Year 9 IKE

English Literature GCSE

Power and Conflict Poetry

GCSE Power and Conflict Poetry – Knowledge Organiser

Poem	Content, Meaning and Purpose	Context	Language	Form and Structure	Key Quotations
Ozymandias – Percy Bysshe Shelley	▪ Content, Meaning and Purpose The narrator meets a traveller who tells him about a decayed stature that he saw in a desert. ▪ The statue was of a long forgotten ancient King: the arrogant Ozymandias, 'king of kings.' ▪ The poem is ironic and one big metaphor: Human power is only temporary – the statue now lies crumbled in the sand, and the most powerful human creations cannot resist the power of nature.	▪ Shelley was a poet of the 'Romantic period' (late 1700s and early 1800s). ▪ Romantic poets were interested in emotion and the power of nature. ▪ Shelley also disliked the concept of a monarchy and the oppression of ordinary people. ▪ He had been inspired by the French revolution – when the French monarchy was overthrown.	▪ 'sneer of cold command': the king was arrogant, this has been recognised by the sculptor, the traveller and the narrator. ▪ 'Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair.': 'Look' = imperative, stressed syllable highlights commanding tone; ironic – he's telling other 'mighty' kings to admire the size of his statue and 'despair'. To despair because power is temporary. ▪ 'The lone and level sands stretch far away.': the desert is vast, lonely, and lasts far longer than a statue	▪ A sonnet (14 lines) but with an unconventional structure… the structure is normal until a turning point (a volta) at Line 9 (..these words appear). This reflects how human structures can be destroyed or decay. ▪ The iambic pentameter rhyme scheme is also disrupted or decayed. ▪ First eight lines (the octave) of the sonnet: the statue is described in parts to show its destruction. ▪ Final two lines: the huge & immortal desert is described to emphasise insignificance of human power.	▪ 'I met a traveller from an antique land.' ▪ 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone'. ▪ 'Sneer of cold command.' ▪ 'Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!' ▪ 'Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare.' ▪ 'Lone and level sands stretch far away.'
London – William Blake	▪ The narrator is describing a walk around London and how he is saddened by the sights and sounds of poverty. ▪ The poem also addresses the loss of innocence and the determinism of inequality: how new-born infants are born into poverty. ▪ The poem uses rhetoric (persuasive techniques) to convince the reader that the people in power (landowners, Church, Government) are to blame for this inequality.	▪ Poem was published in 1794, at a time of great poverty in many parts of London. ▪ Blake was an English poet and artist. Much of his work was influenced by his radical political views: he believed in social and racial equality. ▪ This poem is part of the 'Songs of Experience' collection, which focuses on how innocence is lost, and society is corrupt. ▪ Questioned the teachings of the Church & decisions of Govt.	▪ Sensory language creates an immersive effect: visual imagery ('Marks of weakness, marks of woe') and aural imagery "cry of every man' ▪ 'mind-forged manacles': they are trapped in poverty. Rhetorical devices to persuade: repetition ('In every..'); emotive language ('infant's cry of fear'). ▪ Criticises the powerful: 'each chartered street' – everything is owned by the rich; 'Every black'ning church appals' - the church is corrupt; 'the hapless soldier's sigh /Runs in blood down palace walls'–soldiers suffer/die due to decisions of powerful.	▪ A dramatic monologue, there is a first-person narrator ('I) who speaks passionately about what he sees. ▪ Simple ABAB rhyme scheme: reflects the unrelenting misery of the city, and perhaps the rhythm of his feet as he trudges around the city. ▪ First two stanzas focus on people; third stanza focuses on the institutions he holds responsible; fourth stanza returns to the people – they are the central focus.	▪ 'I wander through each chartered street.' ▪ 'Marks of weakness, marks of woe.' ▪ 'Every cry of every man'. ▪ 'Every black'ning church appalls'. ▪ 'Hapless soldier's sigh runs in blood down palace walls.' ▪ 'Youthful harlot's curse'.
Extract from, The Prelude – William Wordsworth	▪ The story of a boy's love of nature and a night-time adventure in a rowing boat that instils a deeper and fearful respect for power of nature. ▪ At first, the boy is calm and confident, but the sight of a huge mountain that comes into view scares the boy and he flees. ▪ He is now in awe of the mountain & fearful of the power of nature (described as 'huge and mighty forms') We should respect nature & not take it for granted.	▪ Published shortly after his death, The Prelude was a very long poem (14 books) that told the story of Wordsworth's life. ▪ This extract is the first part of a book entitled 'Introduction – Childhood and School-Time'. ▪ Like Percy Shelley, Wordsworth was a romantic poet and his poetry explores themes of nature, human emotion and how humans are shaped by their interaction with nature.	▪ 'One summer evening (led by her)': 'her' might be nature personified – this shows his love for nature. ▪ 'an act of stealth / And troubled pleasure': confident, but oxymoron suggests he knows it's wrong; forebodes troubling events that follow. ▪ 'nothing but the stars and grey sky': emptiness of sky. 'the horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge': the image of the mountain is more shocking (contrast). ▪ 'Upreared its head' and 'measured motion like a living thing': mountain is personified as a powerful beast, but calm – contrasts with his own inferior panic. ▪ 'There hung a darkness': lasting effects of mountain.	▪ First person narrative – creates a sense that it is a personal poem. ▪ The regular rhythm and enjambment add to the effect of natural speech and a personal voice. ▪ The extract can be split into three sections, each with a different tone to reflect his shifting mood: Lines 1-20: (rowing) carefree and confident Lines 21-31: (the mountain appears) dark and fearful. Lines 32-44: (following days) reflective and troubled ▪ Contrasts in tone: 'lustily I dipped my oars into the silent lake' versus 'I struck and struck again' and 'with trembling oars I turned'.	▪ 'Straight I unloosed her chain'. ▪ 'It was an act of stealth and troubled pleasure'. ▪ 'Leaving behind her still, on either side, small circles glittering idly in the moon'. ▪ 'I fixed my view upon the summit of a craggy ridge'. ▪ 'Lustily I dipped my oars into the silent lake'. ▪ 'My boat went heaving through the water like a swan'. ▪ 'With trembling oars I turned'.

