. In the same way, his monologue is a "polylogue," superscribed with quotations, allusions, and echoes that document the presence of the past. Since existential experience is subsumed by textual experience in early Eliot, bodily and natural forms correlate with literary forms. They are all modeled as texts, as stages set and scripts written before the speaker enters to recite his lines. And attempts to free the individual voice by breaking out of forms register, as in "Prufrock," only as impulses to dismemberment and suicide. *The Rhetoric of Its Forms*. In many dramatic monologues the listener is also not specified, and the reader is invited to take over the role of listener in a one-sided conversation. In "Prufrock," however, it is not clear whether a real conversation is being dramatically presented, whether the "I" is having an internal colloquy with himself, or whether the reader is being addressed directly. Reader and viewer stand both inside and outside the frame of an illusion that cannot be sustained. In the second, Guido da Montefeltro predicates his address to Dante on the opposite mistake, that Dante is not human and cannot carry his words further. Like Statius and Guido, the reader who tries to pin down the indeterminate identities and locations of "you and I" in the poem will always be mistaken. What is taken for a shade or a figment may be flesh and blood, and what is taken for living flesh may be only a figment in a perpetual instability that marks "Prufrock," like "Rhapsody," as the transforming end of a sequence of poems to which it can be said to belong but some of whose implications it subverts. The subversion occurs largely through the removal of those referential, seemingly stable elements of scene and character that contribute to making the illusion of hearing a personal voice in poetry possible. Instead of naming something unchanging, these pronouns indicate positions that can be variously occupied. From *Harmony of Dissonances: Eliot, Romanticism, and Imagination*. Alfred Prufrock" is obvious and notorious. The poem seems a perfect example of what Terry Eagleton calls the modern "transition from metaphor to metonymy: Spatial progress in the poem is diffident or deferred, a "scuttling" accomplished by a pair of claws disembodied so violently they remain "ragged. The metaphor has in a sense

been hollowed out to be replaced by a series of metonyms, and thus it stands as a rhetorical introduction to what follows. The people in the poem also appear as disembodied parts or ghostly actions. The dread questions "How his hair is growing thin! What Prufrock fears has already been accomplished by his own rhetoric. In this poem the horror of sex seems to come in part from its power to metonymize. Like Augustine, Eliot sees sex as the tyranny of one part of the body over the whole. Though Eliot is far too circumspect to name this part, he figures its power in his poetry by the rebelliousness of mere members: Sexual desire pulls the body apart, so that to give in to it is to suffer permanent dismemberment. The tyranny of one part scatters all the others, reducing the whole to impotence. In this way, the violence of sex robs the individual of the integrity necessary to action. The very reduction of human beings to parts of themselves and of time to episodes makes it impossible to conceive of any whole different from this empty, repetitious "an. Reprinted with permission of the author. He is the Representative Man of early Modernism. The speakers of all these early poems are trapped inside their own excessive alertness. They look out on the world from deep inside some private cave of feeling, and though they see the world and themselves with unflattering exactness, they cannot or will not do anything about their dilemma and finally fall back on self-serving explanation. They quake before the world, and their only revenge is to be alert. After Prufrock and Other Observations, poetry started coming from the city and from the intellect. It could no longer stand comfortably on its old post-Romantic ground, ecstatic before the natural world. Jack Myers and David Wojahan.

## 5: Best Famous Consciousness Poems | Famous Poems

*Asking whether poetry is social is like asking if poetry can be political, a question which is raised regularly every 5 to 10 years or so. I would argue that unless you are writing and putting your poems into a drawer, or throwing them out onto a pond like Li Po, or burning them, then of course they are social, and of course they are political.*

