

AQA Power and Conflict Poetry

- GCSE English Literature
- Supplementary Study Booklet
- Mr Wise
- E1

Ozymandias, by Percy Bysshe Shelley

London, by William Blake

Extract from The Prelude, by William Wordsworth

My Last Duchess, by Robert Browning

The Charge of the Light Brigade, by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Exposure, by Wilfred Owen

Storm on the Island, by Seamus Heaney

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Poppies, by Jane Weir

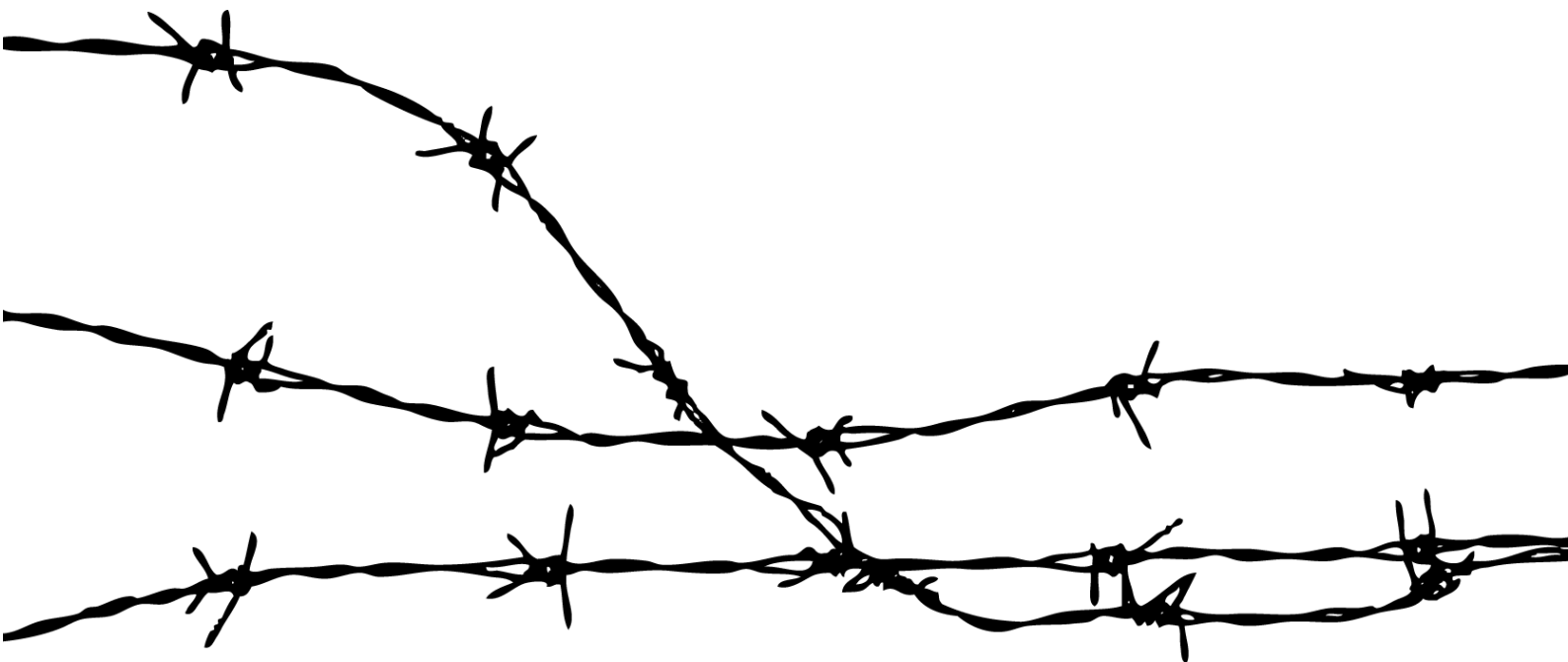
War Photographer, by Carol Ann Duffy

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The Emigrée, by Carol Rumens

Checking Out Me History, by John Agard

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Ozymandias, by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1818)

1. The once 'vast' statue of Ozymandias is now just a 'colossal wreck'
2. The ruins remind us that power, even for a self-proclaimed 'King of Kings', is transient
3. In one sense, the words on the pedestal are ironic because there is nothing left to make others 'despair'
4. However, in another, they provide a warning that all rulers will eventually share the same fate
5. The most striking image is the 'boundless and bare' desert, which hints at the enduring power of the natural world

- **Arrogance** A exaggerated sense of self-importance
- **Transient** Impermanent; something that doesn't last
- **Tyrant** A cruel, ruthless ruler

- **London**, by William Blake
- **My Last Duchess**, by Robert Browning
- **Checking Out Me History**, by John Agard



Percy
Bysshe Shelley
(1792–1822)

Ozymandias

- 1 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
5 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:
10 '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.

London, by William Blake (1792)

1. The city of London is characterised by images of claustrophobia, oppression and violence
2. The inhabitants are miserable and their faces are marked with 'weakness' and 'woe'
3. The sounds of the city reflect this sense of misery: the infants 'cry', the soldiers 'sigh' and the harlots 'curse'
4. The 'blood' on the palace walls hints at the possibility of a revolution (like the one in France that began in 1789)
5. Blake presents London as existing in a state of moral, physical and political turmoil

- **Imagination** The ability to think creatively and form new ideas
- **Liberty** Freedom, the power to pursue a chosen way of life
- **Morality** Perceptions of acceptable and unacceptable behaviour
- **Oppression** Treatment that is cruel and unfair
- **Revolution** The forcible overthrow of a government

- **London**, by William Blake
- *Extract from The Prelude*, by William Wordsworth
- **Storm on the Island**, by Seamus Heaney



William
Blake
(1757–1827)

London

- 1 I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
- 5 In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:
- How the chimney-sweeper's cry
- 10 Every black'ning church appalls,
And the hapless soldier's sigh-
Runs in blood down palace walls.
- But most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
- 15 Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

Extract from *The Prelude*, by William Wordsworth (1799)

1. The speaker of the poem (probably Wordsworth himself) embarks on journey, both literally and metaphorically
2. At first, the speaker is struck by the beauty of the 'glittering' and 'sparkling light' on the lake
3. However, a contrast soon emerges between the 'little boat' and the 'huge peak'
4. The landscape becomes threatening and the speaker is soon in a 'grave' and 'serious' mood
5. The speaker seems both troubled and fascinated by the sensation of feeling so insignificant

- **Imagination** The ability to think creatively and form new ideas
- **Sublime** A feeling characterised by a mixture of fear and awe

- *London*, by William Blake
- *My Last Duchess*, by Robert Browning
- *Exposure*, by Wilfred Owen
- *Storm on the Island*, by Seamus Heaney
- *Kamikaze*, by Beatrice Garland



William
Wordsworth
(1770–1850)

Extract from, *The Prelude*

1 One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cove, its usual home.
Straight I unlocked her chain, and stepping in
5 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,
10 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,
15 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
20 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,
25 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,
30 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
35 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
40 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.

My Last Duchess, by Robert Browning (1842)

1. The Duke's monologue is initially characterised by overt gestures of flattery and politeness
2. However, it soon becomes clear that he is possessive and demanding
3. The syntax of the monologue becomes increasingly fragmented as the focus shifts to the Duchess's behaviour
4. The Duke's admits that he 'gave commands' to stop her 'smiles', which implies that he ordered her murder
5. The final image of Neptune 'taming a sea-horse' reflects the Duke's desire to control those around him

- **Authoritarian** Behaviour characterised by a desire to control; the expectation of obedience
- **Monologue** A speech presented by a single character
- **Possessive** Controlling; fearful of loss
- **Syntax** The arrangements of words and punctuation marks in a sentence

- **Ozymandias**, by Percy Bysshe Shelley
- **The Emigrée**, by Carol Rumens



Robert
Browning
(1812–1889)

My Last Duchess

Ferrara

- 1 That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
- 5 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
- 10 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
- 15 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff
- 20 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
- 25 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
- 30 She rode with round the terrace – all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but thanked
Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
- 35 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let
- 40 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
– E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
- 45 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
- 50 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
- 55 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!


