English Literature

Paper 2

Revision Booklet

Power and Conflict Poetry

POWER AND CONFLICT POETRY
How to use this booklet

**Section 1:** Re-read the poem and complete the table underneath each one giving your first impressions. You need to understand the terms below in order to do this. Use the ‘useful words to describe tone / mood of a poem’ page to help you.

- **Content (Q.3):** A basic outline of the story in the poem. *What happens? Where? To whom? Why?*

- **Mood (Q.4):** The atmosphere created in the poem. *What feelings might the reader have towards this?*

- **Tone (Q.4):** The poet’s intended attitude or feelings in the poem. *What effect might the poet be trying to create?*

Remember to rate your understanding of each poem. Try to do this without your notes to see how much you can remember.

**Section 2:** Read through the set of detailed notes on each poem and add anything relevant or new to your own notes. You should focus on the poems that you were less confident about.

In your revision you should aim to ensure that you have memorised three key quotations from across the poem. You should be able to analyse those quotations too.

**Section 3:** This is where you can re-test your understanding of each poem by completing the set questions on each poem.

**Section 4:** This is where you can revise how to structure you responses and explore an example response. There are some practice questions which you can then complete.
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</table>
The Charge of the Light Brigade

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!

Lord Alfred Tennyson

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<td>6. <strong>Specific research:</strong> Find out about the Battle of Balaclava by watching the videos and reading the resources on YouTube</td>
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Rate your confidence on the scale:
Bayonet Charge

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-slash 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.

Ted Hughes

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<td>Specific research: Use the internet to find out what a 'bayonet charge' actually is and when they are used</td>
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EXTENSION: Look at what the hare might represent

Rate your confidence on the scale:
✓ After completing these tasks
Exposure

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us...

Weary 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 lingering 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.

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

Wilfred Owen

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Wilfred Owen

http://www.bbc.co.uk/guides/z8sssbk

Rate your confidence on the scale:
✓ After completing these tasks
Kamikaze

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

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.

Beatrice Garland

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<tr>
<td>➢ What is a kamikaze pilot?</td>
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<td>➢ What oath did they have to take in order to be accepted?</td>
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<td>➢ Write down 5 difficulties or dangers men would face in this job?</td>
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Rate your confidence on the scale:
✓ After completing these tasks
War Photographer

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 pricker
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.

Carol Anne Duffy

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a. Using the internet and write down definitions for the following words and terms

   - Darkroom -
   - Spools -
   - Intone -
   - Solutions -
   - Rural -
   - Stained -
   - Supplement -

Key Vocabulary

Rate your confidence on the scale:

✓ After completing these tasks
Storm On The Island

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
This wizened earth has never troubled us
With hay, so, as you 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 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 with the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

Seamus Heaney

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<td>6. Using the internet find out about the ‘troubles’ in Northern Ireland:</td>
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<tr>
<td>➢ Who was involved?</td>
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<tr>
<td>➢ When it / they happened?</td>
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<tr>
<td>➢ Why it / they happened?</td>
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<td>➢ Write down 5 feelings that could be associated with the ‘troubles’</td>
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Rate your confidence on the scale:
✓ After completing these tasks
London

I wandered through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

William Blake

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<td>6. <strong>Specific tasks:</strong></td>
<td>[<strong>Key Vocabulary</strong>]</td>
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| Find and write down definitions for the following words and terms: | - Chartered  
- Mark  
- Woe  
- Manacles  
- Appalls  
- Hapless  
- Harlot  
- Blights  
- Hearse | - Anaphora  
- Alliteration  
- Plosive  
- Quatrain  
- Iambic tetrameter  
- Oxymoron |

Rate your confidence on the scale:

✓ After completing these tasks
Remains

On another occasion, we got 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 as 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, and possibly not.
Dream, and he’s torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and 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 land,

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

Simon Armitage

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Rate your confidence on the scale:

✓  After completing these tasks
**Tissue**

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, mounta infolds,

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.

Imtiaz Dharker

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<td>What does the word ‘tissue’ conjure up for you? What associations does it have?</td>
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<td>TASK: Mind map or list as many associations as you can think of</td>
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<td>Research and add the dictionary definitions of the word ‘tissue’ to your mind map / list.</td>
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Rate your confidence on the scale:  
✓ After completing these tasks
My Last Duchess

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 
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.

Rate your confidence on the chart:
✓ After completing these tasks
The Prelude (extract)

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.

William Wordsworth

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<tr>
<td>6. Specific research: Use the internet to complete these questions</td>
<td>• Note down 5 relevant facts about the ideas of the romantics</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• Note down 3 ideas about their attitudes to nature</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Rate your confidence on the scale:
✓ After completing these tasks
Poppies

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.

