

Three great metaphors from Shakespeare's tempest!

1. *[in this, Shakespeare's only air-conditioning metaphor, a sigh is compared to the moisture condensing from a bowl of water we can picture left by a window to cool off a room, when a breeze lifts the curtains...]*

ARIEL. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,

2. *[here the poet's eye recalls the spitting of a log burning in a fire: how moisture trapped in the wood comes out the end...]*

FERDINAND. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction; my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work---

Enter MIRANDA

MIRANDA. Alas, now; pray you,

Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you.

3. *[this perhaps most glorious-of-all-Shakespeare metaphors gives us the image of a thatched cottage the writer walked by in winter. He observed how the warmth of the home's interior melted the leading edge of ice and snow on the roof, causing drops of melt water to fall. He compares this to tears running down an old man's beard.]*

PROSPERO. Say, my spirit,

How fares the King and 's followers?

ARIEL. ... The King,

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, 'the good old lord, Gonzalo'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds.