Convergences: Reflections on Auden and Brodsky

M. L. Raina

Abstract

W.H. Auden is celebrated as a poet of the common man and his poetry catalogues the value of every man amidst the dominant unease of his times. His poetry encompasses the deflation of modern utopian desire revealing starker realities of the mid-twentieth century and foregrounds a double-focus ambivalence towards utopian schemes of reformers and revolutionaries. He matured through a grim period of European history, a period marked by fratricidal conflicts and inhuman atrocities. He asserts the belief that poetry can lift the human spirit and persuade us to rejoice. Auden's poetry is disdainful of attempts to tame and subdue, where poets are termed as "raging heroes of the will" in all-pervasive darkness and serve as a "*civitas* of sound." Auden adheres to his belief in simple human goodness reinforcing John Keats' notion of the "holiness of heart's affections." Auden as a realist poet of the have-nots responds to the lowly and the underprivileged, celebrating the ordinariness of life where his poetry forges a better relationship with reality. The paper offers an insight into the critical corpus of Auden which is marked by "unheroic little men and women" commemorating the contrariness of human nature where men and women are wedded to their mores and their simplicities are superior to the sophistication of the self-conscious groups.

The second part of the paper intends to study the poetic oeuvre of Joseph Brodsky who inherited Auden's penchant for scientific terms and discreet aestheticism. Brodsky's poetry is highly influenced by Auden where he re-enacts Auden's dry wit and experiments with available metrical forms to create silent rhymes. Brodsky maintains a balance between thematic boldness and his stylistic moderation reflecting upon the adventurous foray into places, persons and things and a deliberate recognition of one's continuity in the ongoing tradition of life and poetry. To some extent, Brodsky differs from Auden's idea of art as a "democratic exercise" embracing all spheres of human endeavour. Brodsky deploys Horation decorum and naturalizes the aesthetic beliefs of St. Petersburg's classicism with its pan-European reach and his acceptance into the English and American heritage. In his collection, *Less Than One*, he shows a strange involvement with the high and aristocratic culture of this classicism. Brodsky's

poetry juxtaposes two homes, one left behind, the lost home and another adopted and acquired home yielding two facets of a cultural fate revealing uncommon relationships between creativity and bondage; art and compromise; poetic practice and physical survival.

Keywords: Ordinariness, Mundane, Civitas of sound, Realist, Neologism, Discreet aestheticism, Exile.

I

Geoffrey Grigson called W. H. Auden a "monster" and lamented that he does not fit. Randal Jarrell detected in him signs of the decline of modernist poetry. Philip Larkin saw Auden's work as a form of "abstract windiness" and Cyril Connolly thought that Auden represented the "permanent adolescence" of his generation. And yet most critics regarded Wystan Auden as a poet who not only became a permanent innovator in his verse techniques but also registered the dominant unease of his times.

In the decade of his birth centenary, how has Auden fared as a poet and trail-blazer? Judging from the fact that his works are now available in respectable scholarly editions and several new assessments have appeared in the last few years (by Stan Smith, Peter Firchow, Rainer Emig and Lucy Macdiarmid, to mention only the more significant ones), Auden is back again as a serious canonical poet who has something meaningful to say to us. Auden set up certain benchmarks for our age against which we measure our own involvements as well as our assumptions about the role of the artist in what Hanah Arendt has so aptly called "the dark times." He matured through a grim period of European history, a period whose fratricidal conflicts and inhuman atrocities (he even wrote a poem on India's partition in 1966) are being revisited in our own day. I think herein lies his importance, indeed his centrality.

What kind of legacy would one expect from Auden, a poet who never considered poetry as a serious enterprise? In his introduction to a 1935 anthology *The Poet's Tongue*, Auden insisted that "we do not read great poetry all the time, and a good anthology should contain poems for every mood" (Smith 101). He never tired of downplaying the pretensions of bards and prophets who assigned to poetry the unenviable task of what the critic Lucy Macdiarmid has called "saving civilisation." There is a strange double-edgedness to his attitude to intellectuals in general and poets in particular. Whereas he thought like-minded intellectuals could sustain the "ironic points of light" in the midst of all-pervasive

darkness (Auden, *Collected* 59) and that a community of enlightened people would serve as a "*civitas* of sound" (*Collected* 266), he was shrewd enough to realize the futility of all such endeavour. As he says in the latter poem,

> we hoped; we waited for the day
> The State would wither clean away,
> Expecting the Millenium
> That theory promised us would come.
> It didn't. (*Collected* 288)

The abrupt closing of the last short line marks the deflation of utopian desire built in the preceding lines—a process we see widespread in Auden's political and social poems.