Jane Weir

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<tr>
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</tbody>
</table>

Using the internet research Jane Weir and try to find out why she wrote the poem ‘Poppies’. Write down your response to what she says.

Rate your confidence on the chart:
✓ After completing these tasks
**The emigree**

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.

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.

---

**TASK** | **RESPONSE**
---|---
1. Read the poem once | Tick for completion:
2. Read the poem again | Tick for completion:
3. Write two sentences explaining what is happening in the poem | 
4. Write down three words to identify the tone or mood of the poem | 
5. Annotate three words or phrases you found interesting on the poem and explain why | 
**6. Specific research / tasks:**
- Find out the definition for an ‘émigrée’
- Stanza 1: When did the poet leave the country?
- Stanza 2: Find a quotation that suggests she is repressed.
- Stanza 3: Find a quotation that shows that she cannot return to her home country

Rate your confidence on the chart:
- After completing these tasks

---

*Carole Rumens*
Ozymandias

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 shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd 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.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>TASK</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Answer the following questions which relate to the images above:</td>
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<tr>
<td>1. When do you think the remains of the statue were originally sculpted?</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. In which country do you think they were sculptured?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. What has happened to the statues?</td>
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<td>4. What do they reveal of the person?</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. What sort of person would commission and pay for such a statue of himself? (Try to include as many words or phrases that you can think of when answering q4 and 5. Use a dictionary or Thesaurus to help you)</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. What words or phrases can you think of to describe the desert?</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Rate your confidence on the scale:

✓ After completing these tasks
Checking Out Me History

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

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

John Agard

<table>
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<tr>
<td>6. Specific research:</td>
<td>Find out who the following people in the poem were:</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>▶ Toussaint L’Ouverture</td>
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<td></td>
<td>▶ Nanny de Maroon</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>▶ Shaka</td>
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<td></td>
<td>▶ Caribs and Arawaks</td>
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<td></td>
<td>▶ Mary Seacole</td>
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</table>

Rate your confidence on the scale:
✓ After completing these tasks
Below is a list of words to describe different types of tone or mood in a poem. Look up any you do not know the meaning of.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Negative Tone</th>
<th>Positive Tone</th>
<th>Ironic / Sarcastic Tone</th>
<th>Neutral Tone</th>
<th>Tone of Sorrow / Fear / Worry</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Accusing / accusatory</td>
<td>Celebratory</td>
<td>Bitter</td>
<td>Apathetic</td>
<td>Agitated</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aggressive</td>
<td>Cheerful</td>
<td>Comical</td>
<td>Clinical</td>
<td>Anxious</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bleak</td>
<td>Confident</td>
<td>Cynical</td>
<td>Contemplative</td>
<td>Concerned</td>
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<td>Callous</td>
<td>Energetic</td>
<td>Flippant</td>
<td>Detached</td>
<td>Confused</td>
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<td>Cold</td>
<td>Enthusiastic</td>
<td>Ironic</td>
<td>Disbelieving</td>
<td>Dejected</td>
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<td>Condescending</td>
<td>Exuberant</td>
<td>Mocking</td>
<td>Factual</td>
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<td>Critical</td>
<td>Gentle</td>
<td>Sarcastic</td>
<td>Formal</td>
<td>Despairing</td>
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<td>Disappointed</td>
<td>Hopeful</td>
<td>Sardonic</td>
<td>Inquisitive</td>
<td>Disturbed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Disgusted</td>
<td>Jovial</td>
<td>Taunting</td>
<td>Matter-of-fact</td>
<td>Embarrassed</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fierce</td>
<td>Joyful</td>
<td>Teasing</td>
<td>Nostalgic</td>
<td>Fearful</td>
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<tr>
<td>Forceful</td>
<td>Jubilant</td>
<td>Whimsical</td>
<td>Questioning</td>
<td>Forlorn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Foreboding / ominous</td>
<td>Light-hearted</td>
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<td>Reflective</td>
<td>Gloomy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harsh</td>
<td>Optimistic</td>
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<td>Restrained</td>
<td>Grave</td>
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<tr>
<td>Indignant</td>
<td>Passionate</td>
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<td>Sentimental</td>
<td>Hopeless</td>
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<td>Irritated</td>
<td>Peaceful</td>
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<td>Serious</td>
<td>Melancholy</td>
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<td>Unemotional</td>
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<td>Soothing</td>
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<td>Contents: Section 2</td>
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<td><strong>The Action of War / Conflict</strong></td>
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<td>1. The Charge of the Light Brigade</td>
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<td>3. Exposure</td>
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<td>4. Kamikaze</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Power / Conflict and Consequences</strong></td>
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<td>5. War Photographer</td>
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<td>6. Storm on the Island</td>
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<td>8. Remains</td>
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<td><strong>Personal Conflict</strong></td>
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<td>10. My Last Duchess</td>
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<tr>
<td>11. The Prelude</td>
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<td><strong>The Legacy of Conflict – War and Identity</strong></td>
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<td>14. Ozymandias</td>
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</table>
The Charge of the Light Brigade

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!