In addition, there is at least one Christian poem or prayer on every poem page. Christian poems can try to communicate the sense of peace and safety that comes with knowing Jesus Christ. The Christian poem below tries to do that. I thought I had no need for what God brings; I gave no heed to murmurs from my soul. Your mind is whirling, but your heart is dead, So turn to God and let go of your pride. Give your life to Me, and just let go. Direction, purpose, fullness and release— Life with God is very, very good. Christian poems often talk about the transition to Christianity. This poem for Christians is for those who remember what their lives were like before being saved. To Do List from God is a Christian poem about Christians, also a Christian rhyme, that reveals how the stresses of the world and our need to plan and control things can make life difficult. When we turn it all over to God, life becomes so much more peaceful and satisfying, as this Christian poem says. Christian poems can address Jesus directly, with thanks and praise, as this one does. Just Like Me Dear Lord, forgive our yielding to temptation; Forgive our pride, our love of worldly things. Have mercy on our love of sensual pleasure, Compassion on the sins that self love brings. It must be hard to understand us sometimes; So very different is your heart and mind. You suffered just like we do, and you were tempted. You lived with us so you could comprehend The things that we go through each trying day, So you could give us mercy, and be our friend. Thank you for compassion and forgiveness; Thank you for your love and empathy. By Joanna Fuchs Some Christian poems come out of personal experience. This Christian poem comes straight from my heart. I search the Bible for His good advice; My will to His commands must be deferred. I want to mold my life after His own. I know some problems are blessings in disguise, But Lord, sometimes I feel so doggone blue. Ephesians says "forgive as the Lord forgave you; Get rid of anger and every form of malice. This Christian poem admonishes Christians to put their faith into practice. By Joanna Fuchs Video: The "Million Dollar Bill Tracts" are available here. They only cost a few pennies. Christian poems and inspirational Christian poetry should lift up the reader, as this Christian spiritual poem about Christians does. This could also be used as a Christian church poem. Save me from the world, Lord, When tempting things entice;.

6: poems | Academy of American Poets

*Here is a collection of the all-time best famous Consciousness poems. This is a select list of the best famous Consciousness poetry. Reading, writing, and enjoying famous Consciousness poetry (as well as classical and contemporary poems) is a great past time.*

Retire v Retread What I have for you today is not so much about re-treading an outdated fuel-based system-- little bit like reshuffling the chairs to fix the decay of a segregating Country Club. No, this is addressed to economic policy re-tirers. Based on my own miserable failure in these areas, my best advise for public policy administrators is to do just the opposite of what I have done. Because, for instance, that would be breaking the Golden Rule. And, this Golden Rule is economic gold standard. I am here to tell you that this 0 -Sum Cooperative Value Network is optimally balanced for inclusive prosperity and equity. But, he wrote like a systematic Taoist: Trim Tab wu wei optimized economic flow is deeply nutritious, resonant, resilient-- and our competitive cultural and corporate alternative is toxic backwash. Cash on hand is a Trimtab opportunity for risk, for learning, for adventure, for investing in our shared Universal Nutritional Abundance. The relationship between humans and their places is the story line of historical-cultural development. This cultural teleological view of history might, post-Bucky, bear the label ectosymbiotic evolution, a "positive" evolutionary trend think "Positive Psychology" and "progress". Basically, regenerative theory is a torus-formative Hilbert Space, filled with a positive teleological conjecture about our reason for being as a species. Greatest, most equitably and peacefully inclusive, reason for investing in the hypothesis that we are all in Earth gratefully and mindfully together, defines,refines, and minimizes any crusty segregating cultural remnants to the contrary. So, look around, fellow Bridge-Builders, economic developers, philanthropists for the future of everything, what seems to be thriving, growing, resilient, here for the long-term? Thich Nhat Hanh says of Buddhism, "knowledge is regarded as an obstacle to understanding, like a block of ice that obstructs water from flowing Considering the possibility that any somewhat sane and mature adult knows enough to perform more sustainably, more optimally, more wisely, as we plan our economies and investments, what is it that we fail to understand? If our economic, ecological, and social pathologies are a misunderstanding of information already profoundly and democratically accessible, what is at the root of our anomalous cultural distrusting consciousness? Invest in cooperative vocations, residences, communities, strategies, research and learning plans. Avoid competitive, survival-limited teleological assumptions, conjectures, missions, and corporate structures. Create cultural and ecological and economic music and dancing in revolving circles with those investments; not marching in competitive, extractive, self-commodifying lose-lose squares. Cultural and economic EcoTherapy derive from consciousness of the Laws of Thermodynamics, of course, but, the Prime Root Law of Thermodynamics is the Law of Eternal Moment Thermodynamic Balance; what goes out, must come back in, and out again, regenerating frequencies of oscillating formed information P and reverse-functional Yin NP exformation, reiteratively bowing as TaoTorus-graced "Namaste.

