TIME TO UP THE GAME WITH YOUR POETRY REVISION!

C1 Lit Exam: Monday 22/05
C2 Lit Exam: Friday 26/05
Core Poems

Summer Term

1A *Dulce et Decorum Est* - Wilfred Owen

2B *The Manhunt* - Simon Armitage

3B *Valentine* - Carol Ann Duffy

4B *Afternoons* - Philip Larkin

5A *Hawk Roosting* – Ted Hughes

6B *Death of a Naturalist* - Seamus Heaney
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.
DULCE ET DECORUM EST

was written by

Wilfred Owen

in

1917
COMPLETE THE QUOTATION

➢ Bent double, like ________ ________ under sacks.
➢ Men marched ________.
➢ Drunk with ________;
➢ Gas! Gas! ________, boys!
➢ As under a ________ ________, I saw him drowning.
➢ His hanging face, like a ________ sick of sin;
➢ The old ________ : Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori.
Bent double, like old beggars under sacks.
Men marched asleep.
Drunk with fatigue;
Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin;
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori.
Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of gas shells dropping softly behind.  
Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,  
And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime ...  
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.  

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est  
Pro patria mori.

➢ Channel 4 reading by  
Christopher Eccleston [here](#)
MEANING

- Owen describes a gas attack based on his experiences in WW1.
- We realise from the images how he was traumatised by such events and had nightmares about them afterwards.
- He uses his memories to attack anyone who suggests, ‘it is sweet and right to die for your country’.
The poem begins with a number of negative images describing the poor condition of the soldiers before the shock of the gas attack.

There is an extended metaphor or water to describe the ‘green sea’ of the gas and reinforce the horror of a soldier ‘drowning’ as his lungs disintegrate.

The poem ends ironically, directly challenging the reader not to spread lies to children desperate to hear about the ‘glory’ of war.
The Latin title is taken from the Roman poet Horace and means "it is sweet and honorable...", followed by *pro patria mori*, which means "to die for one's country".

The poem is an attack on propaganda and enlistment campaigns by confronting the reader with the horrors of war that Owen experienced.

Owen had a number of traumatic experiences and was diagnosed as suffering from neurasthenia or shell shock and sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh for treatment. It was while recuperating at Craiglockhart that he met fellow poet Siegfried Sassoon, an encounter that was to transform Owen's life.
POSSIBLE COMPARISONS

- **The Soldier**: opposite presentations of conflict & death
- **The Manhunt**: traumatising effects of conflict, bad memories
- **Mametz Wood**: death in war, engaging with bad memories
- **A Wife in London**: traumatising effects of conflict, irony
- **Valentine**: unconventional presentation of strong emotions
- **Death of a Naturalist**: disturbing presentation of violence
- **Hawk Roosting**: inhuman killing and death
THE MANHUNT

was written by

Simon Armitage

in

2007
After the first phase, after passionate nights and intimate days, only then would he let me trace the frozen river which ran through his face, only then would he let me explore the blown hinge of his lower jaw, and handle and hold the damaged, porcelain collar-bone, and mind and attend the fractured rudder of shoulder-blade, and finger and thumb the parachute silk of his punctured lung.

Only then could I bind the struts and climb the rungs of his broken ribs, and feel the hurt of his grazed heart.

Skirting along, only then could I picture the scan, the foetus of metal beneath his chest where the bullet had finally come to rest.

Then I widened the search, traced the scarring back to its source to a sweating, unexploded mine buried deep in his mind, around which every nerve in his body had tightened and closed. Then, and only then, did I come close.
after _______ nights and _______ days
the _______ _________ which ran through his face
the _______ silk of his _______ lung
climb the _______ of his broken ribs
and feel the hurt of his _______ _________
the _______ of metal beneath his chest
to a sweating, _______ _________ buried deep in his mind
Then, and _______ _________, did I come close
after passionate nights and intimate days
the frozen river which ran through his face
the parachute silk of his punctured lung
climb the rungs of his broken ribs
and feel the hurt of his grazed heart
the foetus of metal beneath his chest
to a sweating, unexploded mine buried deep in his mind
Then, and only then, did I come close
MEANING

- *The Manhunt* is written from the perspective of the wife of a soldier who has sustained serious injuries at war and has returned home.

- The poem explores the physical and mental effects of living with injuries sustained when on active service in the armed forces.