My Last Duchess – Robert Browning	▪ The Duke is showing a visitor around his large art collection and proudly points out a portrait of his last wife, who is now dead. He reveals that he was annoyed by her over-friendly and flirtatious behaviour. ▪ He can finally control her by objectifying her and showing her portrait to visitors when he chooses. ▪ He is now alone as a result of his need for control. ▪ The visitor has come to arrange the Duke's next marriage, and the Duke's story is a subtle warning about how he expects his next wife to behave.	▪ Browning was a British poet, and lived in Italy. The poem was published in 1842. ▪ Browning may have been inspired by the story of an Italian Duke (Duke of Ferrara): his wife died in suspicious circumstances and it was rumoured that she had been poisoned.	▪ 'Looking as if she was alive': sets a sinister tone. ▪ 'Will't please you sit and look at her?' rhetorical question to his visitor shows obsession with power. ▪ 'she liked whate'er / She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.': hints that his wife was a flirt. ▪ -'as if she ranked / My gift of a nine-hundred-years old name / With anybody's gift': she was beneath him in status, and yet dared to rebel against his authority. ▪ 'I gave commands; Then all smiles stopped together': euphemism for his wife's murder. ▪ 'Notice Neptune, though / Taming a sea-horse': he points out another painting, also about control.	▪ Dramatic Monologue, in iambic pentameter. ▪ It is a speech, pretending to be a conversation – he doesn't allow the other person to speak! ▪ Enjambment: rambling tone, he's getting carried away with his anger. He is a little unstable. ▪ Heavy use of caesura (commas and dashes): stuttering effect shows his frustration and anger: 'She thanked men, – good! but thanked / Somehow – I know not how' ▪ Dramatic Irony: the reader can read between the lines and see that the Duke's comments have a much more sinister undertone.	▪ 'That's my last Duchess painted on the wall, /Looking as if she were alive'. ▪ 'I call that piece a wonder, now'. ▪ 'Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er she looked on'. ▪ 'Who'd stoop to blame this sort of trifling?' ▪ 'and I choose never to stoop.' ▪ 'Notice Neptune, though,/Taming a sea-horse'.
The Charge of the Light Brigade – Alfred Lord Tennyson	▪ Published six weeks after a disastrous battle against the Russians in the (unpopular) Crimean War ▪ Describes a cavalry charge against Russians who shoot at the lightly-armed British with cannon from three sides of a long valley. ▪ Of the 600 hundred who started the charge, over half were killed, injured or taken prisoner. ▪ It is a celebration of the men's courage and devotion to their country, symbols of the might of the British Empire.	▪ As Poet Laureate, he had a responsibility to inspire the nation and portray the war in a positive light: propaganda. ▪ Although Tennyson glorifies the soldiers who took part, he also draws attention to the fact that a commander had made a mistake: "Someone had blunder'd". ▪ This was a controversial point to make in Victorian times when blind devotion to power was expected.	