

“Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind” is a poem from the Shakespeare’s play *As You Like It*. This poem is an example of a type of figurative language called personification. When writers personify, they give human characteristics to their subject.

If you look carefully at this poem, you will see that it is not actually about the winter wind at all. Shakespeare reveals his true meaning in the middle of the poem with the line “Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.” He is saying that people are often not true to their “friends” or “loved ones,” or that their friendship or love is not real. He uses the idea of a winter wind, which could be painful, to communicate how much more painful the false love and friendship is. So, when he says of the wind, “Thy tooth is not so keen,” he means that the pain caused by the wind (in the case, the wind’s metaphorical “tooth” can cause pain by biting) is not as hurtful as the emotional pain of the untrue friend or lover.

The personification is evident in the description of the wind. It is said to have a “tooth” and “breath.” It is also said to be less “unkind” than the untrue friend. These are human attributes rather than aspects of the wind. He uses the wind as a contrast to an aspect of human life; therefore, he needs to personify it.

2. This poem is from Shakespeare’s play *As You Like It*. This is a song, sung by Amiens. He is a lord, who chose to follow Duke Senior, banished by his brother. In this song he comments upon the ways of the world and the human rudeness and ingratitude, which is more biting than the winter wind. In the beginning of the poem Amiens addresses the winter wind: it can blow as strongly as it wills, but it cannot be as biting as human society. The second part he partly accuses his friends for forgetting his favors and not being thankful. Wind can freeze him, but it won’t be so painful as the behavior of his friends. The poet here says that the friendship is only a pretence and loving is nothing but absurdity and foolery. He again tells that life is very wonderful and should be fully enjoyed. It is like a song and should be sung.

Robert Frost: Poems Summary and Analysis of "Out, Out" (1916)

A young man is cutting firewood with a buzz saw in New England. Near the end of the day, the boy’s sister announces that it is time for dinner and, out of excitement, the boy accidentally cuts his hand with the saw. He begs his sister not to allow the doctor to amputate the hand but inwardly realizes that he has already lost too much blood to survive. The boy dies while under anesthesia, and everyone goes back to work.

Analysis

Frost uses the method of personification to great effect in this poem. The buzz saw, though technically an inanimate object, is described as a cognizant being, aggressively snarling and rattling as it does its work. When the sister makes the dinner announcement, the saw demonstrates that it has a mind of its own by "leaping" out of the boy's hand in its excitement. Frost refuses to lay blame for the injury on the boy, who is still a "child at heart."

In addition to blaming the saw, Frost blames the adults at the scene for not intervening and telling the boy to "call it a day" before the accident occurred. Had the boy received an early excuse from the workday, he would have avoided cutting off his hand and would have been saved from death. Moreover, a mere half-hour break from his job would have allowed the boy to regain part of his childhood, if only for a moment.

Frost's emphasis on the boy's passivity and innocence in this situation is particularly significant in the context of the time period. After moving to England with his family, Frost was forced to return to America because of the onset of World War I in 1915, an event that would destroy the lives of many innocent young boys. With that in mind, this poem can be read as a critique of the world events that forced boys to leave their childhoods behind and ultimately be destroyed by circumstances beyond their control.

After the boy's hand is nearly severed, he is still enough of an adult to realize that he has lost too much blood to survive. He attempts to "keep the life from spilling" from his hand, but even that is only an attempt, since nothing can be done. Above all, though, the boy hopes to maintain his physical dignity in his death, rather than die with a missing hand. Again, Frost channels the horrors already occurring on the battlefields in Europe, where death from enemy shells was automatically devoid of dignity.

By the end of the poem, the narrator no longer has anything to say about the tragedy of the boy's death. While the first twenty-six lines contain elegant metaphors and descriptions of the scene, the final eight lines are detached and unemotional. The narrator's "So" and "No more to build on there" reveal that even the narrator is unable to find any explanation for why such a young boy had to die.

In the last line of the poem, the narrator enters a state of complete detachment, almost as if indifference is the only way to cope with the boy's death. Just as soldiers on the battlefield must ignore the bodies around them and continue to fight, the people of this New England town have nothing to do but move on with their lives.

This narrative poem by Frost tells the story of a young boy using a buzz-saw to saw wood who mortally injures himself. The poet gets our attention in the first line with onomatopoeia imitating the sound of the saw; then he sets the scene in the mountains of Vermont at sunset. The boy and his sister, who is preparing supper, are the only characters initially presented. When she calls her brother to supper, "the saw leaped, or seemed to leap...as if saws knew what 'supper' meant" or the "boy must have given the hand." The boy's hand is injured badly by the saw, so badly that he sees immediately that he may lose his hand so he pleads with his sister not to let the doctor cut off his hand. The scene then shifts to a hospital where the boy is put "under the dark of ether," anesthetized so that surgery can be performed, but during the procedure, his heart stops beating and the boy dies.

The questions we ask include how such an accident could occur. Where are the boy's parents? Why is this boy, "a child at heart," doing such a dangerous job? Could he have intentionally stuck his hand in the

saw, not realizing how seriously he could be hurt? Why would he want to hurt himself? The last lines are ambiguous: "And they, since they were not the ones dead turned to their affairs." Who are "they"? If the pronoun refers to the medical personnel, we can understand that they must maintain a kind of professional distance. However, if "they" refers to the boy's parents, we can perhaps see a clue for any desire he might have for wanting to get out of doing chores that are too difficult for him. Both he and his sister are working in the first part of the poem, but there is no mention made of the parents. Where are they? Do they care about these children?

The title of the poem comes from a line in Shakespeare's play *Macbeth*: "Out, out brief candle...", referring to the brevity of life and the frail nature of life.

The Schoolboy by William Blake

Analysis

"The Schoolboy" is a poem written by William Blake. This poem speaks of how a schoolboy absolutely loves summer but he loaths the idea of going to class during it. Once at school, the boy simply wishes he was at home and waits "many an anxious hour" for it to end. He's basically saying that how can people be happy when they are always stuck somewhere they don't want to be. We should be doing something full of happiness and joy so that we can grow and blossom.

This poem is written in six stanzas with five lines in each one. The rhyme scheme is ABABB. The syllables of each line changes throughout the poem. Some have six, some have eight, some have nine, and some even have ten. However, it is written in trochaic foot. Nonetheless, some of the lines are missing a syllable on the end.

Summary

Another critique of human societal restrictions on the nature-loving human spirit, this poem is less harsh and more playful than most of Blake's other such works. The boy loves "to rise in a summer morn,/When the birds sing on every tree." He enjoys nature in all its splendor, "But to go to school in a summer morn,/O! it drives all joy away." The boy longs for the freedom of the outdoors and cannot "take delight" in his book. He asks, "How can the bird that is born for joy,/Sit in a cage and sing." His youth and innocence are suited to playing in the summertime fields, not to sitting captive to a dreary educational system.

Analysis

"The School-Boy" is a six-stanza poem of five lines each. Each stanza follows an ABABB rhyme scheme, with the first two stanzas using the same word "morn" to rhyme in the first lines. The repetition of the word "morn" as well as similarly low-sounding words such as "outworn," "bower," "dismay," and "destroy" lend the poem a bleak tone in keeping with the school-boy's attitude at being trapped inside at school rather than being allowed to move freely about the countryside on this fine summer day.

Blake suggests that the educational system of his day destroys the joyful innocence of youth; Blake himself was largely self-educated and did not endure the drudgery of the classroom as a child. Again, the poet wishes his readers to see the difference between the freedom of imagination offered by close contact with nature, and the repression of the soul caused by Reason's demands for a so-called education.

The Schoolboy

The speaker is a schoolboy. He loves to be out in summer, listening to distant huntsmen and the birds, who sing along with him. He then complains at the constraints of education and the classroom, where pupils suffer under the cruel oversight of their teacher. He cannot learn or take any pleasure in his reading because of the stress this imposes. He asks rhetorically whether a bird born for joy can sing if it is confined in a cage. In the same way, how can a child, upset by the fears school-life causes, fail to droop and lose his youthful enthusiasm.

The boy then addresses his parents with another rhetorical question: How can there be a joyful and fruitful summer if buds are destroyed and blossoms blown away? In the same way, how can there be a fruitful 'summer' for children if they, young plants, are stripped of their childhood joy and made to know sorrow and worry? What will there be to gather in as a harvest if grief has destroyed everything? What will be left to look back on positively when winter sets in?

