The Author to Her Book

BY ANNE BRADSTREET

Thou ill-form’d offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth didst by my side remain,
Till snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad, expos’d to publick view,
Made thee in raggs, halting to th’ press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judg).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:
I wash’d thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretched thy joynts to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run’st more hobling then is meet;
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i’ th’ house I find.
In this array ’mongst Vulgars mayst thou roam.
In Criticks hands, beware thou dost not come;
And take thy way where yet thou art not known,
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none:
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caus’d her thus to send thee out of door.
Verses upon the Burning of our House, July 10th, 1666
BY ANNE BRADSTREET

In silent night when rest I took,
For sorrow near I did not look,
I wakened was with thund’ring noise
And piteous shrinks of dreadful voice.
That fearful sound of “fire” and “fire,”
Let no man know is my Desire.
I, starting up, the light did spy,
And to my God my heart did cry
To straigten me in my Distress
And not to leave me succourless.
Then, coming out, behold a space
The flame consume my dwelling place.
And when I could no longer look,
I blest His name that gave and took,
That laid my goods now in the dust.
Yea, so it was, and so ‘twas just.
It was his own, it was not mine,
Far be it that I should repine;
He might of all justly bereft
But yet sufficient for us left.
When by the ruins oft I past
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast
And here and there the places spy
Where oft I sate and long did lie.
Here stood that trunk, and there that chest,
There lay that store I counted best.
My pleasant things in ashes lie
And them behold no more shall I.
Under thy roof no guest shall sit,
Nor at thy Table eat a bit.
No pleasant talk shall ‘ere be told
Nor things recounted done of old.
No Candle e’er shall shine in Thee,
Nor bridegroom’s voice e’er heard shall be.
In silence ever shalt thou lie,
Adieu, Adieu, all’s vanity.
Then straight I ‘gin my heart to chide,
And did thy wealth on earth abide?
Didst fix thy hope on mould’ring dust?
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?
Raise up thy thoughts above the sky
That dunghill mists away may fly.
Thou hast a house on high erect
Frameed by that mighty Architect,
With glory richly furnished,
Stands permanent though this be fled.
It’s purchased and paid for too
By Him who hath enough to do.
A price so vast as is unknown,
Yet by His gift is made thine own;
There’s wealth enough, I need no more,
Farewell, my pelf, farewell, my store.
The world no longer let me love,
My hope and treasure lies above.
In her poem "The Author to Her Book" Anne Bradstreet bemoans the quality of her work that has been exposed to the public because "alas [she] is poor." Most importantly, the poem is written as an extended metaphor in which her literary endeavor is compared to "an ill-formed offspring," a child that has defects. The use of these metaphors describing her actions upon the book certainly personify the work as a child with an "irksome" face and "hobbling" legs that are metaphors also for the sequence of plot events. The last line contains both personification and metaphor as the child/book (personification) is sent out of the door (metaphor), meaning it is put out for publication. And "door" is an example of metonymy in which the door represents the whole house. In her mind" she imagined her book in "better dress"; however she could find none "save homespun cloth". Lastly, she is afraid of what might come to pass. She warns the book to not fall in "critics" hands lest it be judged too harshly. Even before finishing she explains why the book ever left. Page 1 of 2. Next >. Essays Related to The Author to Her Book. 1. The Author to her book. The author - clearly Bradstreet writing about her own feelings - has not intended her book to be published. The author expresses her frustration by stating the actions she has undertaken in order to improve her book. This implies that the author has taken an active part in the publishing of her book. Word Count: 1421. Approx Pages: 6. Grade Level: High School. 2. The Author To Her Book. In Anne Bradstreet's poem "The Author to Her Book" she expresses her attitude of being embarrassed because sees so many flaws and mistakes in her writing, as a parent may see in their child but loving and apologetic because it is her own and she can't make it better. Bradstreet's use of the extended metaphor of the book being her offspring expresses her attitudes of embarrassment and love. The first metaphor is of her book to a child, this is the controlling metaphor. We will write a custom essay sample on The Author to Her Book specifically for you. for only $13.90/page. Order Now. The first