Lord Alfred Tennyson

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

- Valley of Death is a biblical allusion to show the horror of what they now face, connotation of hell.
- Repetition to build the tension and drag out the charge.
- Repetition of ‘theirs’ and ‘six hundred’ objectifies them as a symbol rather than just men. Also helps tone becomes more solemn to show impending doom.
- Cannon link to war and conflict, demonstrate how the odds are against them. Repetition to show scale of guns against them.
- ‘Boldly’ contrast with the scale of odds against them, emphasises futility. Sibilance to imply the swiftness of the charge.
- Sabres: swords, the flash is the sun shining off the metal but also a metaphor for the glory they showed in their bravery which, like a flash, is short.
- Exaggerate (hyperbole) the scale of the mistake.
- Cossack and Russian, the enemy. Here the poet is showing how the enemy were not the equal of the British, however there were more of them. Consonance to shattered and
sundered ‘-ered’ to emphasise devastation. Changes the tone by inserting the word ‘not’ implies the six hundred have mostly died.

- Repetition from before, gives the poem a parallel to mirror the charge, now they are running away.
- Glorify the poet make the men more like symbols of bravery than real men.
- The imperative, ordering people to give their respect when many questioned the charge.
- The Poet is showing how the soldiers themselves should be honoured, even if the decision to charge may have been wrong.

**Bayonet Charge**

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-slash 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.

* Ted Hughes

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

- Alliteration of R and H sounds gives sense of hard work heavy breathing.
- Contrast between warzone and the ‘green hedge’ which is quite a peaceful rural image.
- Enjambment adds to the chaos of the battlefield.
- Personified bullets and semantic body parts with ‘belly’ and ‘smashed arm’ blurs the line between weapon and man by dehumanising the soldier and personifying the weapons.
- Juxtaposed ideas of patriotic tear, a beautiful and noble thing full of emotion contrasted with ‘sweating like molten iron’ which further dehumanises the soldier and likens him more to a tank or machine.
- Clockwork, A metaphor for his actions as being more like a clockwork machine than human. Trivialises war to a game of toy clockwork soldiers between nations.
- Enjambment, over four verses implies he has suddenly come to some realisation and this both seems to drag on but also all happen at once.
- Metaphor, is it a real hare? Maybe a coward? Yellow is the colour of fear and hares are prey. Natural and frightened image juxtaposed with his own machine like nature. Possible that the hare is another soldier shot and scared, trying to escape. Dehumanised.
• Listing of the key motivations for war emphasises that here and now they are second to the rush of battle.

Exposure

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us...

We 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 gusps 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 lingering 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.

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

Wilfred Owen

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

• Personification of the weather described as ‘merciless’ and attacking them ‘knife us’ this is unexpected as we expect the fight to be between soldiers.
• Sibilance the hissing s sound capture the noise of wind, it sounds both lonely but also biting.
• The man made weapons are likened through metaphor to natural objects, showing mans war is a cheap imitation of nature.
• Rhetorical question highlights the hopelessness of soldiers and war.
• Contrast/oxymoron, dawn is meant to be hopeful and positive, not miserable.
• Now the rain is personified, nothing happens repeated to emphasise the helplessness of the soldiers who are beyond help.
• Man is animalised, likened to scared animals, rabbits in holes. Showing that before nature man is just an animal.
• Rhetorical Question shows the confusion of soldiers. Conditions are so bad they can no longer tell what is normal anymore.
• So broken and hurt are the men that they feel abandoned and lose faith in God “our love is made afraid”. Contrasts/juxtaposes the battlefield with garden of Eden. Tone is one of betrayal and despair.
• An example of trench war, consider how exposed the soldiers are, imagine living there. The poet is trying to emphasise the terrible conditions of war as he felt that war had been idealised by poets.
• Repetition final line emphasises the process doesn't end, the soldiers are frozen in time and hell.

Kamikaze

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.

Beatrice Garland

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

• Aside changes font to suggest the daughter, speaking to the children, emphasise individual/personal account of history, at odds with our views of these nameless pilots.
• Listing, creates a sense of intimacy with the pilot of simplicity which juxtaposes the metaphorical ‘journey into history’ of his flight.
• Aside, used to give a sense of individualism to this nameless pilot and relaxed tone to the piece, contrasts the conflict of the context.
Simile, emphasises the attractive temptation of the life below him. Contrasts with his ‘journey into history’, symbolises his inner conflict.

The fish represent the aircraft, the ‘flash of silver’ metaphor for their honour and glory.

Symbolic of death and remembrance.

Represents inner turmoil and conflict, questioning the strength to defy fate and the pressure on him to do his duty.

Listing of the catch on the boat connotes the childhood joys and innocence which are darkened by the events of the pilot’s life. The inclusion of the tuna and the metaphor forebodes the darker end to the poem.

Pronoun leaves him nameless as though ashamed or difficult to name him.

Highlights conflict, emphasises that he died in the eyes of his family. There is a tone of regret and sympathy at his situation, he had no way out.

The fish represent people like the pilot, they are caught in the net of mankind but even without it they are stuck in their same old patterns, emphasises futility.

Futility people, like the sand, will eventually succumb to fate/nature, but he seeks to hang on for as long as he can, but what is the point?

**War Photographer**

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.

**Carol Anne Duffy**

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

- Finally, suggests he is constantly haunted by his experiences, this allows him escape.
- Connotations with blood and violence, the red light and glow can also symbolise a womblike safe place.
- Juxtapose the idea of church with the warzones listed, this also emphasises scale of horror he has seen.
- Metaphor emphasises the scale of death and fragility of life, suggests that this life is as meaningless to people at home as mowing the lawn.
• Irony he had a steady hand taking the photos, in danger. But now at home in safety he trembles. Hints that he is suffering PTSD.
• Stereotyping the typical British highlight of weather, contrasting with the events in warzone. Juxtaposes the dull stability of home.
• Metaphor shows the still faint origins of the photo but also implies that the subject may well now be dead.
• Personal Pronoun ‘he’ emphasises a namelessness, that he is one of many, but also a sense of detachment and guilt in the tone.
• Adjective emphasis on the fact it is far away, can be read bitterly, as though why should the fact it is foreign make a difference.
• Pun dark humour, bitter. Black and white in the newspapers but also emphasis on the morality, war is black and white.
• Juxtaposes ‘tears’ with the very comfortable images of ‘bath’ and ‘pre lunch beers’. Can be read almost angrily, their tears are meaningless and this is a small pause in their life, not of worth to them.
• Collective pronoun creates accusation-like tone. Final lines emphasise his resentment.

**Storm On The Island**

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,  
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.  
This wizened earth has never troubled us  
With hay, so, as you 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 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 with the empty air.  
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.  

*Seamus Heaney*

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

• The poet describes the earth almost like an old friend. Personifying it like an old wrinkled man.
• The poet talks about much of nature with the same semantics as If it were a neighbour ‘company’.
• Aside gives a very personal conversational tone using a generic phrase.
• Personified the weather, suggesting it is singing.
• Direct address using the word ‘you’ and talking about fear creates a friendly intimacy with the speaker.
• Violent language suggests the power of the weather as dominant over man.
• Oxymoron, exploding is quite a violent term contrasting with comfortably, the poet is suggesting that because the violence is far off you feel more secure.
• Simile the poet uses a very familiar image to describe something that is powerful and majestic, this undermines the strength of the weather, suggesting it is only scary if we choose to let it.
• Military metaphors salvo, strafe, bombardment relate to air attacks. This could also suggest that the storm is a metaphor for an attack (the poem was written during the Troubles in Ireland.) The poet is drawing comparisons with the wind and human aircraft, suggesting that they are only what we make them.
• Oxymoron the poet suggests that our fear is a paradox, there is nothing to fear or that we fear the nothingness of the invisible wind.

