

GCSE Poetry Anthology

Power and Conflict



Name:

Class:



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Language

Words and how they sound.



Motivation

What a character wants and **why** they want it.



Genre

A way to describe the content of a text
E.g. Gothic or Sci-Fi



Structure

...is the way that a text is put together.



Setting

The place **where** a story is set.



Theme

A theme is a 'big' idea at the heart of the text.



Form

The **format** of a text.
E.g. Play, Prose, Verse, e-mail, poster.



Conflict

When characters face an **opposing force**

Man vs man



Man vs nature



Man vs self



Man vs society



Protagonist

The **main** character.
The audience usually sympathises/ identifies with this character.



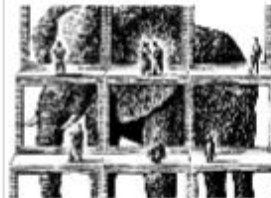
Symbol

A symbol represents a bigger idea.



Context

Additional information that helps you to understand the full meaning of a text.



Climax

A **moment** of greater tension



Antagonist

A character or force **opposing** the protagonist.



Implication

A suggested meaning of a text.



Voice / Tone

The **mood** of the writer / narrator.



Resolution

The **ending** or **conclusion** of a text.



Imagery

Vivid **images** created by a word or phrase.



Simile

A **comparison** made using the words "**like**" or "**as**."



Metaphor

A **comparison** – made without using "like" or "as."



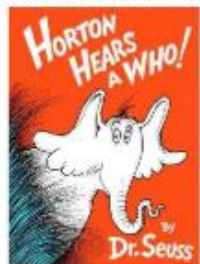
Personification

Giving **human characteristics** to something which is not human.



Alliteration

A repetition of **consonant** sounds



Assonance

A repetition of **vowel** sounds.



Onomatopoeia

Words which attempt to imitate **sounds**.



Repetition

A word, phrase or idea repeated more than once for effect.



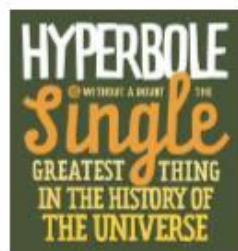
Syntax

The way that ideas are **broken up** and **put together** in **sentences**.



Hyperbole

Exaggeration



Juxtaposition

A **contrasting** effect



Allusion

A **reference** to a person, place, thing or idea of historical, cultural or literary significance.



Pathetic Fallacy

Feelings, thoughts or emotions symbolised by the **environment**.



Meter

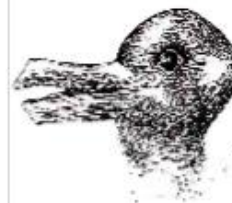
A **pattern** of beats (syllables) in a poem. Used to create a poem's rhythm.

Feet: Names and Stress

iambic foot = /
trochaic foot = /
anapestic foot = /
dactylic foot = /
spondaic foot = /
pyrrhic foot = /

Ambiguity

Two or more **possible meanings**. It is unclear which is the correct one.



Pun

A joke that makes a play on words. It uses words that have **several meanings**.



Sonnet

A poem of 14 lines written in **iambic pentameter**.



Rhyming couplet

Two lines of the same length that **rhyme** and complete one thought.



Semantic field

A set of **words** relating to the same **topic**.



Cliché

A phrase or idea that has been **used so much** it has become almost **meaningless**.



Advanced poetic language	
Poetic structures and forms	Meaning
Rhyme	The repetition of syllable sounds – usually at the ends of lines, but sometimes in the middle of a line (called internal rhyme).
Couplet	A pair of rhyming lines which follow on from one another.
Stanza	A group of lines separated from others in a poem.
Enjambment (run on lines)	The running over of a sentence from one line to the next without a piece of punctuation at the end of the line.
Caesura	A stop or a pause in a line of poetry – usually caused by punctuation.
Blank verse	Poetry written in non-rhyming, ten syllable lines.
Dramatic monologue	A poem in which an imagined speaker address the reader.
Elegy	A form of poetry which is about the death of its subject.
End stopped	A line of poetry ending in a piece of punctuation which results in a pause.
Epigraph	A quotation from another text, included in a poem.
Lyric	An emotional, rhyming poem, most often describing the emotions caused by a specific event.
Ode	A formal poem which is written to celebrate a person, place, object or idea.
Parody	A comic imitation of another writer's work.
Quatrain	A four line stanza.
Sestet	A six line stanza.
Sonnet	A fourteen line poem, with variable rhyme scheme, usually on the topic of love for a person, object or situation.
Free verse	Non-rhyming, non-rhythmical poetry which follows the rhythms of natural speech.
Volta	A turning point in the line of thought or argument in poem.

Literary Context

Romantic Movement

The Romantic movement flourished in the late 18th century and the first half of the 19th century and celebrated emotion, wildness and nature above reason and science.

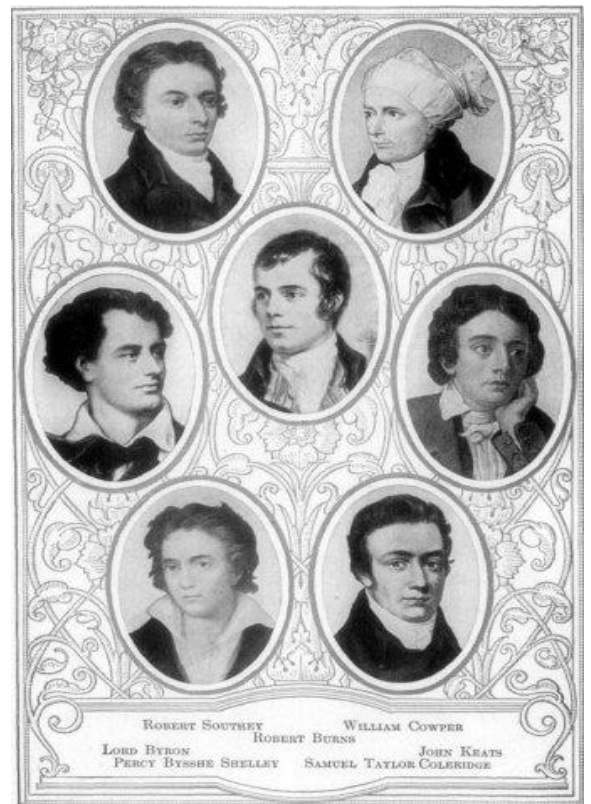
Romantics stressed the awe of nature in art and language and the experience of the sublime (something majestic, impressive or intellectually valuable) through a connection with nature.

A key Romantic poet, Wordsworth, summed the approach up by stating that “all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.”



Key Romantic Poets

- William Blake
- William Wordsworth
- Samuel Taylor Coleridge
- Lord Byron
- Percy Bysshe Shelley
- John Keats



Ozymandias by Percy Bysshe Shelley

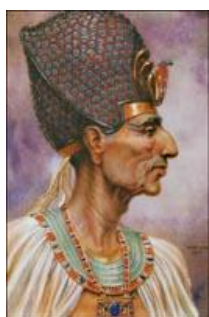
Context

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was one of a group of poets who became known as **The Romantics**.

He came from a wealthy family and was in line to inherit both riches and his grandfather's role as an MP. He was expelled from university for writing about atheism (not believing in God) which led to him to fall out with his father who disinherited him. In the same year, 1811, he eloped and married aged 19.

Shelley was well known as a 'radical' during his lifetime and some people think *Ozymandias* reflects this side of his character. Although it is about the remains of a statue of Ozymandias it can be read as a criticism of people or systems that become huge and believe themselves to be invincible.

Shelley's friend the banker Horace Smith stayed with the poet in the Christmas season of 1817. One evening, they began to discuss recent discoveries in the Near East. In the wake of Napoleon's conquest of Egypt in 1798, the archaeological treasures found there stimulated the European imagination. The power of pharaonic Egypt had seemed eternal, but now this once-great empire was (and had long been) in ruins; a feeble shadow.



The Roman-era historian Diodorus Siculus described a statue of Ozymandias, more commonly known as Ramses II. Diodorus reports the inscription on the statue, which he claims was the largest in Egypt, as follows: "King of Kings Ozymandias am I. If any want to know how great I am and where I lie, let him outdo me in my work." (The statue and its inscription do not survive, and were not seen by Shelley.)

Stimulated by their conversation, Smith and Shelley wrote sonnets based on the passage in Diodorus. Smith produced a now-forgotten poem while Shelley's contribution was "Ozymandias," one of the best-known sonnets in European literature.

summary

A traveller tells the poet that two huge stone legs stand in the desert. Near them on the sand lies a damaged stone head. The face is distinguished by a frown and a sneer which the sculptor carved on the features. On the pedestal are inscribed the words "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: / Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Around the huge fragments stretches the empty desert.

