Ode to the West Wind
BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who charioteer to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hilly:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II
Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

III
Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystal streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Bajie's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozing woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

IV
If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness, Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

He is speaking to an unknown thing - It seems to change seasons, but he is still talking to unreal things:
Every stanza so far has ended in "Oh hear!" Why?

The narrator is now talking about himself. He is using hypothetical situations

This comrade could be something taken w/ fly wind

He mentions heaven and then prayer

This brings thoughts that he has been lifted up, but then he fell into a bad situation and is now reaping the consequences

"Heavy weight of hours" could mean time moving slowly but then it is contradicted with mention of "tameless, and swift, & proud!
It doesn't end with "Oh hear!" Like the previous

He wants the wind to do this - Take him

What is an autumnal tone?

He is telling his spirit to be fierce?

He wants his dead thoughts to leave so that new better thoughts may grow back

Incautition = Spell

He is exclaiming to the universe! It is a good way to get a point across in literature.
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Let his voice be "the trumpet" to sound
This is a buzzing line, but quite interesting at the same time.
It seems to be almost hopeful at the end.

Whole Poem Observations
There is an obvious rhyme-scheme of abaa then ends with a couplet in stanza 14. Throughout the poem, Shelley tries to stick to an abab scheme. It is quite pleasing to the ear to be read aloud. His tone seems to start off as sort of somber using words like Pestilence (s) and corpse (8). But it gradually shifted to a neutral tone. (Or at least the way I read it.) The rhyme scheme is abaa bcb cdc deede. He seems to be talking about how the wind carries things and changes.
Shelley uses nice similes, metaphors, and vivid imagery in the poem and it actually helps a lot in the reading department. He also tended to fall into using personification multiple times, but it only adds to the poem as a whole.

Shelley writes with a wide variety of vocabulary. He knows when to use the big and fancy words, but he also knows how to keep it simple.

More Observations
It is as if his wind in the poem is itself a master of nature and life. It has power over the many aspects of life and the physical world.

You have so many great insights here. That aren't in your paper, why?