7: Words of Love - Rumi Quotes

*Learning to love your body can be an incredible feat. The older we get, the harder it seems to be to keep up with societal standards. Aging can come with a variety of side effects that cause us to feel inferior.*

Fuller] Velvet soft the night-star glowed Over the untrodden road, Through the giant glades of yew Where its ray fell light as dew Lighting up the shimmering veil Maiden pure and aery frail That the spiders wove to hide Blushes of the sylvan bride Earth, that trembled with delight At the male caress of Night. Velvet soft the wizard trod To the Sabbath of his God. With his naked feet he made Starry blossoms in the glade, Softly, softly, as he went To the sombre sacrament, Stealthy stepping to the tryst In his gown of amethyst. He had learnt the elvish sign; Given the Token of the Nine: Once to rave, and once to revel, Once to bow before the devil, Once to swing the thurible, Once to kiss the goat of hell, Once to dance the aspen spring, Once to croak, and once to sing, Once to oil the savoury thighs Of the witch with sea-green eyes With the unguents magical. He had crucified a toad In the basilisk abode, Muttering the Runes averse Mad with many a mocking curse. He had traced the serpent sigil In his ghastly virgin vigil. There he had stood - his bosom bare - Tracing Life upon the Air With the crook and with the flail Lashing forward on the gale, Till its blade that wavereth Like the flickering of Death Sank before his subtle fence To the starless sea of sense. Now at last the man is come Haply to his halidom. Surely as he waves his rod In a circle on the sod Springs the emerald chaste and clean From the duller paler green. Surely in the circle millions Of immaculate pavilions Flash upon the trembling turf Like the sea-stars in the surf - Millions of bejewelled tents For the warrior sacraments. Vaster, vaster, vaster, vaster, Grows the stature of the master; All the ringed encampment vies With the infinite galaxies. Spell by spell and pace by pace! Mystic flashes swing and trace Velvet soft the sigils stepped By the silver-starred adept. Back and front, and to and fro, Soul and body sway and flow In vertiginous caresses To imponderable recesses, Till at last the spell is woven, And the faery veil is cloven That was Sequence, Space, and Stress Of the soul-sick consciousness. Give thy spirit to the priests! Break in twain the hazel rod On the virgin lips of God! Tear the Rosy Cross asunder! Shatter the black bolt of thunder! Suck the swart ensanguine kiss Of the resolute abyss! Smote the blasting hazel rod On the scarlet lips of God; Trampled Cross and rosy core; Brake the thunder-tool of Thor; Meek and holy acolyte Of the priestly hells of spite, Sleek and shameless catamite Of the beasts that prowl the night! Like a star that streams from heaven Through the virgin airs light-riven, From the lift there shot and fell An admirable miracle. On the shaft the letters laced, As if dryads lunar-chaste With the satyrs were embraced, Spelled the secret of the key: And he Went his wizard way, inweaving Dreams of things beyond believing. When he will, the weary world Of the senses closely curled Like a serpent round his heart Shakes herself and stands apart. She is of the faery blood; All smaragdine flows its flood. Glowing in the amber sky To ensorcelled porphyry She hath eyes of glittering flake Like a cold grey water-snake. She hath naked breasts of amber Jetting wine in her bed-chamber, Whereof whoso stoops and drinks Rees the riddle of the Sphinx. She hath naked limbs of amber Whereupon her children clamber. She hath five navels rosy-red From the five wounds of God that bled; Each wound that mothered her still bleeding, And on that blood her babes are feeding. O She is like the river of blood That broke from the lips of the bastard god, When he saw the sacred mother smile On the ibis that flew up the foam of Nile Bearing the limbs unblessed, unborn, That the lurking beast of Nile had torn! So for the world is weary I These dreadful souls of sense lay by. I sacrifice these impure shoon To the cold ray of the waning moon. With naked breast and feet unshod I follow the wizard way to God. Wherever he leads my foot shall follow; Over the height, into the hollow, Up to the caves of pure cold breath, Down to the deeps of foul hot death, Across the seas, through the fires, Past the palace of desires; Where he will, whether he will or no, If I go, I care not whither I go. For in me is the taint of the faery blood. In me the faery blood runs hard: My sires were a druid, a devil, a bard, A beast, a wizard, a snake and a satyr; For - as my mother said - what does it matter? So, it is I that writhe with the twitch Of the faery blood, and the wizard itch To attain a matter one may not utter Rather than sink in the greasy splutter Of Britons munching their bread and butter; Ailing boys and coarse-grained girls Grown to sloppy women and brutal churls. So, I am off with staff in hand To the endless light of the nameless land.

Darkness spreads its sombre streams, Blotting out the elfin dreams. I might haply be afraid, Were it not the Feather-maid Leads me softly by the hand, Whispers me to understand. Now when through the world of weeping Light at last starrily creeping Steals upon my babe-new sight, Light - O light that is not light! On my mouth the lips of her Like a stone on my sepulchre Seal my speech with ecstasy, Till a babe is born of me That is silent more than I; For its inarticulate cry Hushes as its mouth is pressed To the pearl, her honey breast; While its breath divinely ripples The rose-petals of her nipples, And the jetted milk he laps From the soft delicious paps, Sweeter than the bee-sweet showers In the chalice of the flowers, More intoxicating than All the purple grapes of Pan. Only, all the world is filled With the Echo, that drips over Like the honey from the clover. A Grave Man looking into the sea, taking the view from those who have as much right to it as you have to it yourself, it is human nature to stand in the middle of a thing, but you cannot stand in the middle of this; the sea has nothing to give but a well excavated grave. The firs stand in a procession, each with an emerald turkeyâ€™ foot at the top, reserved as their contours, saying nothing; repression, however, is not the most obvious characteristic of the sea; the sea is a collector, quick to return a rapacious look. There are others besides you who have worn that lookâ€™ whose expression is no longer a protest; the fish no longer investigate them for their bones have not lasted: The wrinkles progress among themselves in a phalanxâ€™ beautiful under networks of foam, and fade breathlessly while the sea rustles in and out of the seaweed; the birds swim through the air at top speed, emitting cat-calls as heretoforeâ€™ the tortoise-shell scourges about the feet of the cliffs, in motion beneath them; and the ocean, under the pulsation of lighthouses and noise of bell-bouys, advances as usual, looking as if it were not that ocean in which dropped things are bound to sinkâ€™ in which if they turn and twist, it is neither with volition nor consciousness. The Past is the Present If external action is effete and rhyme is outmoded, I shall revert to you, Habakkuk, as when in a Bible class the teacher was speaking of unrhymed verse. He said - and I think I repeat his exact words - "Hebrew poetry is prose with a sort of heightened consciousness. I am burdened with the truck and chimera, hope, acquired in the sweating sick-excited passage in steerage, strange and estranged Hence I must descry and describe the kingdom of emotion. For I am a poet of the kindergarten in the city and the cemetery in the city And rapture and ragtime and also the secret city in the heart and mind This is the song of the natural city self in the 20th century. It is true but only partly true that a city is a "tyranny of numbers" This is the chant of the urban metropolitan and metaphysical self After the first two World Wars of the 20th century This is the city self, looking from window to lighted window When the squares and checks of faintly yellow light Shine at night, upon a huge dim board and slab-like tombs, Hiding many lives. It is the city consciousness Which sees and says: Meditation On Saviors I When I considered it too closely, when I wore it like an element and smelt it like water, Life is become less lovely, the net nearer than the skin, a little troublesome, a little terrible. I pledged myself awhile ago not to seek refuge, neither in death nor in a walled garden, In lies nor gated loyalties, nor in the gates of contempt, that easily lock the world out of doors. Here on the rock it is great and beautiful, here on the foam-wet granite sea-fang it is easy to praise Life and water and the shining stones: Where the power ends let love, before it sours to jealousy. Leave the joys of government to Caesar. Who is born when the world wanes, when the brave soul of the world falls on decay in the flesh increasing Comes one with a great level mind, sufficient vision, sufficient blindness, and clemency for love. This is the breath of rotteness I smelt; from the world waiting, stalled between storms, decaying a little, Bitterly afraid to be hurt, but knowing it cannot draw the savior Caesar but out of the blood-bath. The apes of Christ lift up their hands to praise love: The apes of Christ itch for a sickness they have never known; words and the little envies will hardly Measure against that blinding fire behind the tragic eyes they have never dared to confront. II Point Lobos lies over the hollowed water like a humped whale swimming to shoal; Point Lobos Was wounded with that fire; the hills at Point Sur endured it; the palace at Thebes; the hill Calvary. Out of incestuous love power and then ruin. A man forcing the imaginations of men, Possessing with love and power the people: King Oedipus reeling blinded from the palace doorway, red tears pouring from the torn pits Under the forehead; and the young Jew writhing on the domed hill in the earthquake, against the eclipse Frightfully uplifted for having turned inward to love the people: A bad mountain to build your world on. Am I another keeper of the people, that on my own shore, On the gray rock, by the grooved mass of the ocean, the sicknesses I left behind me concern me? Here

