CONTENTS

Preparing for Section A: Conflict Poetry  p.2
Conflict poems possible exam questions  p.3
Conflict poems revision grid  p.4-5
Preparing for Unit 2 Section B: Unseen poetry  p.6
Template for approaching unseen poetry  p.7
Unseen poetry practice questions  p.8-37
Glossary of poetic terms  p.38
Preparing for Unit 2 Section A: Conflict Poetry

You have studied 15 conflict poems from the Anthology. There will be a choice of two questions on these poems (question 5 or 6 on the exam paper). You need to answer one question, spending 45 minutes on this section.

The question will name one of the poems you have studied. You are expected to choose a second poem from the other conflict poems you have studied.

Your answer will be assessed for AO1 (interpretation), AO2 (analysis) and AO3 (comparisons).

According to the mark-scheme, a top band response will show:-

- an insightful understanding of the task and the text
  Does your answer actually focus on the exam question?
  DO NOT SIMPLY RETELL THE STORY OF THE POEM

- close analysis of detail to support opinions
  Is your analysis based on examples from the poems?

- analysis of the writer’s use of language/structure/form and its effect on the reader
  Have you written in PEE paragraphs?
  Do you use literary terms?
  Do you comment on the poets’ intentions?
  Do you comment on the effect on the reader?

- an evaluative selection of a range of comparative details
  Do you use connectives to show the links between the two poems?
  Do you draw out similarities and differences?
  Have you commented on how they are linked thematically as well as linguistically or structurally?
CONFLICT POETRY POSSIBLE EXAM QUESTIONS

1. Compare how the results of war are shown in Futility and one other poem.
2. Compare how conflict is presented in The Charge of the Light Brigade and one other poem.
3. Compare how the consequences of conflict are presented in Mametz Wood and one other poem.
4. Compare how the poets express their opinions about war in Mametz Wood and one other poem.
5. Compare how the poets present ideas about conflict from different perspectives in Hawk Roosting and one other poem.
6. Compare how attitudes to conflict are shown in The Charge of the Light Brigade and one other poem.
7. Compare how attitudes to war are presented in next to of course god america i and one other poem.
8. Compare the ideas and attitudes shown to war in The Yellow Palm and one other poem.
9. Compare how divisions in society are presented in At the Border, 1979 and one other poem.
10. Compare how individual experiences are conveyed in Poppies and one other poem.
11. Compare how feelings of helplessness are presented in Out of the Blue and one other poem.
12. Compare how patriotism is presented in next to of course god america i and one other poem.
13. Compare how individual experiences of conflict are explored in Bayonet Charge and one other poem.
14. Compare how the reality of battles is presented in Bayonet Charge and one other poem.
15. Compare how poets use natural images in Hawk Roosting and one other poem.
16. Compare how the causes of conflict are presented in next to of course god america i and one other poem.
17. Compare how the effects of conflict are presented in Out of the Blue and one other poem.
18. Compare how poets use form to effect in Belfast Confetti and one other poem.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>POEM</th>
<th>WHAT THE POEM IS ABOUT</th>
<th>LANGUAGE</th>
<th>STRUCTURE</th>
<th>ATTITUDES TO CONFLICT</th>
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<td>Flag</td>
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<td>John Agard</td>
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<td>Out of the Blue</td>
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<td>Simon Armitage</td>
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<td>Mametz Wood</td>
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<td>Owen Sheers</td>
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<td>The Yellow Palm</td>
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<td>Robert Minhinnick</td>
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<td>The Right Word</td>
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<td>At the Border, 1979</td>
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<td>Choman Hardi</td>
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<td>Belfast Confetti</td>
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<td>Ciaran Carson</td>
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<td>Poppies</td>
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<td>Jane Weir</td>
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<tr>
<td>Futility</td>
<td>Wilfred Owen</td>
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<td>The Charge of the Light Brigade</td>
<td>Alfred Tennyson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bayonet Charge</td>
<td>Ted Hughes</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Falling Leaves</td>
<td>Margaret Postgate Cole</td>
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<tr>
<td>‘Come on, come back’</td>
<td>Stevie Smith</td>
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<td>next to of course god america</td>
<td>e.e cummings</td>
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<td>Hawk Roosting</td>
<td>Ted Hughes</td>
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Preparing for Unit 2 Section B: Unseen poetry

In this question, you have 30 minutes to read, understand and analyse an unseen poem.