- The poem is narrated from the point of view of the wife to show how difficult it is to reconnect to someone returning from conflict.
LANGUAGE & STRUCTURE

- Military language to describe the soldier’s injuries: the parachute silk of his punctured lung
- Gentle verbs to show his wife’s care: and mind and attend
- Violent adjectives to show his injuries: fractured and punctured
- Mechanical language to emphasise his dehumanisation: hinge and strut
- Repetition of and and only then to list his injuries and imply an almost forensic examination of his body by his wife
- Metaphors to show lasting damage and repressed feelings: frozen river and a sweating, unexploded mine
- Ironic ending: after exploring of all these problems, only then did the wife have a chance of having a ‘close’ relationship with her traumatised husband
‘The Manhunt’ was originally aired as part of a Channel 4 documentary, *Forgotten Heroes: The Not Dead*, in which ‘the painful truth of lives damaged beyond help is made meaningful for the rest of us’ (Joan Bakewell).

In the film ‘The Manhunt’ is read by Laura, wife of Eddie Beddoes, who served as a peace-keeper in Bosnia before being discharged due to injury and depression.

The poem describes the human cost of the conflict as it describes her experience on her husband’s return and the effect on their relationship of the physical and mental scars that he bore.
WATCH AND LEARN

- BBC Video Performance & Analysis [here](#)
- Extract from the documentary [here](#) (6:39)
- Full documentary, *The Not Dead* [here](#)
POSSIBLE COMPARISONS

- The Soldier: opposite presentations of conflict & injuries
- Dulce et Decorum Est: effects of conflict, traumatic memories
- Mametz Wood: death in war, engaging with memories
- A Wife in London: traumatising effects of conflict, irony
- Valentine: unconventional emotions, strained relationships
- Death of a Naturalist: disturbing presentation of violence
- Afternoons: strained marital relationships
- As Imperceptibly as Grief: relationships affected by time
valentine
VALENTINE

was written by

Carol Ann Duffy

in

1993
Not a red rose or a satin heart.
I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.
I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring,
if you like.
Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

WATCH: A very committed teacher’s visual interpretation of the poem [here](#)
I give you an ________.
It is a ________ wrapped in brown paper.
It will ________ you with tears
Its ________ kiss will stay on your lips, ________ and ________
Its platinum loops shrink to a ________ ________, if you like.
Its scent will cling to your __________, clinging to your __________.
COMPLETE THE QUOTATION

- I give you an onion.
- It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
- It will blind you with tears.
- Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips, possessive and faithful.
- Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring, if you like.
- Its scent will cling to your fingers, cling to your knife.
MEANING

- *Valentine* describes an unusual Valentine’s Day present – an onion. The poem explains why it is a powerful gift of love, much more than the clichéd roses or box of chocolates.

- The poem presents a cynical and dangerous view of love: this valentine will merely last as long as the two of them are possessive and faithful, ending on the threatening image of the knife.

- By offering a wedding-ring, in an offhand manner, it does suggest a practical and truthful form of love is possible and better.
The onion becomes a **metaphor** for love, mixing grand romantic imagery – the metaphor of the "moon" – with the everyday – the "brown paper" the moon is wrapped in – to dismiss the clichéd, normal gifts of love.

**Images of danger**: the onion will "blind you with tears", has a "fierce kiss“ and is "Lethal". The final word of the poem is "knife". There is a sense that love can be dangerous, perhaps in its possessiveness.

**Light imagery**: "careful undressing of love" – you must be careful with love to get its benefit.

The poem is written in **free verse**. Each stanza is very short, and several are only one line long. This form echoes the form of an onion itself, and the layers that go to make it up.

The poem is a **first person narrative**, in the form of a **direct address** to "you". We don’t know who the "you" is, but perhaps, as it’s the kind of person who would normally receive a "cute card" it’s a woman.
CONTEXT

- Carol Ann Duffy’s poems are controversial. She often writes monologues from the point of view of disturbed characters.

- Duffy often tackles difficult subjects, encouraging the reader to explore alternative points of view. Here, she is challenging stereotypical views of love showing how it is not easy and painless.

- Duffy’s poetry is often feminist in its themes and approach. It could be argued that *Valentine* challenges the idea that a man can rescue a woman and solve her problems with love: relationships are dangerous and difficult... but still worth it.
WATCH AND LEARN

➢ Reading here
➢ A visual interpretation of the poem here
➢ BBC Bitesize Study Guide here
➢ S-Cool revision page here
➢ Universal Teacher study guide here (follow link)
POSSIBLE COMPARISONS

- **Sonnet 43**: love and relationships
- **She Walks in Beauty**: love and relationships
- **A Wife in London**: strained relationships
- **Afternoons**: strained relationships
- **Cozy Apologia**: unconventional relationships
- **Dulce et Decorum Est**: challenges conventional thinking
- **Mametz Wood**: confronts difficult truths
- **London**: emotional pain
Afternoons
AFTERNOONS

was written by

Philip Larkin

in

1959
Summer is fading:
The leaves fall in ones and twos
From trees bordering
The new recreation ground.
In the hollows of afternoons
Young mothers assemble
At swing and sandpit
Setting free their children.

Behind them, at intervals,
Stand husbands in skilled trades,
An estateful of washing,
And the albums, lettered
Our Wedding, lying
Near the television:
Before them, the wind
Is ruining their courting-places

That are still courting-places
(But the lovers are all in school),
And their children, so intent on
Finding more unripe acorns,
Expect to be taken home.
Their beauty has thickened.
Something is pushing them
To the side of their own lives.

➤Listen to *Afternoons* read by Philip Larkin [here](#)
Summer is ________
In the ________ of afternoons / Young mothers _________
albums, lettered / _____ _______, lying / Near the television
the wind / Is _________ their courting-places
Their beauty has ________.
Something is pushing them / To the side of their ___ ________.
Summer is fading
In the hollows of afternoons / Young mothers assemble albums, lettered / Our Wedding, lying / Near the television the wind / Is ruining their courting-places
Their beauty has thickened.
Something is pushing them / To the side of their own lives.
MEANING

- Larkin begins with the changing of the seasons to show time moving on and people’s lives progressing.
- He describes children playing while their parents watch on, suggesting that the adults have lost their freedom.
- Depressing descriptions of old wedding albums and lost beauty suggest that their best days have already passed.
The poem begins with natural images of the summer ‘fading’ and ‘leaves falling’.

There is sense of time moving forward with the ‘new’ recreation ground and ‘young’ mothers.

Tension between the isolation and confinement of the mothers ‘in the hollows of afternoon’ and the temporary freedom of the children in the playground.

Larkin stereotypes working class life with distant ‘husbands’ and ‘an estateful of washing’.

Married life is presented as disappointing with the photo album left by the television and the disappearance of ‘courting-places’.

More natural imagery of ‘ripening’ and the beauty of the children has ‘thickened’.

The poem builds to an ironic climax suggesting that as their lives have progressed, the parents have become marginalised and sidelined.
Philip Larkin was a significant 20th century poet whose work is characterised by detailed observations of everyday life and relationships.

His poetry is often described as being melancholic (the tone can be downbeat), although he is also famous for celebrating the ordinary by writing about things not usually considered suitably important enough to be the subject of poetry. He did not marry, had no children, never went abroad and worked as a librarian at Hull University for over 30 years. To many people Larkin's life seems unremarkable.

This poem was written when Philip Larkin lived in his top flat in Pearson Park in Hull. He loved living in a high room, where he could observe the comings and goings of other people. As he walked through the park he used to pass a children’s playground, and what he saw there inspired this bleak poem.
WATCH AND LEARN

- *Afternoons* read by Philip Larkin [here](#)
- A Beautiful Animation of Philip Larkin’s *The Trees*, [here](#)
- *Poetry in Motion*, a TV Programme about Philip Larkin from 1990, [here](#)
POSSIBLE COMPARISONS

- **Sonnet 43**: contrasting romantic relationships
- **She Walks in Beauty**: contrasting romantic relationships
- **A Wife in London**: strained relationships, emotional pain, cities
- **Valetine**: strained relationships, emotional pain
- **Cozy Apologia**: celebrates ordinary life
- **London**: emotional pain, living in cities
- **To Autumn**: changes in nature, time passing
- **As Imperceptibly as Grief**: changes in nature, time passing
- **The Prelude**: childhood joy, time passing
Hawk Roosting
HAWK ROOSTING

was written by

Ted Hughes

in

1960
Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed. Inaction, no falsifying dream
Between my hooked head and hooked feet: Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees! The air’s buoyancy and the sun’s ray
Are of advantage to me; And the earth’s face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark. It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, my each feather: Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly – I kill where I please because it is all mine. There is no sophistry in my body: My manners are tearing off heads –

The allotment of death. For the one path of my flight is direct Through the bones of the living. No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me. Nothing has changed since I began. My eye has permitted no change. I am going to keep things like this.
COMPLETE THE QUOTATION

- in sleep rehearse perfect ________ and eat
- The ________ of the high trees!
- the earth’s face ________ for my inspection
- Now I hold ________ in my foot
- My ________ are tearing off heads
- The ________ of death
- The sun is ________ me.
- I am going to keep things ________ ________.
COMPLETE THE QUOTATION

- in sleep rehearse perfect **kills** and eat
- The **convenience** of the high trees!
- the earth’s face **upward** for my inspection
- Now I hold **Creation** in my foot
- My **manners** are tearing off heads
- The **allotment** of death
- The sun is **behind** me.
- I am going to keep things **like this**.
The poem is a celebration of the hawk and its simple ideology as an instinctive killer.

The hawk feels powerful and dominant, holding ‘Creation in my foot’ and enjoying the ‘convenience’ and ‘advantage’ of its natural environment.

The hawk makes no apologies nor arguments for its right to kill. It refuses to change.

The poem can also be interpreted metaphorically as a way of exploring the more heartless and calculating side of human nature.
LANGUAGE & STRUCTURE

- Unconventional use of the first person perspective
- Predatory instincts: ‘perfect kills’ and ‘my flight is direct’.
- Implied violence through threatening images and physical descriptions: ‘hooked feet’, ‘tearing off heads’ and ‘Through the bones of the living’
- Frequent use of the negative as the hawk refuses to behave in a human manner: ‘no falsifying dream’ and ‘no sophistry in my body’.
- The hawk is presented as a dominant observer: ‘inspection’, ‘revolve it all slowly’ and ‘My eye’.
- Implied divine power: ‘Creation’ and ‘The sun is behind me’
Ted Hughes grew up in the Yorkshire countryside and was fascinated by nature, human history and mythology.

His poetry is very imaginative and often focuses on the animal world. One of his most notable poetic works is called *Crow: from the Life and Songs of the Crow*.

He had a troubled marriage to poet Sylvia Plath who killed herself in 1963 after seven years together. He had begun an affair the year before and refused to end it.

He wrote frequently of the mixture of beauty and violence in the natural world. Animals serve as a metaphor for his view on life: animals live out a struggle for the survival of the fittest in the same way that humans strive for success.
WATCH AND LEARN

- Intense reading by the poet [here](#)
- Video analysis of *Hawk Roosting* [here](#)
- BBC Study Guide [here](#)
POSSIBLE COMPARISONS

- **The Soldier**: problematic presentations of conflict and death
- **Dulce et Decorum Est**: experiences of conflict and death
- **Valentine**: unconventional emotions, use of first person
- **Death of a Naturalist**: violence in nature
- **London**: ignorance and pain
- **To Autumn**: nature’s order
- **As Imperceptibly as Grief**: nature’s order, muted emotions
- **The Prelude**: hunting
Death of a Naturalist
Seamus Heaney
DEATH OF A NATURALIST

was written by
Seamus Heaney
in
1966
All year the flax-dam festered in the heart
Of the townland; green and heavy headed
Flax had rotted there, weighted down by huge sods.
Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.
Bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles
Wove a strong gauze of sound around the smell.
There were dragonflies, spotted butterflies,
But best of all was the warm thick slobber
Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water
In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring
I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied
Specks to range on window sills at home,
On shelves at school, and wait and watch until
The fattening dots burst, into nimble
Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us how
The daddy frog was called a bullfrog
And how he croaked and how the mammy frog
Laid hundreds of little eggs and this was frogspawn.

You could tell the weather by frogs too
For they were yellow in the sun and brown in rain.

Then one hot day when fields were rank
With cowdung in the grass the angry frogs
Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through hedges
To a coarse croaking that I had not heard
Before. The air was thick with a bass chorus.
Right down the dam gross bellied frogs were cocked
On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails. Some hopped:
The slap and plop were obscene threats. Some sat
Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads farting.
I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings
Were gathered there for vengeance and I knew
That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.

Watch Seamus Heaney read this poem here
COMPLETE THE QUOTATION

- All year the flax-dam _______ in the heart / Of the townland
- best of all was the warm thick _______ / Of frogspawn
- I would fill _______ of the jellied / Specks
- Miss Walls would tell us how / The daddy frog was called a _______
- You could tell the _______ by frogs too
- the angry frogs / _______ the flax-dam
- Poised like mud _______ , their blunt heads _______
- The great slime _______ / Were gathered there for _______
- if I dipped my hand the _______ would clutch it.
All year the flax-dam *festered* in the heart / Of the townland
best of all was the warm thick *slobber* / Of frogspawn
I would fill *jampotfuls* of the jellied / Specks
Miss Walls would tell us how / The daddy frog was called a *bullfrog*
You could tell the *weather* by frogs too
the angry frogs / *Invaded* the flax-dam
Poised like mud *grenades*, their blunt heads *farting*
The great slime *kings* / Were gathered there for *vengeance*
if I dipped my hand the *spawn* would clutch it.
Heaney describes how, as a child, he used to go and collect frogspawn from the flax-dam (a marshy pool).

He used to collect the frogspawn in jam pots and watch the tadpoles grow.

He remembers learning about the frogs at school and how they would change colour in the rain.

One day, he was shocked and disgusted by the arrival of the ‘angry’ frogs.

He was scared and thought that the frogspawn wanted revenge for what he had taken.
Exaggerated sense descriptions are used to give us a vivid experience of the flax-dam.

Childish language is used to show his enthusiasm for the ‘warm thick slobber’ of frogspawn and also reported speech from his teachers to show his innocence at the time.

Precise images are used to capture the wonder of the frogspawn: ‘fattening dots’ that ‘burst’ with life.

The second stanza launches into the precise events of ‘one hot day’ of his youth, when the ‘angry’ frogs return. This is charged with negative emotions and a sense of danger.

Threatening sound descriptions like the ‘bass chorus’ show how Heaney was intimidated by them.

Implied violence as the frogs are compared to ‘mud grenades’ and ominously called ‘the great slime kings’.

The poem ends on a final threatening image: that the frogspawn could grab him. This is ironic as he was collecting it as a child - now the tables are turned.
Seamus Heaney was born in the countryside of County Derry, Northern Ireland in 1939. Heaney's first book, Death of a Naturalist (1966), contained rich depictions of his rural upbringing.

At the age of 12, he won a scholarship to a Catholic boarding school, and it was there he received news of the death of his young brother. This could explain some of the more difficult ideas and associations in his poems.

By the 1970s, as Ireland's troubles increased, his work took a more political turn. The civil unrest appears as violent and relentless force of nature in this poem.

Heaney is Ireland's most celebrated living poet and was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1995, "for works of lyrical beauty and ethical depth, which exalt everyday miracles and the living past".
WATCH AND LEARN

➢ Reading by the poet [here](#)
➢ Universal Teacher [Study Guide](#)
➢ Shmoop [Study Guide](#)
POSSIBLE COMPARISONS

- **Sonnet 43**: contrasting romantic relationships
- **She Walks in Beauty**: contrasting romantic relationships
- **A Wife in London**: strained relationships, emotional pain, cities
- **Valetine**: strained relationships, emotional pain
- **Cozy Apologia**: celebrates ordinary life
- **London**: emotional pain, living in cities
- **To Autumn**: changes in nature, time passing
- **As Imperceptibly as Grief**: changes in nature, time passing
- **The Prelude**: childhood joy, time passing
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<th>Meaning</th>
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<td><strong>Action:</strong> what happens?</td>
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<td><strong>Writer’s perspective and emotions?</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Use of characters / settings / objects</strong></td>
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<th>Language &amp; Structure</th>
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<td><strong>How is language used to present the big idea?</strong></td>
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<td><strong>What are the most significant poetic techniques?</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Are there any deliberate patterns to emphasise the big idea?</strong></td>
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<td><strong>How does the poem build to the final line/resolution?</strong></td>
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<td><strong>How has the poet’s life experiences influenced the writing of the poem?</strong></td>
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<td><strong>How do the events of the poem relate to real events?</strong></td>
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<td><strong>How does the poem relate to other genres or poetic forms?</strong></td>
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## EDUQAS GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE

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<th>Component 1</th>
<th>Component 2</th>
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| **Section A: Shakespeare (20%)**  
Extract + Essay Questions - 1 hour | **Section A: Post-1914 Prose/Drama (20%)**  
Extract-based Question - 45 minutes |
| **Section B: Poetry Anthology (20%)**  
Analysis + Comparison Questions - 1 hour | **Section B: 19<sup>th</sup> Century Prose (20%)**  
Extract-based Question - 45 minutes |
| **Section C: Unseen Poetry (20%)**  
Analysis + Comparison Questions - 1 hour | **Section C: Unseen Poetry (20%)**  
Analysis + Comparison Questions - 1 hour |
Bent double, like old beggars under sacks.
Men marched asleep.
Drunk with fatigue;
Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin;
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.
THE MANHUNT

- after *passionate* nights and *intimate* days
- the *frozen river* which ran through his face
- the *parachute* silk of his *punctured* lung
- climb the *rungs* of his broken ribs
- and feel the hurt of his *grazed heart*
- the *foetus* of metal beneath his chest
- to a sweating, *unexploded mine*
- buried deep in his mind
- Then, and *only then*, did I come close

Compares well with...