Vocabulary

Visage (noun): the form or structure of a person's face, or is a person's facial expression
Sneer (verb): to look at someone with a disdainful expression, as though you think they are worthless
Sculptor (noun): a person who sculpts (builds or creates things out of a material – ie clay)

Colossal (adjective): enormous in size
Wreck (noun): a ruined object or person
Boundless (adjective): endless; having no boundary

Ozymandias

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—“Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”



London by William Blake

Context	
<p>William Blake was another key romantic poet. He specialised in poems of a religious nature but he rejected established religion. One of the main reasons was the failure of the established Church to help children in London who were forced to work. Blake lived and worked in the capital, so was well placed to write clearly about the conditions people who lived there faced.</p> <p>He published a book of poems called 'Songs of Innocence and Experience' in 1794, this collection of poems aimed to show the "Two Contrary States of the Human Soul". The <i>Songs of Innocence</i> section contains poems which are positive in tone and celebrate love, childhood and nature. The <i>Songs of Experience</i> poems are obviously intended to provide a contrast, and illustrate the effects of modern life on people and nature. Dangerous industrial conditions, child labour, prostitution and poverty are just some of the topics Blake explores.</p> <p>In 1789, the French people revolted against the monarchy and aristocracy, using violence and murder to overthrow those in power. Many saw the French Revolution as inspirational - a model for how ordinary, disadvantaged people could seize power. Blake alludes (makes subtle reference to) to the revolution in the poem <i>London</i>, arguably suggesting that the experience of living there could encourage a revolution on the streets of the capital.</p>	
Summary	
<p>The poem describes a journey around London, offering a glimpse of what the speaker sees as the terrible conditions faced by the inhabitants of the city. Child labour, restrictive laws of property and prostitution are all explored in the poem.</p> <p>The poem starts with a criticism of laws relating to ownership. The 'charter'd Thames' is a bitter reference to the way in which every aspect of life in London is owned, even the river, so often in other poems a symbol of life, freedom and the power of nature.</p> <p>Blake's poem also criticises religion and its failures. The speaker draws attention to the cry of the chimney sweeper and the blackening of church walls, implying that the church as an institution is inactive, unwilling to help those in need. It ends with a vision of the terrible consequences to be faced as a result of sexually transmitted disease.</p>	
Vocabulary	
<p>Wander (verb): to walk without definite purpose</p> <p>Chartered (adjective): to describe when an organisation or institution is given specific rights, powers or privileges by the overall authority.</p> <p>Mark</p> <p>1) (Noun): is a sign, symbol, indication or a stain.</p> <p>2) (verb): to put an indication or symbol on something in order to identify it.</p> <p>3) (verb) to notice something</p> <p>Woe (noun): a feeling of deep sorrow or grief.</p> <p>Ban (noun): is a ruling that forcibly stops something.</p> <p>Forge (verb): to give form or shape to something.</p>	<p>Manacles (noun): handcuffs</p> <p>Hapless (adjective): unlucky</p> <p>Appal (verb): to shock or amaze in a negative way.</p> <p>Blight (verb): to spoil or destroy something or to cause an urban area to become run-down and neglected.</p> <p>plague</p> <p>1) (noun): a widespread disease that is deadly.</p> <p>2) (verb): To pester or annoy continually.</p> <p>hearse (noun): a funeral car (or horse drawn cart in Blake's day)</p>

London

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse



Extract from the Prelude by William Wordsworth

Context	
<p>William Wordsworth (1770-1850) is one of the most famous poets in the history of English Literature. He was born in Cumbria, part of the region commonly known as the Lake District, and his birthplace had a huge influence on his writing. So did the fact that his mother died when he was only eight years old. His father wasn't always around, although William did use his library for reading. William spent time with his grandparents who lived in nearby Penrith, an even wilder and more rugged place.</p> <p>Wordsworth is believed to have started writing poetry when he was at school; during this time he was orphaned by the death of his father.</p> <p>He went to Cambridge University and just before finishing his studies he set off on a walking tour of Europe, coming into contact with the French Revolution, which influenced his writing. He fell in love with a French woman and she had a child. Wordsworth returned to England before his daughter, Caroline, was born and war between Britain and France meant that he didn't see his daughter or her mother for many years.</p> <p>In 1802, shortly after visiting his daughter in France, Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, a friend from his school days. They had five children together. 1812 was a terrible year for them as two of their children died.</p> <p><i>The Prelude</i> is one of the greatest works of literature ever written in English. It is a long autobiographical poem in 14 sections. The first version was written in 1798 but he continued to work on it throughout his lifetime.</p> <p>The poem shows the spiritual growth of the poet, how he comes to terms with who he is, and his place in nature and the world. Wordsworth was inspired by memories of events and visits to different places, explaining how they affected him. He described <i>The Prelude</i> as "a poem on the growth of my own mind" with "contrasting views of Man, Nature, and Society".</p>	
Summary	
<p>This extract describes how Wordsworth went out in a boat on a lake at night. He was alone and a mountain peak loomed over him; its presence had a great effect and for days afterwards he was troubled by the experience.</p>	
Vocabulary	
<p>Cove (noun): a small area on the beach shielded by rocks.</p> <p>Stealth (noun): being secretive or cautious in movement and action</p> <p>Idly (adverb): doing something without purpose.</p> <p>Craggy ridge (adjective noun): the rough and rugged edge of a rocky bit of land.</p> <p>Utmost (adjective): something that is most important, most extreme or greatest.</p> <p>Elfin (adjective): like an elf; tiny, delicate</p> <p>Pinnacle (noun): a small sailing ship</p>	<p>Lustily (adverb): to describe something done in a 'lusty' manner (lusty describes someone or something that is filled with passion, or someone strong and full of vigour.)</p> <p>Uprear (verb): to lift up</p> <p>Stature (noun): height</p> <p>Grim (adjective): something that is so unpleasant it pushes you away</p> <p>Covert (adjective): secret or hidden</p> <p>Spectacle (noun): something amazing, interesting or exciting to see that attracts attention.</p> <p>Mode (noun): a way of doing something or acting.</p>

Extract from the Prelude

By William Wordsworth

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cove, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape

Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark, -
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.



My Last Duchess by Robert Browning

Context

Robert Browning (1812-1889) was heavily influenced as a youngster by his father's extensive collection of books and art. His father was a bank clerk and collected thousands of books, some of which were hundreds of years old and written in languages such as Greek and Hebrew. By the time he was five, it was said that Browning could already read and write well. He was a big fan of the poet **Shelley** and asked for all of Shelley's works for his thirteenth birthday. By the age of fourteen, he'd learned Latin, Greek and French. Browning went to the University of London but left because it didn't suit him.

He married fellow poet **Elizabeth Barrett** but they had to run away and marry in secret because of her over-protective father. They moved to Italy and had a son, Robert. Father and son moved to London when Elizabeth died in 1861.

Browning is best known for his use of the **dramatic monologue**. *My Last Duchess* is an example of this and it also reflects Browning's love of **history** and **European culture** as the story is based on the life of an Italian Duke from the sixteenth century.

The characters mentioned in this poem are based on real life, historical figures. The narrator is **Duke Alfonso II** who ruled a place in northern Italy called Ferrara between 1559 and 1597. The Duchess of whom he speaks was his first wife, **Lucrezia de' Medici** who died in 1561 aged 17, only two years after he married her. In real life, Lucrezia died in suspicious circumstances and might have been poisoned.

Summary

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The poem is set in 1564, three years after the death of the Duchess. An emissary (messenger or representative) has been sent to see the Duke from the Count of Tyrol. The Count is the father of the Duke's next wife (he married three times in all). The Duke shows the emissary a picture of his late wife and remarks on her character, suggesting that she was unfaithful to him - and hinting that he might have killed her because of it.

During his speech, the Duke makes himself look arrogant, insensitive and selfish.

Vocabulary

Countenance (noun): the look on a face that shows expression.

Earnest (adj): to describe someone or something serious and not playful.

Mantle (noun): a shawl or a cloak

Officious (adj): is offering unwanted advice or services, often in an overbearing way.

Trifling (adj): of little importance or worth

Munificence (noun): generosity

Dowry (noun): the property and wealth a woman brings to a marriage in some cultures or in historic times, or a natural talent or gift.

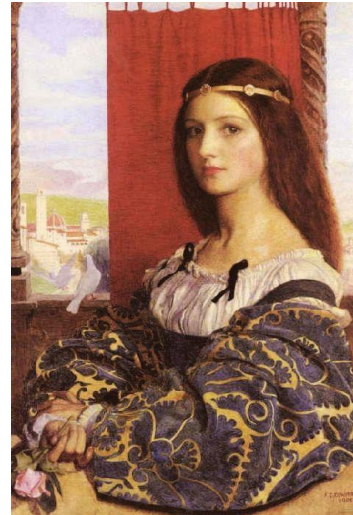
Warrant (verb): to guarantee, assure or give someone authority to do something.

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat." Such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.



Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—
E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence




Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Robert Browning



The Charge of the Light Brigade BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Context	
<p>The poet:</p> <p>Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892) was one of 11 children born to an upper-middle class country vicar. He received a good literary education. Alfred started writing poetry from a young age and published his first poems while still a student at Cambridge. In 1850 he became poet laureate. This meant he had to write important poems about events that affected the British nation. He held this post until his death in 1892, making him the country's longest ever serving laureate.</p> <p>Historical context</p> <p>The Crimean War was fought between Britain and Imperial Russia from 1853-1856. For the first time in history, newspapers carried eye-witness reports as well as detailing not just the triumphs of war but the mistakes and horrors as well.</p> <p>The most significant moment in the Crimea came during the Battle of Balaklava. An order given to the British army's cavalry division (known as the Light Brigade) was misunderstood and 600 cavalymen ended charging down a narrow valley straight into the fire of Russian cannons. Over 150 British soldiers were killed, and more than 120 were wounded. At home the news of the disaster was a sensation and a nation that had until then embraced British military exploits abroad began to question the politicians and generals who led them.</p>	
	
Summary	
<p>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. 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. 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.</p>	
Vocabulary	
<p>Charge (verb): to attack with great force and speed</p> <p>Brigade (noun): a unit of soldiers.</p> <p>League (noun): a unit of measurement; about 1.5 miles</p> <p>Dismayed (adjective): to describe someone experiencing a loss of courage</p> <p>Blundered (verb): made a big mistake</p>	<p>Shell (noun): explosives from a large gun.</p> <p>Sabres (noun): swords</p> <p>Cossack (noun): Russian Soldier</p> <p>Reeled (verb): fell backwards with a dizzy feeling</p> <p>Sundered (verb): broke apart, separated or split.</p>

The Charge of the Light Brigade
BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.



IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.




V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

Exposure BY WILFRED OWEN

Context	
<p>Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) is one of the most famous English poets to emerge from the First World War. He was born on the borders of England and Wales and was interested in becoming a poet from an early age.</p> <p>War broke out in 1914 and he joined the army the following year, aged 18. Before long he had to return to England to get treatment for shell-shock (what today we would call Post-traumatic Stress Disorder – severe anxiety brought on by a stressful situation like war).</p> <p>He was sent to a hospital in Edinburgh and there he met the already well-known poet and writer Siegfried Sassoon. Sassoon had encouraged Owen to put more of his own personal experiences into his poetry. He had also turned him against the war. Instead of seeing the war as a justified attempt to free Belgium, Owen now saw the war as a struggle between Imperial powers looking to expand their lands overseas. Owen returned to the trenches a year later and wrote some of his best-known poems. He was also decorated for his courage in battle, before being killed on 4th November 1918, just a week before peace was declared and the war finally ended.</p>	
Summary	
<p>A company of soldiers suffers the bitter cold of a night at the front. The troops keep nervous watch during a bitterly cold night though despite the distant sound of guns, “nothing happens”. They question why they are there. Dawn brings only gloomy relief; the enemy’s bullets seem less dangerous than the snow. In their dreams, they see a peaceful spring scene though it is one from which they are excluded. Their fate is, instead, to lie out in the trenches. Tonight, the cold will claim more lives. Still nothing happens.</p>	
Vocabulary	
<p>Wearied (adjective): tired and exhausted</p> <p>Drooping (verb): hanging down, bending down or to losing strength.</p> <p>Salient (adjective): something that is very noticeable or is prominent</p> <p>Sentries (noun): guards</p> <p>Gusts (noun): a small burst of wind.</p> <p>Incessantly (adverb): continually; without stopping; endless.</p> <p>Massing (verb): to bring together into a mass (a large grouping)</p> <p>Melancholy (adjective): feeling sad and depressed</p> <p>Ranks (noun): orderly lines</p> <p>Successive (adjective): one after the other.</p>	<p>Shudders (verb): shivers</p> <p>Flock (verb): group together</p> <p>Renew (verb): to make new, reawaken, reestablish or start over</p> <p>Nonchalance (adjective): indifference; not seeming to care</p> <p>Cringe (verb) to draw back or to move your face or body in order to shrink from danger or fear.</p> <p>Daze (noun): a state of stunned confusion or bewilderment.</p> <p>Dowse (verb): cover completely in water.</p> <p>Glozed : deceived</p> <p>Loath (adjective): someone or something unwilling or reluctant.</p> <p>Puckering (verb) to draw up into wrinkles or small folds.</p>

Exposure

BY WILFRED OWEN

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us . . .
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent . . .
Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient . . .
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
 But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.
Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.
 What are we doing here?

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow . . .
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.
Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,
 But nothing happens.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause, and renew,
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,
 But nothing happens.

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces—
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare, snow-dazed,
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
—Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires, glozed
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;
Shutters and doors, all closed: on us the doors are closed,—
We turn back to our dying.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
Now ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.
For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
For love of God seems dying.

Tonight, this frost will fasten on this mud and us,
Shrivelling many hands, and puckering foreheads crisp.
The burying-party, picks and shovels in shaking grasp,
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens.

Storm on the Island by Seamus Heaney

Context	
<p>Seamus Heaney was born in Northern Ireland in 1939, the eldest child in what was to become a family of nine children. His father farmed 50 acres in rural County Derry and was a cattle dealer. Much of Heaney's poetry is centred on the countryside and farm life that he knew as a boy.</p> <p>In the 1960s he belonged to a group of poets who, he said, used to talk poetry day after day. He has written many collections of poetry, the first of which was published in 1966. His later works capitalise on his knowledge of Latin, Anglo-Saxon and Gaelic and explore words and their significance. His translation of Beowulf, an Old English narrative poem, was published in 1999.</p> <p>In 1982 he began teaching for one semester a year at Harvard University in the USA. He was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford University in 1989 and was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1995. He has lived with his family in Dublin in the Republic of Ireland since 1976.</p>	
Summary	
<p>The poem describes the experience of being in a cliff-top cottage on an island off the coast of Ireland during a storm. Heaney describes the bare ground, the sea and the wind. The people in the cottage are extremely isolated and can do nothing against the powerful and violent weather.</p>	
Vocabulary	
<p>Squat (adjective): someone or something that is short and thick.</p> <p>Wizened (adjective): dried up, shrivelled</p> <p>Stacks (noun): haystacks</p> <p>Stooks (noun): bundles of straw</p> <p>Gale (noun): a very strong wind</p>	<p>Pummel: (verb): to hit or punch repeatedly</p> <p>Flung (verb): thrown carelessly</p> <p>Strafes (verb): bombards, harasses with artillery shells</p> <p>Salvo (noun): simultaneous firing of artillery</p>



Storm on the Island

By Seamus Heaney

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
The wizened earth has never troubled us
With hay, so as you can see, there are no stacks
Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees

Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what i mean - leaves and branches
Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale
So that you can listen to the thing you fear
Forgetting that it pummels your house too.

But there are no trees, no natural shelter.

You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
The very windows, spits like a tame cat

Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo.

We are bombarded by the empty air.

Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

‘Bayonet Charge’ by Ted Hughes

context	
<p>Ted Hughes (1930-1998) was born in Yorkshire, in the North of England, and grew up in the countryside. After serving in the RAF for two years, he won a scholarship to Cambridge University where he studied Archaeology and Anthropology. The themes of the countryside, human history and mythology therefore already deeply influenced his imagination by the time he started writing poetry as a student.</p> <p>He made his name as a poet in the late 1950s and 1960s and also wrote many well-known children's books including <i>The Iron Man</i> (which was filmed as <i>the Iron Giant</i>). It is for his poetry that he remains important. He was poet laureate from 1984 until his death from cancer in 1998.</p>	
Summary	
<p><i>Bayonet Charge</i> focuses on a nameless soldier in the First World War (1914-18). It describes the experience of 'going over-the-top'. This was when soldiers hiding in trenches were ordered to 'fix bayonets' (attach the long knives to the end of their rifles) and climb out of the trenches to charge an enemy position twenty or thirty metres away. The aim was to capture the enemy trench. The poem describes how this process transforms a soldier from a living thinking person into a dangerous weapon of war.</p>	
Vocabulary	
<p>Khaki (adjective): a dull yellowish-brown color; army clothing.</p> <p>Clods (noun): lumps of earth</p> <p>Lugged (verb): carried something heavy with difficulty</p> <p>Molten (adjective): melted</p> <p>Bewilderment (noun): a state of confusion</p>	<p>Statuary (adjective): something made necessary by law</p> <p>Furrows (noun): a shallow trench or a deep wrinkle</p> <p>Threshing (verb) to beat out (grain) from its husk, as with a flail.</p> <p>Luxuries (noun): something that is not essential but is expensive, desirable or valuable and provides comfort</p>

'Bayonet Charge'

by Ted Hughes

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing
Bullets smacking the belly out of the air –
He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;
The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye
Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, –

In bewilderment then he almost stopped –
In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations
Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running



Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs
Listening between his footfalls for the reason
Of his still running, and his foot hung like
Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows

Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame
 And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide
 Open silent, its eyes standing out.
 He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,
 King, honour, human dignity, etcetera
 Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm
 To get out of that blue crackling air
 His terror's touchy dynamite.

Remains by Simon Armitage

context
<p>Simon Armitage was born in 1963 in West Yorkshire, where he still lives. He studied Geography at Portsmouth University and completed an MA at Manchester University, where he wrote his <i>dissertation</i> on the effects of television violence on young offenders. Afterwards he worked as a probation officer, a job which influenced many of the poems in his first collection, <i>Zoom!</i> (1989).</p> <p>His poetry demonstrates a strong concern for social issues, as well as drawing on his Yorkshire roots. Armitage is often noted for his "ear" – holding a strong sense of rhythm and <i>metre</i>.</p>
summary
<p>Remains is focused on a soldier haunted by a violent memory. The poem is told anecdotally and begins with 'On another occasion', implying that this account is not the only unpleasant account the soldier has in his memory. He tells how he and 'somebody else and somebody else' opened fire on a looter who may or may not have been armed. They shot him dead and one of them put the man's 'guts back into his body' before he's carted away.</p> <p>Later the soldier thinks about the shooting every time he walks down the street. Then later again, when he returns home he is still haunted by the thought of what he has done. He tries drink and drugs to drown out the memory, but they do not work. The line 'he's here in my head when I close my eyes' indicates this.</p>

The final lines show that the memory was not left behind in the place of war in a distant land, but is with the speaker all the time. He feels as though he will always have blood on his hands.

Vocabulary

Looters (noun): One who [loots](#), who [steals](#) during a general disturbance such as a [riot](#) or natural disaster.

round (noun): a bullet shot from a gun



Remains

by Simon Armitage

On another occasion, we get sent out
to tackle looters raiding a bank.
And one of them legs it up the road,
probably armed, possibly not.

Well myself and somebody else and somebody else
are all of the same mind,
so all three of us open fire.
Three of a kind all letting fly, and I swear

I see every round as it rips through his life –
I see broad daylight on the other side.
So we've hit this looter a dozen times
and he's there on the ground, sort of inside out,

pain itself, the image of agony.
One of my mates goes by
and tosses his guts back into his body.
Then he's carted off in the back of a lorry.

End of story, except not really.
His blood-shadow stays on the street, and out on patrol
I walk right over it week after week.
Then I'm home on leave. But I blink

and he bursts again through the doors of the bank.
Sleep, and he's probably armed, possibly not.
Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and the drugs won't flush him out –

he's here in my head when I close my eyes,
dug in behind enemy lines,
not left for dead in some distant, sun-stunned, sand-smothered land
or six-feet-under in desert sand,

but near to the knuckle, here and now,
his bloody life in my bloody hands.

Poppies by Jane Weir

Context

Jane Weir, born in 1963, grew up in Italy and Northern England, with an English mother and an Italian father. She has continued to absorb different cultural experiences throughout her life, also living in Northern Ireland during the troubled 1980s. As well as writing she runs her own textile and design business. The influences of her broad cultural experiences as well as her knowledge of and interest in other art forms can be seen throughout her work.

The poem is set in the present day but reaches right back to the beginning of the Poppy Day tradition. Armistice Sunday began as a way of marking the end of the First World War in 1918. It was set up so people could remember the hundreds and thousands of ordinary men who had been killed in the First World War. Today, the event is used to remember soldiers of all wars who have died since then.

When *Poppies* was written, British soldiers were still dying in wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. As a way of trying to understand the suffering that deaths caused, the **poet laureate** Carol Ann Duffy asked a number of writers to compose poems,

Weir describes being surprised by the 'overwhelming response' she had from readers across Europe to 'Poppies'. Many of the readers who contacted her were mothers of soldiers killed in action in recent conflicts. She commented in an interview that, 'I wrote the piece from a woman's perspective, which is quite rare, as most poets who write about war have been men. As the mother of two teenage boys, I tried to put across how I might feel if they were fighting in a war zone.'

Weir has acknowledged that 'A lot of my poems are narrative driven or scenarios', and in 'Poppies' she tells the 'story' of a mother's experience of pain and loss as her son leaves home to go to war. She has indicated that: 'I was subliminally thinking of Susan Owen [mother of Wilfred]... and families of soldiers

killed in any war when I wrote this poem. This poem attempts on one level to address female experience and is consciously a political act.'

Weir has commented that she likes the adventure of 'cross dressing' in terms of her use of language, often borrowing from the 'language of other genres, be it fashion, art... and so on'. This is apparent in 'Poppies' where the tactile language of fashion and textiles seems to permeate the text. Her poems have been described as 'multi-sensory explosions'.

Vocabulary

Armistice (noun): an agreement for a temporary stop to a war

Spasm (noun): a sudden and often involuntary feeling or movement, particularly a muscle contraction.

Blockade (noun): a shutting off or a blocking.

Bias (noun)

- 1) a line sewn or cut diagonally across
- 2) a tendency to mentally lean in a certain direction.

Steeled (verb): made something strong or tough or unfeeling.

Felt (noun): a fabric made of animal fibers that have been twisted and pressed together

Intoxicated (adjective): excited; or muddled with alcohol:

Skirting (verb): avoiding, or being on the edge of.

Poppies by Jane Weir

Three days before Armistice Sunday
and poppies had already been placed
on individual war graves. Before you left,
I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals,
spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade
of yellow bias binding around your blazer.

Sellotape bandaged around my hand,
I rounded up as many white cat hairs
as I could, smoothed down your shirt's
upturned collar, steeled the softening
of my face. I wanted to graze my nose
across the tip of your nose, play at
being Eskimos like we did when

you were little. I resisted the impulse
to run my fingers through the gelled
blackthorns of your hair. All my words
flattened, rolled, turned into felt,

slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked
with you, to the front door, threw
it open, the world overflowing
like a treasure chest. A split second
and you were away, intoxicated.
After you'd gone I went into your bedroom,
released a song bird from its cage.
Later a single dove flew from the pear tree,
and this is where it has led me,
skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy
making tucks, darts, pleats, hat-less, without
a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves.

On reaching the top of the hill I traced
the inscriptions on the war memorial,
leaned against it like a wishbone.
The dove pulled freely against the sky,
an ornamental stitch. I listened, hoping to hear
your playground voice catching on the wind.



War Photographer by Carol Ann Duffy

Context

Carol Ann Duffy is the first female Poet Laureate (2009), and probably the best known female poet working in Britain today. She was born in 1955 in Glasgow. Duffy is well known for poems that give a voice to the dispossessed (people excluded from society); she encourages the reader to put themselves in the shoes of people they might normally dismiss.

Her poetry often engages with the grittier and more disturbing side of life, using black humour like a weapon to make social and political points

Duffy was inspired to write this poem by her friendship with a war photographer. She was especially intrigued by the peculiar challenge faced by these people whose job requires them to record terrible, horrific events without being able to directly help their subjects. Throughout the poem, Duffy provokes us to consider our own response when confronted with the photographs that we regularly see in our newspaper supplements, and why so many of us have become desensitised (reached the point where we no longer feel strong emotions) to these images.

Summary

The poem starts with a description of the war photographer standing alone in his dark room. All the photos that he had taken of the war are contained within the rolls which are organized into neat rows. He thinks of all the places he has been to, places which had been torn apart by war, and remembering all the bloodshed he has witnessed he feels that everything has to in the end die and return to the earth. He then carries on with his works, but the ironical fact is that he who wasn't afraid while amidst gunfire and death, now trembles in the

safety and sanctuary of his home in Rural England, where the most troubling thing is the constantly changing weather and where he does not have to worry about the ground blowing up beneath his feet.

The third stanza starts off mysteriously, and the half developed photograph is described. The vague features of the man seem like the spirit of the soldier and he remembers the moment when he took that picture; the hopeless wailing of the soldier's wife as he had silently sought her permission to take her dying husband's photograph and he remembers clearly how the blood from his wound had seeped into the earth.

The final stanza takes on a detached tone, as the photographer thinks of how from the hundred photos that he has taken, each telling its own chilling tale of agony and pain, his editor will randomly select a handful to print in the newspaper. He knows that people back at home would glance at these, in the afternoons and feel sorrow for a minute before moving on with their lives. By the end of the poem, even he shrugs off all feelings towards his work and looks upon the war torn land from his high altitude in the plane, where such suffering happens on a day to day basis and the world doesn't care.

Vocabulary

Dispel (verb): to drive away or make disappear.

Supplement (noun): in addition to; magazines that accompany the Sunday papers

Impassively (adverb): in an impassive manner (impassive describes someone who is calm and not feeling pain)

spool solution



War Photographer

By Carol Ann Duffy

In his dark room he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.

The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays

beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.



Tissue by Imtiaz Dharker

context

Imtiaz Dharker was born in Lahore, Pakistan, and grew up in Glasgow, Scotland. As well as being a recognised poet she is a well-known documentary film-maker. She is interested in global social issues such as health and education, including the impact of war and politics on everyday family life. These themes were explored deeply in her 2006 collection of poems 'A terrorist at my table', which included *The Right Word*.

summary

Tissue explores the varied uses of paper and how they relate to life itself. The speaker in this poem uses tissue paper as an extended metaphor for life. She considers how paper can 'alter things' and refers to the soft thin paper of religious books, in particular the Qur'an. There are also real life references to other lasting uses we have for paper in our lives such as maps, receipts and architect drawings. Each of these items is connected to important aspects of life: journeys, money and home. These examples demonstrate how important but also how fragile paper is.

In the final stages of the poem, the poet links the idea of a building being made from paper to human skin, using the words 'living tissue' and then 'your skin'. This is quite a complex idea, and the meaning is open to interpretation. She may be suggesting that the significance of human life will outlast the records we make of it on paper or in buildings. There is also a sense of the fragility of human life, and the fact that not everything can last.

Vocabulary

Tissue (noun): group of cells or an absorbent paper

Drift (noun)

- 1) a driving force or pressure, the ocean's movement due to winds and currents
- 2) general meaning (as in 'I catch you'r drift)

Borderlines (noun): a boundary; dividing line

Luminous (adjective): giving off a very bright light or a person or trait considered glowing

Script (noun)

- 1) the written words of a play, movie or show, or a standard message to deliver on the phone or in person.
- 2) handwriting

Monoliths (noun): a large upright stone column or monument, or a large building without character, or a large corporation considered to be solid, uniform or imposing.

Tissue by Imtiaz Dharker

Paper that lets the light
shine through, this
is what could alter things.
Paper thinned by age or touching,

The kind you find in well-used books,
the back of the Koran, where a hand
has written in the names and histories,
who was born to whom,

The height and weight, who
died where and how, on which sepia date,
pages smoothed and stroked and turned
transparent with attention.

If buildings were paper, I might
feel their drift, see how easily
they fall away on a sigh, a shift
in the direction of the wind.

Maps too. The sun shines through
their borderlines, the marks
that rivers make, roads,
railtracks, mountainfolds,

Fine slips from grocery shops
that say how much was sold
and what was paid by credit card
might fly our lives like paper kites.

An architect could use all this,
place layer over layer, luminous
script over numbers over line,
and never wish to build again with brick

or block, but let the daylight break
through capitals and monoliths,
through the shapes that pride can make,
find a way to trace a grand design

with living tissue, raise a structure
never meant to last,
of paper smoothed and stroked
and thinned to be transparent,

turned into your skin.



The Emigrée by Carol Rumens

Summary

A displaced person pictures the country and the city where he or she was born. Neither the city nor the country is ever named and this lack of specific detail seems intentional. It is as if Rumens wants her poem to be relevant to as many people who have left their homelands as possible.

Emigrants are people who have left the country of their birth to settle elsewhere in the world. The spelling of the word Rumens chooses - émigrée - is a feminine form and suggests the speaker of the poem is a woman.

The exact location of the city is unclear and precise details of it are sparse. Perhaps it only ever really existed in the émigrée's imagination.

Rumens suggests the city and country may now be war-torn, or under the control of a dictatorial government that has banned the language the speaker once knew. Despite this, nothing shakes the light-filled impression of a perfect place that the émigrée's childhood memories have left. This shows the power that places can have, even over people who have left them long ago and who have never revisited since. Though there is a clear sense of fondness for the place, there is also a more threatening

tone in the poem, suggesting perhaps that the relationship with the past and with this place is not necessarily positive for the speaker.

Vocabulary



Paperweight

Tyrants (noun): a cruel ruler or authority figure

Branded (verb): marked with a heated stamp.

Graceful (adjective): something that is beautiful, well formed and moves with ease.

Frontiers (noun): a border between two countries, or the outer limit of what has been explored.

Grammar (noun): the study of the way words are used to make sentences.

Molecule (noun): the smallest amount of something, particularly of a chemical substance, that can exist on its own.

State (noun):

1) a territory with its own government and borders within a larger country.

2) your current status or condition.

Docile (adjective): a passive person or thing.

Mutter (verb): to speak or chatter in a low voice or under your breath in a way that is hard to hear.




The Emigrée by Carol Rumens

There once was a country... I left it as a child
 but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
 for it seems I never saw it in that November
 which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
 The worst news I receive of it cannot break
 my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
 It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
 but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

Kamikaze by **Beatrice Garland**

Context	
<p>During the Second World War, the term 'kamikaze' was used for Japanese fighter pilots who were sent on suicide missions. They were expected to crash their warplanes into enemy warships. The word 'kamikaze' literally translates as 'divine wind'.</p>	
Summary	
<p>A poem about a kamikaze pilot who returns home and faces rejection. In this narrative poem, Beatrice Garland explores the testimony of the daughter of a kamikaze pilot. Unlike many of his comrades, this pilot turns back from his target and returns home.</p> <p>The poem vividly explores the moment that the pilot's decision is made and sketches out the consequences for him over the rest of his life. Not only is he shunned by his neighbours but his wife refuses to speak to him or look him in the eye. His children, too, gradually learn that he is not to be spoken to and begin to isolate and reject him.</p>	
Vocabulary	
<p>Embark (verb):</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1) to start something. 2) to leave on a trip, often on a ship or airplane. <p>Incantations (noun): a series of words used in a chant, in magic or used to cast a spell.</p> <p>Translucent (adjective): partially see through; not quite transparent.</p> <p>Arcing (verb): moving in a curved path</p>	<p>Shoals (nouns): a large group, particularly of fish</p> <p>Cairn (noun): a heap of stones built as a memorial or landmark</p> <p>Turbulent (adjective): something characterized by chaos, confusion, disorder or conflict.</p> <p>Breakers (noun): a wave that breaks into foam against a shore or reef.</p>

Kamikaze

By Beatrice Garland

Her father embarked at sunrise
with a flask of water, a samurai sword
in the cockpit, a shaven head
full of powerful incantations
and enough fuel for a one-way
journey into history

but half way there, she thought,
recounting it later to her children,
he must have looked far down
at the little fishing boats
strung out like bunting
on a green-blue translucent sea

and beneath them, arcing in swathes
like a huge flag waved first one way
then the other in a figure of eight,
the dark shoals of fishes
flashing silver as their bellies
swivelled towards the sun

and remembered how he
and his brothers waiting on the shore
built cairns of pearl-grey pebbles
to see whose withstood longest
the turbulent inrush of breakers
bringing their father's boat safe

– *yes, grandfather's boat* – safe
to the shore, salt-sodden, awash
with cloud-marked mackerel,

black crabs, feathery prawns,
the loose silver of whitebait and once
a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous.
And though he came back
my mother never spoke again
in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes
and the neighbours too, they treated him
as though he no longer existed,
only we children still chattered and laughed
till gradually we too learned
to be silent, to live as though
he had never returned, that this
was no longer the father we loved.
And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered
which had been the better way to die.



Checking Out Me History by John Agard

Context
<p>John Agard was born in British Guiana (now called Guyana) in the Caribbean, in 1949. He moved to the UK in the late 1970s and is well known for powerful and fun performances of his work.</p> <p>He uses non-standard phonetic spelling (written as a word sounds) to represent his own accent, and writes about what it is like being black to challenge racist attitudes, especially those which are unthinking.</p>
summary
<p>This poem draws on Agard's experience to make us look at the way history is taught, and at how we conceive our identity as we learn about cultural traditions and narratives. It becomes clear that Agard had to follow a history curriculum biased towards whites, especially British whites, so that he learned about mythical, nursery rhyme characters instead of living black people from the past.</p> <p>He challenges this view of history and cites some major black figures to balance the bias and create a basis for his own identity.</p>
vocabulary
<p>Beacon (noun): a person or thing that warns, guides or offers support.</p>

Checking Out Me History

by John Agard

Dem tell me
Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me

Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity

Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat
Dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat
But Toussaint L'Ouverture
No dem never tell me bout dat

Toussaint
A slave
With vision
Lick back
Napoleon
Battalion
And first Black
Republic born
Toussaint de thorn
To de French
Toussaint de beacon
Of de Haitian Revolution

Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon
And de cow who jump over de moon
Dem tell me bout de dish ran away with de spoon
But dem never tell me bout Nanny de maroon

Nanny
See-far woman
Of mountain dream
Fire-woman struggle



Hopeful stream
To freedom river

Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo
But dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu
Dem tell me bout Columbus and 1492
But what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too

Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp
And how Robin Hood used to camp
Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul
But dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole

From Jamaica
She travel far
To the Crimean War
She volunteer to go
And even when de British said no
She still brave the Russian snow
A healing star
Among the wounded
A yellow sunrise
To the dying

Dem tell me
Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me
But now I checking out me own history
I carving out me identity



	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Poem	The poet explores ...	More precisely...	The poet deliberately uses...	For example...	In other words...
A	Ozymandias by Percy Bysshe Shelley	Power	How all power is fleeting (doesn't last).	Oxymorons/ juxtaposition	"Nothing beside remains. Round the decay of that colossal wreck"	Aside from the ruins, nothing else is left of the statue's intimidating presence.
			The cruelty, oppression and corruption of those in power.	Imagery	"sneer of cold command"	The statue's facial expression is a scowl of superiority and unfeeling control – as if Ozymandias is scornful and disdainful of his subjects.
			The insignificance and impotence of humans in the face of nature/ time's power	The resolution	"Lone and level sands stretch far away"	All that is left is desert as far as the eye can see; nature has reduced the 'vast', 'colossal' statue to nothing but dust; nature and time are 'level[ers]' –they eventually reduce all things/ people to equal status.
		Pride.	The danger of pride and arrogance.	Symbolism	"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings, Look on my works ye mighty and despair!"	Ozymandias's arrogant inscription upon his 'pedestal' taunts other rulers to give up, because his kingdom is so impressive they can never compete.
B	London by William Blake	Power	The cruelty, oppression and corruption by those in power.	Imagery	"blackning church appals" "hapless soldiers sigh runs in blood down Palace walls"	Blake points the finger of blame at the Church and the monarchy for the oppression and corruption in London.
			The potential power of individuals to overcome oppressive regimes.	metaphors	"the mind-forged manacles"	Blake portrays Londoners as carrying responsibility for limiting themselves; they have created restrictions in their own minds. He wanted Londoners to rise up against their oppressors.
		Conflict	Between an individual and 'the system'; the poem is a protest against injustice	Repetition/ juxtaposition	"I wander through each chartered street Near where the chartered Thames does flow,	As Blake walks, without purpose, through London's streets he can't help but notice how every part of the landscape is owned and controlled. Even the river itself is 'chartered'
		Loss of Innocence	The corruption of the innocent by those in power.	ambiguous words/	"youthful Harlots curse Blasts the new-born Infants tear"	On one level, a young prostitute swears at her crying baby. On another level, the prostitute passes on her STIs to her innocent child.
C	Storm on the Island by Seamus Heaney	Conflict	The conflict between man and the natural world	oxymoron	"exploding comfortably"	Although the sea is sometimes a 'comfortable' and friendly neighbour, at others it can suddenly and unexpectedly turn into a violent and aggressive force.
				simile	"spits like a tame cat turned savage"	
		Power	The insignificance and impotence of humans in the face of nature's power	metaphor	"We just sit tight while wind dives and strafes invisibly"	The speaker reveals the Islanders' powerlessness – they can only sit and endure the relentless attack of the intangible weather – which seems to bombard them like artillery fire.
		Appearance versus reality	At first the Islanders appear in control, only to reveal their inner fear and turmoil.		"We are prepared: we build our houses squat"	The poem opens with the stubborn and proud statement of the Islander's resilience to the weather – they are ready and they have adapted their environment to survive the hostile conditions. However, by the resolution, the speaker reveals their unsettled fear of the intangible force of nature.
					"Strange, it is a huge nothing we fear."	