London

I wandered through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

William Blake

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

• Chartered is something which is listed and regulated, the streets are clearly controlled but it suggests the Thames, the river likewise is controlled, nature controlled by man.
• Blake is suggesting that everyone is without power and in misery, a powerful statement indeed. The term mark can be a metaphor for a brand, as if these people don't like look tired, but are branded with this look to show their place in society.
• Repetition of 'in every' used to show scale of suffering.
• Alliteration of mind/manacles helps draw our attention to the metaphor, Blake is showing that these people are not physically held back, but their belief in their own weakness holds them back.
• The juxtaposition but also connection between the cries of children made to sweep chimney's and therefore from the rooftops, and church bells which ring out is striking. Blake saw religion as a tool to keep the people down and therefore was wrong 'blackening'.
• This draws on the link to war at this time. The blood running down palace walls signifies their sacrifice to protect the power of those who live in the palaces. It is a symbolic metaphor.
• Harlots is slang for prostitutes or low class women. Blake is corrupting the idea of childbirth with sexual exploitation and hate 'curse'. The new born infant is born into a broken world.
• Oxymoron which juxtaposes the joy of marriage with the misery of death. Blake is suggesting that society has destroyed all the good things in life.
Remains

On another occasion, we got 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 as 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, and possibly not.
Dream, and he’s torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and 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 land,

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

Simon Armitage

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials.

- Anecdotal language, matter of fact tone, suggests this is one of many events.
- Colloquialism, slang ‘legs it’=run off. Used to give realistic tone to the voice of the speaker.
- Aside ‘possibly not’ undermines severity of the statement, if he was not armed should he have been shot? He has the power to decide.
- Graphic Hyperbole used to demonstrate the lack of glory or honour in this killing, it is not pretty but still very matter of fact..
- Dehumanised ‘looter’ ‘sort of inside out’ makes the victim appear more of an object than what was moments ago a living breathing person.
- The nature of what is happening, a violent killing is juxtaposed to the relaxed way he talks about the event.
- Metaphor for the memory of the man and events. Blood connotes death, shadow connoting lingering memory.
- Repetition from the start to show that this is the thought replaying in his mind and he is racked with guilt. He now feels powerless.
- Pun, bitter/dark humour bloody meaning covered in blood but also an expression of anger/hate. The soldier is at conflict with this dead man, but more with his own mind. Ends the poem with a sense of despair and open ended, no resolution.
Tissue
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.

Imtiaz Dharker

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Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials

- Metaphor/Double meaning Tissue both as paper but also living tissue and skin.
- Symbolic, suggest hope, positive tone.
- Metaphor a paper structure would drift, but also ‘drift’ as in purpose, what they stand for.
  What they are for.
- Transient verbs, reflect movement and change. Personified with ‘sigh’. Suggests it is a good thing that they are could be changeable. They adjust ‘with the wind’ winds of change.
- Listing, encompasses the man and nature made aspects of the world and how the ‘sun shines’ representing hope and how transparent these things become rather than the permanent object we see them to be.
- Metaphor the familiar and everyday image of groceries represent larger scale socio economics. Our reliance on money and material wealth.
- Flying Kites connotes a childlike innocence and ease. Suggesting perhaps that if we changed our approach to material ownership we would regain that childhood peace of mind. Symbolic not just of someone who designs buildings but also anyone who makes anything. Metaphor for us all.
- Biblical reference, suggestive of the bigger picture and a sense of spiritual fulfilment. Suggests that we could be building things that improve our life, not hold us back.
- Repetition from stanza 3, reminding us of the tactile intimacy of the book but now on a larger scale.
- Direct address, suggesting that instead of being at conflict with the world around us we create a sense of ownership and shared identity.
My Last Duchess

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.
Wil'll you 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 what'ere
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 pretence
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

Read through the key notes about the poem
and add these to your revision materials

• Possessive pronoun the speaker is laying claim to her as a possession, she is used to better show off his control and power.
• The portrait above, largely believed to be the last Duchess.
• He is making an allusion to a famous artist of the time. The suggestion is that he values the name of the artist more than the Duchess it is a painting of.
• He is showing his power in the bracketed aside by suggesting that he is giving the messenger a rare privilege to see the Duchess in this way, exercising his control. In fact the irony is that he needs to show off.
• Sinister tone, 'dies along her throat' the words are also semantically linked to murder 'die' and 'throat'.
• He is trying to be polite, using a rhetorical question to indicate a lighter tone to the conversation, in fact he is trying to avoid showing his jealousy and rage, at conflict with himself.
• He is angry that she would find the same level of joy in the expensive gifts he bought her and the cheap or simple gifts of the poor or nature. Angry at his lack of control. He juxtaposes the two things though the irony is that his are without sincerity.
• Exclamation and change of structure, the verse is broken with caesuras to show his rising anger. He is losing control, his personality now angry when it was calm.
• The poet is ironically mocking how vain the Duke is, he cares more about his heritage and cannot understand that she did not see that as important.
As with the start he uses an allusion to another famous artist in order to show off his wealth and power. It is used to show how he quickly forgets about his dead wife who he was previously claimed to be so devoted to. Ironic as he has just also been talking about how devoted he will be to his new wife. Gives the poem a circular structure.