"The Lake Isle of Innisfree"

Summary

The poet declares that he will arise and go to Innisfree, where he will build a small cabin "of clay and wattles made." There, he will have nine bean-rows and a beehive, and live alone in the glade loud with the sound of bees ("the bee-loud glade"). He says that he will have peace there, for peace drops from "the veils of morning to where the cricket sings." Midnight there is a glimmer, and noon is a purple glow, and evening is full of linnet's wings. He declares again that he will arise and go, for always, night and day, he hears the lake water lapping "with low sounds by the shore." While he stands in the city, "on the roadway, or on the pavements grey," he hears the sound within himself, "in the deep heart's core."

Form

"The Lake Isle of Innisfree" is written mostly in hexameter, with six stresses in each line, in a loosely iambic pattern. The last line of each four-line stanza shortens the line to tetrameter, with only four stresses: "And *live alone* in the *bee-loud glade*." Each of the three stanzas has the same ABAB rhyme scheme. Formally, this poem is somewhat unusual for Yeats: he rarely worked with hexameter, and every rhyme in the poem is a full rhyme; there is no sign of the half-rhymes Yeats often prefers in his later work.

The Actual Lake Isle of Innisfree

The **Lake Isle of Innisfree** is a real place near the coast of Ireland. It is not inhabited and is on Lough Gill, a lake in County Sligo. The lake itself is approximately five and a half miles in length and one and a half miles wide, so it is very small. Yeats would go to Sligo as a child on vacations, so it was a good memory for him. It is a quiet place. Think of somewhere you know and love, a woodsy place where you can hear the frogs and birds, a place to get away. That might be your Innisfree.

Summary/Analysis of the Poem

Yeats makes a decision at the beginning of this poem. He says, 'I will arise and go now.' He has decided to make the break from modern society and all of the hectic madness it can bring and go to a place he loves, Innisfree.

Yeats then describes Innisfree. He decides to build a cabin of clay and 'wattles' to live in. **Wattles** are strong sticks that interweave to form a structure. He imagines his garden with exactly nine rows for growing beans, and he wants to have a beehive for honey. He then will live by himself in the 'bee-loud glade.' Here Yeats wonderfully expresses that all he will hear is the loud drone of bees, not the drone of civilization.

The next line is really the crux of what Yeats longs for in Innisfree - peace. By saying that 'peace comes dropping slow,' Yeats continues to let us know that from the time the morning dawns until evening when the 'cricket sings,' there is a gradual pacing of the day until evening falls. There is no stress, no noise. All is an expression of peace.

Midnight is 'all a glimmer' with stars, and he calls noon a 'purple glow.' There are small birds, or **linnets**. Once again, Yeats affirms that now is the time to 'arise and go' because he always hears 'lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore.' Yeats lived in London when he wrote this poem, and he didn't literally hear the lake. He heard it in his memory. He longed for that peaceful place.

“The Charge of the Light Brigade”

Summary

The poem tells the story of a brigade consisting of 600 soldiers who rode on horseback into the “valley of death” for half a league (about one and a half miles). They were obeying a command to charge the enemy forces that had been seizing their guns.

Not a single soldier was discouraged or distressed by the command to charge forward, even though all the soldiers realized that their commander had made a terrible mistake: “Someone had blundered.” The role of the soldier is to obey and “not to make reply...not to reason why,” so they followed orders and rode into the “valley of death.”

The 600 soldiers were assaulted by the shots of shells of canons in front and on both sides of them. Still, they rode courageously forward toward their own deaths: “Into the jaws of Death / Into the mouth of hell / Rode the six hundred.”

The soldiers struck the enemy gunners with their unsheathed swords (“sabres bare”) and charged at the enemy army while the rest of the world looked on in wonder. They rode into the artillery smoke and broke through the enemy line, destroying their Cossack and Russian opponents. Then they rode back from the offensive, but they had lost many men so they were “not the six hundred” any more.

Canons behind and on both sides of the soldiers now assaulted them with shots and shells. As the brigade rode “back from the mouth of hell,” soldiers and horses collapsed; few remained to make the journey back.

The world marvelled at the courage of the soldiers; indeed, their glory is undying: the poem states these noble 600 men remain worthy of honor and tribute today.

