

Digging

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Poet - tool - weapon - "the pen is mightier than the sword"
Writer pen metaphor - mightier than the sword

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; shug as a gun

simile

personification

Under my window, a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down

alliteration

assonance

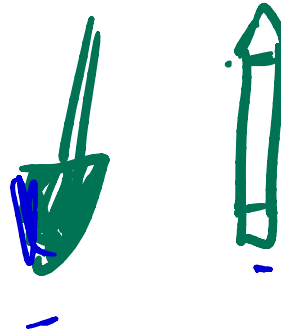
a weapon ready to go prepared. intense loaded weapon

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the blight edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked,
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

potato farmers, spade, shovel

By God, the old man could handle a spade.
Just like his old man.



admiration pride

My grandfather cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, going down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the scurly and slip
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.