Metaphors: The Process Of Using Symbols To Know Reality Occurs

Metaphors are an influential piece of the literary world due to, “the process of using symbols to know reality occurs”, stated by rhetoric Sonja Foss in Metaphoric Criticism. The significance of this, implies metaphors are “central to thought and to our knowledge and expectation of reality” (Foss 188). Although others may see metaphors as a difficult expression. Metaphors provide the ability to view specific content and relate to connecting with involvement, a physical connection to view the context with clarity. As so used in Alice Walker’s literary piece, In Search Of Our Mothers’ Gardens. In Walker’s writing, her metaphoric message is expressed as a journey to understand elders’ cruel unjust past life, searching for a connection for her own life. To be a fierce woman as those whom came and changed life for us today, who escape between the evil exterior with silence. Without this understanding, she feels lost. A pointless journey to take on if no clarity is accustomed. She produces the curiosity on how these angels on the land took this treatment with grace. Our mothers. On this journey of finding an acumen, she then finds herself.

To be a woman, holds having the capacity of great strength withholding positive influencing power. To be a woman of color, took bravery along with containing the characteristic grace and patience. A woman who was dark-skinned, and obtained harsh conditions without an explanation forced to their will, putting their life in jeopardy without a flinch was a Saint. A Saint of creation for an artistic lifestyle, with all the above characteristics of being a heroine in the future. “Black women whose spiritually was so intense, so deep, so unconscious, that they were themselves unaware of the richness they had”, expressed by poet Jean Toomer who unfolded such discovery by taking a stroll through the south in the twenties. A time in American History, in which makes me disgusted to know the land we stand on uprose with slavery. These women with beautiful, pure souls were wiped off their self-identity and value. They were not knowledgeable of such richness they contained, due to acts of unkind treatment. This treatment passed down caused psychological issues, such as poor self esteem to these women. The actions of being treated as nothing gave them the idea, they were merely dirt on the ground that people walked on Metaphor. To the white race their existence was nothing.. On the other hand, the later generations of family lineage looked to the elders in awe. In awe for their presence of accomplishing compressed obstacles. Such as Walker, whose point of metaphoric usage is to find her own position in a whirlwind generation she was created for.

Throughout Walker’s writing, she does not use dependence of applying a stance to one metaphorical message. Walker articulates a variety, such as the combined metaphor used by Jean Toomer on the observance of Black women, “Butterflies trapped in an evil honey, toiling away.” A strong memorandum to these women who are captured in a lifestyle they cannot escape. In this metaphor these women are the Butterflies. In this context they are providing a life-like feature to demonstrate, “thought is metaphoric, and proceeds by comparison” (Foss 188). Even though, these butterflies are not capable to differentiate pure honey from evil honey, they proceed with a reaction to continue in the placement they are in. Stupid these women are not, not properly educated they are. Along with having the characteristic of being Fearful, their mind lingers of the consequence which could take place if wonder out of the evil honey, to fly to purity. Their wings are damaged, by the individuals who assume they have ownership of them.

As lost as the butterflies are, they comprehend only that all honey is just the same. So they stay in their evil honey, awaiting to fly away. Unable to by, perhaps of the unavailable opportunity of an open door to escape the trap and fly away, so they stay toiling away.

Alice walker incorporates in her writing on our American History, claims to share truth of a century. “A century, that did not acknowledge them, expect as the mule of the world…. They waited for a day when the unknown thing that was in them would be made known” (402). Walker Again addresses us as an audience, the argumentative part on how black racism continued in our homeland of a Country. Walker holds this ongoing argumentative section throughout her writing, to shine light of all the unacceptable occurrences of unjust treatment to individuals of colored skin. It is a use of pathos, because of the great impact it implements to her, and family race of elders of past, present and to the future. Although, her primary focus isn't on the acts of racism itself, nor the way of bad treatment was exposed to the individuals of colored skin. Yet, her focus is the way these woman, our mothers reacted to the cruel actions. Black women stayed within the shade, to demastore silence kills. They projected hope into a world that brought nothing but fear to them. Walker wants to discover how they held themselves together to be the best possible version of themselves, with an ongoing cloud of darkness above their heads. They stayed in their place, for a hope of changed they would begin, by being the artistic creators. In hope of a day their characteristic traits, would change the world one day. They waited for a light to brighten their darkness. The light did not arrive in that moment, because the light was inside them. They did not know the power of the flame they held inside, until the day came they looked down from above.

Our mother’s could hold dirt between her hands, and being the creator she is unleashed her unhumalike powers are provided gold, she created nothing into something, a gift of all mothers hold to show us we have everything we need. A lesson of appreciation to value what we have. Within that, to value who we are. Clothes we wear does not define who we are (maybe imply a financial status), but not the marvelous personality one may embody. We are not to be defined from our exterior features such as skin color. We could be judged, with a definition from our characteristics, behavior, and actions. Preserving in our subconscious we must correlate, actions speak louder than words. The strength given by the worse punishment given to our grandmothers and mothers, proved to those of the wanting title of dictatorship a creator could not be stopped. They’ll continue their life to be the best it could possibly be. To keep creating greatness, and happiness to their once damaged life. The ones to are left hurt, are those overlooking the uprise of the once victimized individuals.

Walker states in the conclusion of her journey she was “Guided by my heritage of a love of beauty and a respect for strength search of my mother's garden, I found my own”(409). She achieved in her goal, self-realization. An eye-opening moment to ensure herself of all the vale she is worth. As lost as she was, I compare her to the metaphor of being a butterfly. Walkers life was not the same as her elders, but with the method of using metaphors, we could provide “a reality only through the language by which we describe it”, (Foss 188). Thus allowing a comparison through a different aspect of reality. Through her journey she was capable to fly away from her own evil honey in search of her self-worth. She escaped by the realization accuracy that she had a purpose, and those before her implanted a flame of strength. The flame to be lit in anything pint of darkness, to shine a light to attract knowledge.

The journey Alice Walker continued forward with her acquired main goal of the message is in search of our mother gardens, was not for a justification on why racism took place. Her objective

was to grasp ours mothers strength in the lowest point of life. In search of our mothers garden, we step upon our own blooms of life. We are distracted by other individual's life who possess importance to us, but on that journey of distraction and understatement self-realization takes hold to perceive it is our own discovered of who we are today. For the characteristics we question from our parents as well as family, we understand by self-reflecting the connectional bond embedded without the acknowledgment beforehand.