▪ "Into the valley of Death": this Biblical imagery portrays war as a supremely powerful, or even spiritual, experience. ▪ "jaws of Death" and "mouth of Hell": presents war as an animal that consumes its victims. ▪ "Honour the Light Brigade/Noble six hundred": language glorifies the soldiers, even in death. The 'six hundred' become a celebrated and prestigious group. ▪ "shot and shell": sibilance creates whooshing sounds of battle.	▪ This is a ballad, a form of poetry to remember historical events – we should remember their courage. ▪ 6 verses, each representing 100 men who took part. ▪ First stanza tightly structured, mirroring the cavalry formation. Structure becomes awkward to reflect the chaos of battle and the fewer men returning alive. ▪ Dactylic dimeter (HALF-a league / DUM-de-de) mirrors the sound of horses galloping and increases the poem's pace. ▪ Repetition of 'the six hundred' at the end of each stanza (epistrophe) emphasises huge loss.	▪ 'Half a league, half a league, half a league onward.' ▪ 'All in the valley of Death / Rode the six hundred'. ▪ 'Charge for the guns!' ▪ 'Cannon to the right of them'. ▪ 'Storm'd at with shot and shell'. ▪ 'Boldly they rode and well, / Into the jaws of Death'. ▪ 'Flash'd all their sabres bare'. ▪ 'Plunged in the battery-smoke.' ▪ 'Whole horse and hero fell'. ▪ 'Honour the charge they made!' ▪ 'Honour the Light Brigade, / Noble six hundred.'
Exposure – Wilfred Owen	▪ Speaker describes war as a battle against the weather and conditions. ▪ Imagery of cold and warm reflect the delusional mind of a man dying from hypothermia. ▪ Owen wanted to draw attention to the suffering, monotony and futility of war.	▪ Written in 1917 before Owen went on to win the Military Cross for bravery, and was then killed in battle in 1918: the poem has authenticity as it is written by an actual soldier. ▪ Of his work, Owen said: "My theme is war and the pity of war". ▪ Despite highlighting the tragedy of war and mistakes of senior commanders, he had a deep sense of duty: "not loath, we lie out here" shows that he was not bitter about his suffering.	▪ "Our brains ache" physical (cold) suffering and mental (PTSD or shell shock) suffering. - Semantic field of weather: weather is the enemy. ▪ "the merciless iced east winds that knive us…" – personification (cruel and murderous wind); sibilance (cutting/slicing sound of wind); ellipsis (never-ending). ▪ Repetition of pronouns 'we' and 'our' – conveys togetherness and collective suffering of soldiers. ▪ 'mad gusts tugging on the wire' – personification	▪ Contrast of Cold>Warm>Cold imagery coveys Suffering>Delusions>Death of the hypothermic soldier. ▪ Repetition of "but nothing happens" creates circular structure implying never ending suffering ▪ Rhyme scheme ABBA and hexameter gives the poem structure and emphasises the monotony. ▪ Pararhymes (half rhymes) ("nervous / knife us") only barely hold the poem together, like the men.	▪ 'Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knive us.' ▪ 'Low, dropping flares confuse our memory of the salient.' ▪ 'Worried by silence'. ▪ 'We hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire.' ▪ 'The flickering gunnery rumbles.' ▪ 'The poignant misery of dawn begins to grow.' ▪ 'Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.' ▪ 'Slowly our ghosts drag home'.

Storm on the Island – Seamus Heaney	▪ The narrator describes how a rural island community prepared for a coming storm, and how they were confident in their preparations. ▪ When the storm hits, they are shocked by its power: its violent sights and sounds are described, using the metaphor of war. ▪ The final line of the poem reveals their fear of nature's power	▪ Seamus Heaney was Northern Irish, he died in 2013. ▪ This poem was published in 1966 at the start of 'The Troubles' in Northern Ireland: a period of deep unrest and violence between those who wanted to remain part of the UK and those who wanted to become part of Ireland. ▪ The first eight letters of the title spell 'Stormont': this is the name of Northern Ireland's parliament. ▪ The poem might be a metaphor for the political storm that was building in the country at the time.	▪ 'Nor are there trees which might prove company': the island is a lonely, barren place. ▪ Violent verbs are used to describe the storm: 'pummels', 'exploding', 'spits'. ▪ Semantic field of war: 'Exploding comfortably' (also an oxymoron to contrast fear/safety); 'wind dives and strafes invisibly' (the wind is a fighter plane); 'We are bombarded by the empty air' (under ceaseless attack). ▪ This also reinforces the metaphor of war / troubles. -'spits like a tame cat turned savage': simile compares the nature to an animal that has turned on its owner.	▪ Written in blank verse and with lots of enjambment: this creates a conversational and anecdotal tone. ▪ We' (first person plural) creates a sense of community, and 'You' (direct address) makes the reader feel immersed in the experience. ▪ The poem can split into three sections: Confidence: 'We are prepared:' (ironic) The violence of the storm: 'It pummels your house' Fear: 'It is a huge nothing that we fear.' ▪ There is a turning point (a volta) in Line 14: 'But no:'. This monosyllabic phrase, and the caesura, reflects the final calm before the storm.	▪ 'We are prepared: we build our houses squat'. ▪ 'Sink walls in rock and roof'. ▪ 'there are no stacks or stooks that can be lost'. ▪ 'Blast: you know what I mean'. ▪ 'leaves and branches / Can raise a tragic chorus in a gale.' ▪ 'It pummels your house too.' ▪ 'The flung spray hits / The very windows.' ▪ 'Spits like a tame cat / Turned savage.; ▪ 'We are bombarded by the empty air.'
Bayonet Charge – Ted Hughes	▪ Describes the terrifying experience of 'going over the top': fixing bayonets (long knives) to the end of rifles and leaving a trench to charge directly at the enemy. ▪ Steps inside the body and mind of the speaker to show how this act transforms a soldier from a living thinking person into a dangerous weapon of war. ▪ Hughes dramatises the struggle between a man's thoughts and actions.	▪ Published in 1957, but most-likely set in World War 1. ▪ Hughes' father had survived the battle of Gallipoli in World War 1, and so he may have wished to draw attention to the hardships of trench warfare. ▪ He draws a contrast between the idealism of patriotism and the reality of fighting and killing. ("King, honour, human dignity, etcetera")	▪ The patriotic tear that brimmed in his eye Sweating like molten iron": his sense of duty (tear) has now turned into hot sweat of fear/pain. ▪ "cold clockwork of the stars and nations": the soldiers are part of a cold and uncaring machine of war. ▪ "his foot hung like statuary in midstride.": he is frozen with fear/bewilderment. The caesura (full stop) jolts him back to reality. ▪ "a yellow hare that rolled like a flame And crawled in a threshing circle": impact of war on nature – the hare is distressed like the soldiers	▪ The poem starts 'in medias res': in the middle of the action, to convey shock and pace. ▪ Enjambment maintains the momentum of the charge. ▪ Time stands still in the second stanza to convey the soldier's bewilderment and reflective thoughts. ▪ Contrasts the visual and aural imagery of battle with the internal thoughts of the soldier = adds to the confusion.	▪ 'Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw.' ▪ 'Raw-seamed hot khaki.' ▪ 'Bullets smacking the belly out of the air.' ▪ 'The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye.' ▪ 'Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest.' ▪ 'Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame.' ▪ 'He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge.' ▪ 'King, honour, human dignity, etcetera'.
Remains – Simon Armitage	▪ Written to coincide with a TV documentary about those returning from war with PTSD. ▪ Based on Guardsman Tromans, who fought in Iraq in 2003. ▪ Speaker describes shooting a looter dead in Iraq and how it has affected him. ▪ To show the reader that mental suffering can persist long after physical conflict is over.	▪ These are poems of survivors – the damaged, exhausted men who return from war in body but never, wholly, in mind." Simon Armitage ▪ Poem coincided with increased awareness of PTSD amongst the military, and aroused sympathy amongst the public – many of whom were opposed to the war.	▪ "Remains" -images/suffering remain. ▪ "Legs it up the road" - colloquial language = authentic voice ▪ "Then he's carted off in the back of a lorry" – reduction of humanity to waste or cattle. ▪ "he's here in my head when I close my eyes / dug in behind enemy lines" – metaphor for a war in his head; the PTSD is entrenched. ▪ his bloody life in my bloody hands" – alludes to Macbeth: Macbeth the warrior with PTSD and Lady Macbeth's bloody hands and guilt.	▪ Monologue, told in the present tense to convey a flashback (a symptom of PTSD). ▪ First 4 stanzas are set in Iraq; last 3 are at home, showing the aftermath. ▪ Enjambment conveys his conversational tone and gives it a fast pace, especially when conveying the horror of the killing ▪ Repetition of 'Probably armed, Possibly not" conveys guilt and bitterness	▪ 'We get sent out to tackle looters raiding a bank'. ▪ 'Probably armed, possibly not'. ▪ 'Three of a kind all letting fly'. ▪ 'I see broad daylight on the other side'. ▪ 'So we've hit this looter a dozen times'. ▪ 'the image of agony'. ▪ 'One of my mates goes by and tosses his guts back into his body'. ▪ 'I walk right over it week after week'.