Ifred Lord Tennyson's 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' is one of the most famous poems in the English language. Written after Tennyson read an account of a battle during the Crimean War, the poem celebrates the patriotism of the many brave English soldiers who died in the 1854 conflict.

Introduction

The Charge of the Light Brigade was originally captured in an eyewitness account by a journalist named William Howard Russell who was covering the Crimean War for his audiences back in London. Astonishingly, through a fatal lack of leadership, 600 horsemen brandished with swords bravely rode into a valley flanked on three sides with Russian artillery. It was a slaughter.

Russell writes: *'They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war. We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men were not going to charge an army in position? Alas! It was but too true - their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part - discretion' . . . 'At twenty-five to twelve not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.'*

Tennyson's Poems Summary and Analysis of "The Charge of the Light Brigade"

Six hundred men in the Light Brigade ride through the valley, pushing half a league ahead. Their leader called them to charge for the enemy's guns. It was a death mission; someone had made a mistake. But the men simply obey; "Theirs not to make reply, / Theirs not to reason why, / Theirs but to do and die."

They are surrounded by cannons, but the six hundred men ride on with courage into "the jaws of Death," the "mouth of Hell." They flash their sabers and slash at the gunners, six hundred men charging an entire army while the rest of the world wonders at their deeds. They plunge right through the smoke and through the battle line, forcing the Cossacks and Russians back.

Having accomplished what they could, they return through more cannon fire, and many more heroes and horses die. They have come through the jaws of Death and mouth of Hell, those who are left of the six hundred.

The speaker wonders whether their glory will ever fade due to their heroic charge; the whole world marvels at them and honors the "noble six hundred" of the Light Brigade.

Analysis

As the poet laureate of England, Tennyson published this heroic and rousing poem in the *Examiner* on December 9, 1854, to commemorate the valiant actions of the light brigade that fought this battle in the Crimean War. It is said that Tennyson read a newspaper article about the Battle of Balaclava, where the charge took place, and wrote this poem within a matter of minutes. Tennyson's son said later that the phrase from the article "some hideous blunder" caught his imagination; in the poem Tennyson's words are "some one had blunder'd." The poem was also included in an 1855 publication of his works. It was tremendously popular during its day, especially as it celebrated both the military and the common man's perspective. Another famous British poet, Rudyard Kipling, took up the same event in his work "The Last of the Light Brigade," but focused on how poorly the soldiers were treated once they were back in England.

The poem has six stanzas of differing lengths. The meter is dactylic, meaning that one stressed syllable is succeeded by two unstressed syllables. This gives the sense of boldly galloping or thundering like a drum. The rhyme scheme is irregular. Anaphora is also used (repetition of the same word at the

beginning of multiple lines), which here creates the sense of the barrage the soldiers were facing, and which in general intensifies the emotion of the scene. The rhymes also tend to intensify the emotion and suggest the inevitability of the situation rather than something like unrhymed free verse would have done, which would have evoked mere chaos.

The Crimean War was a conflict between the Russian Empire and the forces of the British Empire, French Empire, Ottoman Empire, and Kingdom of Sardinia. It spanned three years, from 1853 to 1856, and was largely concerned with the territories of the Ottoman Empire, which by this time was in decline. The famous charge of the British light cavalry took place at the Battle of Balaclava on October 25, 1854. This brigade was supposed to pursue a Russian artillery train but, due to miscommunication, was instead sent into a frontal assault against heavily fortified Russian defenses. The British were valorous but were cut to pieces and retreated with immense casualties (some estimates say 247 of the 637 died).

The reasons for the poem's contemporary popularity should be evident because it is such a stirring expression of courage under fire, of heroism under impossible odds, of the might of the English military. Tennyson's images are powerful; he creates a scene of chaos and carnage with cannons thundering and shells falling. The men are stoic and unquestioning as English men are supposed to be, and they embrace their orders without offering critique or refusal. (Tennyson also captures the frustration of the blunder and the perhaps needless loss of life.) The men ride "boldly" and fight well in the hellish battle, in the "valley of Death" that is their burial ground.

