

GRAYS TUITION CENTRE – Online Tutoring

WEEK: 11

Week Beginning: (Monday 1st June 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: BAYONET CHARGE

Suddenly he awoke and was running- raw

Alliteration of R and H sounds gives sense of hard work heavy breathing.

In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,

Contrast between warzone and the 'green hedge' which is quite a peaceful rural image.

Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge

Enjambment adds to the chaos of the battlefield.

That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing

Personified bullets and **semantic** body parts with 'belly' and 'smashed arm' blurs the line between weapon and man by **dehumanising** the soldier and personifying the weapons.

Bullets smacking the belly out of the air -

He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;

The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye

Juxtaposed ideas of patriotic tear, a beautiful and noble thing full of emotion contrasted with 'sweating like molten iron' which further **dehumanises** the soldier and likens him more to a tank or machine.

Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, -

In bewilderment then he almost stopped -

Clockwork, A metaphor for his actions as being more like a clockwork machine than human. **Trivialises** war to a game of toy clockwork soldiers between nations.

In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations

Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running

Rhetorical Question, marks the change of pace, it is as if this is happening in slow motion or the soldier has stopped as he thinks on what he has become.

Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs

Listening between his footfalls for the reason

Enjambment, over four verses implies he has suddenly come to some realisation and this both seems to drag on but also all happen at once.

Of his still running, and his foot hung like

Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows

Metaphor, is it a real hare? Maybe a coward? Yellow is the colour of fear and hares are prey. Natural and frightened image **juxtaposed** with his own machine like nature. Possible that the hare is another soldier shot and scared, trying to escape. **Dehumanised**.

Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame

And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide

Open silent, its eyes standing out.

'**plunges**' implies diving in too deep or cannot return. He has made his decision to carry on and there is no turning back.

He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,

King, honour, human dignity, etcetera

Listing of the key motivations for war emphasises that here and now they are second to the rush of battle.

Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm

To get out of that blue crackling air

Atmospheric description, similar to 'the air was electric', the word 'crackling' gives an element of danger to the verse.

His terror's touchy dynamite.

Metaphor and **Consonance** of T sounds emphasises adrenaline rush and almost animal like reactions (Think of a cat that is prepared to fight or flee).

Ted Hughes

POEM: WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

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.
Carol Ann Duffy

Finally, suggests he is constantly haunted by his experiences., this allows him escape.

Sibilance, emphasises the dark nature of the photos and their content.

Connotations with blood and violence, the red light and glow can also symbolise a womblike safe place.

Juxtapose the idea of church with the warzones **listed**, this also emphasises scale of horror he has seen.

Metaphor emphasises the scale of death and fragility of life, suggests that this life is as meaningless to people at home as mowing the lawn.

Irony he had a steady hand taking the photos, in danger. But now at home in safety he trembles. Hints that he is suffering PTSD.

Stereotyping the typical British highlight of weather, contrasting with the events in warzone. Juxtaposes the dull stability of home.

Couplet places emphasises on the vulnerability and danger.

Caesura changes tone and builds tension.

Double meaning the photo itself is taking form, however the subject themselves may have been in pain, twisting.

Metaphor shows the still faint origins of the photo but also implies that the subject may well now be dead.

Personal Pronoun 'he' emphasises a namelessness, that he is one of many, but also a sense of detachment and guilt in the tone.

Adjective emphasis on the fact it is far away, can be read bitterly, as though why should the fact it is foreign make a difference.

Pun dark humour, bitter. Black and white in the newspapers but also emphasis on the morality, war is black and white.

Juxtaposes 'tears' with the very comfortable images of 'bath' and 'pre lunch beers'. Can be read almost angrily, their tears are meaningless and this is a small pause in their life, not of worth to them.

'Impassive' without emotion, he feels numb/helpless.

Collective pronoun creates accusation-like tone. Final lines emphasise his resentment.

AQA Love and Relationships:

Farmers bride

Three summers since I chose a maid,
Too young maybe—but more's to do
At harvest-time than bide and woo.
 When us was wed she turned afraid
Of love and me and all things human;
Like the shut of a winter's day
Her smile went out, and 'twadn't a woman—
 More like a little frightened fay.
 One night, in the Fall, she runned away.

“Out 'mong the sheep, her be,” they said,
'Should properly have been abed;
But sure enough she wadn't there
Lying awake with her wide brown stare.
So over seven-acre field and up-along across the down
We chased her, flying like a hare
Before out lanterns. To Church-Town
 All in a shiver and a scare
We caught her, fetched her home at last
 And turned the key upon her, fast.

She does the work about the house
As well as most, but like a mouse:
 Happy enough to chat and play
 With birds and rabbits and such as they,
 So long as men-folk keep away.
“Not near, not near!” her eyes beseech
When one of us comes within reach.
 The women say that beasts in stall
 Look round like children at her call.
 I've hardly heard her speak at all.

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,
Straight and slight as a young larch tree,
Sweet as the first wild violets, she,
To her wild self. But what to me?

The short days shorten and the oaks are brown,
The blue smoke rises to the low grey sky,
One leaf in the still air falls slowly down,
A magpie's spotted feathers lie
On the black earth spread white with rime,
The berries redden up to Christmas-time.
What's Christmas-time without there be
Some other in the house than we!

She sleeps up in the attic there
Alone, poor maid. 'Tis but a stair
Betwixt us. Oh! my God! the down,
The soft young down of her, the brown,
The brown of her—her eyes, her hair, her hair!