Poppies – Jane Weir	▪ A modern poem that offers an alternative interpretation of bravery in conflict: it does not focus on a soldier in battle but on the mother who is left behind and must cope with his death. ▪ The narration covers her visit to a war memorial, interspersed with images of the soldier's childhood and his departure for war.	▪ Set around the time of the Iraq and Afghan wars, but the conflict is deliberately ambiguous to give the poem a timeless relevance to all mothers and families. ▪ There are hints of a critical tone; about how soldiers can become intoxicated by the glamour or the military: "a blockade of yellow bias" and "intoxicated".	▪ Contrasting semantic fields of home/childhood ("cat hairs", "play at being Eskimos", "bedroom") with war/injury ("blockade", bandaged", "reinforcements") ▪ Aural (sound) imagery: "All my words flattened, rolled, turned into felt" shows pain and inability to speak, and "I listened, hoping to hear your playground voice catching on the wind" shows longing for dead son. ▪ "I was brave, as I walked with you, to the front door": different perspective of bravery in conflict.	▪ This is an Elegy, a poem of mourning. ▪ Strong sense of form despite the free verse, stream of consciousness addressing her son directly – poignant ▪ No rhyme scheme = melancholic ▪ Enjambment gives it an anecdotal tone. ▪ Nearly half the lines have caesura – she is trying to hold it together, but can't speak fluently as she is breaking inside. ▪ Rich texture of time shifts, and visual, aural and touch imagery.	▪ 'Crimped petals, spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade of yellow bias binding around your blazer'. ▪ 'Sellotape bandaged around my hand.' ▪ 'I wanted to graze my nose across the tip of your nose.' ▪ 'I resisted the impulse to run my fingers through the gelled blackthorns of your hair.' ▪ 'A split second and you were away, intoxicated'. ▪ 'The dove pulled freely against the sky'.
War Photographer – Carol Ann Duffy	▪ Tells the story of a war photographer developing photos at home in England: as a photo develops he begins to remember the horrors of war - painting a contrast to the safety of his dark room. ▪ He appears to be returning to a warzone at the end of the poem. ▪ Duffy conveys both the brutality of war and the indifference of those who might view the photos in newspapers and magazines: those who live in comfort and are unaffected by war.	▪ Like Tennyson and Ted Hughes, Duffy was the Poet Laureate. ▪ Duffy was inspired to write this poem by her friendship with a war photographer. She was intrigued by the challenge faced by these people whose job requires them to record terrible, horrific events without being able to directly help their subjects. ▪ The location is ambiguous and therefore universal: ("Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh.")	▪ All flesh is grass": Biblical reference that means all human life is temporary – we all die eventually. ▪ "He has a job to do": like a soldier, the photographer has a sense of duty. ▪ "running children in a nightmare heat": emotive imagery with connotations of hell. ▪ "blood stained into a foreign dust": lasting impact of war – links to Remains and 'blood shadow'. ▪ "he earns a living and they do not care": 'they' is ambiguous – it could refer to readers or the wider world.	▪ Enjambment – reinforces the sense that the world is out of order and confused. ▪ Rhyme reinforces the idea that he is trying to bring order to a chaotic world – to create an understanding. ▪ Contrasts: imagery of rural England and nightmare war zones. ▪ Third stanza: A specific image – and a memory – appears before him	▪ 'In his darkroom he is finally alone'. ▪ 'The only light is red and softly glows'. ▪ 'All flesh is grass'. ▪ 'Solutions slop in trays beneath his hands'. ▪ 'A stranger's features faintly start to twist before his eyes, a half-formed ghost'. ▪ 'The blood stained into foreign dust'. ▪ 'The reader's eye balls prick with tears'.
Tissue – Imtiaz Dharker	▪ Two different meanings of 'Tissue' (homonyms) are explored: firstly, the various pieces of paper that control our lives (holy books, maps, grocery receipts); secondly, the tissue of a human body. ▪ The poet explores the paradox that although paper is fragile, temporary and ultimately not important, we allow it to control our lives. ▪ Also, although human life is much more precious, it is also fragile and temporary.	▪ Imtiaz Dharker was born in Pakistan and grew up in Glasgow. ▪ 'Tissue' is taken from a 2006 collection of poems entitles 'The Terrorist at My Table': the collection questions how well we know people around us. ▪ This particular poem also questions how well we understand ourselves and the fragility of humanity.	▪ Semantic field of light: ('Paper that lets light shine through', 'The sun shines through their borderlines', 'let the daylight break through capitals and monoliths') emphasises that light is central to life, a positive and powerful force that can break through 'tissue' and even monoliths (stone statues). ▪ 'pages smoothed and stroked and turned': gentle verbs convey how important documents such as the Koran are treated with respect. ▪ 'Fine slips [...] might fly our lives like paper kites': this simile suggests that we allow ourselves to be controlled by paper.	▪ The short stanzas create many layers, which is a key theme of the poem (layers of paper and the creation of human life through layers) ▪ The lack of rhythm or rhyme creates an effect of freedom and openness. ▪ All stanzas have four lines, except the final stanza which has one line ('turned into your skin'): this line focuses on humans, and addresses the reader directly to remind us that we are all fragile and temporary ▪ Enjambment creates an effect of freedom and flowing movement.	▪ "If buildings were paper, I might feel their drift." ▪ "Paper thinned by age or touching." ▪ "The kind you feel in well-used books." ▪ "Paid by credit card might fly our lives like paper kites." ▪ "Living tissue, raise a structure never meant to last." ▪ "Paper smoothed and stroked and thinned to be transparent." ▪ "Turned in to your skin." ▪ "Shapes that pride can make." ▪ "Never wish to build again with brick."

