

**AO1 – S.Q.I.**

- ✓ Write a response related to the key word in the question.
- ✓ Use comparative language to explore both poems.
- ✓ Use a range of evidence to support your response and to show the meaning of the poems.

AO2 – M.Q.E.

- ✓ Comment on the effect of the language in your evidence, including individual words.
- ✓ Identify any use of poetic techniques and explain their effects.

AO3 - C

- ✓ What might the poet's intentions have been when they wrote the poem?
- ✓ Comment on the historical context – when was the poem published and what impact might it have had then, and today?

LANGUAGE METHODS

- ✓ **Metaphor** – comparing one thing to another
- ✓ **Simile** – comparing two things with 'like' or 'as'
- ✓ **Personification** – giving human qualities to the nonhuman
- ✓ **Imagery** – language that makes us imagine a sight
- ✓ **Senses** – sights, sounds, smells, tastes, feelings
- ✓ **Tone** – the mood or feeling created in a poem.
- ✓ **Pathetic Fallacy** – using weather to create a mood
- ✓ **Irony** – language that says one thing but implies the opposite e.g. sarcasm.
- ✓ **Colloquial Language** – informal language, usually creates a conversational tone or authentic voice.
- ✓ **Onomatopoeia** – language that sounds like its meaning.
- ✓ **Alliteration** – words that are close together start with the same letter or sound.
- ✓ **Sibilance** – the repetition of s or sh sounds.
- ✓ **Assonance** – the repetition of similar vowel sounds
- ✓ **Consonance** – repetition of consonant sounds.
- ✓ **Plosives** – short burst of sound: t, k, p, d, g, or b sound.

POETIC FORMS

- ✓ **Ballad** – like a narrative, including a plot, characters and a dramatic conclusion
- ✓ **Epic** – these are long, dramatic poems that tell stories of heroes and their journeys.
- ✓ **Free verse** – poetry that has no regular rhyme or rhythm.
- ✓ **Blank verse** – poem in iambic pentameter, but with no rhyme.
- ✓ **Sonnet** – poem of 14 lines using iambic pentameter with clear rhyme scheme.
- ✓ **Dramatic Monologue** – a poem written through the voice of a character.
- ✓ **Elegy** – a serious poem that expresses deep sorrow typically to mourn someone who has died.

STRUCTURAL METHODS

- ✓ **Stanza** – a verse, or group of lines in a poem.
- ✓ **Repetition** – repeated words or phrases
- ✓ **Enjambment** – a sentence or phrase that runs onto the next line.
- ✓ **Caesura** – using punctuation to create pauses or stops.
- ✓ **Contrast** – opposite concepts/feelings in a poem.
- ✓ **Juxtaposition** – contrasting things placed side by side.
- ✓ **Oxymoron** – a phrase that contradicts itself.
- ✓ **Anaphora** – when the first word of a stanza is the same across different stanzas.
- ✓ **Volta** – a turning point in a poem.
- ✓ **Speaker** – the narrator, or person in the poem.
- ✓ **Rhyming couplet** – a pair of rhyming lines next to each other.
- ✓ **Meter** – arrangement of stressed/unstressed syllables.

Literature Paper 2 Poetry Anthology

Similarities

- ✓ Similarly
- ✓ Both poems convey
- ✓ Both poets present
- ✓ This idea is also explored
- ✓ In a similar way
- ✓ Likewise

Differences

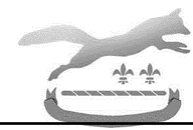
- ✓ Although
- ✓ Whereas
- ✓ Whilst
- ✓ In contrast,
- ✓ Conversely
- ✓ On the other hand
- ✓ On the contrary
- ✓ Unlike
- ✓ However
- ✓ Alternatively