	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Poem	The poet explores...	More precisely...	The poet deliberately uses...	For example...	In other words...
D	Extract from 'The Prelude' by William Wordsworth	Power	The insignificance and impotence of humans in the face of nature's power	Personification	"a huge peak, black and huge... upreared its head"	The speaker personifies the enormous mountaintop as looking like a monster, lifting up its head and beginning to chase him.
		Loss of Innocence	The loss of the naïve confidence of youth in the face of experience.	Contrast	"As I rose upon the stroke my boat went heaving through the water like a swan"	As the speaker rows out across the lake his movements are confident and graceful; like an elegant swan, he feels at one with nature.
					"With trembling oars I turned, and through the silent water stole my way"	As the speaker returns, his movements are nervous, scared and embarrassed, he has been humbled by nature; his confidence is lost.
		Conflict	The conflict between man and the natural world	imagery	"no familiar shapes remained, no pleasant images of trees, Of sea or sky"	After seeing the 'spectacle' the speaker's relationship with nature has changed; the pleasant imagery has gone from his mind and has been replaced by a realisation of nature's immense power over man.
		Memory	The memory of a traumatic experience haunts the speaker		"huge and mighty forms that do not live ...were a trouble to my dreams"	The memory of his experience and the immensity of the natural world causes the speaker to have nightmares and troubled sleep.
E	Checking Out Me History by John Agard	Power	The power of individual identity.	Resolution / metaphor	"Now I checking out me own history I carving out me identity"	Agard triumphantly claims that he is etching out/ crafting his own personal identity by researching his own Black History.
			The power of positive role models	Imagery	"A healing star / Among the wounded/ A yellow sunrise to the dying"	Using imagery of light and hope, Agard describes Mary Seacole's role in helping the wounded in the Crimean war. He too is shining a 'light' on black history.
			The power of language	dialect	"Dem tell me"	By using the Caribbean dialect and non-standard English, Agard reclaims power over history but also over language.
		Conflict	Between an individual and 'the system'; the poem is a protest against injustice	metaphor	"Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me/ Bandage up me eye with me own history"	The unspecified 'dem' (perhaps teachers or government) have only taught Agard white history – they have figuratively blinded him to his own personal identity by keeping him ignorant of inspirational black role models.
F	The Emigree by Carol Rumens	Conflict	The psychological effects of warfare	Ambiguous imagery	"my city comes to me in its own white plane"	The speaker has been forced to leave her homeland physically, but cannot leave it behind psychologically. Perhaps the 'white plane' is the paper on which she writes her memories. Or perhaps it's a 'plane' as in a dimension; a space within her mind.
		Memory	The power of positive memories	metaphors	"I am branded by an impression of sunlight"	The speaker is permanently (and violently) marked by a positive and hopeful image of her homeland; her childhood experiences will remain forever with her.
					My original view... the bright filled paperweight"	Despite her home country having been torn apart by conflict, the speaker's memory of it (as she knew it in childhood) remains solid, clear and unchangeable.
		Power	The power of Language	metaphors	"It may be a lie, banned by the state but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight"	Although her home language has been suppressed – speaking it and learning it still gives the speaker a feeling of hope and power.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Poem	The poet explores...	More precisely...	The poet deliberately uses...	For example...	In other words...
J	War Photographer by Carol Ann Duffy	Conflict	The psychological effects of warfare	metaphor	“his hands, which did not tremble then/ though seem to now”	Although the speaker was calm while taking the ‘spools of suffering’, the traumatic experience has caused his hands to shake while re-living those moments as he develops the photographs .
			The speaker’s bitter resentment at society’s indifference to the suffering.	bathos	“The reader’s eyeballs prick with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers”	The speaker bitterly describes the uncaring indifference of the reading public; the small amount of empathy they might feel will soon be forgotten in their ordinary, peaceful routines.
				The resolution	“He stares impassively at where he earns his living and they do not care”	As he surveys the landscape of ‘rural England’ from the aeroplane, there is a growing acceptance that, despite his best efforts, his photographs will ultimately make no real difference.
		Memory	The memory of a traumatic experience haunts the speaker	imagery	“A stranger’s features faintly start to twist before his eyes, a half-formed ghost”	Literally - as the photograph develops, the subject of the picture becomes clearer. Figuratively the now dead man he photographed haunts the speaker’s memory.
		Appearance versus reality	The speaker presents himself as calm and controlled, only to reveal his inner disturbance.	Juxtaposition.	“Spools of suffering set out in ordered rows”	The chaos of the war zone is contrasted to the order, calm and structure of the speaker’s ‘dark room’.
K	Remains by Simon Armitage	Conflict	The psychological effects of warfare	turning point	“End of story, except not really”	Although the speaker’s anecdote ends there, this was not the end of the incident for the speaker; the trauma has affected him ever since.
		Memory	The memory of a traumatic experience haunts the speaker	metaphor	“He’s here in my head when I close my eyes, dug in behind enemy lines”	The memory of the looter the soldiers killed remains in the speaker’s head, it is as if the unwanted memory has snuck behind the speaker’s conscious ‘defences’. Behind enemy lines means into the speaker’s subconscious mind.
		Power	The power of language	Casual / slang language	“One of my mates tosses his guts back into his body / then he’s carted off in the back of a lorry”	In the first half of the poem, the speaker uses casual, anecdotal language to describe the gruesome experience as if it is an everyday occurrence – something the soldiers are used to.
		Appearance versus reality	The speaker presents himself as calm and controlled, only to reveal his inner disturbance.	repetition	“Probably armed, possibly not”	This line, spoken casually at the begging, and repeated with gravity at the end of the poem, reveals the source of the speaker’s intense guilt - doubt as to whether the looter was innocent.
				Resolution/allusion	”his bloody life in my bloody hands	The speaker feels as though he has the looter’s blood on his hands – a metaphor for the guilt he feels for the looter’s death.
L	Kamikaze by Beatrice Garland	Conflict	The psychological effects of warfare	Narrative perspective	“Sometimes, she said, he must have wondered which had been the better way to die”	The pilot’s wife wonders if the pilot ever considers whether his living death – being shunned by his family and friends – is worse than the Kamikaze death he avoided.
			Conflict within family relationships; a wife’s rejection of her husband.	Narrative voice	“We too learned... to live as though he had never returned”	Even the pilot’s grandchildren learn by the example of their elders – to shun and ignore their grandfather. Revealing how cultural norms spread across generations.
			The conflict between an individual and society’s expectations	symbolism	“a shaven head full of powerful incantations.” “enough fuel for a one-way journey into history”	The shaven head, Samurai sword and prayers all symbolise adherence to the strict Bushido honour code of death before defeat. Japanese Kamikaze pilots were expected to die in battle by crashing their planes into enemy ships.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Poem	The poet explores ...	More precisely...	The poet deliberately uses...	For example...	In other words...
G	Exposure by Wilfred Owen	Conflict	Between an individual and the system; the poem is a protest against injustice	Question repetition	“What are we doing here?” + “but nothing happens”	Owen’s speaker directly challenges and questions the government and authorities responsible for the soldier’s predicament. Owen sought to expose the pity of war.
				imagery	“we cringe in holes”	The soldiers tremble helplessly like animals in holes – this image is the antithesis of glorifying war. Owen presents the soldiers as pathetic and hopeless.
			The insignificance and impotence of humans in the face of nature’s power	Metaphors/ personification	“the merciless iced east winds that knife us”	The German army is absent from the poem, the only enemy attacking the soldiers is the weather – firstly the wind stabs them, and then dawn – usually associated with hope- brings nothing but waves of depressing grey rain.
					“dawn massing in the east her melancholy army... attacks once more in shivering ranks of grey”	
			The psychological effects of warfare	metaphor	“all their eyes are ice”	Literally - many soldiers have frozen to death from exposure to the freezing conditions. Metaphorically, the burying party’s eyes are cold and unfeeling – perhaps to cope with the horrific act of burying their comrades.
					“we hear mad gusts tugging on the wire, like twitching agonies of men among its brambles”	The sound of wind pulling on the barbed wire reminds the soldiers of the dying moans of fallen soldiers –perhaps a sign of PTSD.
H	Bayonet Charge by Ted Hughes	Conflict	The visceral experience of fighting	Repetition/ imagery	“Raw in raw-seamed hot khaki”	The soldiers are both ‘raw’ recruits (new and inexperienced soldiers) and their skin is rubbed ‘raw’ (exposed like fresh meat) by the heavy and uncomfortable material of their ‘khakis’ (army uniform).
			The conflict between man and the natural world; in this poem it is man destroying nature.	imagery	“The shot-slashed furrows threw up a yellow hare”	The bullet ridden field figuratively vomits up a dead hare (large rabbit). It is as if nature itself is being attacked; nature suffers collateral damage from the war.
			The psychological effects of warfare	Simile/ bathos	“King, honour, Human dignity, etcetera dropped like luxuries”	The speaker’s initial motivations for fighting: patriotism, glory and even a basic sense of self-worth all become irrelevant and inessential as he charges across no man’s land; all that matters is staying alive.
		Loss of Innocence	The speaker’s realisation of the cold indifference of those in charge	Metaphor/ question	“In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations was he the hand pointing that second?”	The speaker questions which distant and unfeeling cogs of government and fate have led to him having to charge in that moment. In other words he questions why he is there.
I	Charge of the Light Brigade by Alfred Lord Tennyson	Power	Indifference of those in power to individual suffering		“the soldier knew someone had blundered”	This line is a reference to the commander who mistakenly gave the order to charge at the Russians – a suicide mission and the soldiers knew this.
				Rhyming couplets	“theirs not to reasons why/ Theirs but to do and die”	It was not the soldier’s place to question the orders of their superior officers (even if they knew ‘someone had blundered’). It was considered brave and honourable to unquestioningly follow orders.
		Conflict	The visceral experience of fighting	imagery	“ flashed all their sabres bare, / Flashed as they turned in air”	Tennyson glorifies and glamorises the fighting of the Light Brigade in this image of their flashing swords and elegantly leaping horses.
			Glorifying and celebrating the bravery of the soldiers	repetition	“boldy they rode”” Noble six hundred!” “when will their glory fade?”	Tennyson glorifies, praises and celebrates the soldier’s futile charge.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Poem	The poet explores...	More precisely...	The poet deliberately uses...	For example...	In other words...
L	Poppies by Jane Weir	Conflict	The psychological effects of warfare <i>on the mother</i>	simile	"I traced the inscriptions on the war memorial, leaned against it like a wishbone"	The speaker touches the engraved names on the war memorial and leans against it – perhaps crying in grief at her son's death.
			Conflict within family relationships; a mother's grief over her son growing independence (and death?).	metaphor	"Smoothed down your shirt's upturned collar, steeled the softening of my face."	The speaker remembers her son's first day of school, how she straightened his uniform and how she had to be strong and stop herself from crying.
		Memory	The memory of a traumatic experience haunts the speaker	ambiguity	"I listened, hoping to hear your playground voice catching on the wind"	In this ambiguous line perhaps the mother – in grief at her son's death – hopes to hear his voice in the wind. Or perhaps the mother haunts his school playground – her son now at school and no longer dependent on her.
N	Tissues by Imtiaz Dharker	Power	The power of material objects	simile	"fine slips from grocery shops...might fly our lives like paper kites"	Receipts for the things we buy seem to control our lives; we are too dependent on money and material objects.
			The power of language		"paper that lets the light shine through, this is what could alter things"	Thin and fragile paper can actually be very powerful – it can change the world.
			The insignificance and impotence of humans in the face of nature/ time's power	metaphor	"with living tissue, raise a structure never meant to last"	the structure made with 'living tissue' is of course the human body; although we convince ourselves it will last forever, we will all eventually die.
		Pride	The conflict between the individual human and society's values.	symbolism	"let the daylight break through capitals and monoliths, through shapes that pride can make"	Light here is hope; the poet challenges us to see past the structures the powerful and arrogant create to intimidate and control us– we should realise these too won't last.
O	My Last Duchess by Robert Brownning	Conflict	Conflict within family relationships; A husband's obsessive, and murderous attempts to control his wife.		"Since none puts by the curtain... but I "	In other words although the Duke could not control his wife in life, he has finally gained control of her by sinisterly controlling access to her painting.
					"This grew; I gave commands; then all smiles stopped together."	His anger at the situation increased, and so he gave orders for her to be killed. And therefore she stopped smiling.
		Power	The Power of Language	caesuras	"She had a heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad"	The Duke seems to stop and consider his wording, almost as if he is trying not to reveal too much. He seeks to control the impression he is making.
			The power of material objects	caesura	"I call That piece a wonder, now"	The telling pause reveals the Duke's materialistic opinion that his ex-wife is a 'wonder' only once she has become an object; he values her more as a painting than he did as a person.
		Appearance versus reality	The Duke's narrative reveals more about his motivations than he meant to present	ambiguity	"His fair daughter's self ... is my object"	The Duke claims his 'objective' is to win the daughter of the Count as his new wife for her self, but his use of the word 'object' reveals his underlying motivations – to add a new possession to his collection.

