

Conflict Poetry Booklet

Read the poems
Answer the questions
Fill in the knowledge organiser
Annotate the poems

Iambic Tetrameter - Structure

For the most part, "London" is written in iambic tetrameter. This little meter is very similar to **iambic pentameter**, except that, instead of five iambs there are only four iambs (tetra means four, so tetrameter means four of the same meter). Now, an **iamb** is a beat that consists of an unstressed syllable, followed by a stressed syllable. It sounds like daDUM (if you say "allow" out loud, you'll hear an iamb). For example: *Near **where** the **charter'd** **Thames** does **flow***. However, Blake does break away from this at times demonstrating the fractured and fragmented world he sees around him. Notice how many words appear two or more times ("charter'd," "marks," "Infant," "cry," "street"). Notice also how the poem rhymes—this too is a form of repetition. In each stanza, every other line **rhymes** (which gives us a **rhyme scheme** of ABAB CDCD EFEF GDGD). The repetition of sound suggests that what the speaker sees around him is cyclical or repetitive—that the evils of London will continue to persist.

London – William Blake

London - William Blake

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does
flow.

And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the reader feel?

ABAB rhyme scheme

Metaphor

Pronoun

Repetition

Alliteration ('m')

Personification

Juxtaposition

What were some of William Blake's beliefs?

What is the poem about?

Blake was concerned by industrial conditions, child labour, prostitution, poverty and restrictions placed on people by institutions such as

"Ozymandias" is a sonnet, a fourteen-line poem metered in iambic pentameter. The rhyme scheme is somewhat unusual for a sonnet of this era; it does not fit a conventional Petrarchan pattern, but instead interlinks the octave (a term for the first eight lines of a sonnet) with the sestet (a term for the last six lines), by gradually replacing old rhymes with new

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".

Write a short
summary of the
poem.

Underline words
to suggest that
Ozymandias was
once strong and
powerful.

To Annotate: highlight the following features in
the poem. Answer: what effect do they have?
How does this make the reader feel?

Metaphor

Enjambment

Sibilance ('s' alliteration)

Alliteration ('c')

Personification

Repetition

End stopped line

The Prelude can definitely be viewed as an epic poem, in length at least. Epics are very long pieces of writing that usually deal with exciting, action-packed heroic events like wars or explorations. Although many of the events Wordsworth writes about are 'ordinary' they are given an epic quality, to fully describe the impact they had on his life. There are no **stanzas**: the writing is continuous though there is plenty of punctuation to help us read it. **This**

extract is a complete story in itself. It starts with "One summer evening..." and finishes with the effects on his mind of the boat trip: "a trouble to my dreams".

Extract from The Prelude – William Wordsworth

What happens in the poem?

Circle all of the different examples of nature that you can.

What examples of similes and metaphors are used?

Explain why.

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have?

How does this make the reader feel?

Personification

Enjambment

Pronouns

Juxtaposition

Metaphor

Simile

Colour imagery

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
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,
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,
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
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,
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,
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
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
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.

Structure and language - This is one of Browning's best known **dramatic monologues**. 'Mono' means one - there is only ever **one speaker** in a monologue. The poem is written in **iambic pentameter** (the rhythm of each line is 'de-dum', five times) and in **rhyming couplets**. This is one long speech, pretending to be a conversation. It is divided up into rhyming couplets but to mimic unrehearsed speech there are lots of twists and turns within the lines, shown by a variety of **punctuation** (colons and lots of dashes as well as the usual commas and full stops). For example "She thanked men good! but thanked/Somehow - I know not how".

My Last Duchess

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra 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
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
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Fra 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
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.
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
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
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will

What is the poem
about?

What does the Duke
mean by his "nine-
hundred-year-old
name"?

How is the poem
made to seem

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
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
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
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
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,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me

To Annotate: highlight the following features in
the poem. Answer: what effect do they have?

How does this make the reader feel?

Possessive pronouns

Caesura

Rhetorical question

Metaphor

Colour imagery

Simile

Embedded clauses (break up the
speech)

The rhythm of the poem follows the following: DUM-da-da DUM-da-da. Try saying that first line out loud: "For-ward, the/Light Bri-gade!" Hear that rhythm? DUM-da-da DUM-da-da. When a stressed syllable is followed by two unstressed syllables – we call that a dactyl. The use of “falling” rhythm, in which the stress is on the first beat of each metrical unit, and then “falls off” for the rest of the length of the meter, is appropriate in a poem about the devastating fall of the British brigade. When there are two feet per line, that's called dimeter. So the full, fancy English teacher name for the rhythm of this poem is dactylic dimeter. Listen to that steady heartbeat rhythm running through the poem: DUM-da-da DUM-da-da DUM-da-da.

