

***POETRY REVISION
STARTS NOW!***

Every Wednesday in M6

3:15-4pm

War

Spring Term

1A *The Manhunt* - Simon Armitage

2B *Mametz Wood* - Owen Sheers

3A *The Soldier* - Rupert Brooke

4B *Dulce et Decorum Est* - Wilfred Owen

Relationships

Spring Term

5A *Sonnet 43* - Elizabeth Barrett Browning

6B *Valentine* - Carol Ann Duffy

Half Term

7A *Cozy Apologia* - Rita Dove

8B *Afternoons* - Philip Larkin

Places

Spring Term

9A *Ozymandias* – Percy Bysshe Shelley

10B *Living Space* – Imtiaz Dharker

11A *London* – William Blake

12B *A Wife in London* – Thomas Hardy

Nature

Summer Term

1A *Death of a Naturalist* - Seamus Heaney

2B *As Imperceptibly as Grief* - Emily Dickinson

3A *She Walks in Beauty* - Lord Byron

4B Excerpt from *The Prelude* - William Wordsworth

5A *To Autumn* - John Keats

6B *Hawk Roosting* – Ted Hughes



THE MANHUNT

THE MANHUNT

was written by

Simon Armitage

in

2007

*What are the **BIG IDEAS?***

- *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.

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.

DID YOU KNOW?

- ‘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

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

Mametz Wood



MAMETZ WOOD

was written by

Owen Sheers

in

2005

*What are the **BIG IDEAS?***

- *Mametz Wood* focuses on the remains which are still found from fighting during the Battle of the Somme in WW1.
- Sheers suggests the earth keeps producing ‘reminders’ of the victims, comparing the bones and body parts to small objects.
- The poem suggests the ‘unearthing’ of these objects is significant and that they tell human stories that have not previously been heard.

For years afterwards the farmers found them –
the wasted young, turning up under their plough blades
as they tended the land back into itself.
A chit of bone, the china plate of a shoulder blade,
the relic of a finger, the blown
and broken bird's egg of a skull,
all mimicked now in flint, breaking blue in white
across this field where they were told to walk, not run,
towards the wood and its nesting machine guns.
And even now the earth stands sentinel,
reaching back into itself for reminders of what happened
like a wound working a foreign body to the surface of the skin.
This morning, twenty men buried in one long grave,
a broken mosaic of bone linked arm in arm,
their skeletons paused mid dance-macabre
in boots that outlasted them,
their socketed heads tilted back at an angle
and their jaws, those that have them, dropped open.
As if the notes they had sung
have only now, with this unearthing,
slipped from their absent tongues.



WATCH AND LEARN

- Owen Sheers [explains and reads the poem](#) (2:25)
- BBC News Report: **Haunting photos show scars left behind** [here](#)

DID YOU KNOW?

- Sheers wrote 'Mametz Wood' after visiting the site of a WWI battlefield on the Somme in Northern France. He was struck by how remnants of the battle – strips of barbed wire, shells, fragments of bone, were still rising to the surface, as if the earth could not help but remember its violent past and the lives that had sunk away into it.
- *While I was in France visiting Mametz Wood I read a newspaper article about a shallow war grave that had been uncovered during the building of a car factory nearby. There were twenty skeletons lying in it. Each skeleton lay in its own position of death, but all of them were linked, arm in arm. It was a strange, touching, disturbing photograph and as soon as I saw it I knew I wanted to write a poem about Mametz.*

The Soldier



THE SOLDIER

was written by

Rupert Brooke

in

1914

*What are the **BIG IDEAS?***

- Brooke suggests that if he dies in a foreign country, it will become England.
- As a soldier in WW1, Brooke wants to believe that his life and death will have meaning.
- It is a patriotic poem that suggests that the English forces have God on their side.

THE SOLDIER



Rupert Brooke
1887-1915

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

WATCH AND LEARN

- Channel 4 reading by Sophie Okonedo [here](#)
- BBC dramatisation [here](#)
- Mycroft Lecture [here](#)

DID YOU KNOW?

- Rupert Brooke never experienced front-line combat, but was sailing for Gallipoli with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force when he contracted blood poisoning from a mosquito bite. He died on April 23 1915 (St George's Day).
- Nineteen days before Brooke's death, on Easter Sunday, Dean William Ralph Inge read *The Soldier* from the pulpit of St Paul's Cathedral as part of his sermon. That sonnet was published in the Times the next day to great acclaim - as, shortly after, was Winston Churchill's obituary of Brooke.

Dulce et Decorum Est

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

*What are the **BIG IDEAS?***

- 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'.

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.

WATCH AND LEARN

- Channel 4 reading by Christopher Eccleston [here](#)
- BBC dramatisation [here](#)
- Mycroft Lecture [here](#)

DID YOU KNOW?

- 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.