where the surf has come incredible ways out of the splendid west, over the deeps Light nor life sounds forever; here where enormous sundowns flower and burn through color to quietness; Then the ecstasy of the stars is present? As for the people, I have found my rock, let them find theirs. III Yet I am the one made pledges against the refuge contempt, that easily locks the world out of doors. This people as much as the sea-granite is part of the God from whom I desire not to be fugitive. The shored Pacific makes perpetual music, and the stone mountains Their music of silence, the stars blow long pipings of light: One need not pity; certainly one must not love. But who has seen peace, if he should tell them where peace Lives in the world. IV How should one caught in the stone of his own person dare tell the people anything but relative to that? But if a man could hold in his mind all the conditions at once, of man and woman, of civilized And barbarous, of sick and well, of happy and under torture, of living and dead, of human and not Human, and dimly all the human future: And what could his words change? The mountain ahead of the world is not forming but fixed. V Broad wagons before sunrise bring food into the city from the open farms, and the people are fed. They import and they consume reality. Before sunrise a hawk in the desert made them their thoughts. VI Here is an anxious people, rank with suppressed bloodthirstiness. Among the mild and unwarlike Gautama needed but live greatly and be heard, Confucius needed but live greatly and be heard: This people has not outgrown blood-sacrifice, one must writhe on the high cross to catch at their memories; The price is known. I have quieted love; for love of the people I would not do it. For power I would do it. Reason is never a root, neither of act nor desire. For power After the nerves are put away underground, to lighten the abstract unborn children toward peace. A man might have paid anguish indeed. Except he had found the standing sea-rock that even this last Temptation breaks on; quieter than death but lovelier; peace that quiets the desire even of praising it. But a huge gift reserved quite overwhelms them at the end; they are able then to be still and not cry. With this advantage over their granite grave-marks, of having realized the petulant human consciousness Before, and then the greatness, the peace: These not fortunate But while he lives let each man make his health in his mind, to love the coast opposite humanity And so be freed of love, laying it like bread on the waters; it is worst turned inward, it is best shot farthest.

**8: The Love Foundation - Inspiring Unconditional Love.**

*The poet is remarkable for his distinct social consciousness. Majumdar's philosophic vision is developed in the second chapter 'Vision of Life'. It highlights the various aspects of his poetic vision fused with worldly vision.*