Spend at least 5 minutes reading and annotating the poem, looking out for the following:-

What the poem is about
Language features
Structural devices
Title
Mood

Your answer will be assessed for AO1 (interpretation) and AO2 (analysis).

Make sure you are using poetic literary terms and writing in PEE paragraphs.
**Poetry Template**
You may want to use this template to help plan your response to a poem. Your objective is to answer the question set with an informed personal response – interpretation supported by evidence from the poem.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poem Title:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mood, voice and persona</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Note the mood (emotional tone). Does this develop?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Note the voice. Is the poet writing in a particular tone of voice – e.g. ironic, humorous?</td>
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<tr>
<td>- Is the poet writing as if a particular character (e.g. Medusa)?</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Story and Structure</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>- Does the poem tell a story? If so, what is it?</td>
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<tr>
<td>- If not, what is its structure? (How does it develop in terms of ideas and form?)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Themes</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>What themes does the poem explore through its subject and use of language?</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Language in detail</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Comment on:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Imagery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- Interesting word choices that add to the meaning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sound effects</strong> – rhythm, rhyme, alliteration, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look closely at how these ‘musical’ aspects of the poem tie in with the others and affect meaning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Personal response</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Express your own thoughts and feelings about the poem and evaluate its success.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
**November Night**

The night tinkles like ice in glasses.

Leaves are glued to the pavement with frost.

The brown air fumes at the shop windows,

Tries the door, and sidles past.

I gulp down winter raw. The heady

Darkness swirls with tenements.

In a brown fuzz of cottonwool

Lamps fade up crags, die into pits.

Frost in my lungs is harsh as leaves

Scraped up on paths. - I look up, there,

A high roof sails, at the mast-head

Fluttering a grey and ragged star.

The world’s a bear shrugged in his den.

It’s snug and close in the snoring night.

And outside like chrysanthemums

The fog unfolds its bitter scent.

**NORMAN MACCAIG**

What is the speaker saying about this specific night November?

How does the poet present these feelings?
In Oak Terrace

Old and alone, she sits at nights,
Nodding before the television.
The house is quiet now. She knits,
rises to put the kettle on,

watches a cowboy’s killing, reads
the local Births and Deaths, and falls
asleep at ‘Growing stock-piles of war-heads’.
A world that threatens worse ills

defades. She dreams of life spent

in the one house: suffers again
poverty, sickness, abandonment,
a child’s death, a brother’s brain

melting to madness. Seventy years
of common trouble; the kettle sings.

At midnight she says her silly prayers,
And takes her teeth out, and collects her night-things.

TONY CONNOR

• How does the speaker feel about old age?
• How does the poet present the speaker’s feelings?
Names

She was Eliza for a few weeks
when she was a baby –
Eliza Lily. Soon it changed to Lil.

Later she was Miss Steward in the baker’s shop
And then ‘my love’, ‘my darling’, Mother.

Widowed at thirty, she went back to work
As Mrs Hand. Her daughter grew up,
Married and gave birth.

Now she was Nanna. ‘Everybody
Calls me Nanna,’ she would say to visitors.
And so they did – friends, tradesmen, the doctor.

In the geriatric ward
They used the patients’ Christian names.
‘Lil,’ we said, ‘or Nanna,
But it wasn’t in her file
And for those last bewildered weeks
She was Eliza once again.

WENDY COPE

How does the speaker feel about the importance of names during a lifetime?
How does the poet present these feelings?
**Impressions of a New Boy**

This school is huge – I hate it!
Please take me home.

Steep stairs cut in stone,
Peeling ceiling far too high,
The Head said ‘Wait’ so I wait alone,
Alone though Mum stands here, close by.
The voice is loud – I hate it!
Please take me home.

‘Come. Sit. What is your name?’
Trembling lips. The words won’t come.
The head says ‘Speak’, but my cheeks flame,
I hear him give a quiet sigh.
The room is full – I hate it
Please take me home.

A sea of faces stare at me.
My desk is much too small.

Its wooden ridge rubs my knee,
But the Head said ‘Sit’ so though I’m tall
I know that I must try.
The yard is full – I hate it.

Please take me home.

Bodies jostle me away,

Pressing me against the wall.

Then one boy says, ‘Want to play?’

The boy says, ‘Catch’ and throws a ball

And playtime seems to fly.

