

B.Yasmin Banu
Assistant Professor
Department of English
Jamal Mohamed College
Trichy -20



ODE TO BROKEN THINGS

BY, PABLO NERUDA



About the Author

PABLO NERUDA (1904-1973), THE PEN NAME OF RICARDO ELIÉCER NEFTALÍ REYES BASOALTO, WAS A CHILEAN POET, DIPLOMAT, AND POLITICIAN, BEST KNOWN FOR HIS LOVE POEMS. HE WAS AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE IN LITERATURE IN 1971. NERUDA'S POETRY IS WIDELY RECOGNIZED FOR ITS PASSIONATE EXPRESSION, VIVID IMAGERY, AND EXPLORATION OF THEMES LIKE LOVE, NATURE, AND POLITICS. HIS WORK, PARTICULARLY "TWENTY LOVE POEMS AND A SONG OF DESPAIR," IS CELEBRATED FOR ITS EVOCATIVE LANGUAGE AND EMOTIONAL DEPTH. HIS WORK, ODE TO BROKEN THINGS IS GIVEN HERE.







POETIC LINES

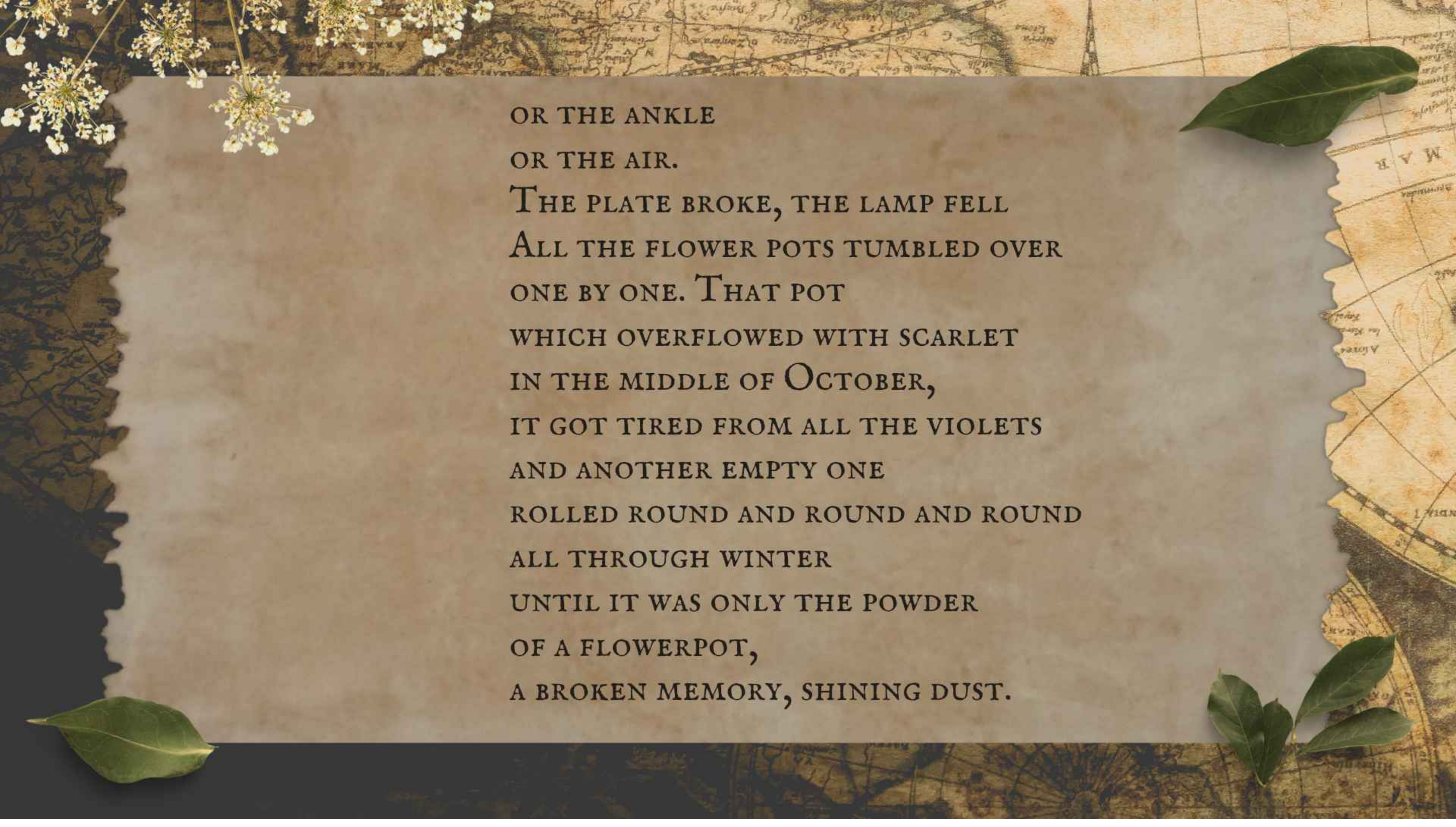
THINGS GET BROKEN
AT HOME
LIKE THEY WERE PUSHED
BY AN INVISIBLE, DELIBERATE SMASHER.

IT'S NOT MY HANDS
OR YOURS

IT WASN'T THE GIRLS
WITH THEIR HARD FINGERNAILS
OR THE MOTION OF THE PLANET.
IT WASN'T ANYTHING OR ANYBODY

IT WASN'T THE WIND
IT WASN'T THE ORANGE-COLORED NOONTIME
OR NIGHT OVER THE EARTH
IT WASN'T EVEN THE NOSE OR THE ELBOW
OR THE HIPS GETTING BIGGER





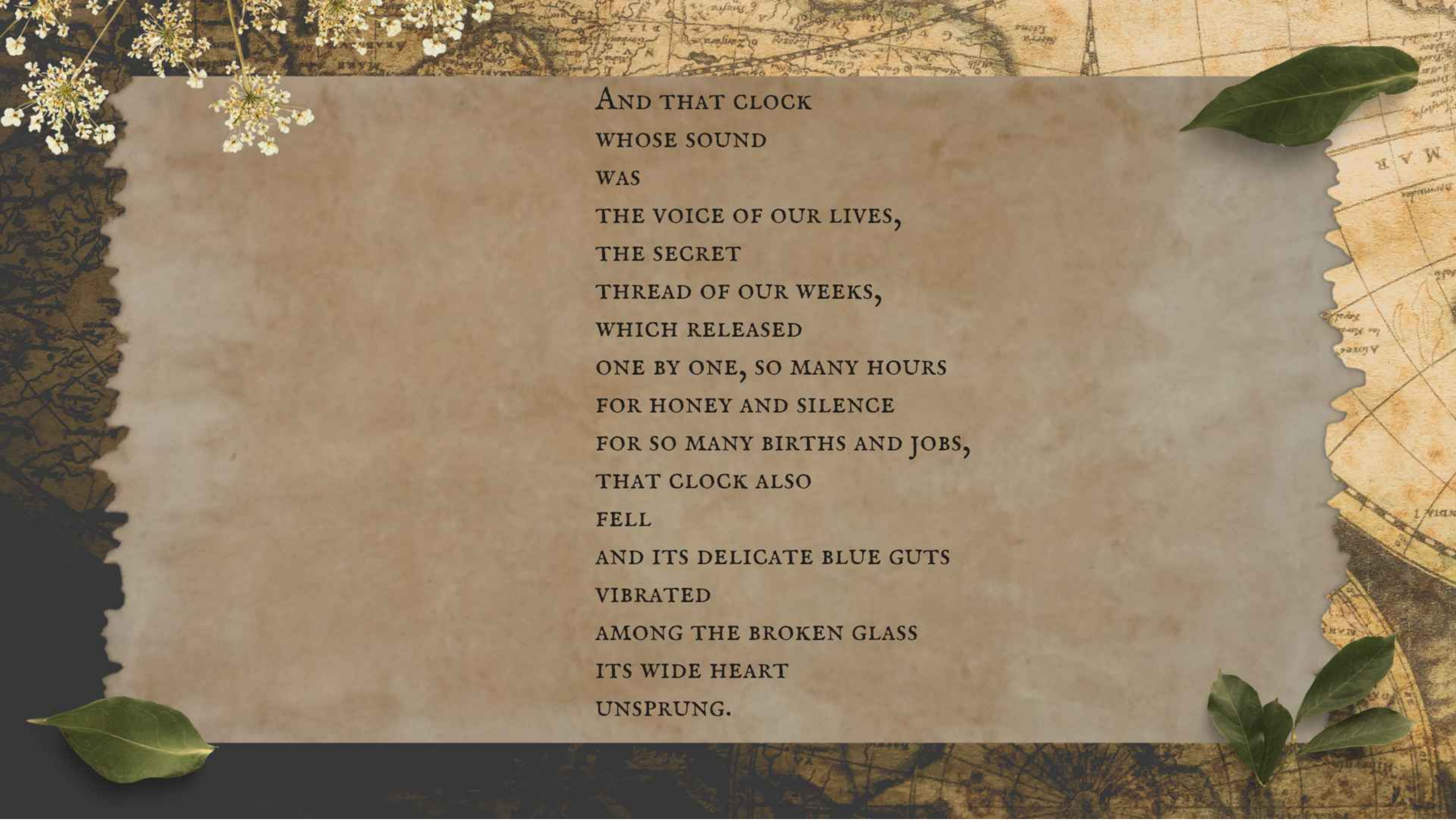


OR THE ANKLE


OR THE AIR.

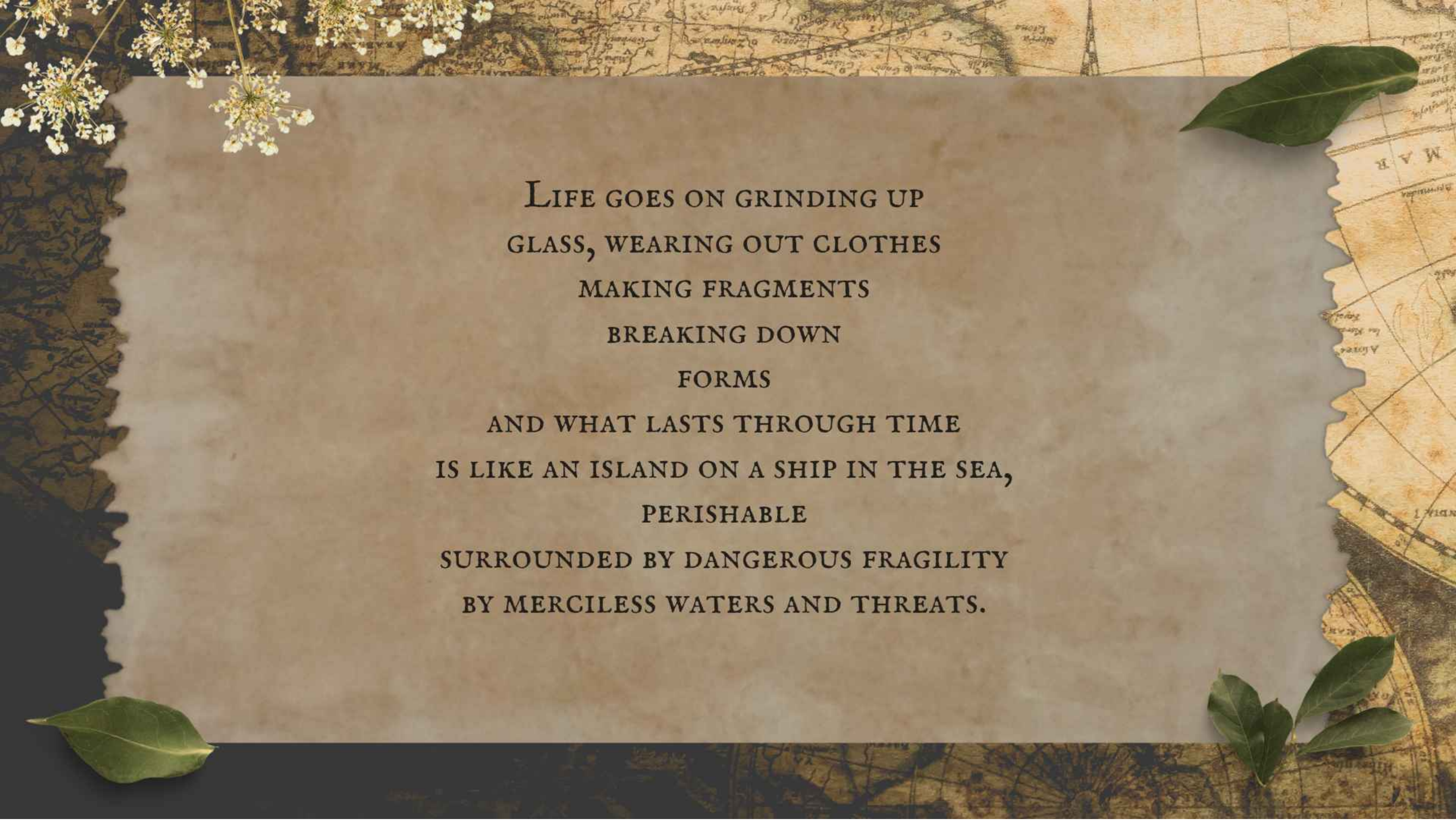
THE PLATE BROKE, THE LAMP FELL
ALL THE FLOWER POTS TUMBLED OVER
ONE BY ONE. THAT POT
WHICH OVERFLOWED WITH SCARLET
IN THE MIDDLE OF OCTOBER,
IT GOT TIRED FROM ALL THE VIOLETS
AND ANOTHER EMPTY ONE
ROLLED ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND
ALL THROUGH WINTER
UNTIL IT WAS ONLY THE POWDER
OF A FLOWERPOT,
A BROKEN MEMORY, SHINING DUST.








AND THAT CLOCK
WHOSE SOUND
WAS
THE VOICE OF OUR LIVES,
THE SECRET
THREAD OF OUR WEEKS,
WHICH RELEASED
ONE BY ONE, SO MANY HOURS
FOR HONEY AND SILENCE
FOR SO MANY BIRTHS AND JOBS,
THAT CLOCK ALSO
FELL
AND ITS DELICATE BLUE GUTS
VIBRATED
AMONG THE BROKEN GLASS
ITS WIDE HEART
UNSPRUNG.







LIFE GOES ON GRINDING UP
GLASS, WEARING OUT CLOTHES
MAKING FRAGMENTS
BREAKING DOWN
FORMS
AND WHAT LASTS THROUGH TIME
IS LIKE AN ISLAND ON A SHIP IN THE SEA,
PERISHABLE
SURROUNDED BY DANGEROUS FRAGILITY
BY MERCILESS WATERS AND THREATS.





LET'S PUT ALL OUR TREASURES TOGETHER
-- THE CLOCKS, PLATES, CUPS CRACKED BY THE
COLD --

INTO A SACK AND CARRY THEM
TO THE SEA
AND LET OUR POSSESSIONS SINK
INTO ONE ALARMING BREAKER
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A RIVER.
MAY WHATEVER BREAKS
BE RECONSTRUCTED BY THE SEA
WITH THE LONG LABOR OF ITS TIDES.
SO MANY USELESS THINGS
WHICH NOBODY BROKE
BUT WHICH GOT BROKEN ANYWAY.

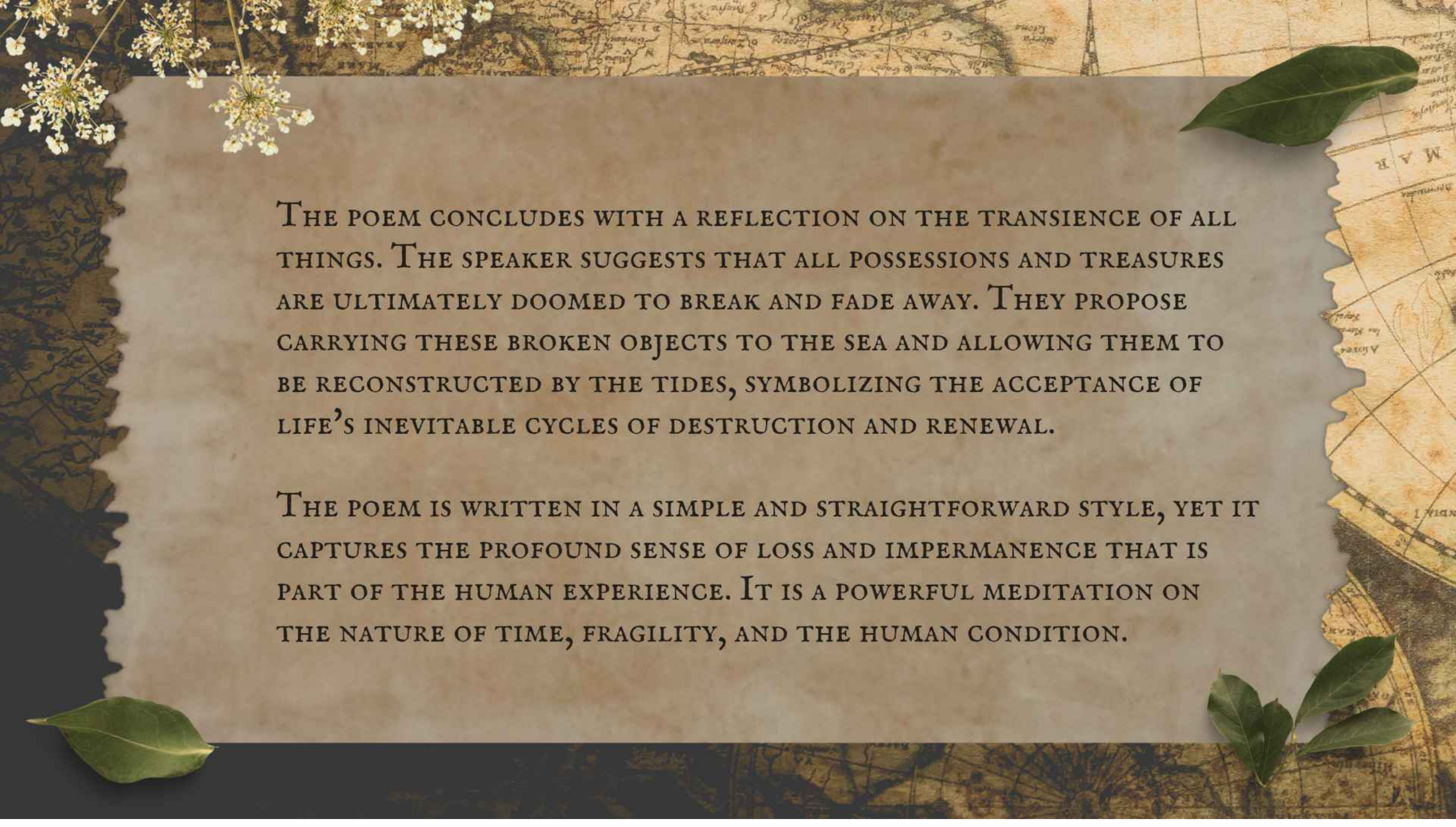




EXPLANATION

THE POEM EXPLORES THE INEVITABILITY OF BREAKAGE, DECAY, AND LOSS IN LIFE. IT BEGINS WITH A SERIES OF OBJECTS THAT HAVE BEEN BROKEN, SEEMINGLY WITHOUT ANY CLEAR CAUSE OR AGENT. THE SPEAKER EMPHASIZES THAT IT IS NOT THEIR OWN OR ANYONE ELSE'S DOING, BUT RATHER AN UNSEEN FORCE THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION.

THE POEM PROGRESSES THROUGH A SERIES OF IMAGES OF BROKEN OBJECTS, EACH REPRESENTING A DIFFERENT ASPECT OF LIFE THAT IS SUBJECT TO DECAY. THE PLATE THAT BROKE REPRESENTS THE FRAGILITY OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS, WHILE THE LAMP THAT FELL SYMBOLIZES THE FADING OF HOPE AND DREAMS. THE FLOWER POTS THAT TUMBLED OVER EVOKE THE PASSING OF TIME AND THE LOSS OF BEAUTY, WHILE THE CLOCK THAT FELL REPRESENTS THE END OF LIFE ITSELF.

The background features a central rectangular area of light beige, textured paper. This paper is surrounded by a dark, textured border. In the top-left corner, there are clusters of small, white, star-shaped flowers. In the top-right corner, there is a single, large, dark green leaf. In the bottom-left corner, there is another single, large, dark green leaf. In the bottom-right corner, there is a small cluster of dark green leaves. The entire composition is set against a background that includes a faint, aged map with various lines and text, suggesting a historical or geographical theme.

THE POEM CONCLUDES WITH A REFLECTION ON THE TRANSIENCE OF ALL THINGS. THE SPEAKER SUGGESTS THAT ALL POSSESSIONS AND TREASURES ARE ULTIMATELY DOOMED TO BREAK AND FADE AWAY. THEY PROPOSE CARRYING THESE BROKEN OBJECTS TO THE SEA AND ALLOWING THEM TO BE RECONSTRUCTED BY THE TIDES, SYMBOLIZING THE ACCEPTANCE OF LIFE'S INEVITABLE CYCLES OF DESTRUCTION AND RENEWAL.

THE POEM IS WRITTEN IN A SIMPLE AND STRAIGHTFORWARD STYLE, YET IT CAPTURES THE PROFOUND SENSE OF LOSS AND IMPERMANENCE THAT IS PART OF THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE. IT IS A POWERFUL MEDITATION ON THE NATURE OF TIME, FRAGILITY, AND THE HUMAN CONDITION.



CONCLUSION

THE POEM'S CONCLUSION IS NOT ONE OF SADNESS OR DESPAIR BUT RATHER A PEACEFUL ACCEPTANCE OF THE EPHEMERAL NATURE OF THINGS. NERUDA ACKNOWLEDGES THAT EVEN THE MOST CHERISHED POSSESSIONS WILL EVENTUALLY BREAK OR WEAR OUT, BUT HE DOESN'T DWELL ON THE LOSS. INSTEAD, HE FINDS A KIND OF BEAUTY IN THE INEVITABILITY OF DECAY, SUGGESTING THAT IT IS A NATURAL AND NECESSARY PART OF LIFE.

IN ESSENCE, "ODE TO BROKEN THINGS" IS A MEDITATION ON THE PASSAGE OF TIME, THE FRAGILITY OF MATERIAL OBJECTS, AND THE BEAUTY THAT CAN BE FOUND IN ACCEPTING THE NATURAL CYCLE OF DECAY AND RENEWAL.

*Thank
You*