Auden alone, among the British poets of the thirties, possessed this double-focus ambivalence towards utopian schemes of reformers and revolutionaries. Poems such as "Spain 1937" and "In Praise of Limestone" (a later poem) turn a cold eye on heroes and reformers and praise ordinary people who live close to alluvial soils rather than to hard rock and have no superior ambitions. He acknowledges in the "Bucolics" sequence that "Obsession with security/In Sovereigns prevails;/His Highness and the People both/Pick islands for their jails" (*Collected Poems* 431). And in "Memorial for the City," he disdains attempts to tame and subdue: "Saints tamed, poets acclaimed the raging heroes of the will:/…The grand and the bad went to ruin in thundering verse;/Sundered by reason and treason the City/Found invisible ground for concord in measured sound" (Auden, *Collected Poems* 451). Auden cautioned the high and the mighty in no uncertain terms in these lines from the 1956 poem "There Will be No Peace,"

> You must live with your knowledge.
> Way back, beyond, outside of you are others,
> In moonless absences you never heard of,
> Who have certainly heard of you,
> Beings of unknown number and gender:
> And they do not like you. (*Collected Poems*, 468)

Against the bardic high-jinks of Yeats, Auden adhered to his belief in simple human goodness, in what John Keats would have called the "holiness of heart's affections." The "healers and the brilliant talkers, the eccentric and the silent walkers, the dumpy and the tall" (*Collected Poems* 103) of the very early thirties

poem "A Summer Night" have all been replaced by ordinary, work-a-day people who weep "because another wept" ("The Shield of Achilles"), people with low-key ambitions and modest expectations who "chose the dry-as-dust" ("A. E. Houseman") (*Collected Poems* 148).

In spite of his own upbringing in the middle class, Auden responded to the lowly and the underprivileged without any hauteur, partly, as in the case of E. M. Forster, because of his homoerotic predilections, but because he also thought the non-Us were closer to the realities of the *Zeitgeist*. As he says in "Homage to Clio":

> Why nothing is too big or too small or the wrong
> Colour, and the roar of an earthquake
> rearranging the whispers of streams …Nothing is easy. We may dream as we wish
> Of phallic pillar or navel-stone
> …Your silence already is there
> Between us and any magical centre
> Where things are taken in hand. (*Collected Poems* 464)

Here it is useful to mention that whereas Auden pooh-poohed the romanticism of the ego, of the bardic stance, he did not fall into the trap of romanticizing the humdrum and the mundane. There is a clinical, calculated coldness in his treatment of the unheroic little men and women. Take, for example, an early poem "Victor." The littleness of Victor's position is enacted in the ballad form of the poem. The poem begins with these lines: "Victor was a little baby/Into the world he came; His father took him on his knee and said:/ Don't dishonour the family name" (*Collected Poems* 139). The baby grows into a young man and falls in love ("Too mousey to go far") but the beast of jealousy leads him to murder his love, thus reversing the hopes of his father.

The contrariness of human nature is Auden's perennial theme. It is not his case that small men and women are wedded to their mores and that their simplicities are superior to the sophistications of the more self-conscious groups. He is not a latter-day Wordsworth exalting the prelapsarian state of innocence: the young urchins of "In Praise of Limestone" are quite vulnerable to venal temptation. On the contrary, he is enough of a realist not to ground his faith in an unsullied human nature. Like Eliot, Auden can sense the crisis of our time, but unlike him, he offers no nostrums of religious or political nature. For he believes that as a poet he can at best be a witness not an active participant. As he

says in "New Year Letter,"

> Art is not life and cannot be
> A midwife to society
> …What they should do, or how or when
> Life-order comes to living men
> It cannot say. (*Collected Poems* 162)

Just as Auden repudiated the cult of the hero or the superman, trusting in the holiness of heart's desire, he also looked askance at the conventional solutions to psychological and other neuroses of our time. Sexual repression as well as homosexuality were too close to his own condition to escape his scrutiny. The Freudian stress on the power of the ego, he felt, was exaggerated. Homer Lane and Groddeck were nearer to his own belief in the freedom of psychological desire. He did not shut his eyes to the relentless movement of irrational powers that dominated western culture. In "In Memory of Ernst Toller" he declares: "We are lived by powers we pretend to understand:/They arrange our loves: it is they who direct at the end/The enemy bullet, the sickness, or even our hand" *(*Auden, *Collected Poems* 199).