The Emigree – Carol Rumens	▪ Emigree' – a female who is forced to leave their county for political or social reasons. ▪ The speaker describes her memories of a home city that she was forced to flee. The city is now "sick with tyrants". ▪ Despite the cities problems, her positive memories of the place cannot be extinguished.	▪ Emigree was published in 1993. The home country of the speaker is not revealed – this ambiguity gives the poem a timeless relevance. ▪ Increasingly relevant to many people in current world climate	▪ "I left it as a child": ambiguous meaning – either she left when she was a child or the city was a child (it was vulnerable and she feels a responsibility towards it). ▪ "I am branded by an impression of sunlight": imagery of light - it will stay with her forever. ▪ Personification of the city: "I comb its hair and love its shining eyes" (she has a maternal love for the city) and "My city takes me dancing" (it is romantic and passionate lover) ▪ "My city hides behind me": it is vulnerable and – despite the fact that she had to flee – she is strong. ▪ Semantic field of conflict: "Tyrant, tanks, frontiers"	▪ First person. ▪ The last line of each stanza is the same (epistrophe): "sunlight": reinforces the overriding positivity of the city and of the poem. ▪ The first two stanzas have lots of enjambment – conveys freedom. ▪ The final stanza has lots of full-stops – conveys that fact that she is now trapped.	▪ "There once was a country… I left it as a child." ▪ "The worst news I receive of it cannot break." ▪ "It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants." ▪ "The graceful slopes glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks." ▪ "That child`s vocabulary I carried here like a hollow doll." ▪ "Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it." ▪ "I have no passport, there`s no way back at all." ▪ "My city takes me dancing through the city."
Checking Out Me History – John Agard	▪ Represents the voice of a black man who is frustrated by the Eurocentric history curriculum in the UK – which pays little attention to the black history. ▪ Black history is quoted to emphasise its separateness and to stress its importance.	▪ John Agard was born in the Caribbean in 1949 and moved to the UK in the 1970s. ▪ His poetry challenge racism and prejudice. ▪ This poem may, to some extent, have achieved its purpose: in 2016, a statue was erected in London in honour of Mary Seacole, one of the subjects of the poem.	▪ Imagery of fire and light used in all three stanzas regarding black historic figures: "Toussaint de beacon", "Fire-woman", "yellow sunrise". ▪ Uses non-standard phonetic spelling ("Dem tell me wha dem want", to represent his own powerful accent and mixes Caribbean Creole dialect with standard English. ▪ "I carving out me identity": metaphor for the painful struggle to be heard, and to find his identity.	▪ Dramatic monologue, with a dual structure. ▪ Stanzas concerning Eurocentric history (normal font) are interspersed with stanzas on black history (in italics to represent separateness and rebellion). ▪ Black history sections arranged as serious lessons to be learned; traditional history as nursery rhymes, mixed with fairytales (mocking of traditional history). ▪ The lack of punctuation, the stanzas in free verse, the irregular rhyme scheme and the use of Creole could represent the narrator's rejection of the rules. ▪ Repetition of "Dem tell me": frustration.	▪ "Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat." ▪ "Bandage up me eye with me own history." ▪ "But Toussaint L`Ouverture no dem never tell me bout dat." ▪ "Dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu." ▪ "Dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole." ▪ "From Jamaica she travel far to the Crimean War." ▪ "But now I checking out me own history." ▪ I carving out me identity."
Kamikaze – Beatrice Garland	▪ In World War 2, Japanese Kamikaze pilots would fly manned missiles into targets such as ships. ▪ This poem explores a kamikaze pilot's journey towards battle, his decision to return, and how he is shunned when he returns home. ▪ As he looks down at the sea, the beauty of nature and memories of childhood make him decide to turn back	▪ Cowardice or surrender was a great shame in wartime Japan. ▪ To surrender meant shame for you and your family, and rejection by society: "he must have wondered which had been the better way to die".	▪ The Japanese word 'kamikaze' means 'divine wind' or 'heavenly wind', and has its origin in a heaven-sent storm that scattered an invading fleet in 1250. ▪ "dark shoals of fish flashing silver": image links to a Samurai sword – conveys the conflict between his love for nature/life and his sense of duty. Also has sibilance. ▪ "they treated him as though he no longer existed": cruel irony – he chose to live but now must live as though he is dead. ▪ "was no longer the father we loved": the pilot was forever affected by his decision.	▪ Narrative and speaker is third person, representing the distance between her and her father, and his rejection by society. ▪ The first five stanzas are ordered (whilst he is flying on his set mission). ▪ Only full stop is at the end of Stanza Five: he has made his decision to turn back. ▪ The final two are in italics and have longer line to represent the fallout of his decision: his life has shifted and will no longer be the same. ▪ Direct speech ("My mother never spoke again") gives the poem a personal tone.	▪ "Her father embarked at sunrise." ▪ "In the cockpit, a shaven head full of powerful incantations." ▪ "For a one-way journey in to history." ▪ "Beneath them, arcing in swathes like a huge flag." ▪ "Remembered how he and his brothers waiting on the shore." ▪ "Yes, grandfather`s boat – safe." ▪ "Gradually we too learned to be silent, to live as though he had never returned."

