

Alone Analysis Paragraph

The poem "Alone" was written by Edgar Allan Poe in 1829, but was not published until 1875. The poem is about looking back in his childhood which tells us that he was often alone and left out. "After his parents, both actors, died when he was still a toddler, the Boston-born poet and writer Edgar Allan Poe was raised as a foster child. He was considered the father of the horror genre, due to his masterful and macabre short stories. His poetry was an important influence on the French Symbolist poets Baudelaire and Mallarmé" (Poetry In Voice). The poem Alone is a lyric poem because it's a short poem which gives an intense feeling or emotion. The poem is written in one big stanza which contains twenty-two lines and the rhyme scheme for this poem is AABBCDDDEEFFGGHHIIJJKK. The overall meaning of this poem is, looking back in his childhood, he never fit in with other kids and he was often left out. This poem relates to my life because when I first came to Canada, at school I was all alone, I didn't have any friends and I didn't know anyone. A repetition is shown at lines 5, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, and 19, each line starts with "from the" which tells us that he was being kept away "from the". A metaphor is said in line 10, which reads "Of a most stormy life — was drawn" which basically means that his life is dark and messy like a storm. Another poetic device is used in line 12, "The mystery which binds me still —" the mystery is being personified because mystery can't bind or keep someone. Another personification can be found in line 15, "From the sun that 'round me roll'd" because a sun can't round and rolled a person.

Alone

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were — I have not seen
As others saw — I could not bring
My passions from a common spring —
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow — I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone —
And all I lov'd — I lov'd alone —
Then — in my childhood — in the dawn
Of a most stormy life — was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still —
From the torrent, or the fountain —
From the red cliff of the mountain —
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold —
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by —
From the thunder, and the storm —
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view —