Though he did not consider Freud in isolation from other forces that have an impact on human behaviour, repression, he saw both Freudianism and Communism as equally repressive. As he says in "Communism and Psychology": "The hostility of Communism to psychology is that accuses the latter of failing to correct conclusions from its data...Finding the neurotic a product of society, it attempts to adjust him to that society, i.e., it ignores the fact that the neurotic has a real grievance" (*English Auden* 352). Groddeck and Homer Lane provided a means of mediating between the repressiveness of the Freudian ego and the uncontrolled anarchy of the instinct. Hence Eros in the Freud elegy becomes "a builder of cities," the new architecture of man that Auden foresaw.

Whether Auden viewed the world as a "hawk" or a "helmeted-airman," his engagement with it never faltered. He brought a whole repertoire of poetic devices and compositional genres to bear upon this engagement. This repertoire consisted of forms and genres such as ballad, villanelle and other low-mimetic modes and juxtaposed them with the accepted conventional styles of writing. Besides furthering the lyric and pastoral tradition of Hardy, he broadened the scope of his engagement by drawing upon the poets of Europe (Brecht and Benn in particular) and America (Robert Frost). This helped him to move towards an explicitness of expression formally incompatible with the extreme innovations

of high modernism. It fashioned a style that is more democratic, more open to alterations of mood and register, to the juxtaposition of the serious with the flippant.

In Auden's poetry, various presentational styles have crossed boundaries and become a common fund of reference and method. His early political populism encouraged his gift for lyrics, ballads and masque-like choruses. His later Horation style (what Philip Larkin disparagingly called 'mandarin') led to Auden's fondness for neologisms and various kinds of camp locutions. In early ballads "Victor" and "Miss Gee," as well as "As I walked Down One Evening," the lightness of the vernacular keeps the poems within common understanding. The recourse to neologisms and outré words (in "Under Sirius," and "Tonight at Seven Thirty," for example) reflects a poet who is so confident of his manner that he can afford to take liberties with the common reservoir of daily speech. Auden says somewhere that "the occupational disease of poets is frivolity," but he does not let his own kind of frivolity become an end in itself. Perhaps it would be wiser to regard his own frivolity as a counterweight to or a repudiation of the solemnity and pomposity of the world's priests, preachers and renovators. "All I have is a voice" says the narrator/poet in "September 1, 1939." But this voice which carries inflections from sub–voices as in folk songs and other street lingo is not powerless, even though it could not confront tyranny. This flat, monochrome voice is suited to Auden's humane tolerance of world's oddities and conforms to his forgiving indulgence of our daily omissions and commissions. Its best expression is "In Praise of Limestone." At the same time, it mocks the strutting grandiosity of the rulers—something Brecht's songs do in *Mother Courage* and *Three-Penny Opera.*

Auden had no ambition to either save civilization or to become the conscience of his race à la Stephen Daedalus. At best he wanted to be remembered as "Atlantic Goethe." In a 1964 poem "The Cave of Making" he said as much: "I should like to, become, if possible,/a minor Atlantic Goethe,/with his passion for weather and stones but without his silliness" (*Collected Poems* 522). Yet, in spite of his underplayed ambition, he did leave a legacy (See Ian Sansom's "Auden and Influence" in *Cambridge Companion,* 226-239).

II

Auden critics have written of what one of them, Bernard Bergonzi, has called the "Audenesque," a specific trait that lingers after we have read Auden combining

wry humor, self-depreciation, a veritable democracy of modes and styles with an ironic dismissal of the high-falutin and the magniloquent. Neither Bergonzi (*The Thirties*, 1979), Valentine Cunningham (*British Writers of the Thirties*, 1988), nor yet Samuel Hynes (*The Auden Generation*, 1982), Lucy Mcdiarmid (*Auden's Apologies for Poetry*, 1990) and Rainer Emig (*W. H. Auden: Towards A Postmodern Poetics*, 1999) has written at length of his influence outside English language poetry. I wish to draw brief attention to a contemporary Russian-American poet, Joseph Brodsky, who wrote in Russian as well as in English and acknowledged a direct debt to Auden.

