

**STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086**  
(For candidates admitted from the academic year 2015-16& thereafter)

**SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/PC/LM44**

**M. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2018**  
**BRANCH VII – ENGLISH**  
**FOURTH SEMESTER**

**COURSE : CORE**  
**PAPER : LITERATURE AND MYSTICISM**  
**TIME : 3 HOURS**

**MAX. MARKS: 100**

**SECTION A**

**I. Answer any three of the following in about 500 words each: (3x10=30)**

1. Discuss the spiritual anguish that Herbert expresses through his poem “The Collar.”
2. Citing examples, describe Pillaithamizh as a genre of devotional poetry.
3. What according to Emily Dickinson is of utmost significance in a mystical experience?
4. How do the mystic songs of Kabir preach the omnipresence of God?
5. Describe the angst of separation experienced by the devotee with a few examples.

**SECTION B**

**II. Answer any two of the following in about 1000 words each: (2x25=50)**

1. Consider “Canticle of Brother Sun,” a cosmic hymn, as a testimony of Francis’s mystical union with Christ.
2. Attempt a comparison of how mystics of various religions personalise the divine creating a literary space of devotion.
3. The body remains a recurrent and important presence both as a locus of wisdom and a hindrance to spiritual union. Discuss.
4. Do you perceive any common thread among the women mystic poets prescribed for study? Comment.

**SECTION C**

**III. Analyse the following poem in about 750 words using the hints given to structure your answer. (1 x 20=20)**

*Hints :*

*Mode of relationship between the divine and the self, the ‘you’ and ‘I’ as lover and beloved, a personal self and a formless presence, the human soul’s urgent desire for union.*

**The Blocked Road**

**Rumi**

I wish I knew what you wanted.  
You block the road and won't give me rest.  
You pull my lead-rope one way, then the other.  
You act cold, my darling!  
Do you hear what I say?

Will this night of talking ever end?  
Why am I still embarrassed and timid about you?  
You are thousands. You are one.  
Quiet, but most articulate.

Your name is Spring.  
Your name is wine.  
Your name is the nausea  
that comes from wine!

You are my doubting  
and the lightpoints  
in my eyes.

You are every image, and yet  
I'm homesick for you.

Can I get there?  
Where the deer pounces on the lion,  
where the one I'm after's  
after me?

This drum and these words keep pounding!  
Let them both smash through their coverings  
into silence.

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