

# GRAYS TUITION CENTRE – Online Tutoring

**WEEK: 3**

**Week Beginning: (04/01/2021)**

**Subject: ENGLISH**

**Year: 10**

## **Lesson Objective:**

- Going through poems from anthology

## **Keywords/ Concepts**

## **Class Worksheets**

- Going through poems

## **Homework Worksheets**

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

## **Additional Notes**

- Week 2 Homework will be marked in lesson
- All lesson worksheets and **homework for next week (due Week 4)** worksheets can be found below

# AQA

## Power and conflict

### Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Percy Bysshe Shelly

Antique suggests the place is old and steeped in history, but also it may be out of date and old fashioned.

The statue is barely standing, the rest is ruined and missing. Suggesting that it is being eaten away by time and the desert, a **futile** struggle to survive where nobody is around to care.

Shattered visage-: Broken face, it is **unrecognisable**, a statue to someone and we can no longer tell who, has no purpose anymore.

Cold command, sneer: suggests Ozymandias' character as powerful and arrogant ironic now there is nothing left. **Synaesthesia**.

'Mock' as in to make a model of, but also to make fun of, this is a **Pun** because of the double meaning.

The **tone**, indicated by the **exclamation** is strong and authoritative, irony is that nobody is listening.

Colossal, meaning vast or huge, is a **metaphor** for his ego rather than the statue.

The lone and level sands outlast the statue, **juxtaposed** to the power and ego of the statue.

Sands are also **iconic** of time.

# London

I wander through each chartered street

Chartered is something which is listed and regulated, the streets are clearly controlled but it suggests the Thames, the river likewise is controlled, nature controlled by man.

Near where the chartered Thames does flow,

Blake is suggesting that everyone is without power and in misery, a powerful statement indeed. The term mark can be a **metaphor** for a brand, as if these people don't like look tired, but are branded with this look to show their place in society.

And mark in every face I meet

Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

**Repetition** of 'in every' used to show scale of suffering.

In every cry of every Man,

**Alliteration** of mind/manacles helps draw our attention to the **metaphor**, Blake is showing that these people are not physically held back, but their belief in their own weakness holds them back.

In every Infants cry of fear,

In every voice: in every ban,

The mind-forged manacles I hear:

The **juxtaposition** but also connection between the cries of children made to sweep chimneys and therefore from the rooftops, and church bells which ring out is striking. Blake saw religion as a tool to keep the people down and therefore was wrong '**blackening**'.

How the Chimney-sweepers cry

This contrasts the cries of the innocent dirty children with the supposedly clean but corrupt church.

Every black'ning Church appalls,

And the hapless Soldiers sigh

This draws on the link to war at this time. The blood running down palace walls signifies their sacrifice to protect the power of those who live in the palaces. It is a **symbolic metaphor**.

Runs in blood down Palace walls .

Harlots is **slang** for prostitutes or low class women. Blake is corrupting the idea of childbirth with sexual exploitation and hate 'curse'. The new born infant is born into a broken world.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear

How the youthful Harlots curse

Blasts the new-born Infants tear,

**Oxymoron** which **juxtaposes** the joy of marriage with the misery of death. Blake is suggesting that society has destroyed all the good things in life.

And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

William Blake

Note how the poem uses **Quatrains** with **alternate rhyme** *abab* to create the **rhythm** of the narrator walking.

## Love and Relationships

# BEFORE YOU WERE MINE

by Carol Ann Duffy

I'm ten years away from the corner you laugh on  
with your pals, Maggie McGeeney and Jean Duff.  
The three of you bend from the waist, holding  
each other, or your knees, and shriek at the pavement.  
Your polka-dot dress blows round your legs. Marilyn.

I'm not here yet. The thought of me doesn't occur  
in the ballroom with the thousand eyes, the fizzy, movie tomorrows  
the right walk home could bring. I knew you would dance  
like that. Before you were mine, your Ma stands at the close  
with a hiding for the late one. You reckon it's worth it.

The decade ahead of my loud, possessive yell was the best one, eh?  
I remember my hands in those high-heeled red shoes, relics,  
and now your ghost clatters toward me over George Square  
till I see you, clear as scent, under the tree,  
with its lights, and whose small bites on your neck, sweetheart?

Cha cha cha! You'd teach me the steps on the way home from Mass,  
stamping stars from the wrong pavement. Even then  
I wanted the bold girl winking in Portobello, somewhere  
in Scotland, before I was born. That glamorous love lasts  
where you sparkle and waltz and laugh before you were mine.

## **Mother, any distance greater than a single span by Simon Armitage**

Mother, any distance greater than a single span  
requires a second pair of hands.

You come to help me measure windows, pelmets, doors,  
the acres of the walls, the prairies of the floors.

You at the zero-end, me with the spool of tape, recording  
length, reporting metres, centimetres back to base, then leaving  
up the stairs, the line still feeding out, unreeling  
years between us. Anchor. Kite.

I space-walk through the empty bedrooms, climb  
the ladder to the loft, to breaking point, where something  
has to give;  
two floors below your fingertips still pinch  
the last one-hundredth of an inch...I reach  
towards a hatch that opens on an endless sky  
to fall or fly.

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