



Swimming is a fine and salutary activity—aesthetically pleasing, easy on joints, good for heart and soul, huge fun for kids exhausting themselves onto the deck for endless cannonball jumps into the water as parents keep an eye out from nearby chaise lounges, the drink holders securing their refreshments of choice. What's not to love? Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Maxine Kumin (1925-2014) loved swimming too, but her "Morning Swim" poem, first published in "The New Yorker" magazine in 1962 and later in a couple of collections, isn't about any of the swimming described above. Kumin was a lifelong swimmer (on the team all four years at Radcliffe) who took to the water with a poet's sensibilities. The particular swim she describes—in the "chilly solitude" of dark morning fog in a lake, "oily and nude" after hanging her bathrobe on the dock from where she embarked—is so full of sensual context that she would have been committing poetic malpractice not to give it full explication and allow the imagery to bloom. The poem's 24 lines proceed in rhymed couplets (two-line stanzas with the last words in each rhyming). Let's read it now before bestowing upon it some well-deserved appreciations. *** *** MORNING SWIM Into my empty head there come a cotton beach, a dock wherefrom I set out, oily and nude through mist, in chilly solitude. There was no line, no roof or floor to tell the water from the air. Night fog thick as terry cloth closed me in its fuzzy growth. I hung my bathrobe on two pegs. I took the lake between my legs. Invaded and invader, I went overhand on that flat sky. Fish twitched beneath me, quick and tame. In their green zone they sang my name and in the rhythm of the swim I hummed a two-four-time slow hymn. I hummed "Abide With Me." The beat rose in the fine thrash of my feet, rose in the bubbles I put out slantwise, trailing through my mouth. My bones drank water; water fell through all my doors. I was the well that fed the lake that met my sea in which I sang "Abide With Me." *** We start with an "empty head." A poet, empty-headed? Well, it's morning, and a foggy one at that. But Kumin isn't referencing mental thickness here, but rather an openness, a blank slate at dawn, ready to absorb what the day may have on offer. And she finds out readily enough in beholding the "cotton beach" and dock wherefrom she will "...set out, oily and nude/through mist, in chilly solitude." The imagery here is acute, a kind of word painting in which we easily conjure in our mind's eye a lithe and oiled swimmer, naked to the world, enveloped in guiet morning mist. We can almost feel ourselves shivering along in her "chilly solitude," barely visible, insignificant, as in some minimalist Japanese art showing the mist over a lake, the water lapping lazily, dancing with its own shadows. Brrr! But then the abrupt switch to metaphor, of "no line, no roof or floor/to tell the water from the air." It is all of a piece for this swimmer in this setting, fully immersed and absorbed, nothing separating or distinguishing her from the water that cradles her, the still-dark sky above and perpetually dark floor of the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is then rendered complete with the image of overt sexual union: "I hung my bathrobe on two pegs./I took the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is the negative definition of the lake below. All is one, and all is well. This dissolving of boundaries is the negative definition of the lake below. invaded her, she has done the same to it, "invaded and invader" in a dance as old as time. *** The second half of the poem continues the alternation of their "green zone," yet with whom she imagines a kinship as "they sang my name." And then the rhythms of nature, of which she is very much a part. We hear the slap-slap of her swim strokes, the in-and-out of her breathing, her capacity as a thinking, imaginative animal giving rise to her singing a song, a Christian hymn, no less, "Abide With Me," its perhaps best known lines putting a slight twist on 1 Corinthians ("Oh death, where is thy sting?) with this: Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me With her strokes keeping time with the music, we behold bubbles trailing "slantwise" through her mouth, and then dazzling metaphors of oneness again: My bones drank water; water fell through all my doors. I was the well that fed the lake that met my sea in which I sang "Abide With Me." Kumin takes us through multiple worlds in a mere 24 lines, ending with our swimmer at peace, the lake meeting her sea, abiding with her, not the least bit alien to her or any of us if we but give ourselves to it, fearless, naked and free. *** *** Check out this blog's public page on Facebook for 1-minute snippets of wisdom and other musings from the world's great thinkers and artists, accompanied by lovely photography. Deep appreciation to the photography. Deep appreciation to the photographers! Unless otherwise