The Charge of the Light Brigade, by Alfred Lord Tennyson (1854)

1. Tennyson praises the heroism of the cavalrymen (i.e. the Light Brigade) who fought in the Battle of Balaklava
2. He highlights that they were vastly outnumbered as they rode 'into the Valley of Death'
3. The reference to the 'blunder'd' command suggests a disastrous miscommunication
4. The distinctive rhythm of the poem reflects the powerful, decisive galloping of the horses
5. The structure follows the dramatic movement of the cavalrymen as they are 'stormed at with shot and shell'

Artillery	Heavy, powerful guns
Dutiful	Obedient and reliable; keen to meet expectations
Heroism	Remarkable bravery
Massacre	Brutal slaughter on a large scale
Patriotism	National loyalty and enthusiasm

- **Exposure**, by Wilfred Owen
- **Bayonet Charge**, by Ted Hughes
- **Remains**, by Simon Armitage
- **Poppies**, by Jane Weir
- **War Photographer**, by Carol Ann Duffy
- **Kamikaze**, by Beatrice Garland





Alfred Lord Tennyson
(1809–1892)

The Charge of the Light Brigade

1. Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

5 'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
10 Was there a man dismay'd?
Not thro' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
15 Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
20 Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
25 Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
30 Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
35 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
40 Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
45 They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?
50 O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
55 Noble six hundred!

Exposure, by Wilfred Owen (1918)

1. Owen describes the physical and mental trauma caused by frontline fighting as he and others experienced it
2. The poem begins with the anticipation of conflict as the silence is disturbed by 'successive flights of bullets'
3. The freezing temperatures are presented as being just as deadly as the enemy soldiers
4. Owen contrasts the 'iced winds' and 'pale flakes' with the 'dark-red jewels' of the fires at home
5. The temporary shift to the third-person perspective conveys the impression of being totally lost in thought

Exposure Unprotected from something harmful; the revelation of damaging or unexpected information

Hallucination The experience of perceiving something not actually present or real

Inevitable Certain to happen; unavoidable

Trauma The enduring effects of frightening, stressful experiences

- **The Charge of the Light Brigade**, by Alfred Lord Tennyson
- **Bayonet Charge**, by Ted Hughes
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Wilfred
Owen
(1893–1918)

Exposure

1 Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knive
us ...

Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent ...
Low, drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient ...

5 Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.

10 Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war,
What are we doing here?

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

15 Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,
But nothing happens.

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,

20 We watch them wandering up and down the wind's
nonchalance,
But nothing happens.

Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling for our faces –
We cringe in holes, back on forgotten dreams, and stare,
25 snow-clazed,

Deep into grassier ditches. So we drowse, sun-dozed,
Littered with blossoms trickling where the blackbird fusses.
– Is it that we are dying?

Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires, glozed
30 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.

Since we believe not otherwise can kind fires burn;
35 Nor 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.

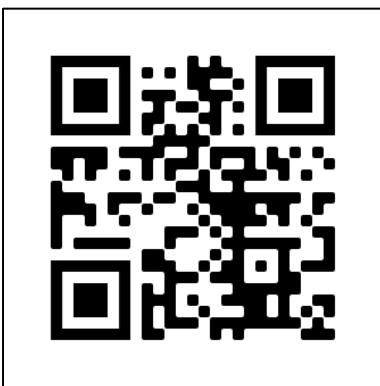
Tonight, this frost will fasten on this mud and us,
40 Shrivelling many hands, puckering foreheads crisp.
The burying-party, picks and shovels in shaking grasp,
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,
But nothing happens.

Storm on the Island, by Seamus Heaney (1966)

1. The poem opens with a collective statement of intent from the islanders to endure the coming storm
2. Heaney uses military metaphors to convey its power – ‘blast’, ‘pummels’, ‘salvo’, ‘bombarded’
3. The weather is presented as a formidable, dangerous and unpredictable force
4. The landscape of the island is sparse and exposed, but the community have adapted to survive
5. The poem is perhaps an allegory for the on-going political troubles in Northern Ireland that began in the 1960s

Ambiguous	Open to interpretation; unclear
Defiant	Challenging; resisting authority or power
Isolation	Feeling alone; being alone

- *Extract from The Prelude*, by William Wordsworth
- *Exposure*, by Wilfred Owen
- *Kamikaze*, by Beatrice Garland



Seamus
Heaney
(1939–2013)

Storm on the Island

- 1 We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
This wizened earth has never troubled us
With hay, so, as you see, there are no stacks
- 5 Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees
Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what I mean – leaves and branches
Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale
So that you can listen to the thing you fear
- 10 Forgetting that it pummels your house too.
But there are no trees, no natural shelter.
You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
- 15 The very windows, spits like a tame cat
Turned savage. We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo.
We are bombarded by the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