However, for purposes of this discussion, Defining African American protest poetry some parameters might be drawn. Protest, as used herein, refers to the practice within African American literature of bringing redress to the secondary status of black people, of attempting to achieve the acceptance of black people into the larger American body politic, of encouraging practitioners of democracy truly to live up to what democratic ideals on American soil mean. Protest literature consists of a variety of approaches, from the earliest literary efforts to contemporary times. These include articulating the plight of enslaved persons, challenging the larger white community to change its attitude toward those persons, and providing specific reference points for the nature of the complaints presented. In other words, the intention of protest literature was "and remains" to show inequalities among races and socio-economic groups in America and to encourage a transformation in the society that engenders such inequalities. For African Americans, Some of the questions motivating African American protest poetry that inequality began with slavery. How, in a country that professed belief in an ideal democracy, could one group of persons enslave another? What forms of moral persuasion could be used to get them to see the error of their ways? In addition, how, in a country that professed belief in Christianity, could one group enslave persons whom Christian doctrine taught were their brothers and sisters? How could white Americans justify Jim Crow? Inequalities in education, housing, jobs, accommodation, transportation, and a host of other things? How could writers use their imaginations and pens to bring about change in the society? Protest literature, therefore, focused on such issues and worked to rectify them. Poetry is but one of the media through which writers address such issues, as there are forms of protest fiction, drama, essays, and anything else that African Americans wrote "and write. Since this category is so large, three arenas of protest poetry will constitute its parameters. The first will deal with protest poetry during slavery, the second with protest poetry during the period of segregation and Jim Crow, and the third with protest poetry after political obstacles to equality were presumably removed. Protesting against slavery came easily to most African American writers who took up pens before One of the primary objectives of black Protest poetry during slavery times writing during slavery was to bring about the end of slavery. Since slavery existed foremost in the South, writers often directed appeals for freedom to northern whites, whom they hoped would influence their slaveholding counterparts in the South. That audience was especially important given the fact that the majority of African Americans not only did not have the power to change their condition, but they were mostly illiterate. It would be well into the twentieth century before a substantially measurable black audience emerged to respond to the commentary of black writers. Among protestor poets during slavery, scholars debate about the extent to which Phillis Wheatley , the first published African American poet publishing in the s and s , should be included in that category. She remarks in the poem about General Wooster: Also, she did not hesitate to depart the premises on which she was enslaved as soon as she was granted permission to do so. More prominent in the poetic protest vein during slavery is George Moses Horton. Enslaved in Pittsboro, North Carolina, a short distance from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Horton used his trips to Chapel Hill to sell produce to forge relationships with students at the University. He offered to compose poems for them "although he could not yet write" and recited them on return Saturday outings to Chapel Hill. By the time he published his second volume of poetry in , he was skilled in the art. His first volume, *The Hope of Liberty* , which Hentz transcribed and which was published in , was the first volume of poetry published by an enslaved person who could not read or write. Even in his politest appeals, however, Horton never strayed from labeling slavery the evil he believed it to be. Although their poems were published following slavery, both Frances Ellen Watkins Harper and Paul Laurence Dunbar had much to imagine in verse about how things had been for their enslaved ancestors. He was keenly aware of the poverty of blacks after slavery; indeed, he started a night school to assist some in developing reading skills. Both Harper and Dunbar complained in their poetry about the conditions of black people after slavery. Protest poetry during the