Even though living in exile in America, Joseph Brodsky was resistant to what he called the "jocular vehemence" of contemporary American poetry (*Of Grief and Reason* 1995). Here he is acknowledging his openness to Robert Frost. In the title essay of an earlier collection, Brodsky says what Auden would have surely approved: "Life never looked to me like a set of clearly marked transitions. Rather, it snowballs, and the more it does, the more one place (or one time) looks like another" (*Less Than One* 18). Auden could have made this statement in America. Calling Auden "the greatest mind of the twentieth century" (357), Brodsky inherited his mentor's penchant for scientific terms as well as his discreet later aestheticism. He also echoes Auden's comments on Kipling and Claudel: "If a poet has any obligation toward society, it is to write well" (359). And in evident recognition of Auden's influence he says, "if poetry ever was for him a matter of ambition, he lived long enough for it to become simply a means of existence…Reading him is one of the very few ways (if not the only one) available for feeling decent" (382).

Brodsky re-enacts Auden's dry wit as demonstrated in the poem "Homage to Girolamo Marcello" in *So Forth* (1996) and "Café Trieste: San Francisco" (*To Urania*, 1987), among others. Here is an instance:

> Still, if sins are forgiven,
> that is if souls break-even
> with flesh elsewhere, this joint too,
> must be enjoyed as the afterlife's sweet parlour
> where in the clouded squalor,
> saints and the ain'ts take five
> where I was first to arrive. (Brodsky)

We at once recall the later stanzas of "In Praise of Limestone." An

epigrammatic terseness holds these poems together, essentially in reminiscence:

> When a man is alone,
> he's in the future—since it can manage
> without the supersonic stuff,
> streamlined bodies, an executed tyrant,
> crumbling statues; when a man is unhappy
> that's the future. (Raina)

As if this were not enough to bring Brodsky and Auden in close proximity, here is another shot at the Auden voice, even though it is distinctly Brodsky:

> I was born and grew up in Baltic marshland
> by zinc-grey breakers that always marched on in twos.
> Hence all rhymes, hence that wan flat voice
> that ripples between them like hair still moist,
> if it ripples at all… What keeps hearts from falseness in this flat region
> is that there is nowhere to hide and plenty of room for vision. ("A Part of Speech" 92)

Like Auden, Brodsky experimented with available metrical forms and created silent rhymes to discipline any waywardness that even discreet aestheticism can occasionally engender. "Nativity," "Postcard from Lisbon," "New Life" and "Portrait of Tragedy" are some of the poems in Brodsky's book *So Forth* that use these forms to remarkable effect (85). The result is a metrical experiment (usually restrained as in Auden), a welcome leash to hold the balance between Brodsky's thematic boldness and his stylistic moderation, an adventurous foray into places, persons and things and a deliberate recognition of one's continuity in the ongoing tradition of life and poetry.

One of the most Auden-like poems is "A Song" in *So Forth* patterned on typical Auden songs (here the closest analogy is with "As I walked out one evening") (5). Its light-heartedness can be found everywhere even as Brodsky puts his own patina on it:

> I wish you were here dear,
> I wish you were here.
> I wish you sat on the sofa
> and I sat near.
> The handkerchief could be yours,
> the tear could be mine, chin-bound.

Though it could be, of course,
The other war round…I wish you were here, dear,
I wish you were here. I wish I knew no astronomy
when stars appear, when the moon skims the water
that sighs and shifts in its slumber.
I wish it were still a quarter
to dial your number. ("A Song" 5)

The staccato beat of the lines and their rhythmic syncopation make this song (and many others in an early collection, *Elegy to John Donne*) lively and serious at the same time.

As I mentioned above, Brodsky inherited the Auden mantle in devout homage to the elder poet. But he did not subscribe to many of Auden's quirks. He avoids Auden's occasional whimsy and wilful colloquialisms. In his landmark critique of "September 1, 1939" (*Less Than One*) he deprecates the use of "dive" in the poem that he thinks does not go with the somber mood of the occasion. Brodsky's eye-brow raising in connection with Auden's juxtaposition of the high and the low can be understood when he roundly rejects the idea of art as a "democratic exercise." In the essay "Catastrophe in the Air," he says, "The point, however, is that the democratic principle so welcome in nearly all spheres of human endeavour has no application at least in two of them: in art and in science…the application of the democratic principle results in equating masterpieces with garbage and discovery with innocence" (*Less Than One* 302). In spite of his own openness to different levels of speech rhythms, Brodsky maintains a Horatian decorum that derives from the rich aristocratic tradition of St. Petersburg classicism which he embraced under the tutelage of Anna Akhmatova and Osip Mandelstam (*On Grief and Reason* 428-458).