The Prelude (extract)

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 unwavering 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,
Upreeared 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.

William Wordsworth

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials

- The boat is a metaphor of man’s influence, still anchored by the tree representing nature.
- Loosening the chain and pushing from shore represents the poet as mankind moving to stand on its own two feet.
- The mood changed with the craggy ridge and horizons boundary represents nature, limiting the progress of the poet.
- The Horizon marks the shift in tone, the language becomes darker and dangerous. The peak, mountain, is personified “with purpose of its own”, nature shown as aggressive.
- Use of ‘trembling’ connotes the fear and vulnerability of the poet, he is shown like a wounded animal, hiding away.
- The darkness hanging over him represents his change to a darker mood at the end of the journey. The words all carry a dark and sinister tone, more morbid and melancholy. He is reflecting on the conflict in his mind of the juxtaposed peaceful side of nature and the harsh extremes it also contains “big and mighty forms”.
- The poem changes from Euphony (pleasant sounding words) to a Cacophony (harsh and rough sounding words.)
Poppies

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.

Jane Weir

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials

- Symbolism The poppy has symbolic links to violence, death and memory. It is quite foreboding in this poem.
- Pronouns “I” and “Your” used to emphasises the intimacy and closely of the speaker and subject.
- Blockade Military reference to blocking, perhaps of emotion. Alliteration also used with bias, binding, blunder emphasise bustle, mothering over her son.
- Familiar noun/military metaphor The reference to sellotape is quite a familiar homely image, ‘bandaged’ can be used to imply wound or injury/harm.
- Power of three, reflects the way the mother is tongue tied and doesn't know what to say, she is proud of her son but also doesn't want him to go.
- Symbolic, idea of throwing the door open and setting her son free. The door represents her own acceptance of his choice.
- Simile, suggests how attractive the world appears to her son and also her aspiration for him to have opportunities.
- Metaphor, connotes that he is like a beautiful caged creature and needs to be set free. Implies that she understands this includes free to make mistakes and be harmed.
- Vague Pronoun, contains double meaning, this as in the location but also the situation, suggests that ‘this’ is her sons death, she cannot bear to speak the words. Implies pain.
- Listing, implies the awkward feeling of the mother, trying to distract herself from grief.
The emigree

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.

Carole Rumens

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials

- Pathetic Fallacy, this concept of sunlight creates a positive image which juxtaposes her understanding as an adult.
- Metaphor, the idea of the city as a souvenir, shiny and unrealistic. Shallow as her childhood memories.
- Personify the city to create the sense that it has been infected but can recover, almost hopeful yet deluded idea.
- Connotation branded often conveys sense of marked for wrongness, repetition of sunlight.
- Metaphor, linking the memory of the city with tiny traces, to emphasise the value and preciousness of the memory.
- She treats the memory with almost child like tenderness, reflects her own memories of childhood linked to the city.
- The reconciling with her past memory and current understanding, though her past she tries to view the present. Her past city identified as ‘dancing’ the modern one as with ‘walls’
- Repetition, of ‘accuse’ gives a sinister identity to the oppression of the new city
- Contrast, of darkness and light used to show the speaker coming to terms with the two separate identities.
Ozymandias

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, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd 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.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials

- 'Mock' as in to make a model of, but also to make fun of, this is a Pun because of the double meaning.
- The statue is barely standing, the rest is ruined and missing. Suggesting that it is being eaten away by time and the desert, a futile struggle to survive where nobody is around to care.
- Shattered visage: Broken face, it is unrecognisable, a statue to someone and we can no longer tell who, has no purpose anymore.
- Cold command, sneer: suggests Ozymandias’ character as powerful and arrogant ironic now there is nothing left. Synaesthesia.
- The tone, indicated by the exclamation is strong and authoritative, irony is that nobody is listening.
- Colossal, meaning vast or huge, is a metaphor for his ego rather than the statue.
- The lone and level sands outlast the statue, juxtaposed to the power and ego of the statue. Sands are also iconic of time.
Checking Out Me History

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

Read through the key notes about the poem and add these to your revision materials

- Repetition, suggests constant barrage of learning by rote without insight.
- Restrictive verbs, create idea that the version of events given to them is harmful.
- Mixing, fact and fiction in order to create sense of confusion.
- Pronoun, ‘dem’ to represent a faceless body, general dislike of authority.
- Juxtaposed myth v reality to indicate in part that fact or fiction, they all have the same relevance to the speaker because they do not reflect their culture or heritage.
- Natural imagery of Nanny de maroon suggests the power of this figure and also the very different ways we look at figures, perhaps suggesting a cultural emphasises with environment we lack in our own history.
- Contrast famous white ethnic figures with ethnic minority contemporaries. Emphasises the one sided nature of our education, draws in conflict.
- Natural imagery metaphors ‘healing star’ to create an almost mythological character. Reinforces the idea of oral rote learning and passing down of history and culture.
- The way these historical characters are described is also more vivid and passionate.
- Violent metaphor. Expresses the resistance and need to create something which cannot be removed/ wont fade.
- Repetition of ‘dem’ also a monosyllabic pronoun, almost a drum beat.. Highlights the conflict between ‘dem’ and ‘I’.