This school is great - I love it.

MARIAN COLLIHOLE

• How does the speaker feel about his first day at secondary school?

• How does the poet present these feelings?
I used to wash my grandmother’s hair,
When she was old and small
And walked with a frame
Like a learning child.

She would turn off her hearing aid
And bend into the water,
Holding the edge of the sink with long fingers;
I would pour warm cupfuls over her skull
And wonder what it could be like

In her deaf head with eighty years of life.
Hers was the softest hair I ever felt,
Wedding dress silk on a widow;
But there is a photo of her
Sitting swathed in hair

That I imagine chestnut from the black and white,
Long enough to sit on.
Her wet head felt delicate as a birdskull
Worn thin by waves of age,
As she stood bent.

My mother’s mother under my hands.

How does the speaker feel about washing her grandmother’s hair?
How does the poet present these feelings?
When Catrin was a small child
She thought the foghorn moaning
Far out at sea was the sad
Solitary voice of the moon
Journeying to England.
She heard it warn ‘Moon, Moon’,
As it worked the Channel, trading
Weather like rags and bones.

Tonight, after the still sun
And the silent heat, as haze
Became rain and weighed glistening
In brimful leaves, and the last bus
Splash and fades with a soft
Wave-sound, the fog-horns moan, moon –
Lonely and the dry lawns drink.
This dimmed moon, calling still,
Hauls sea-rags through the streets.

Gillian Clarke

- How does the speaker describe the changing attitude to the sound of the foghorn?
- How does the poet present this change?
The Fog Horn

In this soup thick night, the fog horn
Calls, like a cow in pain
Sounding its lonely rhythms. Its long

Notes travel not only the sea’s swell, but
Float over fields full of sleeping cattle, then
To towns, through deserted streets,
Pulsing through my window, reaching

My ears. How many people listen,
Lying in their beds awake
To the soft displacement of silence.

Like hearing a dying animal,
It proves that yet a life exists
Marking the human shorelines
With its pulse.

And all around the sea
Stretches, falling over the horizon’s rim.

FRANCES WILLIAMS

• How does the poet describe the effects of the sounds of the foghorn?
• How does the poet present these effects?
Looking into the Field

From the five corners of the field
they lift their heads and move towards him.
This is the man who brings food.

His collie presses against the window
of the Land Rover and leaves a nose-round watermark.

He walks to the four stiff legs of a dead sheep
and bends to grasp fistfuls of tight wool.
Lifting from his knees he pulls and rolls
the ewe upright, setting the legs kicking again.

Tubful of life, she bleats and waddles to new grass.
The field has been put to rights and as he walks back
his flock return to their grass and the first autumn leaves.
Four disappointed crows flap into the sky she’d
stared up through like a cloudy blue tunnel.

TONY CURTIS

• How does the poet describe the role of the farmer in saving the sheep?
• How does the poet present the farmer’s actions?
Hatching

His night has come to an end and now he must break
The little sky which shielded him. He taps
Once and nothing happens. He tries again
And makes a mark like lightning. He must thunder,
Storm and shake and break a universe
Too small and safe. His daring beak does this.

And now he is out in a world of smells and spaces.
He shivers. Any air is wind to him.
He huddles under wings but does not know
He is already shaping feathers for
A lunge into the sky. His solo flight
Will bring the sun upon his back. He'll bear it,
Carry it, learn the real winds, by instinct
Avid for air, harry her with his hunger.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

- What is the poet saying about the hatching of the chick?
- How does the poet present her thoughts and feelings?
Fallen Apples

Wasps at work in the soft flesh of rotting apples.
Food of the gods,
all day they mine it in
busy hushed movements.

I pick up a mushy corpse one cold morning.
Carefully turn it over.
Its congregation tumble
into the cupped bowl of my hand.

Dazed, drunk, still chilled from the overnight frost,
they blunder like sleepwalkers feeling around for lost light/
Tiny antennae test my skin in search of something now gone.

Warmed by my hand,
warmed by the sun,
they stagger and fall into flight,
scribble orbits
The air erases and whine, at last, out of sight.

Tom Hansen 1942-

- What do you think the poet is saying about the relationship between man and nature?
- How does he present his ideas?
Eating Poetry

Ink runs from the corners of my mouth.
There is no happiness like mine.
I have been eating poetry.