The Charge of the Light Brigade – Alfred Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II
“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV
Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

V
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,

What can you say about the rhythm of the poem?
What is the effect of the repeated “Valley of death.”?
What is meant by the phrase “someone had blundered”?
Pick out words that convey a sense of action in the poem.
How do we know that Tennyson believes that these men were very brave and should

Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI
When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the reader feel?

Repetition

Metaphor

End stopped line

Rhetorical question

Rhyming

Sibilance

Repetition

Rhyme Owen's use of pararhyme is clearly developed in *Exposure*. The sounds create discord and challenge our expectation, yet Owen uses a regular pattern of ab ba, which creates the sense of stasis. Nothing changes in the rhyming pattern, nothing happens on the front.

Rhythm Within each stanza, four lengthy lines set the scene and tell what story there is to tell. Often they are hexameters but Owen frequently adds extra syllables or whole metrical feet, and does not use a consistent metre, perhaps representing how snow-dazed minds struggle to stay orderly. One short line punctuates the narrative with the reality: 'but nothing happens' l.5. This serves as a contrast to the huge events which are to do with 'dying': the death of men, of hope, of belief and of the love of God.

Exposure - Poem by Wilfred Owen

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.

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 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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

What is the poem
about?
What impression
does the adjective
'merciless' give you of
the winds?
Find examples of

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem.
Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the
reader feel?

Personal pronouns
Personification
Repetition
Rhetorical question
Metaphor
Rule of 3
Sibilance
Personification

Structure

The poem consists of nineteen lines of **blank verse** - unrhyming lines each containing five beats or feet. This **verse** form (much used by Shakespeare) follows the natural patterns of spoken English, so we feel that Heaney is talking to us.

Storm on the Island

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
The wizened earth had never troubled us
With hay, so as you can see, there are no stacks
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 chorus in a gale
So that you can listen to the thing you fear
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
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.

What is the
poem about?
What can you
say about the
structure of the

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the reader feel?

Personal pronouns
Alliteration
Caesura
Metaphor
Personification
Juxtaposition
Simile
End stopped line

Form and structure - The poem is written in three **stanzas**. All three are filled with words and images, which could suggest the thick mud appropriate for a poem whose main theme is about a man running across a muddy field carrying a heavy gun. Hughes uses long and short lines to suggest the quick and slow progress of the soldier. **The first stanza** is all about action and running. The soldier is awake and running within six words of the opening line. The flow, however, is broken by the use of dashes "-". This breaks up the flow of the poem and shows how the soldier is waking up to what is happening and slowly starting to think. **The second stanza** therefore happens in a **kind of slow-motion**. The second half of line 15 breaks this spell and he knows he has to rush, without thinking, towards his death in **the final stanza**.

In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing
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 –
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
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,
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.

TED HUGHES

What words
suggest a sense of
fear?
Why are lots of
dashes used?

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the reader feel?

Repetition
Metaphor
Personification
Simile
Rhetorical question
Alliteration
Colour imagery

Form and structure - The poem appears to have a strong, regular sense of form. There are four clear **stanzas**, the first and last with six lines, the second with 11 and the third 12. On closer inspection, however, we can see a great deal of movement within this outwardly regular form. 19 lines out of 35 have breaks in the middle of the lines - marked by commas or more strongly by full-stops. **These breaks are called caesuras**. **This careful variation in form suggests the inner emotion of a narrator who is trying to remain calm and composed but is breaking with sadness inside**. **The biggest movement in the poem, however, is in the narrative structure - how the story is told**. The time sequence keeps changing along with her emotions. It goes from "Three days before" (line 1) to "Before you left" (line 3) to "After you'd gone" (line 23) to "later" (line 25) and the present in "this is where it has led me" on line 26. It ends with her suspended, on the hill, between the present and the past.

Poppies - by Jane Weir

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,

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
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
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
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.
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.

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
your playground voice catching on the wind.

What is the poem
about?

What is the effect of
the caesuras in the
poem?

What do the 'spasms

To Annotate: highlight the following features in
the poem. Answer: what effect do they have?
How does this make the reader feel?

Pronouns
Enjambment
Caesura
Colour Imagery
Metaphor
Rule of 3
Simile
Metaphor

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.

What is the
poem about?
What can you
say about the

To Annotate: highlight the following features in
the poem. Answer: what effect do they have?
How does this make the reader feel?

Metaphor
Enjambment
Rule of 3
Sibilance
Metaphor
Simile
Colour imagery

Form and Structure - The poem is laid out in four regular six-line stanzas, with each stanza ending in a rhyming couplet. This structure is interesting since its very rigid order contrasts with the chaotic, disturbing images described in the poem. This organisation mirrors the actions of the photographer, who lays out his films in "ordered rows", as though in doing so he can in some way help to restore order to this chaotic world. The poem moves through a series of observations in the first three stanzas to a conclusion of sorts in the fourth. The style is almost clinical and matter of fact, perhaps to imitate the clinical approach required by people in this line of work to allow them to do their jobs under extreme pressure. Unlike the readers of the newspaper he works for, this sense of distance is a necessary requirement for the photographer.

