

**GRAYS TUITION CENTRE – Online Tutoring**

**WEEK: 10**

**Week Beginning: (Monday 25<sup>h</sup> May 2020)**

**Subject: ENGLISH**

**Year: GCSE**

**Lesson Objective:**

- Going through poems from anthology.

**Keywords/ Concepts**

**Class Worksheets**

- Going through poems together and independently

**Homework Worksheets**

- Writing up table of quotes with themes and techniques for each poem

**Additional Notes**

# POEM: 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.

**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.

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

**Aside** 'possibly not' undermines severity of the statement, if he was not armed should he have been shot? He has the power to decide.

**Analogy**, soldiers described as cards in Poker, a game of luck. Emphasis that everything about this was just chance.

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,

**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.

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.

**Colloquialism**, 'mate' almost makes this appear like a night out with the lads, like a social event.

The nature of what is happening, a violent killing is **juxtaposed** to the relaxed way he talks about the event.

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

**Metaphor** for the memory of the man and events. Blood connotes death, shadow connoting lingering memory.

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 the drugs won't flush him out –

**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.

**Cliché** 'flush' common term to get rid of something unwanted, this is no longer a matter of war but everyday life.

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 sand,

**Analogy**, describes the memory like a hostile soldier in his mind, where he cannot get him.

**Sibilance**, smothered, six, sand: gives the impression of a sinister dream/nightmare like state.

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

**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.

Simon Armitage

# POEM: 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.

**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.

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,

**Familiar noun/military metaphor** The reference to sellotape is quite a familiar homely image, 'bandaged' can be used to imply wound or injury/harm.

**Sibilance**, The words 'steeled, shirt, softening' etc. gives a calm tone to the scene described in the poem.

**Aside**, the personal **anecdote** creates a sense of intimacy and human realism in the speakers voice. **Juxtaposed** with the military side of her son.

**Metaphor**, a reference to the shortened hair stubble required in the military and how aggressive it makes her son appear to her.

**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.

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.

**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.

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.

**Physical senses**, implies the intimacy between mother and son, **connotes** the tactile hypersensitivity and jumbled emotions.

**Caesura**, breaking down the verses, implies the choking back tears.

Jane Weir

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I run just one ov my daddy's shops  
from 9 o'clock to 9 o'clock  
and he vunt me not to hav a break  
but ven nobody in, I do di lock –

cos up di stairs is my newly bride  
vee share in chapatti  
vee share in di chutney  
after vee hav made luv  
like vee rowing through Putney –

Ven I return vid my pinnie untied  
di shoppers always point and cry:  
*Hey Singh, ver yoo bin?*  
*Yor lemons are limes*  
*yor bananas are plantain,*  
*dis dirty little floor need a little bit of mop*  
*in di worst Indian shop*  
*on di whole Indian road -*

Above my head high heel tap di ground  
as my vife on di web is playing wid di mouse  
ven she netting two cat on her Sikh lover site  
she book dem for di meat at di cheese ov her price –

my bride  
she effing at my mum  
in all di colours of Punjabi  
den stumble like a drunk  
making fun at my daddy

my bride  
tiny eyes ov a gun  
and di tummy ov a teddy

my bride  
she hav a red crew cut  
and she wear a Tartan sari  
a donkey jacket and some pumps

she book dem for di meat at di cheese ov her price –

my bride

she effing at my mum  
in all di colours of Punjabi  
den stumble like a drunk  
making fun at my daddy

my bride

tiny eyes ov a gun  
and di tummy ov a teddy

my bride

she hav a red crew cut  
and she wear a Tartan sari  
a donkey jacket and some pumps  
on di squeak ov di girls dat are pinching my sweeties –

Ven I return from di tickle ov my bride

di shoppers always point and cry:

*Hey Singh, ver yoo bin?*

*Di milk is out ov date*

*and di bread is always stale,*

*di tings yoo hav on offer yoo hav never got in stock*

*in di worst Indian shop*

*on di whole Indian road –*

K. McGabe 2016

Late in di midnight hour  
ven yoo shoppers are wrap up quiet  
ven di precinct is concrete-cool  
vee cum down whispering stairs  
and sit on my silver stool,  
from behind di chocolate bars

vee stare past di half-price window signs  
at di beaches ov di UK in di brightey moon –

from di stool each night she say,  
*How much do yoo charge for dat moon baby?*

from di stool each night I say,  
*Is half di cost ov yoo baby,*

from di stool each night she say,  
*How much does dat come to baby?*

from di stool each night I say,  
*Is priceless baby -*

## Sonnet 29

I think of thee!—my thoughts do twine and bud  
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there 's nought to see  
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.  
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee  
Who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly  
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee  
Drop heavily down,—burst, shattered, everywhere!  
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee—I am too near thee.

Edexcel Relationships:

## **A Complaint**

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

There is a change—and I am poor;  
Your love hath been, nor long ago,  
A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
Whose only business was to flow;  
And flow it did; not taking heed  
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!  
Blest was I then all bliss above!  
Now, for that consecrated fount  
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
What have I? shall I dare to tell?  
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep—  
I trust it is,—and never dry:  
What matter? if the waters sleep  
In silence and obscurity.  
—Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.



## Edexcel Power and conflict

### POEM. EXTRACT FROM THE PREDULDE

One summer evening (led by her) I found  
A little boat tied to a willow tree  
Within a rocky cave, 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

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.

Wordsworth creates an idyllic and peaceful scene with **language semantically** peaceful.

The mood changed with the craggy ridge and horizons boundary represents nature, limiting the progress of the poet.

The term 'elfin pinnace' could be translated as 'fairy boat', a **metaphor** for the now heated mood of the poet. Elves were often viewed as sexual and lustful.

The **simile** reminds us that anything man tries to produce is merely imitating (copying) nature which does it better.

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.

Meadows, usually peaceful and joyful and **juxtaposed** to the 'grave and serious mood'.

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).

	Poem 1: <input type="text"/>	Poem 2:
Content/themes		
Language		
Techniques		
Structure/form		