He naturalizes the aesthetic beliefs of St. Petersburg classicism which go with his permanent romance with the city of his initiation and growth. In *Less Than One*, he shows a strange involvement with the high and aristocratic culture of this classicism. Talking of Russia notes with a touch of regret, "this country, with its magnificently inflected language capable of expressing the subtlest nuances of the human psyche, with an incredible ethical sensitivity (a good result of its otherwise tragic history), had all the makings of a cultural, spiritual paradise, a real vessel of civilization. Instead, it became a drab hell, with a shabby materialist dogma and pathetic consumerist gropings" (Brodsky, *Less Than One* 26). Like that stalwart of St. Petersburg classicism, Anna Akhmatova, he too felt "distracted

by the stalwart era. /They swapped my life: into a different valley" (Akhmatova). That Brodsky retains the core of this classicism, in spite of his physical move into another country and another language, speaks of his relatively painless entry into a new linguistic and cultural community—the nearest to what Auden would call the "*civitas* of sound."

Brodsky's migration to America was a happy event both for him personally and for American poetry in general. It gave him a double responsibility: his St. Petersburg classicism with its pan-European reach and his acceptance into the English and American heritage—a heritage that lacks the depth and introspectiveness of the Slavic soul. Though forced to leave Russia to become a naturalized American (Auden also migrated but not in similar conditions), he never leaves his imagined poetic home of St. Petersburg classicism with attendant boundaries of its timeless poetic legacy.

The two homes, one left behind and another adopted, are not antipodes, but two facets of a cultural fate revealing uncommon relationships between creativity and bondage; art and compromise; poetic practice and physical survival. In his case exile becomes a means of self-fashioning. It provides an opportunity to rebuild civilization ("new styles of architecture" in Auden's phrase) as a "sum total of different cultures animated by a common spiritual numerator," or as a way of translation of memory into the act of writing. Exile helped him to create "an art of estrangement," formerly only resistance to tyranny, and became a means of bringing the material and the spiritual empires together. As he put in "lullaby of cape cod," "Like a despotic sheikh who can be untrue/to his vast seraglio and multiple desires/only with a harem altogether new/varied and numerous, I have switched empires" (Brodsky, "A Part of Speech" 108).

The "room and a half" of the Russian classical literature that embodies his poetic credo does not get smothered in the incestuous fecundity of the English language. If anything, it anchors his new experiences and the challenges of his acquired 'empire' in a solid base. In the process, it spares him the anguish of writing in a spirit of deprivation and need. It even makes him wary of much formal innovation in stylistic terms, as well as defensive against "the languages of the street." What results is a poetic voice that moves between the formalities of an inherited classical idiom and the exigencies of the adopted one.

To his St. Petersburg classicism, Brodsky adds what he calls "the dimension of contemplation" —a quality he finds in American poetry as well as in his

mentor W.H. Auden. Contemplation produces a style which for Brodsky is more than speaking or writing like Auden. It is a cachet, a trademark recognizable from a few lines even if quoted anonymously. Born in humility, a condition Brodsky regards as peculiar to an exile, it avoids the easy familiarity of tone, but insists upon precision in linguistic expression. What he prescribes for his Michigan undergraduates, he himself practises in his attempts to "zero in on being precise with your language" (Brodsky, *Grief and Reason*, 138-148).

"I would write only in response to the gods" (Deese 248), protests Robert Lowell in *Day by Day*. Brodsky, again and like Auden, makes no such protestations and finds people and places more inviting than ordinary inspirations. From his early *Elegy to John Donne* to the posthumous *So Forth*, he contemplates the many milieus he inhabits—rural Massachusetts, New York, St Petersburg, the great cities of Europe and the territories of language itself. Before his death in 1996 he had consolidated his position as a world citizen (recall Auden's moves), and rounded off a career in which persons and places make a presence for themselves. Auden had done something similar in *Thank You, Fog* (1974). In "Porta San Pancrazio" Brodsky's imagination lingers over the minutiae of burnt up bits of life— "families crumbled; scum bared its teeth grown older" while the narrator seems to address an absent beloved. It is only in the last stanza that she becomes a part of this evocation, but only just: "Life without us is, darling, thinkable. It exists as /honeybees, horsemen, bars, habitués, columns, vistas and clouds over this battlefield whose every standing statue/triumphs…over a chance to touch you…" (Taylor 303).

