

Tender Heart High School, Sector 33 B Chandigarh

Subject: English Literature

Class: V

Chapter: 8 Poem “BULB”

Poet’s Name: Alison Chisholm.

Good morning students,

*Today let us read and understand the poem “**BULB**” which is written by Alison Chisholm Chapter-8 in your English Reader.*

The beautiful poem vividly describes the journey (life cycle) of a daffodil from being planted to blooming and returning to the soil. From the perspective of a daffodil bulb, the poet explains the plant's journey from the time it is planted until its flower blooms and fades.

The bulb patiently awaits its second blooming season; The poet tries to explain that Nature serves as a reminder that she has her own cycle and shouldn't be hurried because patience is a virtue and good things do eventually come to those who wait. Enjoying nature's priceless gifts will help pass the time while we wait. So, let's take advantage and enjoy nature's priceless gifts as they come their way.

We are reminded that nature has her own cycle and cannot be rushed or hurried. So, while we are waiting let us enjoy the life’s precious gifts. Given below is the summary of the poem explaining every line for better understanding.

CHAPTER 8

BULB

Smooth fingers touch my papery skin,

The speaker, personifying a bulb, describes being handled gently by someone.

place me in soil

The bulb is planted in the ground.

in a shallow hole, cover me.

The bulb is placed in a small hole and covered with soil.

Loam and grains soothe,

The soil, composed of loam and grains, provides comfort to the bulb.

and trickling water comforts.

Water is added, bringing further comfort.

I rest; seem dead, but only sleep.

The bulb appears inactive, but it's merely dormant

I wait.

The bulb remains patient, awaiting the right conditions to grow.

And all at once, a tingle urges,

The bulb feels an urge to start growing.

slender threads to slip from me,

Roots begin to emerge from the bulb.

roots to feed me, roots to anchor me.

The roots provide nourishment and stability

and then my head surges,

The shoot begins to grow upwards

and a shoot, green as a frog,

The shoot is green and vibrant, like a frog.

forces up through earth,

The shoot pushes through the soil.

reaches the light.

The shoot emerges into the light.

I shall burst with brilliance.

The flower anticipates blooming brightly.

A blazing trumpet of daffodil

The flower blooms as a bright, trumpet-shaped daffodil.

blaring at the sun.

The daffodil blooms radiantly towards the sun.

When my yellow fades to crisp parchment, I shall stay

As the daffodil withers and dries up, it remains in the ground.

in my secret cavern, know worm and beetle

The bulb resides underground, among worms and beetles

feel my strength return for next year's flowering

The bulb gathers strength to bloom again in the following year.

The bulb remains patient, awaiting the...