Bayonet Charge, by Ted Hughes (1957)

1. Hughes immediately places the reader on the frontline in a scene that is characterised by chaos and confusion
2. The intensity of the imagery in the first stanza emphasises the violent reality of combat
3. The imagery then takes on a hallucinatory quality as the soldier struggles to make sense of the situation he is in
4. The movements of the soldier are clumsy and desperate – ‘stumbling’, ‘lugged’, ‘plunged’
5. Faced with such horrors, the soldier loses his ‘human dignity’ as fear and panic overwhelm him

- **Hallucination** The experience of perceiving something not actually present or real
- **Patriotism** National loyalty and enthusiasm
- **Terror** Extreme fear

- **The Charge of the Light Brigade**, by Alfred Lord Tennyson
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Ted
Hughes
(1930–1998)

Bayonet Charge

1 Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing
5 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
Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, –

In bewilderment then he almost stopped –
10 In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations
Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running
Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs
Listening between his footfalls for the reason
Of his still running, and his foot hung like
15 Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows

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.
He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,
20 King, honour, human dignity, etcetera
Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm
To get out of that blue crackling air
His terror's touchy dynamite.


Remains, by Simon Armitage (2008)

1. The title of the poem refers to both the literal remains of the looter and the trauma that clearly still remains
2. The speaker alludes to 'another occasion' at the start of the poem, which implies acts of violence are common
3. The brutality of the shooting contrasts with the speaker's casual narration of the details
4. The looter's body is 'carted off in the back of the lorry' and disposed of unceremoniously
5. The 'bloody hands' are an allusion to *Macbeth* and help to convey the speaker's enduring feelings of guilt

- **Brutal** Extremely violent; harsh
- **Colloquial** Informal; chatty; conversational
- **Looter** A person who opportunistically steals, typically during a war or a period of social unrest
- **Trauma** The enduring effects of frightening, stressful experiences

- **The Charge of the Light Brigade**, by Alfred Lord Tennyson
- **Exposure**, by Wilfred Owen
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Simon Armitage
(b. 1963)

Remains

1 On another occasion, we get sent out to tackle looters raiding a bank. And one of them legs it up the road, probably armed, possibly not.

5 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

I see every round as it rips through his life –

10 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,

pain itself, the image of agony. One of my mates goes by

15 and tosses his guts back into his body. Then he's carted off in the back of a lorry.

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.

20 Then I'm home on leave. But I blink

and he bursts again through the doors of the bank. Sleep, and he's probably armed, possibly not. Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds. And the drink and the drugs won't flush him out –

25 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,

but near to the knuckle, here and now,

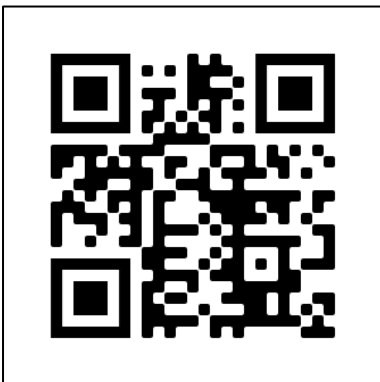
30 his bloody life in my bloody hands.

Poppies, by Jane Weir (2005)

1. Poppies are a universal symbol of remembrance and a reminder to the speaker of the risks her son will take
2. Weir's use of enjambment helps to create the impression of an open and emotionally complex inner monologue
3. The 'blackthorns' metaphor used to describe the hair of the speaker's son has connotations of religious sacrifice
4. In contrast, the 'treasure chest' simile emphasises the great sense of adventure that awaits him
5. The speaker continues to feel conflicted, but ultimately accepts the inevitability of her son's departure

- **Conflicted** A feeling characterised by confusion and worry
- **Monologue** A speech presented by a single character
- **Wistful** A feeling characterised by a sense of loss and longing

- **The Charge of the Light Brigade**, by Alfred Lord Tennyson
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Jane Weir
(b. 1963)

Poppies

1 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,
5 spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade
of yellow bias binding around your blazer.

Sellotape bandaged around my hand,
I rounded up as many white cat hairs
as I could, smoothed down your shirt's
10 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
15 to run my fingers through the gelled
blackthorns of your hair. All my words
flattened, rolled, turned into felt,

slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked
with you, to the front door, threw
20 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.
25 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.

30 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
35 your playground voice catching on the wind.

War Photographer, by Carol Ann Duffy (1985)

1. The red light in the darkroom that 'softly glows' connotes blood and mortality, and creates a sombre tone
2. 'All flesh is grass' is a reference from the Bible that emphasises the fragile and transient nature of human life
3. Duffy creates a contrast between the safety of rural England and the 'hundred agonies' suffered by those abroad
4. The close focus on the 'stranger' and his 'wife' provide a vivid and disturbing insight into the effects of war
5. Duffy challenges our typically indifferent, desensitised responses to media coverage of global conflicts

- **Desensitised** A lack of feeling towards distressing scenes of violence and injustice
 - **Iconic** Widely recognised
 - **Napalm** A highly flammable chemical used by the American army during the Vietnam War
 - **Suffer** To undergo extreme pain or hardship
-
- **The Charge of the Light Brigade**, by Alfred Lord Tennyson
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Carol Ann Duffy
(b. 1955)

War Photographer

- 1 In his darkroom 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
5 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
10 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,
15 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
20 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.


Tissue, by Imtiaz Dharker (2006)

1. The poem opens with a vibrant and beautiful image of 'light' that conveys a sense of optimism for the future
2. As the poem progresses, light is described different ways – it 'shines', it is 'luminous' and there is 'daylight'
3. Light has strong symbolic significance: it is associated with life and growth, and also truth (think: enlightened)
4. It 'shines through' the borderlines of maps and is able to 'break through capitals and monoliths'
5. In the same way that light changes, so does paper and 'living tissue', and this process of transformation is positive

- **Abstract** Something based on an idea; something conceptual
- **Optimistic** Hopeful; confident about the future

- **The Emigrée**, by Carol Rumens
- **Checking Out Me History**, by John Agard





Imtiaz Dharker
(b. 1954)

Tissue

1 Paper that lets the light
shine through, this
is what could alter things.
Paper thinned by age or touching,

5 the kind you find in well-used books,
the back of the Koran, where a hand
has written in the names and histories,
who was born to whom,

the height and weight, who

10 died where and how, on which sepiá date,
pages smoothed and stroked and turned
transparent with attention.

If buildings were paper, I might
feel their drift, see how easily

15 they fall away on a sigh, a shift
in the direction of the wind.

Maps too. The sun shines through
their borderlines, the marks
that rivers make, roads,

20 railtracks, mountainfolds,

Fine slips from grocery shops
that say how much was sold
and what was paid by credit card
might fly our lives like paper kites.

25 An architect could use all this,
place layer over layer, luminous
script over numbers over line,
and never wish to build again with brick

or block, but let the daylight break

30 through capitals and monoliths,
through the shapes that pride can make,
find a way to trace a grand design

with living tissue, raise a structure
never meant to last,

35 of paper smoothed and stroked
and thinned to be transparent,

turned into your skin.

The Emigrée, by Carol Rumens (1993)

1. The speaker of the poem appears to be in exile whilst 'tyrants' run the country
2. Contrasts between light and darkness are established to emphasise positive and negative perspectives
3. The speaker's memories are vividly associated with sunlight and colour
4. The speaker's native language has been 'banned', but it remains unforgotten
5. The personification of 'my city' highlights the intense emotional connection felt by the speaker

- **Contrast** To differ significantly
 - **Exile** Being blocked from returning to a native country, usually for political or punitive reasons
 - **Idealised** Something that is regarded as being far better than it is in reality
 - **Identity** Sense of self; beliefs, values, language, characteristics, appearance
-
- **Tissue**, by Imtiaz Dharker
 - **Checking Out Me History**, by John Agard
 - **Kamikaze**, by Beatrice Garland



Carol
Rumens
(b. 1944)

The Emigrée

- 1 There once was a country... I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
- 5 The worst news I receive of it cannot break
my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
10 glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.

15 It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;

20 I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,

30 and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.


Checking Out Me History, by John Agard (2005)

1. The poem opens with a contrast between 'Dem' (the educational establishment) and 'me' (the speaker)
2. The metaphor of a 'bandage' is used to emphasise the intentional denial of cultural and historical knowledge
3. The speaker argues that the Eurocentric historical narratives taught in schools exclude more global perspectives
4. The speaker combines anger with an emphatic celebration of great historical figures like Toussaint L'Ouverture
5. The rejection of Standard English and the use of free verse help to create a powerfully authentic voice

- **Creole** A language created by combining and developing and other languages
- **Eurocentric** Singular focus on European history and culture; exclusion of more global perspectives
- **Grand Narrative** Reductive, but widely accepted, historical perspectives (e.g. Black history as 'just' slavery)
- **Standard English** The form of English closely associated with authority, schooling and politics
- **Subversive** Challenging, particularly towards established powers and ways of thinking

- **Ozymandias**, by Percy Bysshe Shelley
- **My Last Duchess**, by Robert Browning
- **Tissue**, by Imtiaz Dharker





John Agard
(b. 1949)

Checking Out Me History

<p>1 Dem tell me Dem tell me Wha dem want to tell me</p> <p>Bandage up me eye with me own history</p> <p>5 Blind me to me own identity</p> <p>Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat But Toussaint L'Ouverture no dem never tell me bout dat</p> <p>10 <i>Toussaint</i> <i>a slave</i> <i>with vision</i> <i>lick back</i> <i>Napoleon</i> 15 <i>battalion</i> <i>and first Black</i> <i>Republic born</i> <i>Toussaint de thorn</i> <i>to de French</i></p> <p>20 <i>Toussaint de beacon</i> <i>of de Haitian Revolution</i></p> <p>Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon and de cow who jump over de moon Dem tell me bout de dish ran away with de spoon</p> <p>25 but dem never tell me bout Nanny de maroon</p>	<p><i>Nanny</i> <i>see-far woman</i> <i>of mountain dream</i> <i>fire-woman struggle</i> 30 <i>hopeful stream</i> <i>to freedom river</i></p> <p>Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo but dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu Dem tell me bout Columbus and 1492</p> <p>35 but what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too</p> <p>Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp and how Robin Hood used to camp Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul but dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole</p> <p>40 <i>From Jamaica</i> <i>she travel far</i> <i>to the Crimean War</i> <i>she volunteer to go</i> <i>and even when de British said no</i> 45 <i>she still brave the Russian snow</i> <i>a healing star</i> <i>among the wounded</i> <i>a yellow sunrise</i> <i>to the dying</i></p> <p>50 Dem tell me Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me But now I checking out me own history I carving out me identity</p>
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Kamikaze, by Beatrice Garland (2013)

1. The samurai sword evokes the concepts of honour and loyalty
2. The pilot, as he looks down from his plane, is struck by the beauty and vitality of the natural world
3. The imagery is characterised by vibrant colours and dynamic movements – ‘flashing’, ‘silver’, ‘swivelled’
4. In contrast, the tuna is ‘dark’ and ‘dangerous’ and is perhaps representative of Emperor Hirohito
5. The consequences of the pilot’s decision to fly back are severe, but the speaker avoids making judgements

- **Culture** Common values, beliefs and traditions of a community
- **Honour** Actions that confer respect and admiration
- **Sacrifice** To lose, reject or give away something valuable
- **Shunned** To be intentionally avoided and ignored

- **The Charge of the Light Brigade**, by Alfred Lord Tennyson
- **Poppies**, by Jane Weir
- **The Emigrée**, by Carol Rumens



Beatrice
Garland
(b. 1938)

Kamikaze

1 Her father embarked at sunrise
with a flask of water, a samurai sword
in the cockpit, a shaven head
full of powerful incantations
5 and enough fuel for a one-way
journey into history

but half way there, she thought,
recounting it later to her children,
he must have looked far down
10 at the little fishing boats
strung out like bunting
on a green-blue translucent sea

and beneath them, arcing in swathes
like a huge flag waved first one way
15 then the other in a figure of eight,
the dark shoals of fishes
flashing silver as their bellies
swivelled towards the sun

and remembered how he and
20 his brothers waiting on the shore
built cairns of pearl-grey pebbles
to see whose withstood longest
the turbulent inrush of breakers
bringing their father's boat safe

25 - yes, grandfather's boat – safe
to the shore, salt-sodden, awash
with cloud-marked mackerel,
black crabs, feathery prawns,
the loose silver of whitebait and once
30 a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous.

*And though he came back
my mother never spoke again
in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes
and the neighbours too, they treated him
35 as though he no longer existed,
only we children still chattered and laughed*

*till gradually we too learned
to be silent, to live as though
he had never returned, that this
40 was no longer the father we loved.*
And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered
which had been the better way to die.

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