Checking Out Me History alternates between **two structures**, marked by two different fonts. The first uses the repeated phrase "Dem tell me" to indicate the white version of history, mostly written in *rhyming couplets*, triplets or quatrains. Interspersed are the stories of three black historical figures: Toussaint L'Overture, Nanny de Maroon and Mary Seacole, told using **abbreviated syntax** with words missed out, shorter lines and an irregular *rhyme scheme*. Agard uses **variations in spelling** to suggest Caribbean dialect, especially replacing 'th' with 'd'. This stresses the importance of carving out his "own identity". There is repetition - particularly of "Dem tell me" - throughout the poem, creating a sense of **rhythm**. *End rhyme* is heavily used, emphasised by adapted sections of nursery rhymes: the dish who ran away with the spoon, and Old King Cole, for example.

Checking out me History – John Agard

Dem tell me
Dem tell me
Wha dem want to tell me

Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity

Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat
dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat
But Toussaint L'Overture
no dem never tell me bout dat

*Toussaint
a slave
with vision
lick back
Napoleon
battalion
and first Black
Republic born
Toussaint de thorn
to de French
Toussaint de beacon
of de Haitian Revolution*

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
but dem never tell me bout Nanny de maroon

*Nanny
see-far woman
of mountain dream
fire-woman struggle
hopeful stream
to freedom river*

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
but what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too

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

*From Jamaica
she travel far
to the Crimean War
she volunteer to go*

What is the poem
about?

What do you think
Agard means by
saying "Dem tell

To Annotate: highlight the following features in
the poem. Answer: what effect do they have?
How does this make the reader feel?

Dialect
Repetition
Metaphor
AABB rhyme scheme
Juxtaposition
Metaphor
Simile

*and even when de British said no
she still brave the Russian snow
a healing star
among the wounded
a yellow sunrise
to the dying*

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

The poem consists of ten stanzas. The first nine stanzas are each four lines long. The final stanza, however, is one line in length, drawing our attention to it. Separating out this line emphasises the connection between paper and skin, showing the significance of human life. The poem lacks regular rhyme and its rhythm is unsteady, as if to mirror the fluttering of tissue paper. The poet uses enjambment, running meaning between lines and across stanza

Tissue Imtiaz

Dharker

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

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

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

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

turned into your skin.

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the reader feel?

Repetition

Metaphor

Enjambment

Personification

Sibilance

Light imagery

Simile

The poem is composed of three stanzas. The first two stanzas are eight lines each and the last stanza has nine lines. Why there's an extra line is unclear. Perhaps it suggests the speaker just can't let go of the memories and just doesn't want the poem to end?

The poem does not use rhyme, but there is a suggestion of a rhythmic pattern of five stresses to the line - although this pattern never fully establishes itself as a regular rhythm. Perhaps this reflects the speaker's state of mind, which though positive in many ways is also uneasy, unsettled and complex.

The Emigree Carol Rumens

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.
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
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.
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;
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,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the reader feel?

Sensory imagery

Metaphor

Enjambment

Simile

Personification

Repetition

Juxtaposition

Kamikaze is written in seven, six-line stanzas. The poem does not rhyme and has no regular rhythmic pattern, though most lines have three or four stresses. This style, together with the regular stanza structure, allows the story to be told simply, letting the tragedy and emotion shine through, but allowing readers to make up their own minds about events in the poem.

One notable feature of the poem's structure is that it is composed of only three sentences and contains only three full-stops, perhaps reflecting the idea of a story being told orally. The first sentence runs over five stanzas, as we are told about what the pilot can see from the cockpit. We are therefore given a lot of detail, allowing us to imagine more exactly the circumstances of the pilot's difficult decision. Each change in speaker and each shift in time has a jarring and unsettling effect on the reader and perhaps expresses the turbulent, but repressed feelings of the daughter.

Kamikaze by Beatrice Garland

*Her father embarked at sunrise
with a flask of water, a samurai sword
in the cockpit, a shaven head
full of powerful incantations
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
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
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 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*

*- 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
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
as though he no longer existed,
only we children still chattered and laughed*

To Annotate: highlight the following features in the poem. Answer: what effect do they have? How does this make the reader feel?

Rule of 3

Metaphor

Simile

Colour imagery

Sibilance

Repetition

End-stopped line

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

Poems	Analysis
London	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Ozymandias	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context::
The Prelude	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Storm on the Island	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
My Last Duchess	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Exposure	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Charge of the Light Brigade	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Tissue	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Bayonet Charge	Structure: Meaning:

	Imagery: Language: Context:
Checking out me History	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Kamikaze	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
The Emigree	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Poppies	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
War Photographe r	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context:
Remains	Structure: Meaning: Imagery: Language: Context: