

“Have You Prayed” Poem Analysis

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Have You Prayed

Between poets and people who read poetry, there has continuously existed an unusual gift, and that is culture. Knock into an associated poet in a bookstore, and a distinctive conversation frequently takes place. As in: “I gave my father Li-Young Lee’s ‘Have You Prayed’ for the reason that comfort is so significant to him.” Then the father read out the poem and the pupil’s rumour. All of a sudden, my father started crying since he was astonished that I just provided him with a rhyme out of the blue that I was thinking about him. Then we communicated for some minutes about how his father used to make my father request each night when he was a little earlier to go to bed. Lee’s “Have You Prayed” is a poem written out of gift awareness. The poet senses a wind over the window that reminds him of his late father. It’s a poem amusing with recollection and contentment, two of poetry’s greatest needs, gift-like essentials(R. Myers).

The connection between a son and father is a substantially warm environment. Notwithstanding what Sigmund Freud proclaims around the “Oedipus complex,” it is integrally factual that fathers and sons are a part of an age-old way of liking(Foundation)

Spiritual Themes and Memory

The poem “Have You Prayed” is written by Li-Young; I deliberately associate it with Mark Jarman’s unconsecrated poems. The motive I deliberate Li-young’s poem associates with Jarman is that Li-Young’s rhyme discussions around the breeze request him somewhat in his father’s speech. The breeze also continues to ask him diverse queries. The poem finishes with the proverb, “And me talking to no one.” The last line is the streak that forced me to think of Mark Jarman’s unholy poems. The unholy sonnets that I am talking about are the ones that discuss an individual being asleep, and then he senses a rapid desire originating over him. He was then fully awake, sensing this point over him, and then he overheard a door handle creak and a drawer being dragged. He rapidly had irresistible happiness, and then he said thank you. He could not recall why he thought it. The aim of Li-Young’s poem prompted me to this rhyme as it appeared similar to Li-Young’s poem. The son was having a conversation with no one, like a soul or something, and in conclusion, no one was nearby in Jarman’s poem; the individual is also having a conversation with a soul and senses like somebody is, thereby both having individuals who dialogue about stuff that isn’t even there. Similarly, one more aim they associate is with Li-Young’s poem; the breeze continues to request him, have you prayed yet? Similarly, in Jarman’s poem, in the first line, the person is asleep in prayer. So in both poems, they were praying or preparing themselves to pray(“Have You Prayed?”).

The four lines at the end of *Have You Prayed* propose a weird assumption. It demonstrates a convincing vagueness between the son and the father. The father, now departed, is in a certain unlimited afterlife with a nervous, worried awareness. He is worried about how his son is handling it. Is he happy? In his initial refuge, it appears that in his possible pleasure, the son has chosen, besides a response to the queries of the breeze, as the speaker says he is speaking to no one. This refers to the young man's bias toward freedom: the "I don't need the help of anyone else" multifaceted ("Have You Prayed?")

Perhaps the World Ends Here

The poem "Perhaps the World Ends Here," written by Joy Harjo, is focused on the melody of life and family. The inaugural verdict states that the world begins at a kitchen table. The poem endures to define the whole thing that becomes completed there and the individuals it carries altogether.

Harjo appears to be reverbing that the "kitchen table" as the mutual factor in the belongings we do that take people closer together. For most families and in most homes, people become united and often share their opinions, notions, and regular incidents through lunchtime and dinnertime at the dining table. It's when everybody becomes closer to each other and just debates and shares their feelings with each other. It is a technique through which people can stay relaxed(Carl).

The poem inscribes flora and the atmosphere with the help of allegory. The poem jerks out that the world activates at a kitchenette table, which is symbolic of the start of life. And it trimmings with conceivably the world will finish at the kitchen table, representing expiry. The table, to me, can be an environment. She transcribes that the table is a household in the volley, a canopy in the sun. I can imagine the bench as high shadow shrubs that can be cast off as accommodation when it starts showering, and a canopy to block the cheerful sun. It's a place to hide in the gumshoe of fear prompts me of the muskrats in Dillard's *Traveler at Tinker Stream* when they live concealed, when she strained to monitor them(Gehlhaus).

I moreover contemplate that the poem inscribes the situation. The situation is the communal and traditional powers that form the existence of an individual. The poem is shattered up into diverse phases in life. The world instigates at a kitchenette table birth, children teethe at the edges, kids are delivering directions at the kitchen bench, men and women are sitting at it, and they prepare their parents for interment there. It tracks the phases of life from the 1st day to the very last day, from the teachings of behaviors to sitting with each other to dialogue around chat at an earlier time(Kohan)

This was what individuals went to for food, for finishing responsibilities, for gossiping, and for numerous other things. It's where kids are being taught manners. Where fights arise and the place where stories are expressed and prepared. It's the start of the whole thing and the conclusion of the whole thing.

Personal Reflection on the Kitchen Table

I woke up this morning to heaps of plates, vacant wine flasks, and piles of crispy vessels and pots. The magnificent result of a banquet gathering. We had our 1st Moth stimulated story-telling banquet the previous night, and amongst the ten of us grouped around the table, the floors were fabled. We received stories of flickers, near-arrests, terrifying 1st dates, and an endeavored arranged wedding. Everybody had such a moral time. We were sitting tasting wine and lingering over pudding long after midnight. However, it is added to the dinner gathering later(Alexis Hurst).

As I complete my 2nd cup of coffee (and masticate on a portion of unused pumpkin gingerbread cake), I desire to part with you a beautiful poem my colleague Kathryn York just directed to me. She said that this poem had turned into a psalm of sorts for her the previous year, and I reflect, I'll accept it too. It so attractively summarizes the whole thing I consider around existing life at the table; they could certainly not discover the arguments to show. I am confident this poem stimulates you all as it did to me. It creates heaps of plates that appear valuable.

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