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Ann Bradstreet - Author of her book Translated by Ann Bradstreet - Author of her book Translation (en) the 15th study of the Bachelor of Engineers, Anne Bradstreet (translated: Gil Chul-hyun) This naughty child from my weak head, you stayed next to me after you were born, but your heart is good, but unwisely, your friends are exposing you in the eyes of people in foreign countries, and the printed stock has returned. (As you can see), the wrong part didn't shrink, so when you came back, my face was red. But I was still my child, hoping that love would finally fix your flaws. I've tried to keep your joints and my legs are still trying to give out two legs, but I'm still trying to keep my legs open, but I'm still trying to look neat, but I'll just look neatly lying in good clothes, but I'm just thinking about it. AUTHOR TO HER BOOK Content Comment on the author of her contents of the book comment on the poems written by you poorly formed offspring of my weak brain likened to the children of my child's ugly and deformed child from my fragile head, a friend snatched from my fragile head and went abroad exposed to the public opinion of friends less wise than the truth: I know my poem sat was unwise and unwise to act When I returned to the press, my work was a lousy poem, but the errors were cut, I was so embarrassed that my poems should call the mother of the son, cast thee by you as a child who is not suitable to see the light. I look at it as lousy even annoying. However, because I am a child of love love, I will correct your decision to change (V), so I washed my face, and the more I look at my poems, the more I see errors, flaws, the more I express mistakes, flaws, the more I stretch out joints, so that I can go well with two feet and rhyme qit; and double value in the poem rather than a double meaning. It was my heart to dress well, but I'm not sure if I'm going to walk around criticizing the critics, but I'm not sure if I'm going to wear the best dress, but I'm going to step out among the vulgar vulgar and despicable people in this sinful dress, so I don't fall into the hands of critics. In the Puritan era, the position of women is intellectually inferior to men and the prevailing view that poor mothers lay about the independence of women who raised you alone never helped. That's why I made you walk out the door. The status of women of the Puritan era - the protection of the house, the back of the husband, there is no difference between men and women from a religious point of view of education. But in the same soul, but the reality, the work of tearing 0 women is limited to home - writing is taboo for the social activities of women in the Puritan-era poetry of Anna Bradstreet, which is not published by me, but I am not a child who sent you into the world for a living, but I am not a child of my own, but someone has published a poem in a male society, with the words of a woman in the poetry educated intelligent woman, regardless of her intentions and written by relatives in England, in poetry. Trying to defend yourself under social pressure in the b/c furion era, but it was the story of parent-child relationships, the constant attachment of the relationship between author and work, the recognition of the independence of a strong woman, the poetry of the first woman.The author of her book - Anne Bradstreet,source: blogId:spaceall,logNo:220162816610, smartEditorVersion:2,meDisplay:true,lineDisplay:false,cafeDisplay:blogDisplay:true:Reading a poem by the first American poet Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672) was the first American man to have a volume of poems published. She was born in England, but was among a group of early English settlers in Massachusetts in the 1630s. In 1650, a collection of her poems, The Tenth Muse, recently originated in America, was published in England, bringing her fame Recognition. This volume was the first book of poems by an author living in America. She continued to write poetry in the decades that followed. In The Author of Her Book, one of Bradstreet's most widely studied and analyzed poems, she addresses the Tenth Muse. Here's a poem. The author of her book You poorly formed offspring of my weak brain, who after birth didst on my side remain, Till snatched from there by friends, less wise than the truth, Who are you abroad, exposed to public opinion, Made you in rags, stopping the th' press trudge, Where mistakes have not been reduced (everyone can judge). On your return my blushing was not small, My rambling boy (in print) should mother call, I threw you as one unfit for light, the visage was so bothersome in my field of vision; However, being my own, finally love will Thy spots change, if so, I could. I washed your face, but more defects I saw, and erasing the stain still made a flaw. I stretched out your joints to make you even feet, yet yet you run'st more fore rearing than meet; In the best dress to trim you was my mind, but zero save homespun fabric I 'y' house I find. In this array of 'mongst vulgar may'st you wander. In the hands of the critic beware you have not come, and take your way where else you art is not known; If your father asked, say, you didn't have, but he was A for your mother, she was, alas, poor, which made her send you out the door. In a heroic pair (a rhyming pair in an iambic pentameter), Bradstreet addresses his book, The Tenth Muse of the Recent Sprung in America. So she calls the humility of a book for a child or offspring, producing her weak brain. Her poems were ripped out of her and hung for publication without her consent, as if someone had kidnapped her child. When the poems were published, they were full of errors that confused Bradstreet as the author of them. She decided to lovingly fix stains or flaws in the print of the book as a mother dotingly improving her child. Unfortunately, trying to correct these flaws, she managed only to make it worse. When she writes: I stretched out the joints to make you even legs, yet yet you run'st more fore rearing than meet; She makes a pun on her feet: the image evokes the mind of a mother trying to fix the baby flat feet, but she also means the foot or meter of her poems (with run'st providing an extra pun in the next line). If we read foroving like trisyllabic, we also get a good side effect by noting in the line as iambic 'legs' are disturbed by the awkwardness of the word. But we are distracted... Bradstreet said she wanted to dress her child in nicer clothes - meaning she wanted further editions of her book to be more pre-conceived. But, as we have seen, every improve the condition of her book only made the situation worse. Situation, and obscurity, Bradstreet decides, is the best fate for his book. Modesty of women? It's possible. As a writer published in the mid-seventeenth century, Anne Bradstreet may have felt the need to play down her own (obvious) talents as an experienced poet; she was a wife and mother living in the new American colonies, and her responsibilities, according to society, were mainly for her husband and children. Yet Bradstreet overdo it with such modesty (false modesty?) when it comes to her weak brain, and the idea that in trying to correct the flaws in her book she only managed to add more casts of her as a cack-handed and barely competent versifier, and her verse itself tells a different story. Is she pulling us by the leg? Other aspects of the poem, especially when we compare them to the book it means, suggest what it may be. Throughout the author of her book, Bradstreet compares the writing of her book Motherhood: her book is her offspring to which she gave birth; She calls herself your mother. She reminds us that she is a woman, true, but she has also slotted herself into the established tradition of male writers who compared the poetic creation with a siring (or, sometimes, bearing) child: Sir Philip Sidney (from whom, incidentally, Bradstreet may claim to be of origin) speaks of herself as great with a child in the opening sonnet of his sequences Astrophil and Stella, while Elizabeth's sonnets are often mentioned elsewhere to see their verses which was dedicated to the first edition of Shakespeare's sonnets, Mr. W.H., is nothing more than Shakespeare himself, who born or called subsequent sonnets). But there's a problem here. At the beginning of the poem, Bradstreet implied that her poems had been torn out of her and taken away without her consent, and yet in the closing line she tells us that she willingly sent her book into the world (implying with the word poor that she did so in order to raise some money through publication): And for your mother, she is, alas, poor, which made her thus send you out of the door. Is this the final comic turn of the knife like a delayed punchline in jest? Bradstreet was in on it all after all: her quick stream gave her the blessing of taking her poems and publishing them in England. America first published the poet was also a canny publicist, and knew how to market her books to readers back home. At home. the author to her book analysis. the author to her book summary. the author to her book theme. the author to her book tone. the author to her book metaphor. the author to her book literary devices. the author to her book literary analysis. the author to her book quizlet

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