 LOYOLA COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), CHENNAI – 600 034

**M.A.** DEGREE EXAMINATION - **ENGLISH LITERATURE**

SECOND SEMESTER – **APRIL 2012**

# EL 2954 - ECOPOETICS

Date : 26-04-2012 Dept. No. Max. : 100 Marks

Time : 9:00 - 12:00

**SECTION -A**

**I Answer ANY FOUR of the following questions in about 50-75 words each: (4 x 5 = 20)**

1. Define Deep Ecology. Give an example.
2. What do you mean by Chaos Theory?
3. Mention any two writers who propagated Nature-centeredness in their works.
4. Explain the concept of *Vasutheiva Kutumbakam*.
5. Distinguish romanticism and eco-criticism.
6. Comment on the idea of Green Spirituality.

**SECTION-B**

**II** **Answer ANY FOUR of the following questions in about 150-200 words each: (4 x 10 = 40)**

1. Write a poem on the topic, ‘Gaia’s Promise’.
2. What are the challenges of environmental crisis in the 21st century?
3. What are the benefits of sustainable living?
4. Explain *Thinai* in Sangam poetry.
5. Analyze Kalidasa’s *‘Shakuntala’* as a Green Text.
6. Explain the symbolic significance of Walden Pond.

**SECTION-C**

**III Find the Oikos in the given poem: (1 x 20 = 20)**

There is a singer everyone has heard,

Loud, a mid-summer and a mid-wood bird,

Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.

He says that leaves are old and that for flowers

Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.

He says the early petal-fall is past

When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers

On sunny days a moment overcast;

And comes that other fall we name the fall.

He says the highway dust is over all.

The bird would cease and be as other birds

But that he knows in singing not to sing.

The question that he frames in all but words

Is what to make of a diminished thing.

There is a singer everyone has heard,   
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Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.   
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The question that he frames in all but words   
Is what to make of a diminished thing. - Robert Frost

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**IV** **Apply Green Density Measurement to the following poem:**  **(1 x 20 = 20)**

**Rain**

When clouds clash in the skies,

There’s lightning, thunder and rain.

Some may not see the lightning,

Some may not hear the thunder.

But when clouds clash in the skies,

There’s lightning, thunder and rain.

I missed the morning rain.

Never slept like this before.

The grass is wet and I bend

And steal a drop of rain.

How it glistens on fingertip!

I missed the morning rain.

I have always loved the Neem,

A green sky beneath the blue.

Two squirrels chase each other

And shake the leafy boughs.

The rain I missed this morning,

The Neem had saved for me.

* Nirmaldasan (Watson Solomon)

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