Jim Crow era They thereby straddle the divide between protest directed against slavery and protest during the period of segregation and Jim Crow. In addition to issues internal to the black community, Harper depicted politicians who pressured those blacks who could vote to change their votes, or they simply bought their votes. Her two-pronged, internal and external to the community, approach to protest is echoed in many poets of the twentieth century. Having graduated from high school a feat in itself for African Americans in the s , Dunbar knew from being confined to a job as an elevator operator while his white classmates went into the corporate world that opportunities for blacks needed desperate improvement. Directly addressing contemporary conditions, Langston Hughes, Claude McKay, Countee Cullen , and a host of others such as James Weldon Johnson , Gwendolyn Bennett , Angelina Weld Grimke , Georgia Douglas Johnson , Anne Spencer , and Jean Toomer comment on the social and economic conditions of a people seemingly doomed to second class citizenship by the violence that victimizes them, the socioeconomic conditions that keep them locked in poverty, and the unwavering resentment that turns hope into resignation when they leave the violent South for what they anticipate is a more receptive and tolerant North. The thirties were less dramatic than the s or the s for African American protest poetry, but some poets are worth mentioning, the most prominent of whom is Sterling A. His graphic depictions of sharecropping existence in Southern Road paint vividly the limits on human possibility as well as on the human spirit. The s brought the advent of Gwendolyn Brooks and Margaret Walker , both of whom wrote and published poetry for the remainder of the twentieth century. Brooks focused her attention on the thousands of blacks who migrated from the South to the south side of Chicago. In A Street in Bronzeville , Brooks captures these denizens in all their hopes and their hopes denied. Walker also depicts black dreams conjured and lost, as her personas in For My People find themselves in ghettos with hopes lost and dreams long deferred. Indeed, perhaps their most creative intents are the compromises they make with the urban spacesâ€”both north and southâ€”that contain their potential just as easily as they contain their bodies. In a beautifully crafted poem of multiple voices, Hayden explores what the transportation of black bodies meant to the transporters as well as to those enslaved. Lee , and many others in their militant protestations during the Black Aesthetic and the Black Arts Movement. Perhaps protest poetry in this third period is so vehement because it is after official segregation and other presumed barriers to inequality between blacks and whites presumably ended. Baraka, who began his publishing career in the s and shared poetic sentiments and acquaintances with the Beat poets , became the iconic figure of protest of the s, in a variety of genres. However, it now appears in almost every large anthology of African American literature. Expansive in his multi-pronged attacks on a racist, capitalist society, Baraka became the poster writer of protest of the s, as a quick perusal of almost any of his verse will reveal. Strikingly, Baraka remains just as unrelenting in his criticisms of America in the twenty-first century as he was in the sixth and seventh decades of the twentieth century. When Martin Luther King, Jr. There is one answerâ€”I can kill. That, of course, is not to suggest that their poetry is devoid of complaint about American society and the conditions of black people in it. It is to say, however, that their canvases of exploration are broader than rural black America or inner city urban America. He still manages, however, to show how American racism has been transplanted to Vietnam. Contemporary work This survey barely scratches the surface of what can be considered protest poetry in African American literature. It simply highlights some of the significant poets and poems, as well as some of the subjects and patterns of protest. Serious teachers and students will want to be diligent in exploring beyond what is offered here. One place to start is with Cave Canem , a collective of young poets founded by poet and essayist Toi Derricote. Many contemporary published poets worked on their first books in workshops sponsored by Cave Canem. With their teaching and publishing records, and with individuals having passed through the workshops for more than a decade, they have had a substantial impact upon the current state of African American poetry. Gabbin sponsored international poetry conferences on that campus in and ; she has amassed a wealth of material for scholars and readers. One of her latest projects, focusing on Hurricane Katrina, gave voice to many young poets throughout the United States as they shared their compositions in a volume entitled Mourning Katrina What are the differences in objectives? What do the various groups hope to achieve? Now turn to some African American poetry to make further distinctions. Have students account for those differences. If so, what makes it so? If not, what makes a designation of protest poetry inappropriate?

Have your students imagine that they are slaveholders yes, all of them at the time that George Moses Horton published his poetry and his appeal for release from bondage. Students as slaveholders Select two of his poems on which to focus. Encourage your students to put as much of their twenty-first century sentiments aside as they can as they try to respond emotionally to the poetry. How many of them would have been touched to respond favorably to Horton? Why would that have been the case? What would have prevented them from responding sympathetically to Horton? Can those responses be identified exclusively as simply human or as part of an acquired anathema to the South and southern slaveholding? The poems that Horton composed for students at Chapel Hill were frequently in the form of acrostics. An exercise for them might be this: Write an acrostic focused on protesting something in contemporary society. What issues or problems do they find worthy of protest? Who would be the likely audiences for such protests? What accounts for the differences? What social and political factors may have influenced how Dunbar developed his poem? What different such factors may have influenced Brooks? As one of the few female poets writing about war, Brooks is unique in the annals of such creativity. Given the history of black people in America, which seem most valid to you? Are the criticisms in the poem legitimate, or are they a matter of airing dirty linen in public? Is unspoken or spoken censorship something that can be tolerated in the literary arena? Why or why not? Is there a difference between speaking something on an album or CD and writing it in a book? Would one have a greater impact than the other? Are there situations that your students believe are worthy of protest but about which things are best left unsaid? Would these instances fit into that schema? Are there other examples that your students can come up with that would fit? Are there contemporary situations not yet written about that warrant protest but about which the general public and writers remain silent? A significant part of any poetry appreciation is hearing it read or listening to it on recordings. How are reactions different from seeing the words on pages and hearing them?