Success Criteria - Writing the response

1. Analyse and explore language, form and structure.
2. Understand and comment on the poet's intentions.
3. Understand and evaluate the reader's response.
4. Understand and evaluate the effects and significance of context (audience, social, historical, cultural).
5. Apply comparative skills.
6. Be able to explore a poem independently and interpret and evaluate the ideas of each poem.
7. Use precise evidence to support ideas.
8. Drill into language (individual words) and analyse multiple meanings where possible.

Language for Comparison

To show similarities	Both poems convey/address/explore/present, likewise, similarly
To show differences	Although…Whereas…Whilst…In contrast…Conversely…On the contrary…Unlike…

Poetic Techniques

Language

Metaphor – comparing one thing to another using 'is' although it is not literally applicable.
Simile – comparing two things using 'like' or 'as'
Personification – giving an inanimate object human characteristics / qualities
Imagery – language that makes us imagine a sight (visual), sound (aural), touch (tactile), smell, taste.
Tone – the mood or feeling created in a poem.
Pathetic Fallacy – giving emotion to weather to create a mood within a text.
Irony – language that says one thing but implies the opposite e.g. sarcasm.
Colloquial Language – informal language, usually creates a conversational tone or authentic voice.
Onomatopoeia – language that sounds like its meaning.
Alliteration – words that are close together start with the same letter or sound.
Sibilance – the repetition of s or sh sounds.
Assonance – the repetition of similar vowel sounds
Consonance – repetition of consonant sounds.
Plosives – short burst of sound: t, k, p, d, g, or b sound.