Belonging

	Title	Poet	Year	Grid complete	Confident
1	To My Sister	William Wordsworth	1798		
2	Sunday Dip	John Clare	1800		
3	Mild the mist Upon the Hill	Emily Bronte	1839		
4	Captain Cook (To My Brother)	Letitia Elizabeth London	1820		
5	Clear and Gentle Stream	Robert Bridges	1873		
6	I Remember, I Remember	Thomas Hood	1826		
7	Island Man	Grace Nichols	1984		
8	We Refugees	Benjamin Zephaniah	2000		
9	Pecky Rye Lane	A. K. Blakemore	2007		
10	Us	Zaffar Kunial	2018		
11	In Wales, wanting to be Italian	Imtiaz Dharker	2014		
12	Kumukanda	Kayo Chingonyi	2017		
13	Jamaican British	Raymond Antrobus	2018		
14	My Mother's Kitchen	Choman Hardi	2004		
15	The Emigree	Carol Rumens	1983		

Conflict Poetry: Belonging



AO1: S.Q.I.
What?

AO2: M.Q.E.
How?

AO3: C
Why?

To My Sister (1798)
William Wordsworth



Wordsworth was a Romantic poet and so his poetry explores themes of nature, human emotion and how humans are shaped by their interaction with nature. This poem was written early in the year 1798, when Wordsworth was living near the Quantock Hills in Somerset. It was a year of change, of widespread upheaval. Europe was unsettled in the aftermath of the French Revolution. And even in the quiet part of England where Wordsworth lived, there were fears of a French invasion.

I Remember, I Remember (1826)
Thomas Hood



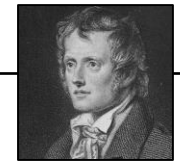
An editor, publisher, poet, and humourist, Hood was born in London, the son of a bookseller. After his father died in 1811, Hood worked in a counting house until illness forced him to move to Scotland. In 1818 he returned to London to work as an engraver. *I Remember, I Remember* is a poem dedicated to the nostalgic embrace of the memory of childhood. Hood's childhood was a time of great happiness, one which he is well aware that he cannot return to.

In Wales, wanting to be Italian (2014)
Imtiaz Dharker



Dharker was born in Pakistan and grew up in Glasgow. In 2006 she wrote a collection of poems entitled 'The Terrorist at My Table': the collection questions how well we know people around us.

Sunday Dip (1800s)
John Clare



John Clare was the son of a labourer and began work on local farms at the age of seven. Though he had limited access to books, his poetic gift, which revealed itself early, was nourished by his parents' store of folk ballads. *Sunday Dip* is a poem that reflects on the joy of childhood. Clare explores the idyllic period of childhood against the backdrop of beautiful nature. The narrative follows boys running down to a pond and playing for half a day.

Island Man (1984)
Grace Nichols



Nichols' work primarily revolves around the Caribbean and migrant experiences, particularly in relation to women and the British context, and also draws influence from folklore, history, and landscape. *Island Man* is semi-autobiographical, chronicling her own sense of displacement; it details Nichols' experience of living close to the busy North Circular road that circumnavigates London and the hum of traffic noise reminding her of 'home'.

Kumukanda (2017)
Kayo Chingonyi



Kayombo (Kayo) Chingonyi was born in Zambia in 1987. He moved to the UK in 1993. He completed a BA in English Literature at the University of Sheffield, writing a dissertation on the work of Saul Williams, and an MA in Creative Writing at Royal Holloway, University of London. '*Kumukanda*' speaks on how children grow up in two different cultures and how the poet's own life turned out because of this.

Mild the Mist Upon the Hill (1839)
Emily Bronte



Best-known for her novel *Wuthering Heights* (1847), Emily Brontë also wrote over 200 poems which her sister Charlotte thought had 'a peculiar music – wild, melancholy, and elevating'. Emily was the fifth of the six children. After the death of their mother Maria when Emily was three, the children were given an inspiring and wide-ranging liberal and academic education by their father.

We Refugees (2000)
Benjamin Zephaniah



Zephaniah was raised in Jamaica and Birmingham, England, but left school at the age of 14. He is dyslexic and struggled through his teenage years. He now holds a number of Honorary degrees from different universities. In '*We Refugees*', Zephaniah discusses the ease at which someone can be forced to leave their country, and the fact that we 'all came from refugees'. He talks of the discrimination that refugees face, pointing out how unfair society can be.

Jamaican British (2018)
Raymond Antrobus



Antrobus was born in Hackney, London to an English mother and Jamaican father. He is one of the world's first recipients of an MA in Spoken Word Education from Goldsmiths, University of London. Raymond is a founding member of Chill Pill and the Keats House Poets Forum. He was born deaf, and has had multiple residencies in deaf and hearing schools around London, as well as Pupil Referral Units.

Captain Cook (To My Brother) (1820)
Letitia Elizabeth Landon



Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born on 14 August 1802 in Chelsea, London. A precocious child, Landon learned to read as a toddler; a disabled neighbour would scatter letter tiles on the floor and reward young Letitia for reading, and, according to her father, "she used to bring home many rewards". She dedicated her poem *Captain Cook* to her brother as a memento of their childhood days and it is thought that her poem *The Forgotten one* was in memory of her sister.

Peckham Rye Lane (2007)
A.K. Blakemore



Blakemore was born in London in 1981. In an interview for *Artefact* she explained that her teacher challenged her to write poetry. Success came quickly, with Blakemore named a Foyle Young Poet of the Year in 2007 and 2008. In 2009 she was featured in the anthology *Voice Recognition: 21 Poets for the 21st Century* (Bloodaxe). '*Peckham Rye Lane*' by Amy Blakemore is a portrait of a street in London and the chaos, absurdity, and peace which are there in equal measure.

My Mother's Kitchen (1983)
Choman Hardi



Choman Hardi is the seventh and youngest child of Kurdish poet Ahmed Hardi. After several stages of forced displacement, she was granted refugee status in England in 1993. She studied at Oxford, London, and Kent universities and her post-doctoral research saw her return to Kurdistan to document the plight of women survivors of Anfal. *My Mother's Kitchen* is an anecdotal poem that explores the various items that a mother is handing down to her daughter as she moves away.

Clear and Gentle Stream (1873)
Robert Bridges



Robert Seymour Bridges was a British poet who was Poet Laureate from 1913 to 1930. A doctor by training, he achieved literary fame only late in life. His poems reflect a deep Christian faith, and he is the author of many well-known hymns. '*Clear and Gentle Stream*' describes a speaker's experience when he returns to a special place by a stream from his boyhood. The poem begins with the speaker stating that he is back in a spot he used to know very well.

Us (2018)
Zaffar Kunial



Kunial is a British poet born in Birmingham, who currently lives in Yorkshire. His mother was English and his father, who has since moved to Lahore, is from Kashmir. '*Us*' describes the ways that the word *us* means both separation and unity and how that gap could be bridged. The poem begins with the speaker describing how "us" feels like undulations of the oceans. It is like the rising and falling of waves.

The Emigree (1983)
Carol Rumens



Rumens was born in 1944 in London. Her poem *The Emigree* was published in 1993 and it explores the millions of people who are displaced from their homes as refugees. The home country of the speaker is not revealed – this ambiguity gives the poem a timeless relevance. Increasingly relevant to many people in current world climate

To My Sister

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
—It is the hour of feeling.

5 There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

25 One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
10 Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
30 Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

Edward will come with you—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
15 And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
35 We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
20 The opening of the year.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
40 We'll give to idleness.

William Wordsworth (1798)

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Sunday Dip

The morning road is thronged with merry boys
Who seek the water for their Sunday joys;
They run to seek the shallow pit, and wade
And dance about the water in the shade.

5 The boldest ventures first and dashes in,
And others go and follow to the chin,
And duck about, and try to lose their fears,
And laugh to hear the thunder in their ears.

They bundle up the rushes for a boat

10 And try across the deepest place to float:
Beneath the willow trees they ride and stoop -
The awkward load will scarcely bear them up.
Without their aid the others float away,
And play about the water half the day.

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

John Clare (1800s)

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Mild the Mist Upon the Hill

Mild the mist upon the hill
 Telling not of storms to-morrow;
No, the day has wept its fill,
 Spent its store of silent sorrow.

5 Oh, I'm gone back to the days of youth,
 I am a child once more,
And 'neath my father's sheltering roof,
 And near the old hall door

I watch this cloudy evening fall
10 After a day of rain:
Blue mists, sweet mists of summer pall
 The horizon's mountain-chain.

The damp stands in the long, green grass
 As thick as morning's tears;
15 And dreamy scents of fragrance pass
 That breathe of other years.

Emily Brontë (1839)

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Captain Cook (To My Brother)

Do you recall the fancies of many years ago,
When the pulse danced those light measures that again it cannot know?
Ah! we both of us are alter'd, and now we talk no more
Of all the old creations that haunted us of yore.

5 Then any favourite volume was a mine of long delight,
From whence we took our future, to fashion as we might,
We liv'd again its pages, we were its chiefs and kings,
As actual, but more pleasant, than what the day now brings.

It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,
10 When home you brought his Voyages who found the fair South Seas.
We read it till the sunset amid the boughs grew dim;
All other favourite heroes were nothing beside him.

For weeks he was our idol, we sail'd with him at sea,
And the pond amid the willows the ocean seem'd to be.
15 The water-lilies growing beneath the morning smile,
We call'd the South Sea islands, each flower a different isle.

No golden lot that fortune could draw for human life,
To us seemed like a sailor's, mid the storm and strife.
Our talk was of fair vessels that swept before the breeze,
20 And new discover'd countries amid the Southern Seas.

Within that lonely garden what happy hours went by,
While we fancied that around us spread foreign sea and sky.
Ah! the dreaming and the distant no longer haunt the mind;
We leave in leaving childhood, life's fairy land behind.

25 There is not of that garden a single tree or flower;
They have plough'd its long green grasses and cut down the lime-tree bower.
Where are the Guelder roses, whose silver used to bring,
With the gold of the laburnums, their tribute to the Spring.

They have vanish'd with the childhood that with their treasures play'd;
30 The life that cometh after dwells in a darker shade.
Yet the name of that sea-captain, it cannot but recall
How much we lov'd his dangers, and how we mourn'd his fall.

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Clear and Gentle Stream

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song,
And the idle dream
5 Of my boyish day;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
10 With my old lament,
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

25 Many an afternoon
Of the summer day
Dreaming here I lay;
And I know how soon,
Idly at its hour,
30 First the deep bell hums
From the minster tower,
And then evening comes,
Creeping up the glade,
With her lengthening shade,
35 And the tardy boon,
Of her brightening moon.

Where my old seat was
Here again I sit,
15 Where the long boughs knit
Over stream and grass
A translucent eaves:
Where back eddies play
Shipwreck with the leaves,
20 And the proud swans stray,
Sailing one by one
Out of stream and sun,
And the fish lie cool
In their chosen pool.

Clear and gentle stream!
Ere again I go
Where thou dost not flow,
40 Well does it beseem
Thee to hear again
Once my youthful song,
That familiar strain
Silent now so long:
45 Be as I content
With my old lament,
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Robert Bridges (c.1873)

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

I Remember, I Remember

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
5 He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
20 To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
10 The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
15 The laburnum on his birthday, -
The tree is living yet!

25 I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
30 But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Thomas Hood (1826)

Island Man

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Morning
and island man wakes up
to the sound of blue surf
in his head
5 the steady breaking and wombing
wild seabirds
and fishermen pushing out to sea
the sun surfacing defiantly
from the east
10 of his small emerald island
he always comes back groggily groggily

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Comes back to sands
of a grey metallic soar
to surge of wheels
15 to dull North Circular roar
muffling muffling
his crumpled pillow waves
island man heaves himself
Another London day

Grace Nichols (1984)

We Refugees

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

I come from a musical place
Where they shoot me for my song
And my brother has been tortured
By my brother in my land.

I come from an ancient place
30 All my family were born there
And I would like to go there
But I really want to live.

5 I come from a beautiful place
Where they hate my shade of skin
They don't like the way I pray
And they ban free poetry.

I come from a sunny, sandy place
Where tourists go to darken skin
35 And dealers like to sell guns there
I just can't tell you what's the price.

I come from a beautiful place
10 Where girls cannot go to school
There you are told what to believe
And even young boys must grow beards.

I am told I have no country now
I am told I am a lie
I am told that modern history books
40 May forget my name.

I come from a great old forest
I think it is now a field
15 And the people I once knew
Are not there now.

We can all be refugees
Sometimes it only takes a day,
Sometimes it only takes a handshake
Or a paper that is signed.

We can all be refugees
We can all be told to go,
We can be hated by someone
For being someone.

45 We all came from refugees
Nobody simply just appeared,
Nobody's here without a struggle,
And why should we live in fear
Of the weather or the troubles?
50 We all came here from somewhere.

25 I come from a beautiful place
Where the valley floods each year
And each year the hurricane tells us
That we must keep moving on.

Benjamin Zephaniah (2000)

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Peckham Rye Lane

The sun, today –
it leaks desperation,
Gunmetal droplets of perspiration
gather.

5 I take the bus – through Peckham.

Knickers lie flaccid
in Primark.

Like salted jellyfish – tentacle pink,
grandmother mauve

10 briny in £2 racks of rainbow.

Peckham Rye lane is tight
as damp and crammed as a coconut shell

afro combs and mobile phones in the white heat –
punctuated cornrows and seed beads,

15 cornflower scrunchies, liquorice weaves.

The delicate babies in KFC,
children, plaid-dressed children,
wailing, clutching drumsticks like
20 weapons.

Underfoot
the pavement is a gruesome meat,
each person is a sturdy hairbrush bristle
on its surface.

25 Angels gaze from the treetops
like William Blake
and radiate
comfort.

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Us

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

If you ask me, *us* takes in *undulations* –
each wave in the sea, all insides compressed –
as if, from one coast, you could reach out to

the next; and maybe it's a Midlands thing

5 but when I was young, *us* equally meant *me*,
says the one, 'Oi, you, tell us where yer from';

and the way supporters share the one fate –
I, being one, am *Liverpool* no less –
crested the Mexican wave of *we* or *us*,

10 a shore-like state, two places at once, God
knows what's in it; and, at opposite ends
my heart's sunk at separations of *us*.

When it comes to us, colour me unsure.
Something in me, or it, has failed the course.

15 I'd love to think I could stretch to it – us –

but the waves therein are too wide for words.
I hope you get, here, where I'm coming from.
I hope you're with me on this – between love

and loss – where I'd give myself away, stranded

20 as if the universe is a matter of one stress.

Us. I hope, from here on, I can say it

and though far-fetched, it won't be too far wrong.

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

In Wales, wanting to be Italian

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Is there a name for that thing
you do when you are young?
There must be a word for it in some language,
probably German, or if not just
5 asking to be made up, something like
Fremdlandischgehörenlust or perhaps
Einzumandererslandgehörenwunsch.

What is it called, living in Glasgow,
dying to be French, dying to shrug and pout
10 and make yourself understood
without saying a word?

Have you ever felt like that, being
in Bombay, wanting to declare,
like Freddie Mercury, that you are
15 from somewhere like Zanzibar?

What is that called? Being sixteen
in Wales, longing to be Italian,
to be able to say aloud,
without embarrassment, *Bella! Bella!*
20 lounge by a Vespa with a cigarette
hanging out of your mouth, and wear
impossibly pointed shoes?

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Kumukanda

Since I haven't danced among my fellow initiates,
following a looped procession from woods at the edge
of a village, Tata's people would think me unfinished –
a child who never sloughed off the childish estate
5 to cross the river boys of our tribe must cross
in order to die and come back grown.

I was raised in a strange land, by small increments:
when I bathed my mother the days she was too weak,
when auntie broke the news and I chose a yellow suit
10 and white shoes to dress my mother's body,
at the grave-side when the man I almost grew to call
dad, though we both needed a hug, shook my hand.

If my alternate self, who never left, could see me
what would he make of these literary pretensions,
15 this need to speak with a tongue that isn't mine?
Would he be strange to me as I to him, frowning
as he greets me in the language of my father
and my father's father and my father's father's father?