The phrase "valley of Death" is probably an allusion to Psalm 23, which speaks of "the valley of the shadow of death," where the speaker does not fear evil because of trust in God's leading. Yet, unlike the psalm, it is not a wise God but a blundering order that has led the men into their predicament. In any case, the personification of the valley and the "mouth of Hell" creates a terrifying scene; the six hundred men are truly remarkable for throwing themselves into this monstrous situation under orders.

It is important that the memory of these men lives on, that their glory never fades. The poet calls upon readers to "Honour the charge they made! / Honour the Light Brigade," for their duty, loyalty, and perseverance. This political poem is quite different from his mythical, lyrical, and narrative works, although the theme of death is certainly prominent once again, and the poem fits the nobility of the fighters and the need to recognize the noble valor of military men.

Lord Byron's Poems Summary and Analysis of "She Walks in Beauty, Like the Night"

The poet describes a woman who "walks in beauty, like the night/Of cloudless climes and starry skies" (lines 1-2). Immediately the light of stars and the shadow of night are brought forth as contrasts, foreshadowing the further contrasts the poet notices regarding this beautiful woman. Seeing her eyes, he declares that in her face "all that's best of dark and bright" are joined. Her beauty is contrasted to the "gaudy" daylight.

In the second stanza, the poet reflects on the balance in the woman's beauty: "One shade the more, one ray the less" (line 7) would hinder the "nameless grace" which surrounds her. He then turns to her inner life, seeing her external beauty as an expression of thoughts that dwell in a place (perhaps her mind, or her beautiful head and face) both "pure" and "dear" (line 18).

The final stanza returns to her face, but again sees the silent expression of peace and calm in her cheek, brow, and smiles. Her pleasant facial expressions eloquently but innocently express her inner goodness and peacefulness.

Analysis

"She Walks in Beauty" is written in iambic tetrameter, "a meter commonly found in hymns and associated with 'sincerity' and 'simplicity'" (Moran 2). Byron's chosen meter conveys to the reader both his purity of intent (there is but one subject for this poem, the lady's virtuous beauty) and a poetic parallel to his subject (the lady's beauty arises from her purity or simplicity of nature). It is an astonishingly chaste poem given its author's reputation for licentiousness, lust, and debauchery.

Byron wrote this poem about Mrs. Wilmot, his cousin Robert Wilmot's wife. It echoes Wordsworth's earlier "The Solitary Reaper" (1807) in its conceit: the speaker's awe upon seeing a woman walking in her own aura of beauty. While ostensibly about a specific woman, the poem extends to encompass the unobtainable and ideal. The lady is not beautiful in herself, but she walks in an aura of Beauty (Flesch 1). In contrast to popular conceptions, her beauty is not easily described as brilliant or radiant, but it is also dark "like the night" (line 1) However, "all that's best of dark and bright" (line 3) meet in her face and eyes, suggesting that while she walks in a dark beauty, she is herself a brighter, more radiant beauty. To further convolute the image, the woman is described as having "raven tress[es]" (black hair) (line 9), connecting her to the darkness, while the "nameless grace" (line 8) "lightens" her face—possibly a play on the word, meaning the grace alights on her face, but also including the brighter aspect of lightening her countenance.

Indeed, the beauty of Wilmot is found largely in its balance of opposites: the darkness she walks in (and her dark hair) counterpoise her fair skin and the bright pureness of her soul. In this lady, the "tender light" is "mellowed," in contrast to the "gaudy day" which has only the glaring sun and no shade to soften its radiance. Thus the lady's simple, inner perfection produces a beauty superior to nature itself.

This grace is "nameless" in that it is ineffable. It is a common idea to say that there is no way for human word or verse to encompass it, so it must remain nameless even as the speaker perceives it clearly. Prose cannot come close to a description of this abstract beauty, so the speaker must attempt it in verse.

These issues raise a concern that the woman seems so pure because she is so simple; she wears her thoughts directly on her face, and she shows no evidence of discrimination of better from worse. Her mind is "at peace with all below" (line 17), and she loves innocently. If she is beautiful like the night, perhaps her mind truly is like a sky without any clouds of trouble or confusion. In contrast, she has been able to spend her days in "goodness," the tints in her face glowing like stars in the sky, small punctuations in a vast emptiness above.

