

Question Ci) In 'Tramp', how does the poet present people's reactions to the individual? [24 marks]

Tramp

This mad prophet
gibbers mid-traffic,
wringing his hands
whilst mouthing at heaven.

No messages for us.
His conversation is simply
a passage through time.
He points and calls.

Our uneven stares dissuade
approach. We fear him, his
matted hair, patched coat,
grey look from sleeping out.

We mutter amongst ourselves
and hope he keeps away. No
place for him in our heaven,
there it's clean and empty.

Rupert M Loydell

Question Cii) In both 'Tramp' and 'Decomposition', the speakers describe how people react to individuals on the edge of society. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present this? [8 marks]

Decomposition by Zulfikar Ghose

I have a picture I took in Bombay
of a beggar asleep on the pavement;
grey-haired, wearing shorts and a dirty shirt,
his shadow thrown aside like a blanket.

His arms and legs could be cracks in the stone,
routes for the ants' journeys, the flies' descents.
Brain-washed by the sun into exhaustion,
he lies veined into stone, a fossil man.

Behind him there is a crowd passingly
bemused by a pavement trickster and quite
indifferent to this very common sight
of an old man asleep on the pavement.

I thought it then a good composition
and glibly called it 'The Man in the Street',
remarking how typical it was of
India that the man in the street lived there.

His head in the posture of one weeping
into a pillow chides me now for my
presumption at attempting to compose
art out of his hunger and solitude.

Question Ci) In 'Had I Not Been Awake', how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about the wind? [24 marks]

'Had I Not Been Awake'

Had I not been awake I would have missed it,
A wind that rose and whirled until the roof
Pattered with quick leaves off the sycamore

And got me up, the whole of me a-patter,
Alive and ticking like an electric fence:
Had I not been awake I would have missed it,

It came and went too unexpectedly
And almost it seemed dangerously,
Hurling like an animal at the house,

A courier blast that there and then
Lapsed ordinary. But not ever
After. And not now.

~By Seamus Heaney

Question Cii) In both 'Had I Not Been Awake' and 'Dawn Revisited', the speakers describe making the most of every opportunity in life. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present this? [8 marks]

Dawn Revisited

BY RITA DOVE

Imagine you wake up
with a second chance: The blue jay
hawks his pretty wares
and the oak still stands, spreading
glorious shade. If you don't look back,

the future never happens.
How good to rise in sunlight,
in the prodigal smell of biscuits -
eggs and sausage on the grill.
The whole sky is yours

to write on, blown open
to a blank page. Come on,
shake a leg! You'll never know
who's down there, frying those eggs,
if you don't get up and see.

Question Ci) In 'A Child's Sleep', how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about her daughter? [24 marks]

A Child's Sleep

I stood at the edge of my child's sleep
hearing her breathe;
although I could not enter there,
I could not leave.

Her sleep was a small wood,
perfumed with flowers;
dark, peaceful, sacred,
acred in hours.

And she was the spirit that lives
in the heart of such woods;
without time, without history,
wordlessly good.

I spoke her name,
pebble dropped in the still night
and saw her stir, open both palms
cupping their soft light.

Then went to the window.
The greater dark
outside the room
gazed back, maternal, wise,
with its face of moon.

Carol Ann Duffy

Question Cii) In both 'A Child's Sleep' and 'Night Feed', the speakers describe how they feel about their children. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present this? [8 marks]

Night feed

This is dawn
Believe me
This is your season, little daughter.
The moment daisies open,
The hour mercurial* rainwater
Makes a mirror for sparrows.
It's time we drowned our sorrows.

I tiptoe in.
I lift you up
Wriggling
In your rosy, zipped sleeper.
Yes, this is the hour
For the early bird and me
When finder is keeper.

I crook the bottle.
How you suckle!
This is the best I can be,
Housewife
To this nursery
Where you hold on,
Dear life.

A silt* of milk.
The last suck
And now your eyes are open,
Birth-coloured and offended.
Earth wakes.
You go back to sleep.
The feed is ended.

Worms turn.
Stars go in.
Even the moon is losing face.
Poplars* stilt for dawn.
And we begin
The long fall from grace.
I tuck you in.

Eavan Boland

* mercurial – shining

* silt – the last bit at the bottom of the bottle

* poplars – tall, straight trees

To a Daughter Leaving Home

When I taught you
at eight to ride
a bicycle, loping along
beside you
5 as you wobbled away
on two round wheels,
my own mouth rounding
in surprise when you pulled
ahead down the curved
10 path of the park,
I kept waiting
for the thud
of your crash as I
sprinted to catch up,
15 while you grew
smaller, more breakable
with distance,
pumping, pumping
for your life, screaming
20 with laughter,
the hair flapping
behind you like a
handkerchief waving
goodbye.

Linda Pastan

27 - 1

In 'To a Daughter Leaving Home', how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about her daughter?

[24 marks]

Poem for My Sister

My little sister likes to try my shoes,
to strut in them,
admire her spindle-thin twelve-year-old legs
in this season's styles.
5 She says they fit her perfectly,
but wobbles
on their high heels, they're
hard to balance.

I like to watch my little sister playing hopscotch,
10 admire the neat hops-and-skips of her,
their quick peck,
never-missing their mark, not
over-stepping the line.
She is competent at peever*.

15 I try to warn my little sister
about unsuitable shoes,
point out my own distorted feet, the callouses,
odd patches of hard skin.
I should not like to see her
20 in my shoes.
I wish she could stay sure footed,
sensibly shod.

Liz Lochhead

*peever – another name for the game of hopscotch

27 - 2

In both 'Poem for My Sister' and 'To a Daughter Leaving Home' the speakers describe feelings about watching someone they love grow up. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings?

[8 marks]

Question Ci) In 'Funeral Blues', how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about losing a loved one? [24 marks]

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He Is Dead',
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W. H. Auden

Question Cii) In both 'Funeral Blues' and 'About His Person', the speakers reflect on death. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present this? [8 marks]

About His Person

Five pounds fifty in change, exactly,
a library card on its date of expiry.

A postcard stamped,
unwritten, but franked,

a pocket size diary slashed with a pencil
from March twenty-fourth to the first of April.

A brace of keys for a mortise lock,
an analogue watch, self-winding, stopped.

A final demand
in his own hand,

a rolled up note of explanation
planted there like a spray carnation

but beheaded, in his fist.
A shopping list.

A giveaway photograph stashed in his wallet,
a keepsake banked in the heart of a locket.

no gold or silver,
but crowning one finger

a ring of white unweathered skin.
That was everything.

By Simon Armitage

Question Ci) In 'Playgrounds', how does the poet present the speakers feelings about being in the playground? [24 marks]

Playgrounds.

Playgrounds are such gobby places.
Know what I mean?
Everyone seems to have something to
talk about, giggle, whisper, scream and shout about,
I mean, it's like being a parrot in a cage.

And playgrounds are such pushy places.
Know what I mean?
Everyone seems to have to
Run about, jump, kick, do cartwheels, handstands, fly around,
I mean, it's like being inside a whirlwind.

And playgrounds are such patchy places.
Know what I mean?
Everyone seems to
Go round in circles, lines and triangles, coloured shapes,
I mean, it's like being inside a kaleidoscope.

And playgrounds are such pally places.
Know what I mean?
Everyone seems to
Have best friends, secrets, link arms, be in gangs.
Everyone, except me.
Know what I mean?

Berlie Doherty

Question Cii) In both 'Playgrounds' and 'Only the Wall', the speakers describe school. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present this? [8 marks]

Only the Wall

That first day
only the wall saw
the bully
trip the new boy
behind the shed,
and only the wall heard
the name he called
a name that would stick
like toffee.

The second day
the wall didn't see
the fight
because too many
boys stood around,
but the wall heard
their cheers,
and no one cheered for
the new boy.

The third day
the wall felt
three bullies
lean against it,
ready to ambush
the new boy,
then the wall heard
thumps and cries,
and saw blood.

The fourth day
only the wall missed
the new boy
though five bullies
looked for him,
then picked another boy
instead. Next day,
they had him back,
his face hit the wall.

The sixth day
only the wall knew
the bullies would need
that other to savage.
the wall remembered
the new boy's face
going home,
saw he'd stay away.

Matthew Sweeney

Question Ci) In 'When Autumn Came', how does the poet present the speakers feelings about Autumn? [24 marks]

When Autumn Came

This is the way that autumn came to the trees:
it stripped them down to the skin,
left their ebony bodies naked.
It shook out their hearts, the yellow leaves,
scattered them over the ground.
Anyone could trample them out of shape
undisturbed by a single moan of protest.

The birds that herald dreams
were exiled from their song,
each voice torn out of its throat.
They dropped into the dust
even before the hunter strung his bow.

Naomi Lazard

Question Cii) In both 'When Autumn Came' and 'Autumn', the speakers describe the effect of this season. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present this? [8 marks]

Autumn

Autumn arrives
Like an experienced robber
Grabbing the green stuff
Then cunningly covering his tracks
With a deep multitude
Of colourful distractions.
And the wind,
The wind is his accomplice
Putting an air of chaos
Into the careful diversions
So branches shake
And dead leaves are suddenly brown
In the faces of inquisitive strangers.
The theft chills the world
Changes the temper of the earth
Till the normally placid sky
Glow red with a quiet rage.

Alan Bold

Question Ci) In 'My father thought it', how does the poet present the father-son relationship? [24 marks]

My father thought it

My father thought it bloody queer,
the day I rolled home with a ring of silver in my ear
half hidden by a mop of hair. "You've lost your head.
If that's how easily you're led
you should've had it through your nose instead."
And even then I hadn't had the nerve to numb
the lobe with ice, then drive a needle through the skin,
then wear a safety-pin. It took a jeweller's gun
to pierce the flesh, and then a friend
to thread the sleeper in, and where it slept
the hole became a sore, became a wound, and wept.
At twenty-nine, it comes as no surprise to hear
my own voice breaking like a tear, released like water,
cried from way back in the spiral of the ear. *If I were you,
I'd take it out and leave it out next year.*

Simon Armitage

Question Cii) In both 'My father thought it' and 'For Heidi with Blue Hair', the speakers reflect on the idea of rebellion. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present this idea? [8 marks]

For Heidi with Blue Hair

When you dyed your hair blue
(or, at least ultramarine
for the clipped sides, with a crest
of jet-black spikes on top)
you were sent home from school

because, as the headmistress put it,
although dyed hair was not
specifically forbidden, yours
was, apart from anything else,
not done in the school colours.

Tears in the kitchen, telephone-calls
to school from your freedom-loving father:
'She's not a punk in her behaviour;
it's just a style.' (You wiped your eyes,
also not in a school colour.)

'She discussed it with me first -
we checked the rules.' 'And anyway, Dad,
it cost twenty-five dollars.
Tell them it won't wash out -
not even if I wanted to try.

It would have been unfair to mention
your mother's death, but that
shimmered behind the arguments.
The school had nothing else against you;
the teachers twittered and gave in.

Next day your black friend had hers done
in grey, white and flaxen yellow -
the school colours precisely:
an act of solidarity, a witty
tease. The battle was already won.

Fleur Adcock