English Literature

Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately 1 hour on this section.

You should spend approximately 20 minutes on Part A and you should spend approximately 40 minutes on Part B.

Both of the poems below are about people feeding their children.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes)  15 marks
Write about the poem ‘Dawn Revisited’ by Rita Dove and its effect on you.

- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes)  25 marks
Now compare ‘Dawn Revisited’ by Rita Dove and ‘Carpe Diem’, by Stewart Conn.
You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
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.

From my study window
I see you
below in the garden, a hand
here pruning,
or leaning across to snip
a wayward shoot,
a daub of powder-blue in a
profusion of green;
then next moment, you are
no longer there –
only to reappear, this time
perfectly framed
in dappling sunlight, with
an armful of ivy
you’ve trimmed, topped by
hyacinth blooms,
English Literature

Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately **1 hour on this section.**

You should spend approximately **20 minutes on Part A** and you should spend approximately **40 minutes on Part B.**

In both of the poems below, people reflect on old age.

You should answer **both** parts A and B.

**Part A (20 minutes)       15 marks**

Write about the poem ‘Strongman’ by Tony Curtis and its effect on you.

- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

**Part B (40 minutes)       25 marks**

Now compare ‘Strongman’ by Tony Curtis and ‘On Ageing’ by Maya Angelous.

You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
A strongman you say.
Home from work, would stretch his arms
And hang his five sons on them,
Turning like a roundabout.
A carpenter, he could punch nails
Into wood with his clenched fist,
Chest like a barrel with a neck
That was like holding onto a tree.

In the final hour
Your hands between the sheets
To lift him to the lavatory
Slipped under a frame of bones like plywood.
‘No trouble,’ he said. ‘No trouble dad,’
You said. And he died in the cradle of your arms.
On Ageing by Maya Angelou

When you see me sitting quietly,
Like a sack left on the shelf,
Don’t think I need your chattering.
I’m listening to myself.

Hold! Stop! Don’t pity me!
Hold! Stop your sympathy!
Understanding if you got it,
Otherwise I’ll do without it!

When my bones are stiff and aching,
And my feet won’t climb the stair,
I will only ask one favor:
Don’t bring me no rocking chair.

When you see me walking, stumbling,
Don’t study and get it wrong.
‘Cause tired don’t mean lazy
And every goodbye ain’t gone.

I’m the same person I was back then,
A little less hair, a little less chin,
A lot less lungs and much less wind.
But ain’t I lucky I can still breathe in.
English Literature

Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately 1 hour on this section.

You should spend approximately 20 minutes on Part A and you should spend approximately 40 minutes on Part B.

Both of the poems below are about people feeding their children.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes)  15 marks

Write about the poem ‘3 a.m. Feed’ by Steven Blyth and its effect on you.

- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes)  25 marks

Now compare ‘3 a.m. Feed’ by Steven Blyth and ‘Night Feed’ by Eavan Boland.

You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
Soon we abandoned our ‘turns’. I volunteered
finding that, alone, the world hushed, I could almost hear
it whispered – ‘This is your son.’
In the crook of my arm, a perfect fit,
You were those words given weight.
Your fish mobiles made it seem we sat on a sea bed,
Your bottle a little oxygen tank,
Your gentle sucking like a tick, tick, tick
Timing how long before we had to go up,
Face currents that tugged us apart – the fuss
Of want-to-hold relatives and worse, the office
That kept me from your first step, first clear word.
Those moments were in the presence of grandparents and mum,
Remembered in detail – ‘Ten past one,
Blur on the radio: he went from the armchair
To the coffee table.’ Still, for me,
Those feeds have equal clarity,
Last week coming so strongly to mind –
Caught a T-shirted in a summer storm,
My forearm felt drops as large and warm
As the one I’d splash there to test the temperature
That white drop would sometimes dribble
Down to my palm – a pearl.
‘Night Feed’ Eavan Boland

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-colored 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.
English Literature

Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately 1 hour on this section.

You should spend approximately 20 minutes on Part A and you should spend approximately 40 minutes on Part B.

Both of the poems below are about relationships and the pain that love can cause.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes)  15 marks
Write about the poem ‘First Ice’ by Andrei Voznesensky and its effect on you.
- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes)  25 marks
Now compare First Ice’ by Andrei Voznesensky and ‘Manwatching’ by Georgia Garrett.

You should compare:
- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
‘First Ice’ by Andrei Voznesensky

A girl freezes in a telephone booth.
In her draughty overcoat she hides
A face all smeared
In tears and lipstick.
She breathes on her thin palms. Her fingers are icy. She wears earrings.
She’ll have to go home alone, alone
Along the icy street.
First ice. It is the first time.
The first ice of telephone phrases.
Frozen tears glitter on her cheeks-
The first ice of human hurt.
‘Manwatching’ by Georgia Garrett.

From across the party I watch you,
Watching her.
Do my possessive eyes
Imagine your silent messages?
I think not.
She looks across at you
And telegraphs her flirtatious reply.
I have come to recognize this code,
You are on intimate terms with this pretty stranger,
And there is nothing I can do.
My face is calm, expressionless,
But my eyes burn into your back,
While my insides shout with rage.
She weaves her way towards you,
Turning on a bewitching smile.
I can’t see your face, but you are mesmerized
I expect. I can predict you: I know this scene so well,
Some acquaintance grabs your arm,
You turn and meet my accusing stare head on,
Her eyes follow yours, meet mine,
And then slide away, she understands,
She’s not interested enough to compete.
It’s over now.
She fades away, you drift towards me,
'I'm bored' you say, without a trace of guilt,
So we go.
Passing the girl in the hall.
'Bye' I say frostily,
I suppose
You winked.
English Literature

Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately 1 hour on this section.

You should spend approximately 20 minutes on Part A and you should spend approximately 40 minutes on Part B.

Both of the poems below describe people’s reactions to individuals on the edge of society.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes) 15 marks

Write about the poem ‘Tramp’ by Rupert M. Loydell and its effect on you.

In your response, you should refer to:

- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes) 25 marks

Now compare ‘Tramp’ by Rupert M. Roydell and ‘Decomposition’ by Zulfikar Ghose.

You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
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.

*gibbers – speaks so fast it sounds like nonsense
*dissuade – persuade against

Decomposition

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 was 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.

*chides me – tells me off

Zulfikar Ghose

Rupert M. Loydell.
English Literature

Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately 1 hour on this section.

You should spend approximately 20 minutes on Part A and you should spend approximately 40 minutes on Part B.

Both of the poems below are about the power of nature.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes)       15 marks
Write about the poem ‘Wind’ by Ted Hughes and its effect on you.
- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes)       25 marks
Now compare ‘Wind’ by Ted Hughes and ‘Hurricane’ by James Berry.

You should compare:
- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
'Wind' by Ted Hughes

This house has been far out at sea all night,
The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,
Winds stampeding the fields under the window
Floundering black astride and blinding wet

Till day rose; then under an orange sky
The hills had new places, and wind wielded
Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as
The coal-house door. Once I looked up -
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap;
The wind flung a magpie away and a black-
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
That any second would shatter it. Now deep
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip
Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,
And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,
Seeing the window tremble to come in,
Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.
Hurricane by James Berry

Under low black clouds
the wind was all
speedy feet, all horns and breath,
all bangs, howls, rattles,
in every hen house,
church hall and school.

Roaring, screaming, returning,
it made forced entry, shoved walls,
made rifts, brought roofs down,
hitting rooms to sticks apart.

It wrung soft banana trees,
broke tough trunks of palms.
It pounded vines of yams,
left fields battered up.

Invisible with such ecstasy –
with no intervention of sun or man –
everywhere kept changing branches.

Zinc sheets are kites.
Leaves are panic swarms.
Fowls are fixed with feathers turned.
Goats, dogs, pigs,
all are people together.
Both of the poems below, people reflect on relationships that have gone wrong.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes)  15 marks
Write about the poem ‘Rejection’ by Jenny Sullivan and its effect on you.
- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes)  25 marks
Now compare ‘Years Ago’ and ‘Rejection’.
You should compare:
- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
Rejection by Jenny Sullivan

Rejection
Rejection is orange
Not, as one might think,
Grey and nondescript.
It is the vivid orange of
A council worker’s jacket.
A coat of shame that says
he doesn’t want you.
Rejection tastes like ashes
Acrid, bitter.
It sounds
Like the whisper of voices
Behind my back.
‘He didn’t want her.
He dumped her.’
It feels
Like the scraping of fingernails
On a blackboard,
Not ache or stab of pain
But like having
a layer of skin missing.
Rejection looks like - me,
I suppose.
Slightly leftover
Like the last, curled sandwich
When all the guests
Have gone.

Years Ago by Elizabeth Jennings

It was what we did not do that I remember,
Places with no markers left by us,
All of a summer, meeting every day,
A memorable summer of hot days,
Day after day of them, evening after evening.
Sometimes we would laze

Upon the river-bank, just touching hands
Or stroking one another’s arms with grasses.
Swans floated by seeming to assert
Their dignity. But we too had our own
Decorum in the small-change of first love.

Nothing was elegiac or nostalgic,
We threw time in the river as we threw
Breadcrumbs to an inquisitive duck, and
so

English Literature
Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately 1 hour on this section.

You should spend approximately 20 minutes on Part A and you should spend approximately 40 minutes on Part B.

Both of the poems below are about love.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes) 15 marks
Write about the poem ‘Quickdraw’ by Carol Ann Duffy and its effect on you.
- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes) 25 marks
Now compare ‘Quickdraw’ by ‘In Paris with You’ by Fenton.

You should compare:
- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
Quickdraw - CAROL ANN DUFFY

I wear the two, the mobile and the landline phones, 
like guns, slung from the pockets on my hips. I’m all 
alone. You ring, quickdraw, your voice a pellet 
in my ear, and hear me groan.

You’ve wounded me. 
Next time, you speak after the tone. I twirl the phone, 
then squeeze the trigger of my tongue, wide of the mark. 
You choose your spot, then blast me 

through the heart. 
And this is love, high noon, calamity, hard liquor in 
the old Last Chance saloon. I show the mobile 
to the Sheriff; in my boot, another one’s 

concealed. You text them both at once. I reel. 
Down on my knees, I fumble for the phone, 
read the silver bullets of your kiss. Take this ... 
and this ... and this ... and this ... and this ...
In Paris with You – J. Fenton

Don’t talk to me of love. I’ve had an earful
And I get tearful when I’ve downed a drink or two.
I’m one of your talking wounded.
I’m a hostage. I’m marooned.
But I’m in Paris with you.
Yes I’m angry at the way I’ve been bamboozled
And resentful at the mess I’ve been through.
I admit I’m on the rebound
And I don’t care where are we bound.
I’m in Paris with you.
Do you mind if we do not go to the Louvre,
If we say sod off to sodding Notre Dame,
If we skip the Champs Elysées
And remain here in this sleazy
Old hotel room
Doing this and that
To what and whom
Learning who you are,
Learning what I am.
Don’t talk to me of love. Let’s talk of Paris,
The little bit of Paris in our view.
There’s that crack across the ceiling
And the hotel walls are peeling
And I’m in Paris with you.
Don’t talk to me of love. Let’s talk of Paris.
I’m in Paris with the slightest thing you do.
I’m in Paris with your eyes, your mouth,
I’m in Paris with... all points south.
Am I embarrassing you?
I’m in Paris with you.
Component 1c: Unseen Poetry

You should spend approximately 1 hour on this section.

You should spend approximately 20 minutes on Part A and you should spend approximately 40 minutes on Part B.

Both of the poems below are about relationships between children and their parents.

You should answer both parts A and B.

Part A (20 minutes) 15 marks
Write about the poem ‘If’ by Rudyard Kipling and its effect on you.

- What the poem is about and how it is organised
- The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about
- The poet’s choice of word, phrases and images and the effects they create
- How you respond to the poem

Part B (40 minutes) 25 marks
Now compare ‘If’ by Rudyard Kipling, with ‘Poem at Thirty-Nine’ by Alice Walker.

You should compare:

- what the poems are about and how they are organized
- the ideas the poets may have wanted us to think about
- the poets’ choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create
- how you respond to the poems.
'If'

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And— which is more— you'll be a Man, my son!
Poem at Thirty-Nine
Alice Walker

How I miss my father.
I wish he had not been
so tired
when I was
born.

Writing deposit slips and checks
I think of him.
He taught me how.
This is the form,
he must have said:
the way it is done.
I learned to see
bits of paper
as a way
to escape
the life he knew
and even in high school
had a savings
account.

He taught me
that telling the truth
did not always mean
a beating;
though many of my truths
must have grieved him
before the end.

How I miss my father!
He cooked like a person
dancing
in a yoga meditation
and craved the voluptuous
sharing
of good food.

Now I look and cook just like him:
my brain light;
tossing this and that
into the pot;
seasoning none of my life
the same way twice; happy to
feed
whoever strays my way.

He would have grown
to admire
the woman I've become:
cooking, writing, chopping wood,
staring into the fire.