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 de 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

John Agard
# Section 3

## The Action of War / Conflict

| 1. | The Charge of the Light Brigade |
| 2. | Bayonet Charge |
| 3. | Exposure |
| 4. | Kamikaze |

## Power / Conflict and Consequences

| 5. | War Photographer |
| 6. | Storm on the Island |
| 7. | London |
| 8. | Remains |

## Personal Conflict

| 9. | Tissue |
| 10. | My Last Duchess |
| 11. | The Prelude |
| 12. | Poppies |

## The Legacy of Conflict – War and Identity

| 13. | The Emigree |
| 14. | Ozymandias |
| 15. | Checking Out Me History |

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### The Charge of the Light Brigade

One sentence answers

- 1. What type of narration occurs in the poem?
- 2. Which war is being described in the poem?
- 3. What is repetition?

Three sentence answers

- 4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
- 5. Why do you think the narrator refers to the group as the ‘six hundred’ throughout the poem?
- 6. Look at stanzas 2, 4 and 6. Which words or phrases show us that the soldier were brave?

### Bayonet Charge

One sentence answers

- 1. What is a bayonet?
- 2. What are the soldier’s overriding emotions?
- 3. What is third person narration?

Three sentence answers

- 4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
- 5. How does Hughes want the reader of the poem to feel?
- 6. Look at stanzas 1. Pick out three words or phrases which suggest panic or chaos.
**Exposure**

One sentence answers
1. Who seems to be speaking in the poem?
2. Which war is being described in the poem?
3. What is personification?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What is the effect of the collective voice (we, our, us?)
6. Look at lines 1 and 6 and all of stanza 3. Which words or phrases in the poem make us see nature as the enemy of the soldiers?

**Kamikaze**

One sentence answers
1. What style of narration occurs in the poem?
2. What is meant by a “one way / journey into history?”
3. What is a kamikaze?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. We never hear the father/pilot speak in the poem. Why not?
6. Look at stanza 1. Which words or phrases are related to the pilot’s kamikaze role?

**War Photographer**

One sentence answers
1. What is a war photographer?
2. Look at lines 2, 3 and 7. Pick out two words or phrases that are photography related?
3. Why might Belfast, Phnom Penh and Beirut be mentioned in the poem?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. The poem begins in the dark room then moves to the war zone he was in and then the readers of the newspaper. Why does the poet’s focus shift and change throughout the poem?
6. Look at the last stanza. What words or phrases show that the photographer is distressed by the disinterest of the newspaper readers?

**Storm on the Island**

One sentence answers
1. In what ways might a storm be powerful?
2. Write down three facts that you learn about the environment in the poem.
3. What is sensory description?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What is the moral or message of the poem?
6. Look at lines 7, 10 and 13. Which words or phrases convey the strength of the storm?

London

One sentence answers
1. How does Blake feel about London in this poem?
2. What sense does Blake refer to most in the poem?
3. What is alliteration?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What does Blake want his audience to think as they are reading the poem?
6. Look at stanzas 3 and 4. Pick out three words or phrases which Blake uses to describe the people in the city.

Remains

One sentence answers
1. Who seems to be speaking in the poem?
2. Pick out two words or phrases which show the soldier's casual way of speaking (use of colloquial language?)
3. What is sibilance?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What is the effect of the speaker changing from "we" and "us" to talking about "I" in the second stanza (moving from first person plural to first person singular?)
6. Look at lines 9, 12, 15. Which words or phrases are graphic and gory?

Tissue

One sentence answers
1. What different uses are there for tissue paper?
2. Pick three words which describe what the tissue paper is like.
3. What is a metaphor?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What is the poet trying to tell the audience about tissue?
6. Look at stanzas 4 and 34. Which words or phrases convey a sense of fragility about the tissue??

My Last Duchess

One sentence answers
1. Who is the narrator in the poem?
2. Describe the Duke in one sentence.
3. What is a rhetorical question?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What is the poet telling us about pride?
6. Look at lines 9 – 10 and line 45. Which words and phrases in the poem convey a sense of the Duke’s power?

