

WEEK: 23

Week Beginning: (Monday 24th August 2020)

Subject: ENGLISH

Year: 9

Lesson Objective:

- To be able to make analytical and critical comments on War Photographer
- **To be able to start comparing two poems together and understand how to begin to structure a poetry answer.**

Keywords/ Concepts

- *Poetry.*
- *Comparison*

Class Worksheets

- War photographer
- Questions and material for second poem for comparison

Homework Worksheets

Begin planning an introduction to the comparing of the two poems and one PEEL paragraph. You do not need to write an answer, just produce a short plan.

Additional Notes

War Photographer Poem

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.

Task: Questions about the poem

1. Highlight all the phrases in the poem where you feel the photographer is presented as being cold/lacking emotion regarding his job.
2. Highlight all the phrases in the poem where you feel the photographer is presented as being affected by things he has experienced.
3. In Stanza 1, what aspects of his dark room setting suggest that part of his role is to make sense of the tragedies that happen in war?
4. What kind of a person is a priest (think about their job, what do they do in sermons)? Is this a fitting image for a war photographer?
5. 'All flesh is grass' is a metaphor. What does this suggest that the photographer has to do with some of the atrocities he has witnessed?
6. In Stanza 2, how is England different to settings where there is conflict? You might want to consider how the language creates different atmospheres here.
7. In Stanza 3, identify the quotation where the speaker processes the photograph. Which words suggest he is haunted by events?
8. What phrases can you identify that suggest the extent of conflict in the final stanza?
9. To what extent does Duffy suggest readers of the news are affected by the images they see in the last stanza?
10. Think about the last line: 'they do not care'. It is ambiguous (unclear) who this refers to. What options are there? Which do you think is most likely?
11. Which verbs suggest violence here? Which do you think has the most impact upon readers and why?
12. Do you think the rhyme scheme (ABBCDD) works effectively for the subject of the poem or not?

Poems for comparison:

1- Poppies

Jane Weir

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.

Remains

Simon Armitage

ween 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 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, possibly not.
Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and the 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-smot
land
or six-feet-under in desert sand,

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

Blessings Imtiaz Dharker

The skin cracks like a pod.
There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,
the small splash, echo
in a tin mug,
the voice of a kindly god.

Sometimes, the sudden rush
of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,
silver crashes to the ground
and the flow has found
a roar of tongues. From the huts,
a congregation : every man woman
child for streets around
butts in, with pots,
brass, copper, aluminium,
plastic buckets,
frantic hands,

and naked children
screaming in the liquid sun,
their highlights polished to perfection
flashing light,
as the blessing sings
over their small bones.