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English: CA on poetry

Example 1

The echoes of the 1st World War are very loud during the period between the 1st and the 2nd World War. Many poets, such as Wilfred Owen, were writing about the war, and it's consequences. Some poets were even inspired by the works of the World War poets, like Richard Aldington and Edmund Blunden. They write about the works of Wilfred Owen, and his pacifist movement, especially about Owen's effort to avoid another war and his death. But their opinion varies based on the time they write in. Aldington commences with how Owen's opinions are still present, but then he talks about he envies Owen. On the other hand, Blunden criticises Owen because his actions were actually worthless.

In his poem, Aldington recalls himself of Owen and his ideals, who are starting to be “half-forgotten”, even if there's some who still continue to convey them. Now that the war is over, most are passing on, and don't dwell on the past. The gritty times of the war are long gone, replaced by “sunny hours (that) are warm with honey and dew”, showing that people now are living with hope, believing that a horror like this won't happen again. People believe that now things will be better, and if they will just ignore the difficult and hard passages, and live “in the strivings and in the triumphs of manhood”, they want to live the successes and dreams, and forget about the defeats. But not for Aldington. He seems that he cannot move on, he's “never quite forgotten, never forgotten”. Aldington can't forget not only the war, but the people who died during the war as well. But this is where he creates this separation between 2 worlds: the world of the living, half-forgetting and half-remembering, and the world of the dead, who don't need to remember, nor care. Aldington talks about “All you who lie there so lonely, and never stir”, about the soldiers of the Great War who were living and dying alone, who are now all alone, and don't need to worry about the rest of the world. These dead don't need to care any more, and they can't remember any more now they are dead. This is exactly what Aldington admires and envies: he also seeks this calm that only the Death brings. The dead don't need to worry about the matters of this world, as they are unimpressed by the “hired buglers”. At one point he asks both the dead and himself “Do you remember... but why should you remember?”, from one side showing the memories the dead don't need to put up with, and that he needs to. But on the other side, does he really needs to remember the horrors of the war? Didn't he give “all you had, to forget”? We can only assume that he might have tried everything to not thing about these horrors, but apparently there is only one way to forget about it for the war veterans: Death.

For Blunden though, it seems that death might have been the easy way out, at least for Owen. Blunden criticises Owen for writing so much about the war, promoting pacifist movements, and then just dying at the end of the war. His resent to people like Owen can be already seen in the title: “To W.O and his kind”, addressing it mainly to people who wrote about the Great War, only to either die or just see their ideals forgotten and their goals failed. Blunden considers their ideals as a failure, seen with “Seem now almost as though you had never been, / And in your simple purpose nearly thwarted, / What hope is there?”, where we clearly see that authors like Owen had a clear purpose that just simply faded away. And now, as there's no one to continue their message, their “witness moves no Powers” and the “younger youth resents your sentient youth.”. The messages of the poets are forgotten, and when the world is standing on the brink of yet another war, a more nationalistic feeling arises instead of a more compassionate one. But what Blunden wonders is what would happen if Owen and “his kind” would survive: maybe if he would continue his fight people maybe would listen to him. “Would you were not dust, / With you I might invent, and make men try,” Blunden says, showing that all of this could have been avoided only if Owen and other activists would survive and continue their struggle.

In conclusion, both of these poems take the figure of Wilfred Owen to look back at the First World War and it's dead, both how calm they can be now and how their death might have doomed the living.