The librarian does not believe what she sees.

5. Her eyes are sad
   and she walks with her hands in her dress.

   The poems are gone.
   The light is dim.
   The dogs are on the basement stairs and coming up.

10. Their eyeballs roll,
    their blond legs burn like brush.
    The poor librarian begins to stamp her feet and weep.

    She does not understand.
    When I get on my knees and lick her hand,

15. she screams.

    I am a new man.
    I snarl at her and bark.
    I romp with joy in the bookish dark.

Mark Strand 1934-

- What do you think the poet is saying about imagination and reality?
- How does he use poetic techniques to help put this across?
The Mother

Is always two faced.
At best, she wished you
into being. Yes, it was she
cried at the seven drops of blood that fell,

5. stained in the snow- she
who bargained crazily with Fate
for that long awaited child
as red as blood
as white as snow

and when you came true it was
she who clapped her hand merrily because
she was as happy as a Queen could be.

But she’s always dying early,
so often it begins to look deliberate,

abandoning you,

leaving you to the terrible mercy
of the Worst Mother, the one who married you father
She doesn’t like you, she
prefers all your sisters ,she,

loves her sons.

She’s jealous of mirrors.
She wants your heart in a casket.
When she cuts the apple in two and selflessly
takes the sour green half

she’s good and glad to see you poisoned
by the sweet red pulp.

Tell me
what kind of prudent parent
would send a little child on foolish errand in the forest

with a basket jammed with goodies
and wolf bait? Don’t trust her and inch.

Liz Lochhead 1947-

• What do you think the poem is about, and how does it achieve its
effects through imagery and the style of language chosen?
Spring in War-Time

Now the sprinkled blackthorn snow
Lies along the lovers' lane
Where last year we used to go –
Where we shall not go again.

5. In the hedge the buds are new,
   By our wood the violets peer-
   Just like last year's violets, too
   But they have no scent this year.

   Every bird has heart to sing

10. Of its nest, warmed by its breast;
    We had heart to sing last spring,
    But we never built our nest.

    Presently red roses blown
    Will make all the garden gay...

15. Not yet have the daisies grown
    On your clay.

Edith Nesbit 1858-1924

• What do you think the poet is saying about the effect of war?
• How does she present her ideas?
Prelude 1

The winter evening settles down
With smells of steaks in passageways.
Six o’clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.

5. And now a gusty shower wraps
   The grimy scraps
   Of withered leaves about your feet
   And newspapers form vacant lots;
   The showers beat

10. On broken blinds and chimney- pots
   And at the corner of the street
   A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps

   And then the lighting of the lamps.

T.S. Eliot 1888-1965

- Poetry often uses imagery and language to convey a particular atmosphere or mood. How does Eliot achieve this in Prelude 1?
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept 3rd 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
5. The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, tower, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did the sun more beautifully steep
10. In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt , a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth 1770-1850

- What does the poet’s feelings about the city, and what methods does he use to put these emotions across?
Accident and Emergency

That is no country for old men;
the youth get sloshed
and stagger through double doors,
tattoos on their arms,
5.
eyes stoned.

The old men wait,
knowing their turn
is a moveable feast,
despite the bluecoat’s promises
10.
they are eighth on the list.

And still they wait,
observe the to and fro
the quick dispatch
of those who arrived
15.
much later than they,
assess whose recovery
would seem the better bet.

Day crawls into night,
the digital clock
20.
a silent mockery,
(you’d need a calendar in here)
names called,
anyone’s but theirs.

Glued to wheelchairs,
25.
their motions
are at the whim
of orderlies.

The old men wait;
they know they have no choice.
30.
It has been ordained
by those who perhaps forget
how time passes.

NessaO’Mahony 1964-

- What does the poem suggest about the nature of age and youth?
- What techniques are used to put this across
The Bereavement of the Lion-Keeper

For Sheraq Omar

Who stayed, long after his pay stopped,
in the zoo with no visitors,
just keepers and captives, moth-eaten,
growing old together.

5. Who begged for meat in the market-place
as times grew hungrier,
and cut up small to feed him,
since his teeth were gone.

Who would stroke his head, who knew
10. how it felt to plunge fingers
into rough glowing fur, who has heard
the deepest purr in the world.

Who curled close to him, wrapped in his warmth,
his pungent scent, as the bombs fell,
15. who has seen him asleep so often,
but never like this.