Structure

Stanza – a group of lines in a poem.
Repetition – repeated words or phrases **Enjambment** – a sentence or phrase that runs onto the next line.
Caesura – using punctuation to create pauses or stops.
Contrast – opposite concepts/feelings in a poem. **Juxtaposition** – contrasting things placed side by side.
Oxymoron – a phrase that contradicts itself.
Anaphora – when the first word of a stanza is the same across different stanzas.
Epistrophe – when the final word of a stanza is the same across different stanzas.
Volta – a turning point in a poem.

Form

Speaker – the narrator, or person in the poem.
Free verse – poetry that doesn't rhyme.
Blank verse – poem in iambic pentameter, but with no rhyme.
Sonnet – poem of 14 lines with clear rhyme scheme.
Rhyming couplet – a pair of rhyming lines next to each other.
Meter – arrangement of stressed/unstressed syllables.
Monologue – one person speaking for a long time.

Themes – Making links

Conflict	Remains, Exposure, Charge of the Light Brigade, Bayonet Charge, War Photographer, Kamikaze, The Emigree,
Suffering	Remains, Exposure, Poppies, Charge of the Light Brigade, War Photographer
Reality of War	Remains, Exposure, Poppies, Charge of the Light Brigade, Bayonet Charge, War Photographer
Nature	Exposure, Bayonet Charge, Kamikaze
Patriotism	Exposure, Charge of the Light Brigade, Bayonet Charge, Kamikaze
Bravery	Poppies, Bayonet Charge, The Emigree
Childhood	Poppies, Kamikaze, The Emigree, Checking Out Me History, Extract from The Prelude
Power	Bayonet Charge, Kamikaze, The Emigree, Checking Out Me History, My Last Duchess, London
Shame	Kamikaze
Identity	The Emigree, Checking Out Me History, Tissue
Protest	The Emigree, Checking Out Me History
Power of Nature	Ozymandias, Tissue, Extract from The Prelude, Storm on the Island
Decay	Ozymandias
Pride	Ozymandias, My Last Duchess
Control	My Last Duchess, Tissue
Jealousy	My Last Duchess
Status	My Last Duchess
Fear	Extract from The Prelude, Storm on the Island
Inequality	London
Loss	London
Anger	London

Tone:

Tragic/Haunting/Anecdotal/Dreamy/Tender/Bitter/Energetic/Bewildered /Desperate/Painful/Detached/Angry/Sorrowful/Pitiful/Mournful/Defiant /Nostalgic/Rebellious/Cynical/Ironic/Sinister/Gentle/Ethereal/Dark/ Confident /Fearful/Reflective/Violent

Year 9 IKE + tasks

English Literature GCSE

Power and Conflict Poetry

Term 1: Power and conflict:

1. **Look at the poem Charge of the Light Brigade**. Find 4 quotations that present courage. What do they suggest?
2. **Look at the poem The Prelude**. Find 4 different techniques Wordsworth uses to show the speaker is feeling vulnerable. How are they used effectively?
3. **Look at the poem Kamikaze.** How does the writer present the theme of regret in the poem? **Write at least an A4 side of paper.**
4. **Look at the poem Exposure.** Choose 4 different quotations from the poem. Explain what each quotation shows AND give an alternative interpretation. What else could it mean/show? Can you link it to any contextual factors?
5. **Look at the poem London.** Based on the poem, create the next two stanzas. What could happen next? Could you introduce a speaker of your own?

The Charge of the Light Brigade – Alfred Lord Tennyson

1.
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.

2.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
    Some one had blunder'd:
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.

3.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
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,
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,
Charging an army, while
    All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
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,
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,
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?
O the wild charge they made!
    All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
    Noble six hundred!

The prelude (boat stealing)

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 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.

William Wordsworth

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

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.

Exposure by Wilfred Owen

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 . . .
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 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,
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, 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.

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

London

BY 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