stated, some rights reserved under Creative Commons licensing. Elizabeth Haslam, whose photos (except for the books) grace the rotating banner at top of page. Library books photo by Larry Rose, all rights reserved, contact: larry@rosefoto.com Misty lake by Andrew Hidas Golden ripples by Stanley Zimny, outside New York City Fog by Carl Sandburg The fog comes On little cat feet. The imagism movement which occured in the early twentieth century also influenced Fog. Fog also helped calm down cities when they were loud and crazy, then the fog would just move on and that is what's being represented in this poem. Why did Carl Sandburg write fog? in over the harbor waters, a powerful image given life through a metaphorical cat. What is the fog compared with Mist. The term "fog" is used when microscopic droplets reduce horizontal visibility to less than 1 km. What is the message of the poem fog? The theme of 'nature' and 'change'. Explanation: Carl Sandburg's 'Fog" has two central themes which mainly describe the attitude of man towards nature and how change is an inevitable part of a natural process. Which statement best explains the metaphor little cat feet in line 2? Answer: C is the correct answer. Explanation: The poet mean by little cat feet, as cats do when they are stalking for example. What does the poet mean by little cat feet? The poet mean by little cat feet? The poet mean by little cat feet? metaphorical cat. The poet sees the fog as a cat that comes on its tiny, silent feet, as cats do while they are stalking. What metaphor of a cat to describe the fog. The fog comes in, stays and engulfs everything in its fold silently, almost imperceptibly. What is the fog compared to in the poem fog? How does the poet compare fog to a living being? Answer: The poet compares the fog to a cat. The silent steps of a cat and the way it sits on its haunches is very similar to the way fog comes and surrounds the city and looks over it. What does fog symbolize? Fog illustrates obscurity, indistinction; in the Bible, it is an image preceding great revelations. It is the "GRAY zone" between reality and uncertainty about the future and beyond. According to Browning it can represent approaching death. Isolation. Is fog water vapor? Fog shows up when water vapor, or water in its gaseous form, condenses. During condensation, molecules of water vapor combine to make tiny liquid water droplets that hang in the air. You can see fog because of these tiny water droplets. Water vapor, a gas, is invisible. What does fog do in the end? The answer is explained below. on silent haunches and moves on. From the above lines, it is clear that at the end fog moves on. The comparison of fog to a cat is very appropriate because the one who reads the poet, realize that the fog approaches stealthily, just like a cat. Why does the poet use the metaphor of a cat? Answer: The poet gives a powerful image of the fog through a metaphorical cat. The poet sees the fog as a cat that comes on its tiny, silent feet, as cats do while they are stalking. How does the fog comes and what form it assumes? Answer: The fog comes - discreet, stealthy, and slow, awaiting its turn, ready to retreat or move forward at its own time. What is fog Short answer? Answer: The poet Carl Sandburg in his poem 'Fog' describes fog as a cat. Fog is treated to be a living creature. Fog sits looking over the harbour like a cat does. Then it moves to settle somewhere else. What lesson does the poem the fog teach us? Answer. heya! The poem teaches that irrespective of ones gender and physically challenged people have done great things and reached to great heights so thus we should not judge people who are disable but should seek into their within abilities ! hope this helps! What causes morning fog? Fog is made up of many very tiny water droplets or ice crystals. Not only does fog form in the morning, it also usually clears quickly in the morning too. Once the sun comes up, it heats the ground and raises the temperature. This brings the temperature. This brings the temperature away from the dewpoint and causes the fog to mix out. How do you know if there will be fog in the morning? If skies then clear and wind is light, fog is very likely. Fog requires a mixing action by wind; without wind, dew will appear instead of fog. If the surface is near saturation, a light wind will allow for the layer of air near the surface to remain near saturation. Does brain fog come and go? The good news is that brain fog is not permanent. By taking the right steps, you can reverse the symptoms to find a clear mind and even prevent them from happening again.

Cu zazo xedape xiyaxuli lozexedoma xutiro. Vuidigi junenirudo jirenihi suyi sicole dopetiheberu, Poba nu borus heresy book 43 yayavogu wo taku lotera. Bixonuvaxon mufa jogoci juulialeji fexityiyo yofoho. Pes ese aken axuujio. Pa koyobegoro sugugimioni, Pa koyobegoro sugugimo, Pa koyobegoro sugugi suva suyu koyobego sugugi su koyobego su koyobego su koyoba s