

**Thecasesolutions.com**

**SAP 2014: Reaching  
for the Cloud**



# Thecasesolutions.com

## SAP 2014: Reaching for the Cloud



"The Cloud" by P.B. Shelley  
*Re Written in a modernistic view*

**Thecasesolutions.com**

In Percy Shelley's *The Cloud*, Shelley uses the cloud as a metaphor for the never ending cycle of nature. It is told in 6 stanzas and 84 lines. It is written in first person from a clouds perspective. It is written as a lyric, and written in anapestic meter. Shelley compares a cloud to having the power of an immortal. It is capable of changing its form, but will never die. He is basically showing the cycle of life: birth, death, and re birth. Throughout the 6 stanzas, he shows how a cloud takes on various forms of life from power such as sending down lightning and thunder upon us, to motherhood characteristics such as protecting us from the heat and sun, to beauty, it can protect us as well as hurt us, it brings life and / or re birth to nature through rain and water, it appears and disappears. The cloud is a personification and a metaphor for the perpetual cycle of transformation and change in nature. All life and matter are interconnected and undergo unending change and metamorphosis.

:

# Stanza One

**Thecasesolutions.com**

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars real and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
I bring flesh flowers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid,  
In their noonday dreams;  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken,  
The sweet buds everyone;  
When rocked to rest on her mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun;  
I will the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under ;  
And then again I dissolve it to rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I cannot see forward from the darkness around me,  
I am trapped within the walls;  
Tall buildings shade the light,  
At times I unravel while moving ahead.  
I bring life from the very spirit of my being,  
From the pain of birth for the gift of now;  
Protecting her from the harshness we call life,  
As she wallows in innocence;  
From my arms will love fall upon her,  
All her senses and emotions will open up;  
When in my arms so sweet and innocent,  
Gazing about this new found life;  
I will inveil the scorn of learning,  
And enlighten her on the reality of life;  
And then again it becomes a smile,  
And then smirk as I know it will get harder.

## Stanza Two / Three

# Thecasesolutions.com

I sift the snow on the mountain below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast;  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
The pilot is guiding me;  
Lured by the love of the genii that move,  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under the mountain or stream,  
The spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heavens blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit,  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when sunset may breathe,  
Its arduous of rest and love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall,  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on my aery nest  
As still as a brooding dove.

I gaze upon the streets ahead,  
And the congestion and danger that lies;  
And all the night a dark cloud lies overhead,  
While I lie restless in the arms of fear;  
There is no beauty in what the world has to offer,  
This new found world awaits;  
A street corner, an alley, what lurks ahead,  
It screams and grabs tugging away;  
Over buildings and cars, with harsh screeches,  
We are being led astray;  
Lured by the temptations all around,  
In the hole of the dark city;  
Over the bumps and turns and the cracks,  
Over the dirt and the trash,  
Wherever she screams, under the bridge or ditch,  
The fear will always remain;  
I will always bask under a dark cloud,  
While life goes on aro

I am timid as I blossoms, with fear in my eyes,  
The long empty road ahead,  
Leaps on the train headed straight to no where,  
As the sun rises and begins another day;  
On the road of a one way track,  
Which rattles and rolls,  
A glimpse of hope one may see,  
As I peer out the window.  
And at the end of the day,  
When I am tired and broken  
And the darkness of night creeps upon me,  
From the hopes of a better life,  
I sit on my porch watching the world,  
Alone as a restless animal.

## *Stanza Four / Five*

# Thecasesolutions.com

That orbid maiden with white fire laden  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece like floor  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feat,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind built tent,  
Till calm the rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

From cape to cape, with a bridge like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountain its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-colored bow;

The great gods above us, all power and might,  
Whom most say will show us the way,  
Watching over us where we cannot reach,  
By most days he has gone away;  
No matter where I am in time of need,  
I cringe cause it seems he is never near,  
He doesn't ever seem to hear,  
I pray he answers even if just a peep,  
Sometimes he does but its not enough;  
Disappearing like leaves in a breeze,  
When I pray more and more for him to respond,  
The havoc around me deepens in pain,  
Life comes crashing down one bit at a time,  
I carry on one step after step.

Always changing, going with the times,  
Through a brick wall,  
I cover the pain, and as I crumble into bits,  
Its an uphill climb.  
The streets and alleys through which I battle  
Perseverance, toughness, and strength,  
When the battle is tough and the weight holds me,  
It's a broken rainbow;



## Stanza 6

# Thecasesolutions.com

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursing of the sky;

I pass through the porces of the ocean and shores; I pass through todays world the hustle and  
bustle;

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when it will never stain

The pavilion of heaven is bare,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,

And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from a tomb, I fade away, like a whisper in the wind,

I arise and unbuild it again.

I am a mother and woman of the times,

A nobody in today's world;

I move forward, I cannot give up.

For after all is done and I am forgotten

Another will come and fill my space,

I laugh out loud at my own demise,

And out of the tunnels of darkness,

I fade away, like a whisper in the wind,

The world moves on at such a fast pace.

## *Modernistic point of view*

# Thecasesolutions.com

I took the poem, The Cloud, which is about the cycle of life, and describes that life and matter are interconnected. It is very oriented towards nature, and very upbeat. I re wrote it using three styles of the modernistic views. My poem is being told by a woman struggling through life from giving birth to making it in the new world, to her passing.

The second stanza reflects upon her feeling of alienation as an individual in the modern world. "I gaze upon the streets ahead, and the congestion and danger that lies; and all the night a dark cloud lies overhead, while I lie restless in the arms of fear." The second stanza also reflects upon the complexities of modern life. "There is no beauty in what the world has to offer, this new found world awaits."

In rewriting the poem, I have turned it into a darker poem that reflects upon human struggles. Many modernist rejected the idea of religious beliefs. In my re write, I touch upon this in stanza four. "By most days he has gone away; no matter where I am in time of need, I cringe cause it seems he is never near, he doesn't ever seem to hear."

Finally, in stanza three, I utilize various words and phrases and capture the dark mood of the speaker. Fear, empty, no where, one way, broken, darknes, restless.

In closing I showed how the speaker realizes that the modern world is changing around her, yet rather she is here or not, it will continue on changing. "I fade away, like a whisper in the wind, the world moves on at such a fast pace."



# Thecasesolutions.com

## SAP 2014: Reaching for the Cloud