Who knew the elderly lions
were not immortal, that it was bound
to happen, that he died peacefully,
20. in the course of nature

but who knows no way to let go
of love, to walk out for sunlight,
to be an old man in a city
without a lion.

Sheenagh Pugh 1950-

- What does the poem say about the nature of the duty and devotion?
- How does the poet put these ideas across?
No Problem

I am not de problem  
But I bear de brunt  
Of silly playground taunts  
An racist stunts
5. I am not de problem  
I am born academic  
But dey got me on de run  
Now I am branded athletic  
I am not de problem
10. If yu give I a chance  
I can teach yu of Timbuktu  
I can do more dan dance,  
I am not de problem  
I greet yuwid a smile
15. Yu put me in a pigeon hole  
But I am versatile

These conditions may affect me  
As I get older,  
An I am positively sure
20. I have no chips on me shoulders,  
Black is not de problem  
Mother country get it right  
Anjussfe de record,  
Sum of me best friends are white

Benjamin Zephaniah

- How does the speaker feel about racism?  
- How does the poet express his feelings?
The Stone Hare

Think of it waiting three hundred million years, not a hare hiding in the last stand of wheat but a premonition of stone, a moonlight reef where corals reach for the light through clear
5. waters of warm Palaeozoic seas
   In its limbs lies the story of the earth, the living ocean, then the slow birth of limestone from the long trajectories of starfish, feather stars, crinoids and crushed shells
10. that fill with calcite, harden, wait for the quarryman, the timed explosion and the sculptor’s hand. Then the hare, its eye a planet, springs form the chisel to stand in the grass, moonlight’s muscle and bone, the stems of sea lilies slowly turned to stone.

Gillian Clarke

- What is the speaker’s attitude to the hare?
- How does the poet show this?
Cape Town morning

Winter has passed. The wind is back.
Window panes rattle old rust,
summer rising.

Street children sleep, shaven mummies in sacks,
eyelids weighted by dreams of coins,
beneath them treasure of small knives.

Flower sellers add fresh blossoms
to yesterday’s blooms, sour buckets
filled and spilling.

And trucks digest the city’s sediment
men gloved and silent
in the municipal jaws

Ingrid de Kok

- How does the speaker feel about the place?
- How does the poet present these feelings?
My Mother’s kitchen

I will inherit my mother's kitchen.
Her glasses, some tall and lean, others short and fat,
her plates, an ugly collection from various sets,
cups bought in a rush on different occasions,
rusty pots she can’t bear throwing away.
‘Don’t buy anything just yet,’ she says,
‘soon all of this will be yours’

My mother is planning another escape,
for the first time home is her destination,
the rebuilt house which she will furnish.
At 69 she is excited about starting from scratch.
It is her ninth time.

She never talks about her lost furniture
when she kept leaving her homes behind.
She never feels regret for things,
only for her vine in the front garden which spread over the trellis on the porch.

I know I will never inherit my mother’s trees

ChomanHardi

• How does the speaker feel about her mother’s situation?
• How does the poet present these feelings?
Postcard from a Travel Snob

I do not wish that anyone were here. This place is not a holiday resort with karaoke nights and pints of bear for drunken tourist types - perish the thought.

5. This is a peaceful place, untouched by man - not like your seaside-town-consumer-hell. I'm sleeping in a local farmer's van – it's great. there's not a guest house or hotel within a hundred miles. Nobody speaks English (apart from me, and rest assured, I'm not your sun-and- sangria-two-weeks-small-minded-package-philistine-abroad).

When you're as multi-cultural as me, your friends become wine connoisseurs, not drunks.

10. I'm not a British tourist in the sea; I am an anthropologist in trunks.

Sophie Hannah

- How does the speaker feel about the place she is describing?
- How does the poet present these feelings?
City Jungle

Rain splinters town.

Lizard cars cruise by;
Their radiators grin.

Thin headlights stare –
5. shop doorways keep their mouths shout.

At the roadside
Hunched houses cough.

Newspapers shuffle by,
hands in their pockets

10. The gutter gargles

A motorbike snarls;
Dustbins flinch

Streetlights bare
Their yellow teeth.