1. GCSE poetry - Ozymandias and Tissue.

1. Tick the 2 accurate statements:	Ozymandias
a. A traveller finds a statue standing in the desert.	
b. 'Shattered visage' really means 'broken face'	
c. Ozymandias shouts hubristic insults at his subjects.	
d. All that is left around the statue is sand.	
e. The poem is an example of a dramatic monologue.	

2. Tick the 2 accurate statements:	Tissue
a. 'Fine slips' (stanza 6) really means 'credit card fines'.	
b. 'living tissue (stanza 9) <i>could</i> refer to 'skin'	
c. One message of the poem is that human creations are transient and temporary.	
d. The poet suggests that paper buildings would be stronger than 'brick or block'.	
e. 'Trace a grand design' probably means 'construct a monument'.	

3.		Poets
a. Who wrote Ozymandias?		
b. Who wrote Tissue?		

4. On one level, Ozymandias is a poem about the conflict between arrogant, human power and the power of time. More precisely...	statue sand symbolises destroyed ++ hubris
<div></div>	

5. In Tissue, the poet uses an extended metaphor to compare paper to human life and human creations. More precisely... ++ Perhaps the poet's message is...	people or systems
<div></div>	

6. 'Let the daylight break through capitals and monoliths, through the shapes that pride can make.' Both poets have messages about human power. More precisely...	monuments human creation transient	time hubris meaningful
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Discuss:

[illegible]

GCSE English Literature – Year 9 poetry quiz 1

Remains

What does PTSD stand for?	
List five possible symptoms of PTSD	
Who wrote 'Remains'?	
Where, precisely, is the poem set?	
Who is the speaker in Remains? (+ More precisely...)	

Tick the three **correct** statements about 'Remains'.

There are three soldiers present	
The speaker does not actually fire his gun	
The looter is left for dead on the side of the road	
The speaker struggles with alcohol and drugs	
The soldier has flashbacks where he relives what happened	
He does not appear to feel any remorse (guilt) about what occurred	

Give an example of casual, violent imagery. (For example... + In other words... ++ This reveals...)

War Photographer

Who wrote 'War Photographer'?	
Name one other poem by the same author.	
What is a 'spool'?	
Which line is a reference to the Bible? (+ In other words...)	
What links Belfast, Beirut and Phnom Penh?	

Tick the three **correct** statements about 'War Photographer'.

The photographer never asks permission before taking photos	
The poem is an extended metaphor comparing photography to memory	
The photographer only takes photos for money – he is exploitative	
The poem describes the moment when a photograph develops	
The photographer does not appear to suffer from PTSD	
He does not feel that his work is having the impact he wants.	

Does the photographer feel that he has a duty to do his job? **Yes / No** because... + **For example...** + **In other words...** ++ **This reveals...**)

[illegible]

Exposure

Which conflict is 'Exposure' set during?	
Who wrote the poem?	
What does 'ranks on shivering ranks of grey' really mean?	
What do we mean by 'propaganda'?	

Tick the three **correct** statements about 'Exposure'.

The speaker feels a sense of patriotic duty	
Soldiers have to bury comrades who have died from cold	
Dawn brings hope every morning	
The soldiers have to stay awake at night	
The poem describes a dream of warmer times	
The soldiers do not see or hear any signs of war	

In short, what is the poet's message about war? (+ For example... + This reveals... ++ In context...)

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal blue lines and a vertical red margin line on the left side. The paper is oriented horizontally and appears to be a standard notebook page. There are no markings or text on the page.

How does Ted Hughes present the experience of war in 'Bayonet Charge'?

In 'Bayonet Charge' Hughes presents the reality of conflict in the First World War. The first stanza is full of action as Hughes presents a soldier acting on instinct as he goes 'over-the-top'. For example...

+ This suggests... ++ Or perhaps...

It is almost as if time stops in the second stanza, as the soldier briefly wonders...
For example...

+ In other words... + This suggests... ++ Or perhaps...

In the final stanza Hughes' suggests that although entering conflict the soldier might have been motivated by... ..in this moment his motivation is...

For example... + In other words... + This suggests...
++ Or perhaps...

+ Reading more closely we realise that Hughes' poem is not simply about a conflict between men. More precisely...

++ Hughes deliberately varies the length of lines in the poem to suggest...

under-prepared ill-equipped instinct fate governments control
power destiny nature patriotism survival fear danger

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw In raw-seamed hot khaki	In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations Was he the hand pointing that second?
Then the shot-slashed furrows Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame And crawled in a threshing circle	King, honour, human dignity, etcetera Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm To get out of that blue crackling air His terror's touchy dynamite.

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GCSE English Literature – Power in *London*.

London

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

How does William Blake present ideas about power in *London*?

When we talk about power we mean...




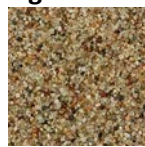
In short, Blake's *London* is a poem about the power of oppression. More precisely...

In particular, Blake uses some key images to represent the oppression of Londoners. For example... (x2-3 paragraphs)

+ for example... + suggesting/revealing... + it is as if... + contextually...

++ Blake deliberately uses the structure of his poem to reveal ideas about power. More precisely...

A01, A02 & A03 mark scheme -IC, J&H, R&J (Poetry – also Comparison)

Band 1	0 ↕ 5	Mostly: Narrative / Descriptive This looks like: I say what happens in the text (I might not be familiar with the whole text).	<div>Must use quotations to cross this line</div>
Band 2	6 ↕ 10	Mostly: Relevant and <u>supported</u> This looks like: I answer the question asked with some relevant evidence and I comment on my evidence (In other words...)	<div>Must answer the full task to cross this line.</div>
Band 3	11 ↕ 15	Mostly: Explanatory This looks like: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> I answer the full task with relevant evidence and I explain my ideas. I relate the ideas in the text to the context of the text. 	<div>Must mention the writer to cross this line</div>
Band 4	16 ↕ 20	Mostly: Clear, sustained, consistent This looks like: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> I give a range of relevant, well supported points and explain a range of the writer's choices (methods). I clearly see the text as a construct. I relate the writer's choices to the context(s). 	<div>Must use subject terminology to cross this line.</div>
Band 5	21 ↕ 25	Mostly: Developed and detailed This looks like: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> I explore in detail the writer's choice of specific techniques: (language and/or structure), I use integrated references (embedded in my argument). I explore how the writer's choices are influenced by the context. I might explore Author's purpose ("deeper meaning") and/ or Alternative interpretations/ perspectives: (This could mean.. Perhaps... +on the other hand...) 	  
Band 6	26 ↕ 30	Mostly: Critical and <u>well structured</u> This looks like: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> I form an argument in response to the question and I develop my idea through using the most relevant quotations judiciously (with good judgement). I explore the writer's choice of specific techniques (language and structure) in "fine grained" detail. I make specific and detailed links between contexts, text and task. I convincingly explore different perspectives and alternative interpretations. 	

Ao4: spelling Punctuation and Grammar

Threshold: 1 mark	Limited accuracy in spelling, punctuation and sentence structure but the learner's spelling and punctuation does not hinder meaning in the response .
Intermediate : 2 – 3 marks	Learners spell and punctuate with considerable accuracy , and use a considerable range of vocabulary and sentence structures to achieve general control of meaning.
High: 4 marks	Learners spell and punctuate with consistent accuracy , and consistently use vocabulary and sentence structures to achieve effective control of meaning.