Brodsky's imagination works as if to turn absences into presences, as the address 'darling' suggests. It is as if the imagination, dense with the particulars of mundane experience (like old-timers enjoying their 'salad/days and the ice-cubes), were linked to desire or memory that conjures up images, events and persons so palpably. They do not constitute a symbolic presence. They are there because they are there. In "August Rain" the use of domestic verbs (found also in Amichai) successfully marries the external rain-soaked landscape to the reality of a homey image: "how familial is the rustling of rain! How well it darns and stitches/rents in a worn-out landscape, be that a pasture/alleyway, tree-intervals—to foil one's eyesight, which is/capable of departure from its range" (Berlina 99).

Of Grief and Reason stakes out Brodsky's literary and cultural patrimony, ranging from Auden, Hardy to Rilke. Unlike Rilke whose ambition was to "store

up honey in the great golden hives of the invisible," Brodsky (like Auden) keeps reminding us that it is possible that poetic language and its aesthetics may express abiding universal truths, but they need not look thin and foolish when placed beside the flesh and blood occupations of everyday life—a truth so vividly presented in Auden's "Musee du Beaux arts."

Bertolt Brecht once famously asked, "will there be poetry in dark times" and replied, "yes there will be poetry about dark times." In our age whose philosophers have decreed the death of the author and the demise of literature as 'voice', Auden and Brodsky appeal to our own sense of the devaluation of a foundational belief encouraged by the realtors of postmodern Vallahala. Their immense capacity for deconstructing traditional pieties yet respecting them all the same, their overwhelming heterogeneity of styles and voices, their conscious debunking of the high-modernist rhetoric, their faith (not the right word, I think) in the ordinary and the contingent, and, above all, their anarchic suspicion of all kinds of ideological fixities—place them within our earthly limits of understanding. If history was a nightmare from which Joyce's Stephen Dedalus was trying to awaken, these poets look reality square in the face. Seamus Heaney wrote,

> History says don't hope
> on this side of the grave
> but then once in a life-time
> the longed-for tidal wave
> of justice can rise up
> and hope and history rhyme. (Farmer 248)

The lines states what Auden calls the "ironic points of light" ultimately rises above the defeatist posturing of the post-modern enterprise.

Works Cited and Consulted

"Joseph Brodsky." *De Gruyter*, Academic Studies Press, 1 Nov. 2015, www.degruyter.com/ document/doi/10.1515/9781618114334-017/html.

Akhmatova, Anna. "Northern Elegies – The Fifth." Mrhoyesibwebsite, Leningrad, 1944, http://mrhoyesibwebsite.com/Poetry%20Texts/Akhmatova/The%20Poems/Northern%20Elegies%20-%20The%20Fifth.htm.

Auden, W. H. *English Auden: Poems, Essays and Dramatic Writings*, 1927-1939. Faber & Faber, 1977.

- - -. *The Collected Poetry of W.H. Auden.* Random House, 1945.

- - -. *Collected Poems*. Random House, 1976.

Berlina, Alexandra. Brodsky Translating Brodsky: Poetry in Self-Translation. Bloomsbury Publishing, 2014.

Brodsky, Joseph. "A Part of Speech by Joseph Brodsky." *Poetry Foundation*, 2000, www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/57940/a-part-of-speech.

- -. "A Song Poem by Joseph Brodsky." *PoemHunter.com*, 20 Jan. 2003, www.poemhunter.com/poem/a-song-3/.

- - -. *Grief and Reason: Essays.* Farrar Straus Giroux, 1995.

- - -. *Less Than One: Selected Essays*. Penguin Books, 2011.

- - -. *So Forth: Poems by Joseph Brodsky*. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1996.

Deese, Helen, and Steven Axelrod, editors. *Robert Lowell: Essays on the Poetry*. Cambridge UP, 1986.

Farmer, Paul. *Pathologies of Power: Health, Human Rights, and the New War on the Poor.* U of California P, 2005.

Raina, M.L. "Exiles all, excellent poets, too!" *The Tribune*, 1 Nov. 1998, https://www.tribuneindia.com/1998/98nov01/book.htm.

Smith, Stan, editor. *The Cambridge Companion to W. H. Auden*. Cambridge UP, 2005.

Taylor, John. *Into the Heart of European Poetry*. Taylor and Francis, 2017.

—— * ——