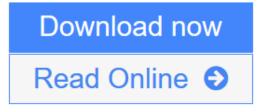


And the Stars Were Shining

John Ashbery



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John Ashbery's sixteenth collection of poems, like all the others, strikes out into new territory and engages the reader in new and unexpected ways. With the exception of the title poem, which concludes the volume - a thirteen-part poem of exceptional grace and brilliance - the fifty-eight poems in this collection are mostly short; in their relative brevity they display all the valiant wit and rich lyric intensity which readers know from Ashbery's expansive longer work. The critic Harold Bloom has observed: "And the Stars Were Shining is one of John Ashbery's strongest collections, the title poem his most beautiful long poem yet. He helps to redeem a bad time when many among us have joined in a guilty flight away from the aesthetic."

And the Stars Were Shining Details

Date : Published May 1st 1995 by Farrar Straus Giroux (first published 1994)

- ISBN : 9780374524340
- Author : John Ashbery
- Format : Paperback 112 pages
- Genre : Poetry, Poetry Plays

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From Reader Review And the Stars Were Shining for online ebook

Chris Lilly says

Every visit to Cape Cod, I try to read some Ashbery. Every time I am perplexed. The guy can obviously write extremely well, magnificent control, ambitious intention, huge and impressive word-hoard immaculately wielded. And still it all adds up to remarkably little. In the words of J. Ashbery, "His tangling so flummoxed him,/ all he said was "Boats along the way."

I think I need poetry to say a bit more to me than "Boats along the way." Although I quite enjoy that as a phrase to take from maritime Cape Cod. Next year, the break-through. Now back to the unopaque wordcraft of Dylan Thomas. You know where you are with Dylan Thomas.

Kasandra says

If you're not familiar with Ashbery's poetry, and you read a lot of poetry, you'll find his stuff very different and hopefully refreshing. It's not linear; it's narrative in a strange way, the way dreams jump around from image to image, topic to topic. It seems very stream-of-consciousness, but impersonal and therefore open to whatever interpretation you might want to bring to the table. On my first introduction to Ashbery, years ago, I hated his work because it "didn't make sense" and "didn't tell a story". I was wrong. Many of these poems can make sense and tell a story if you're willing to suspend judgment and enjoy his use of language. Now that I have more experience reading and writing poetry, I see Ashbery's work as brilliant, even though at first glance it's easy to label it nonsensical or deliberately obtuse. He's really impossible to imitate, or at least to imitate well. I know no one else who writes like this. His work isn't easy, but it has a great sense of humor and can touch deep emotion with what it triggers as you read. When the world doesn't make sense, Ashbery is a great touchstone, reminding you that not everything needs to "make sense" or be completely clear to be resonant mentally and emotionally. Well worth the work it takes to read. And if you're not "into" poetry, you may enjoy Ashbery more, simply because he takes off in such surprising and unpredictable directions. However, I'm sure there are many who read one poem, go "this is weird, I don't get it", and never dig any further. I'm glad I persisted. This is a book of poetry to go back to as inspiration for the imagination and the unconscious voice popping up out of seemingly nowhere. Ashbery makes what he does look and sound easy - but it's not.

John says

This took me longer to finish than I expected.

Stephen Stokes says

A book of nonsense poetry. That's not a judgment just a description.

Husayn says

probably 4.5, at times slightly too discursive but brillaint tone, simplicity, and playfulness

Roshan says

At once accessible and difficult, Ashbery is an inventive and calculating poet, worthy of the praise he receives. This is the first of his books I've read--the imagery can be difficult to piece together, a search for continuity of ideas from line to line can be disorienting. But the language feels incredibly measured, precise, and stressed over, each line not one syllable short or long. The standout of the collection is the final, title poem, a long, thoughtful collection of images and ideas, with a steady wash of perplexing and beautiful imagery. A poet who asks just all the right questions in his own way.