Walking Away:

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day –
A sunny day with leaves just turning,
The touch-lines new-ruled – since I watched you play
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see
You walking away from me towards the school
With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free
Into a wilderness, the gait of one
Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying away
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,
Has something I never quite grasp to convey
About nature's give-and-take – the small, the scorching
Ordeals which fire one's irresolute clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly
Saying what God alone could perfectly show –
How selfhood begins with a walking away,
And love is proved in the letting go.

Edexcel Relationships:

Sonnet 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways! –
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.

- 5 I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight –
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right, –
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion, put to use
- 10 In my old griefs, ... and with my childhood's faith:
I love thee with the love I seemed to lose
With my lost Saints, – I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

1st Date – She

I said I liked classical music.
It wasn't exactly a lie.
I hoped he would get the impression
That my brow was acceptably high.

5 I said I liked classical music.
I mentioned Vivaldi and Bach.
And he asked me along to this concert.
Here we are, sitting in the half-dark.

I was thrilled to be asked to the concert.
10 I couldn't care less what they play
But I'm trying my hardest to listen
So I'll have something clever to say.

When I glance at his face it's a picture
Of rapt concentration. I see
15 He is totally into this music
And quite undistracted by me.

1st Date – He

She said she liked classical music.
I implied I was keen on it too.
Though I don't often go to a concert,
It wasn't entirely untrue.

5 I looked for a suitable concert
And here we are, on our first date.
The traffic was dreadful this evening
And I arrived ten minutes late.

So we haven't had much time for talking
10 And I'm a bit nervous. I see
She is totally lost in the music
And quite undistracted by me.

In that dress she is very attractive –
The neckline can't fail to intrigue.
15 I mustn't appear too besotted.
Perhaps she is out of my league.

Where are we? I glance at the programme
But I've put my glasses away.
I'd better start paying attention
20 Or else I'll have nothing to say.

Wendy Cope

Edexcel Power and conflict

Half-caste

Excuse me
standing on one leg
I'm half-caste

Explain yusef
5 wha yu mean
when you say half-caste
yu mean when picasso
mix red an green
is a half-caste canvas/
10 explain yusef
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when light an shadow
mix in de sky
15 is a half-caste weather/
well in dat case
england weather
nearly always half-caste
in fact some o dem cloud
20 half-caste till dem overcast
so spiteful dem dont want de sun pass
ah rass/
explain yusef
wha yu mean
25 when you say half-caste
yu mean tchaikovsky
sit down at dah piano
an mix a black key
wid a white key
30 is a half-caste symphony/

Explain yusef
wha yu mean
Ah listening to yu wid de keen
half of mih ear
35 Ah lookin at yu wid de keen
half of mih eye
and when I'm introduced to yu
I'm sure you'll understand
why I offer yu half-a-hand
40 an when I sleep at night
I close half-a-eye
consequently when I dream
I dream half-a-dream
an when moon begin to glow
45 I half-caste human being
cast half-a-shadow
but yu must come back tomorrow
wid de whole of yu eye
an de whole of yu ear
50 an de whole of yu mind

an I will tell yu
de other half
of my story

John Agard

POEM: EXPOSURE

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife us...
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent...
Low drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient...
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
But nothing happens.

Personification of the weather described as 'merciless' and attacking them 'knife us' this is unexpected as we expect the fight to be between soldiers.

Sibilance the hissing s sound capture the noise of wind, it sounds both lonely but also biting.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire.
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.
Northward incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.
What are we doing here?

The man made weapons are likened through **metaphor** to natural objects, showing mans war is a cheap **imitation** of nature.

Rhetorical question highlights the hopelessness of soldiers and war.

The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow...
We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.
Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army
Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of gray,
But nothing happens.

Contrast/oxymoron, dawn is meant to be hopeful and positive, not miserable

Now the rain is **personified**, nothing happens repeated to emphasise the helplessness of the soldiers who are beyond help.

Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.
Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,
With sidelong flowing flakes that flock, pause and renew,
We watch them wandering up and down the wind's nonchalance,
But nothing happens.

Harsh **assonance** and **consonance** of s and t sounds link weather with gunfire and therefore conflict and pain.

Now the snow is described with **alliteration** to emphasise the f sounds and highlight the cold heavy blanketing of the weather. The wind's 'nonchalance' implies the weather sees the soldiers as beneath it and weak.

Pale flakes with lingering stealth come feeling for our faces -
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare, snow-dazed,
Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
Is it that we are dying?

Man is **animalised**, likened to scared animals, rabbits in holes. Showing that before nature man is just an animal.

Rhetorical Question shows the confusion of soldiers. Conditions are so bad they can no longer tell what is normal anymore.

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires glozed
With crusted dark-red jewels; crickets jingle there;
For hours the innocent mice rejoice: the house is theirs;
Shutters and doors all closed: on us the doors are closed -
We turn back to our dying.

Metaphor frozen blood described as jewels, poet sees men's lives as valuable and ultimately wasted.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
Now ever suns smile true on child, or field, or fruit.
For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
For love of God seems dying.

So broken and hurt are the men that they feel abandoned and lose faith in God "our love is made afraid". **Contrasts/juxtaposes** the battlefield with garden of Eden. **Tone** is one of betrayal and despair.

Use of **scattered punctuation** slows the pace, we can imagine the soldier finally succumbing to exposure and dyeing.

To-night, His frost will fasten on this mud and us,
Shrivelling many hands and puckering foreheads crisp.
The burying-party, picks and shovels in their shaking grasp,
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens.

Metaphor ice as in cold and dead but also dead and empty, without soul.

Repetition final line emphasises the process doesn't end, the soldiers are frozen in time and hell.

Wilfred Owen

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