9: A Hint At What Is Beautiful? Poem by yoonoos peerbocus - Poem Hunter

*Peace poems written by famous poets. Browse through to read poems for peace. This page has the widest range of peace love and quotes.*

The Nature of Multi-Dimensionality: They functioned on the first three chakras, the material, the emotional and the mental. Where there was spirituality, it was usually seen as something outside or other than normal every day functioning. The Third Dimensional being is aware of him or herself as a separate and unique individual. There is no real sense of the unity or oneness of consciousness that is a factor of higher dimensional consciousness. Because of this sense of separation, humans have built a society that has very little awareness of the interconnectedness of beings and actions. And because of this lack of awareness, humans have created a planet of sorrow and suffering, where individuals see no need to be responsible for their thoughts, feelings and actions. Fear of not surviving on the individual level, because of lack of resources, has led to greed and imbalances that need to be addressed in order to create a stable planetary home for all humans. The Indigo children arrived with the key to multi-dimensionality. They were born into Third Dimensional bodies, but their consciousness was effectively in the Fourth Dimension and capable of moving into the Fifth. This Law states that we are all One, we are all connected and that whatever affects one of us affects all of us. Indigo children carry this awareness in their consciousness, and it leads them to be warriors for many causes that will heal the Earth and stop humans from destroying and polluting their environment and harming other humans. The Law of One also fosters the understanding in Indigo beings that we are all equal, and that no one is greater than any other. We will learn to function co-operatively and for the good of all if we are to create the New Earth that we desire. Indigos respect the talents and abilities of each individual, but these talents do not make any one greater than anyone else. The play of ego and self-importance has no real place in the life of an Indigo. When an Indigo awareness opens into the Fifth Dimension, it becomes aware of itself as a Creator. Fifth Dimensional awareness loves to create. All the religious belief systems and the economic systems on Earth today are Fifth Dimensional Thought Form creations that we hold in place by our continued support of these thought forms. They form a Fifth Dimensional grid around the Earth. Most lower-dimensional beings are completely unaware [unconscious] that their thoughts and behavior patterns are being controlled from this level. When the Indigo awareness opens to this level, there is often a rejection of all belief systems and a consciousness of the freedom to create new and alternative ways of thinking and being. The Indigo person takes on the planetary mission of creating and bringing in new ways of thinking and being for Planet Earth. The next step in consciousness is to move beyond duality and into a realm where all is seen as part of the greater good and for the good of the greater whole. They are rebirthed, in consciousness, as a Christed or Magical child. With this comes an awareness of the playfulness of life, and the play of Spirit through human beings on this planet. Then all life is seen as magical and blessed, and all life is directed and advanced through the work of spirit. At this point, the being understands the principle of surrender to the flow of the greater evolutionary wave, while still exercising the right to be a creator on the individual level. The Crystal consciousness, when it has matured enough at this level, can then move into the Seventh Dimensional level, where awareness opens onto the nature of the spiritual mission of the being. A Crystal or Christed adult at this level is ready to take on a planetary mission as a carrier of higher dimensional consciousness to others. The work may involve teaching and healing on a grand scale, or it may simply be to carry the energy in the auric field so that others may access the higher vibrations in their own upwards Ascension Path. The Crystal child and adult now carry the potential to open fully to the Ninth level or Full Christ Consciousness. The potential then exists for the being to continue on the journey to the Tenth level, where the being accesses his or her Solar System responsibilities; the Eleventh level, where the Galactic level of consciousness is accessed and finally the Twelfth level, where the Gold Ray of Universal Consciousness inaugurates the being as a Full Universal Being. The Thirteenth level represents the Master, who enters into the Divine Mystery as a fully conscious spark of the Divine Creative Essence. Welcome to our journeys.

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