**The Prelude**

One sentence answers
1. Who is the ‘her’ mentioned by Wordsworth in the first line?
2. Look at lines 5 and 6. Find two words which describe how the speaker felt about stealing the boat.
3. What is imagery?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What is the message of the poem?
6. Look at the last 12 lines of the poem. Pick three words or phrases which the poet uses to describe his reaction to what happened that night.

**Poppies**

One sentence answers
1. Who is the narrator?
2. What is Armistice Sunday?
3. What is enjambment?

Three sentence answers
4. What is happening in the poem? Briefly explain the events
5. What is the effect of the phrase ‘world overflowing like a treasure chest?’
6. Look at lines 4 – 8. Which words or phrases are examples of domestic imagery? Which are examples of war imagery?

**The Emigree**

One sentence answers
1. What is an emigree?
2. What is your impression of the speaker’s homeland?
3. What is personification?

Three sentence answers
4. What has happened to the speaker’s homeland? Briefly describe her story
5. What feelings is Rumens trying to elicit in her readers?
6. Look at stanzas 3. Pick out three words or phrases which show the speaker’s predicament.

**Ozymandias**

One sentence answers
1. Who is a modern day Ozymandias and why?
2. Pick out three words which describe the place where the statue is found.
3. What is an extended metaphor?
Section 4

Your responses should be structured in the following way:

Introduction: This is where you should outline your argument in relation to the question asked. This is also where you will introduce the poems.

Section 1: Opening sentence/sentences explaining how the two poems are similar or different (use the wording of the question.)
PEAR on named poem
PEAR on second poem – make links back to the named poem here as well.

Section 2: Opening sentence/sentences explaining how the two poems are similar or different (use the wording of the question.)
PEAR on named poem
PEAR on second poem – make links back to the named poem here as well.

Section 3: Opening sentence/sentences explaining how the two poems are similar or different (use the wording of the question.)
PEAR on named poem
PEAR on second poem – make links back to the named poem here as well.

*Only complete Section 3 if you have time.*
In both ‘Bayonet Charge’ and ‘Remains’ the writers present the soldier’s experience as a traumatic and horrific one. However, Armitage does this in a colloquial fashion, giving a sense of heightened realism, whereas Hughes presents this in a more conflicted way. Hughes uses a semantic field of body parts – “belly, arm, eye, chest,” to emphasise the physical impact of war. The fact that it is his own equipment which threatens his body rather than the enemy suggests the awful reality of war. Hughes repeats the word “raw in raw” to emphasise the confusion of the soldier, he is unable to rationalise and think calmly. The word “raw” has connotations of being exposed and stripped of safety, therefore the repetition highlights his vulnerability. Armitage however uses colloquial language to emphasise the shock that a soldier experiences. The phrase “pain itself, the image of agony” is very simplistic, however, the caesura midline forces the reader to pause and reflect on the situation. The word “agony” has connotations of intense suffering, therefore allowing the reader to create their own image. Just like the soldier in ‘Bayonet Charge’ the soldier in ‘Remains’ also seems overwhelmed with emotion. Furthermore Armitage uses the metaphoric verb “every round as it rips through his life” implying an even more awful action as this personifies the weapon to purposefully harm him.
Using your planning table, write up one of your comparison paragraphs. Remember that you should include:

- An opening sentence/sentences explaining how the two poems are similar or different
- A point about Bayonet Charge
- A quote from Bayonet Charge
- Analysis of the quote from Bayonet Charge
- An explanation of the reader’s reaction
- A point about Remains
- A quote from Remains
- Analysis of the quote from Remains with links to the named poem
- An explanation of the reader’s reaction

**Potential questions:**

Explore the ways the aftermath of conflict is presented in ‘Remains’ and one other poem from the power and conflict cluster.
Explore the ways attitudes to power and conflict are presented in ‘Kamikaze’ and one other poem from the power and conflict cluster.
Explore the ways attitudes to conflict is presented in ‘War Photographer’ and one other poem from the power and conflict cluster.
Explore the ways attitudes to war are presented in ‘Poppies’ and one other poem from the power and conflict cluster.
Explore the way the experience of soldiers is presented in ‘Exposure’ and one other poem from the conflict cluster.
Explore the ways death is presented in ‘Remains’ and one other poem from the power and conflict cluster.
Explore the ways nature is presented in ‘Storm on the Island’ and one other poem from the power and conflict cluster.
Explore the ways the power is presented in ‘My Last Duchess’ and one other poem from the power and conflict cluster.