15. The motorway's
cat-black tongue
lashes across
the glistening back
of the tarmac night.

Pie Corbett

• How does the speaker feel about the city?
• How does the poet present these feelings?
Nettles

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed. 'Bed' seemed a curious name for those green spears, That regiment of spite behind the shed: It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears

5. The boy came seeking comfort and I saw White blisters beaded on his tender skin. We soothed him till his pain was not so raw. At last he offered us a watery grin, And then I took my billhook, honed the blade

10. And went outside and slashed in fury with it Till not a nettle in that fierce parade Stood upright any more. And then I lit A funeral pyre to burn the dead, But in two weeks the busy sun and rain

15. Had called up tall recruits behind the shed: My son would often feel sharp wounds again.

Vernon Scannell

- How does the speaker feel about what happens to his son?
- How does the poet present these ideas?
Invasion

Soon they will come. First we will hear the sound of their boots approaching at dawn then they’ll appear through the mist.

In their death-bringing uniforms they will march toward our homes their guns and tanks pointing forward.

They will be confronted by young men with rusty guns and boiling blood. These are our young men who took their short-lived freedom for granted.

We will lose this war, and blood will cover our roads, mix with our drinking water, it will creep into our dreams.

Keep your head down and stay in doors— we’ve lost this war before it has begun.

Choman Hardi

- How does the speaker feel about war?
- How does the poet present these feelings?
The Drum

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures form cities and from fields,
5. To sell their liberty for charms
   Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
   And When Ambition's voice commands,
   To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
10. Parading round, and round, and round:
    To me it talks of ravaged plains,
    And burning towns, and ruined swains,
    And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
    A widow's tears, and orphans' moans;
15. And all that Misery's hand bestows,
    To fill the catalogue of human woes.

John Scott

- What is the speaker's attitude to war?
- How does the poet present these attitudes?
Remember

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.

5. Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while

10. And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you remember to be sad.

Christina Rossetti

- How does the speaker feel about death?
- How does the poet express these feelings?
Relationships

04/01/07

The telephone shatters the night’s dark glass.
I’m suddenly awake in the new year air
And in the moment it takes a life to pass
From waking to sleeping I feel you there

5. My brother’s voice that sounds like mine
Gives me the news I already knew.
Outside a milk float clinks and shines
And a lit plane drones in the night’s dark blue,

And I feel the tears slap my torn face;

10. The light clicks on. I rub my eyes.
I’m trapped inside that empty space
You float in when your mother dies.

Feeling that the story ends just here,
The steam died up, the smashed glass clear.

Ian McMillan

- How does the speaker feel about the death of his mother?
- How does the poet express these feelings?
**Glossary of useful poetic terms**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alliteration</td>
<td>the repetition of the same consonant sounds at anyplace, but often at the beginning of words.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>She sells sea-shells by the sea-shore</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assonance</td>
<td>the repetition or a pattern of the same vowel sounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Moses supposes his toeses are roses</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caesura</td>
<td>a pause or breathing space in the middle of a line of a poem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Couplet</td>
<td>a pair of lines that are the same length and (usually) rhyme and form a complete thought</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enjambement</td>
<td>a line ending in which the sense continues, with no punctuation, into the following line or stanza</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyperbole</td>
<td>a figure of speech in which deliberate exaggeration is used for emphasis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imagery</td>
<td>the use of pictures, figures of speech and description to evoke ideas, feelings, objects</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juxtaposition</td>
<td>a figure of speech in which unassociated ideas, words or phrases are placed next to one another, creating an effect or surprise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litotes</td>
<td>a figure of speech in which a positive is stated by negating its opposite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>No small victory</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metaphor</td>
<td>a figure of speech in which two things are compared, usually by saying one thing is another</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>All the world’s a stage</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Onomatopoeia</td>
<td>a figure of speech in which words are used to imitate sounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Buzz, Hiss, Splat, Tick-Tock</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pathetic Fallacy</td>
<td>when nature is used to represent human emotion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personification</td>
<td>a figure of speech in which non-human things are given human attributes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The sky is crying</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Plosive sounds</td>
<td>the sounds formed when the passage of air is fully blocked (p, b, d, t)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refrain</td>
<td>a phrase, line or group of lines that is repeated throughout a poem, usually after every stanza</td>
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<tr>
<td>Simile</td>
<td>a figure of speech in which two things are compared using the word <em>like</em> or <em>as</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanza</td>
<td>two or more lines of poetry that together form one of the divisions of a poem</td>
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