

Alone - Poem by Maya Angelou

<http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/alone-6/>

Lying, thinking
Last night
How to find my soul a home
Where water is not thirsty
And bread loaf is not stone
I came up with one thing
And I don't believe I'm wrong
That nobody.
But nobody
Can make it out here alone.

I think the author is saying that without friend or family you would be alone. When you are alone and nobody is supporting you, you'll feel like nobody knows what your going through.

Alone, all alone
Nobody, but nobody
Can make it out here alone.

There are some millionaires
With money they can't use
Their wives run round like banshees
Their children sing the blues
They've got expensive doctors
To cure their hearts of stone.
But nobody
No, nobody
Can make it out here alone.

There is people with a lot of money but they might not be happy, because they are alone, and they might pretend to be happy with a fake smile.

Alone, all alone
Nobody, but nobody
Can make it out here alone.

Now if you listen closely
I'll tell you what I know
Storm clouds are gathering
The wind is gonna blow
The race of man is suffering

Being alone with no friends is scary because there is nobody there to support you, and you feel like you the only one in the world that is going trough a tough life.

And I can hear the moan,
'Cause nobody,
But nobody
Can make it out here alone.

The author is using sounds that you would hear when you are scared in the dark

Alone, all alone
Nobody, but nobody
Can make it out here alone.

Evening Star - Poem by Edgar Allan Poe

<http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/evening-star/>

I think this poem is going the stars at night and the author is looking at the stars

'Twas noontide of summer,

And mid-time of night:

And stars, in their orbits.

The author is describing what he see in the night sky.

Shone pale, thro' the light

They are talking about the moon

Of the brighter, cold moon,

'Mid planets her slaves.

Herself in the Heavens.

The thing or girl probably died

The author is describing a girl or a thing because he uses "her"

Her beam on the waves.

I gazed awhile

On her cold smile:

The author is looking at the sky and seeing the thing or girl's smile

Too cold- too cold for me-

There pass'd, as a shroud,

A fleecy cloud,

And I turned away to thee,

Proud Evening Star,

In thy glory afar,

And dearer thy beam shall be;

For joy to my heart


Is the proud part

Thou bearest in Heaven at night.

And more I admire

Thy distant fire,

Than that colder, lowly light.



The authors loved one probably passed away and the author tries to connect with her by staring in the night sky, while he imagine her.