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Kayo Chingonyi (2017)

Jamaican British

after Aaron Samuels

Some people would deny that I'm Jamaican British.
Anglo nose. Hair straight. No way I can be Jamaican British.

They think I say I'm black when I say Jamaican British
but the English boys at school made me choose: Jamaican, British?

5 Half-caste, half mule, house slave – Jamaican British.
Light skin, straight male, privileged – Jamaican British.

Eat callaloo, plantain, jerk chicken – I'm Jamaican.
British don't know how to serve our dishes; they enslaved us.

In school I fought a boy in the lunch hall – Jamaican.

10 At home, told Dad, *I hate dem, all dem Jamaicans* – I'm British.

He laughed, said, *you cannot love sugar and hate your sweetness*,
took me straight to Jamaica – passport: British.

Cousins in Kingston call me Jah-English,
proud to have someone in their family – British.

15 Plantation lineage, World War service, how do I serve
Jamaican British?

When knowing how to war is Jamaican British.

Raymond Antrobus (2018)

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

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
5 rusty pots she doesn't throw 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,
10 the rebuilt house which she will furnish.
At 69 she is excited at starting from scratch.
It is her ninth time.

She never talks about her lost furniture
when she kept leaving her homes behind.
15 She never feels regret for things
only for her vine in the front garden
which spread over the trellis on the porch.
She used to sing for the grapes to ripen,
sew cotton bags to protect them from the bees.
20 I know I will never inherit my mother's trees.

Choman Hardi (2004)

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

The Émigrée

Language and its effect:

Structure and its effect:

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.

5 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,
10 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.

15 It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

Form and its effect:

Context and its effect:

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;

20 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,

25 and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.



Revisit

a. Revision Cards: Make a set of revision cards to help you memorise the Language Methods. Include the term, the definition and then add an example.
Enrichment: add examples that come directly from the poems you are studying in class.

b. Revision Cards: Make a set of revision cards to help you memorise the Structural Methods. Include the term, the definition and then add an example.
Enrichment: add examples that come directly from the poems you are studying in class.

c. Compare: Make a grid that compares 2 of the poems you have studied.
Compare using the SMILE acronym to help you: structure, meaning, imagery, language, effect.

d. Context and Meaning: Read through the mini-biographies and contextual information overleaf. Choose 2 of the poets to research in more detail.
Produce page biographies on each of your poets.

Enrichment: Add your thoughts about why these writers would choose poetry as a way to express their views. Find poems they have written and explore their links and wider meaning.

a. Visual Representation: Choose one poem that you have studied.
Watch a selection of Youtube tutorials helping you to revise the structure, meaning, imagery, language and effects. Select 5 quotations. Write them and illustrate them in as much detail as you can. Your aim is to memorise them!

b. Youtube Tutorials: Find a Youtube tutorial on one of the poems you feel less confident about. Watch, make notes and build your confidence.

c. Massolit Tutorials: Login in using your school details. Search for the title of one poem you are unsure of. Watch, make notes and build your confidence.

Record

a) Power of Humans Humans often use power to benefit themselves. The misuse of power can lead to people being hurt. Poets often use their writing as a way to express their views about leadership, politics and society.

Write about how the power of humans is presented in two of the poems you have studied. Follow the SMILE structure to help you.

b) The Power of Nature Nature is a powerful force that can cause suffering and destruction. It is often personified in poetry to describe its effects in human terms. Nature has the power to change humans and affect their decisions.

Write about how poets present the power of nature using two poems you have studied.

c) Memory and Emotions Memories can be powerful and personal. They can be fond, nostalgic, angry, haunting, vivid... Poems express a range of emotions from fear, pride, guilt, passion, love, grief...

Write about how poets present memories and emotions in two poems you have studied.

d) Re-read Exposure. Choose one other poem from the Conflict anthology.
Compare how war is presented in the two poems.

In your answer, you should consider the:

- poets' use of language, form and structure
- influence of the contexts in which the poems were written.