

“Rooms” & “Home is So Sad”

Home is So Sad

Home is so sad. It stays as it was left,
Shaped to the comfort of the last to go
As if to win them back. Instead, bereft
Of anyone to please, it withers so,
Having no heart to put aside the theft

And turn again to what it started as,
A joyous shot at how things ought to be,

Long fallen wide. You can see how it was:
Look at the pictures and the cutlery.
The music in the piano stool. That vase.

Philip Larkin

Rooms

BY CHARLOTTE MEW

I remember rooms that have had their part

In the steady slowing down of the heart.

The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,

The little damp room with the seaweed smell,

And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide—

Rooms where for good or for ill—things died.

But there is the room where we (two) lie dead,

Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well seem to sleep again

As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed

Out there in the sun—in the rain.

In the following activity, we are going to analyze how the poem “Rooms”, written by Charlotte Mew, is compared with “Home is So Sad”, written by Philip Larkin, by contrasting their terms of style, language and form. On the one hand, we believe both poems portray the abandonment of rooms, as one of the main themes, in different ways since while the first poem expresses it by making an emphasis on the “seaweed smell” some rooms have, in order to remark how rooted and inhabited they are, the second poem does something similar. It shows the abandonment of rooms by describing a house “Having no heart”, so as to explain the fact that no human lives live there. He describes a house without its humanity, so it’s not something we could call home anymore.

On the other hand, both poems start with nostalgic and depressive views about rooms. Through the “I remember” and through the first sentence “Home is So Sad”, the poets are able to express their true feelings about houses. They believed that all houses have memories and those die at the specific places, rather if they are in rooms in every part of the world (or graves). Regarding the language of the poems, I believe the first poem, “Rooms” has a more complex type of language, as it uses different images and literary devices to show her hidden ideas, between the lines. But the second poem, has a more child-like language because of the fact that the poet describes simple objects with simple descriptions, or actually without ones. The final picture portrays one of static unease: “that vase” is an abrupt and ambiguous conclusion to the entirety of ups and downs that the room has been through.