









*arms about*". With these descriptions, the poet conveys that Love is needy and dependent on others. It lives in fear of being torn from the one it love. The poet indicates that Love has "*Wall within wall to shut fear out*". With this imagery, the poet portrays love as a prison that keeps others out and protects those that are inside. However, in his search for meaning, the poet does find things of value on earth; though not a corresponding breeze between himself and nature, he does find some clarification of existence. This occurs in the making of a poem and more specifically, in his metaphors. Further, since a poet makes metaphors, one might say that Frost does agree with Wordsworth on at least this aspect of the role of poet.

"Earth" is not just the location where love takes place in Frost's poetry; it is alternatively a sensual landscape of desire made manifest and a winter wasteland of frozen and impenetrable surfaces that posits a taut, enforced emptiness - a desert space. The earth's body is a perfect correlative for one's own capricious nature by Frost's terms, It is, in fact, a nearly literal truth that for Frost earth is the right place for love, because earth is the only monumentality that provides a suitable correlative for the immensity of his apprehensions of "love" as a dynamics of self-control. Earth is the right place for love, because it is the one proving ground by which a man can transcend the vicissitudes of desire (Kearn 114). In nature exists a deeper "life of things," and it is the harmony that exists between nature and the poet that enables him to see this deeper life. Wordsworth trusts

nature to reveal itself, its deeper meaning. There is a corresponding wind in nature and in the poet that connects the two, that makes the harmony between them. There are live embers within the poet that nature can recognize and remember. And this recognition and connection are important above all else. They not only bridge the gap between the physical things and the poet; they also unify the poet and other people. This connection allows the poet to speak wisely about other things. His wisdom, even, is spontaneous and found in nature: it is waiting for him, to be discovered by him, to help him reach and understand the inherent and transcendent meaning in the things he sees.

Frost is the poet who makes himself at home on earth. He gets as close as he can to other things and people (McMillan 83). However, that he will achieve a spiritual connection with them, and this keeps him philosophically separate. Instead of bemoaning what he does not find, he makes what he can, as he sees it, of what he has. And the making is the poet's, the person's. He makes clarity; he helps nature along, so to speak, with his own interpretation, associating his own ideas to make his own provisional meanings at times while enjoying the natural setting.

In his most characteristic moods, Frost ultimately distrusts that momentary impulse of thought or mind or heart to “steer straight off after something into space”—chiefly, I think, because of the dangers of some kind of solipsism in such flight. Love, in this poem as in the famous line from “Birches” or in “The Silken Tent,” ties the spirit to earth and natural fact.











Thought functions is in heaven. It gives a pleasure as like as everything which there in heaven. But the other way, some said that love is being thrall. And simply staying possesses all. It is possessed by all. While, in several beauty that thought fares far to fuse with another thought to be reference cleaves a problem. Irony is used in this poem because Love, which is normally portrayed as a good thing, is shown in a negative light.

“Thought,” or the imagination in its Promethean moods, may seek to assert its power by breaking free from all earthly ties; but the poet instinctively fears the kind of solipsism to which such flight might ultimately lead. As the heuristic emblem poems demonstrate, “Love,” or the imagination in its more appreciative and conciliatory moods, not only cherishes the “several beauty” of the created world. By reading the commonplace characters of the vegetable text, “Dwarf cornel, goldthread, and *Maianthemum*,” it also discovers the full extent of the relationships between the self and the other, both natural and human (Bloom 135).

Earth is changeable, things live and die every day. Mimicking this earthly reality, Frost’s metaphors his steps toward creating his own little world of order from chaos—likewise cannot ultimately withstand, without changing, the test of time and the power of the natural things that the metaphors strive to contain. The metaphors fail, they crumble, they fall. Like all earthly things, which Frost felt such allegiance to, he based his own little worlds of metaphors on the earthly cycle of being and dying,



freedom and limits today. Many claim freedom is incompatible with limits—bounds to our desires and actions are inherently contrary to liberty. This thinking champions the pursuit of freedom for its own sake and as an entitlement of man, who is born with free will. Freedom can thus be defined by negation: without any limits. Taking up this freedom, moving upward and beyond where we have been, is always the end of action. The implicit assumption is that an endless pursuit of freedom will always bring us to a better place, and this requires we not be bound in such a way that constrains our ever-expanding freedom. This shows how love is limited and tied down. The author describes love as something that is not free, whereas Thought he describes as being Free. This poem depicts thought as being with the stars and being unlimited. In this poem, words like dauntless, free, and faring far are used to describe thought. Thought is sort of the opposite of love in this poem in the sense that love is bond and thought is free. The explanation is following:

This theme is hoped to the stanzas of poetry. It is drawn the distinction between love and thought, heart and mind. It is appeared that love is described as clinging and having walls: *“wall within wall to shut fear out.”* It is vulnerable and self-protective. Thought, however, is strong and does not have to protect itself; its substance is its own protection. While love is a bond, *“with hills and circling arm about,”* thought is free and can soar on its *“pair of dauntless wings.”* (stanza 1)

The limitations of unfreedom must then entail the absence of being bound to something or someone. It would look similar to the way Love clings to the earth and leaves her imprint. *“On snow and sand and turf, I see where Love has*

*left a printed trace with straining in the world's embrace...*” Love toils within the grip of the world and is not free to follow Thought’s path. Regardless, of where the speaker wanders, snow, sand, and turf, he finds that love has made an imprint and left a trace. This imprint is seen as *“straining in the world’s embrace.”* Thought, in contrast, is not shackled; it is able to shake its *“ankles free.”*(stanza 2)

Thought cleaves the interstellar gloom. It is bright in the gloom. And it will be foundation of idea continuously all time. Moreover, it is retraced from generation to generation by another thought with flaming soul back to an earthly room. (stanza 3)

Thought functions is in heaven. It gives a pleasure as like as everything which there in heaven. But the other way, some said that love is being thrall. And simply staying possesses all. It is possessed by all. While, in several beauty that thought fares far to fuse with another thought to be reference cleaves a problem. (stanza 4).