Some critics maintain, however, that the glimpse of Wilmot which inspired this poem was afforded Byron at a funeral; thus the images of darkness which surround the lady can be drawn from the mourning clothes she and those around her wear. This beauty is "like the night" because this time of spiritual darkness—mourning the passing of a loved one—does not detract from her beauty, but instead accentuates it.

In any case, in this woman dark and light are reconciled. This reconciliation is made possible by the main sources of the lady's beauty: her mind "at peace with all below" and her "heart whose love is innocent" (line 18). By possessing a genial mind and innocent heart, the lady can bring the beauty of both darkness and light out and together without contradiction; her purity softens the edges of the contrasts.

Byron eschews erotic or physical desire in this poem, preferring instead to express the lady's beauty without professing his own emotions. He restricts his physical descriptions of her to her eyes, brow, hair, and smiles. Her loveliness has to do with her innocence and her "days in goodness spent" (line 16), whether it results from her virtue or simply from the poet's imagination of that virtue. After all, if we bracket the likely autobiographical element of the poem, we do not know whether the speaker has caught anything more than a few moments' glimpse of a beautiful woman walking by.

I died for Beauty—but was scarce..."

Summary

The speaker says that she died for Beauty, but she was hardly adjusted to her tomb before a man who died for Truth was laid in a tomb next to her. When the two softly told each other why they died, the man declared that Truth and Beauty are the same, so that he and the speaker were "Brethren." The speaker says that they met at night, "as Kinsmen," and talked between their tombs until the moss reached their lips and covered up the names on their tombstones.

Form

This poem follows many of Dickinson's typical formal patterns—the ABCB rhyme scheme, the rhythmic use of the dash to interrupt the flow—but has a more regular meter, so that the first and third lines in each stanza are iambic tetrameter, while the second and fourth lines are iambic trimeter, creating a four-three-four-three stress pattern in each stanza.

Commentary

This bizarre, allegorical death fantasy recalls Keats ("Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," from *Ode on a Grecian Urn*), but its manner of presentation belongs uniquely to Dickinson. In this short lyric, Dickinson manages to include a sense of the macabre physicality of death ("Until the Moss had reached our lips—"), the high idealism of martyrdom ("I died for Beauty. . . One who died for Truth"), a certain kind of romantic yearning combined with longing for Platonic companionship ("And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night—"), and an optimism about the afterlife (it would be nice to have a like-minded friend) with barely sublimated terror about the fact of death (it would be horrible to lie in the cemetery having a conversation through the walls of a tomb). As the poem progresses, the high idealism and yearning for companionship gradually give way to mute, cold death, as the moss creeps up the speaker's corpse and her headstone, obliterating both her capacity to speak (covering her lips) and her identity (covering her name).

The ultimate effect of this poem is to show that every aspect of human life—ideals, human feelings, identity itself—is erased by death. But by making the erasure gradual—something to be "adjusted" to in the tomb—and by portraying a speaker who is untroubled by her own grim state, Dickinson creates a scene that is, by turns, grotesque and compelling, frightening and comforting. It is one of her most singular statements about death, and like so many of Dickinson's poems, it has no parallels in the work of any other writer.

The poem "I died for Beauty- but was scarce" is a short poem, but has a powerful underlying tone that gives the reader chills. In the poem, the narrator states she died for Beauty. In stating this, she implies that perhaps that's also what she loved for. In the adjoining room to hers, another person is laid to rest. The person buried in the tomb next to hers says he died for Truth. He wonders why he failed, as if by living for Truth he could master eternal life. The narrator says she failed too; she spent her life pursuing Beauty but her journey also ended in death. The other person calls them "Brethren" because they both spent their lives pursuing something, but both their journeys ended in death. They feel a connection and they talk until "Moss has reached our lips- And covered up-our names-", or until they are completely decomposed and gone completely.

Though both people buried in the tombs lived for something they believed in, they both ended up dying and being buried next to one another. The one who lived for Truth may think his life was worth more because he valued Truth over Beauty, but in the end, it doesn't matter what he believed in because no matter what he believes, he is still going to die. He comes to realize this and identifies his neighbor, the one who lived for Beauty, as his Brethren. Though they lived very different lives, both striving for different goals, in death, they are the same. They are both dead and buried. They spend the rest of their time talking until they can talk no more.