- **Soldier**: opposite views of war
- **Dulce**: effects of conflict
- **Mametz Wood**: death in war
- **Afternoons**: strained relationships
- **Valentine**: difficult relationships
VALENTINE

- I give you an onion.
- It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
- It will blind you with tears
- Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips, possessive and faithful
- Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring, if you like.
- Its scent will cling to your fingers, cling to your knife.

Compares well with...

- Sonnet 43: love & relationships
- SWIB: love & relationships
- A Wife in London: strained relationships
- Afternoons: strained relationships
- Manhunt: strained relationships
AFTERNOONS

- Summer is **fading**
- In the **hollows** of afternoons / Young mothers **assemble**
- albums, lettered / *Our Wedding*, lying / Near the television
- the wind / Is **ruining** their courting-places
- Their beauty has **thickened**.
- Something is pushing them / To the side of their **own lives**.

**Compares well with...**
- *Sonnet 43*: love & relationships
- *SWIB*: love & relationships
- *A Wife in London*: strained relationships
- *Valentine*: difficult relationships
- *Manhunt*: strained relationships
HAWK ROOSTING

- in sleep rehearse perfect **kills** and eat
- The **convenience** of the high trees!
- the earth’s face **upward** for my inspection
- Now I hold **Creation** in my foot
- My **manners** are tearing off heads
- The **allotment** of death
- The sun is **behind** me.
- I am going to keep things **like this**.

**Compares well with...**

- **Dulce:** threat of violence
- **DOAN:** threat of nature
- **To Autumn:** nature, birds
- **The Prelude:** nature, hunting
- **Ozymandias:** power
DEATH OF A NATURALIST

- All year the flax-dam **festered** in the heart / Of the townland
- best of all was the warm thick **slobber** / Of frogspawn
- I would fill **jampotfuls** of the jellied / Specks
- Miss Walls would tell us how / The daddy frog was called a **bullfrog**
- You could tell the **weather** by frogs too
- the angry frogs / **Invaded** the flax-dam
- Poised like mud **grenades**, their blunt heads **farting**
- The great slime **kings** /
  
  Were gathered there for **vengeance**
- if I dipped my hand the **spawn** would clutch it.

**Compares well with...**

- **Dulce**: threat of violence
- **Manhunt**: effects of conflict
- **The Prelude**: childhood memories
- **Hawk Roosting**: threat of nature
- **To Autumn**: nature, time
- **Ozymandias**: power
WAR
The Manhunt - Simon Armitage
Mametz Wood - Owen Sheers
The Soldier - Rupert Brooke
Dulce et Decorum Est - Wilfred Owen

RELATIONSHIPS
Sonnet 43 - Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Valentine - Carol Ann Duffy
Cozy Apologia - Rita Dove
Afternoons - Philip Larkin

THEMES
CONFLICT
VIOLENCE
INJURIES / PAIN
PAST MEMORIES
CHILDHOOD
GOD & CREATION
LOVE & ROMANCE
POWER
GRIEF & DEATH
LOSS OF INNOCENCE
DREAMS & NIGHTMARES
BEAUTY
TIME
SEASONS
STRONG EMOTIONS
PLACES

*Ozymandias* – Percy Bysshe Shelley

*Living Space* – Imitiaz Dharker

*London* – William Blake

*A Wife in London* – Thomas Hardy

NATURE

*Death of a Naturalist* - Seamus Heaney

*As Imperceptibly as Grief* - Emily Dickinson

*She Walks in Beauty* - Lord Byron

Excerpt from *The Prelude* - William Wordsworth

*To Autumn* - John Keats

*Hawk Roosting* – Ted Hughes

THEMES

- CONFLICT
- VIOLENCE
- INJURIES / PAIN
- PAST MEMORIES
- CHILDHOOD
- GOD & CREATION
- LOVE & ROMANCE
- POWER
- GRIEF & DEATH
- LOSS OF INNOCENCE
- DREAMS & NIGHTMARES
- BEAUTY
- TIME
- SEASONS
- STRONG EMOTIONS