

Lawn Manor Academy 2022-23

AQA English Literature

Paper 2 Section C

Unseen Poetry

Exam Revision Booklet 1

The questions for Unseen Poetry will follow a similar structure.

Part 1 AO1 & AO2 [24 marks]

Possible questions include:

- *In 'Poem A' how does the poet present...*
- *In 'Poem A' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings / attitude about...*
- *In 'Poem A' how does the poet present the effects of...*

Part 2 AO2 [8 marks]

In both 'Poem A' and 'Poem B' the speakers describe feelings/attitudes towards... What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes?

You are advised to spend approximately 35 minutes on Part 1 and 10 minutes on Part 2.

Reading strategies

- Read the question and underline what both poems are about.
- Read the poem twice.
- Start with Title – any clues or connotations?
- Put a slash at each full stop. Read each unit of meaning. Annotate
 - interesting word(s)
 - similes
 - personification
 - metaphor
 - repeated imagery
 - **MUST** explain and not just spot

Writing strategies

Part (a) 24 marks = 35 minutes

1. Spend 5-10 minutes annotating poem (see above for strategies to help you do this)
2. Then write answer as follows:
 - Brief intro paragraph – overview – what is happening & who's talking (narrator? To a specific audience?)
 - Comment on 3-6 quotes taken from different sections of the poems (beginning, middle, and end) which are then linked to overall message of the poet.
 - One comment on structure which is linked to overall message of the poet.
 - What is each verse about
 - Are there any changes?
 - Regular/irregular – line length, rhyme scheme, stanza length (Why?)
 - Use SUBJECT TERMINOLOGY (word, verb, adjective, simile, metaphor, verse, imagery, personification, alliteration etc.)

Part (b) 8 marks = 10 minutes

1. You only need to compare writer's methods (AO2) and not compare their attitudes
2. Spend 3-5 minutes annotating 2 quotes in Poem B and deciding on similarities and differences
3. Then write answer as follows:
 - Start compare and contrast immediately. 1st sentence must use words 'Similar' or 'Different'
 - Comment on 2 quotes taken from each poems
 - You can also comment on structure but you don't have to
 - Remember ALWAYS compare and contrast the writer's methods and not the ideas.
 - Use SUBJECT TERMINOLOGY (word, verb, adjective, simile, metaphor, verse, imagery, personification, alliteration etc.)
 - Use connectives to compare and contrast

Exam Technique

- Read both poems
- Complete Section A '*An Inspector Calls*'
- Read both poems again
- Complete Section B – Poetry Anthology
- Annotate & plan Section C
- Write answer to Section C

AQA GCSE English Literature: Unseen Poetry 1

1. In 'Woman Work' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about her life? [24 marks]
2. In both 'Woman Work' and 'Overheard in County Sligo' the speakers describe feelings about their lives. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

Woman Work

I've got the children to tend
The clothes to mend
The floor to mop
The food to shop
Then the chicken to fry
The baby to dry I got company to feed
The garden to weed
I've got the shirts to press
The tots to dress
The cane to be cut
I gotta clean up this hut
Then see about the sick
And the cotton to pick.

Shine on me, sunshine
Rain on me, rain
Fall softly, dewdrops
And cool my brow again.

Storm, blow me from here
With your fiercest wind
Let me float across the sky
'Til I can rest again

Fall gently, snowflakes
Cover me with white
Cold icy kisses and
Let me rest tonight.

Sun, rain, curving sky
Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone

Star shine, moon glow
You're all that I can call my own.

Maya Angelou

Overheard in County Sligo

I married a man from County Roscommon
and I live in the back of beyond
with a field of cows and a yard of hens
and six white geese on the pond.

At my door's a square of yellow corn
caught up by its corners and shaken,
and the road runs down through the open gate
and freedom's there for the taking.

I had thought to work on the Abbey* stage
or have my name in a book,
to see my thought on the printed page,
or still the crowd with a look.

But I turn to fold the breakfast cloth
and to polish the lustre and brass,
to order and dust the tumbled rooms
and find my face in the glass.

I ought to feel I'm a happy woman
for I lie in the lap of the land,
but I married the man from County Roscommon
and I live at the back of beyond.

Gillian Clarke

*Abbey: A well-known theatre in Dublin

1. In 'Jessie Emily Schofield' how does the poet present the speaker's attitudes to growing old? [24 marks]
2. In both 'Jessie Emily Schofield' and 'Grandfather' the speakers describe their attitudes to growing old. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

Jessie Emily Schofield

I used to wash my grandmother's hair,
When she was old and small
And walked with a frame
Like a learning child.
She would turn off her hearing aid
And bend into the water,
Holding the edge of the sink with long fingers;
I would pour warm cupfuls over her skull
And wonder what it could be like
In her deaf head with eighty years of life.
Hers was the softest hair I ever felt,
Wedding dress silk on a widow;
But there is a photo of her
Sitting swathed in hair
That I imagine chestnut from the black and white,
Long enough to sit on.
Her wet head felt delicate as a birdskull
Worn thin by waves of age,
As she stood bent.
My mother's mother under my hands.

Judy Williams

Grandfather

I remember
His sparse white hair and lean face...
Creased eyes that twinkled when he laughed
And the sea-worn skin
Patterned to a latticework of lines.
I remember
His blue-veined, calloused hands.
Long gnarled fingers
Stretching out towards the fire –
Three fingers missing –
Yet he was able to make model yachts
And weave baskets.
Each bronzed Autumn
He would gather berries
Each breathing Spring
His hands were filled with flowers.

I remember
Worshipping his fisherman's yarns.
Watching his absorbed expression
As he solved the daily crossword
With the slim cigarette, hand rolled,
Placed between his lips.
I remember
The snowdrops
The impersonal hospital bed,
The reek of antiseptic.
I remember, too,
The weeping child
And wilting daffodils
Laid upon his grave.

Susan Hrynkow

AQA GCSE English Literature: Unseen Poetry 3

1. In 'The Railway Modeller' how does the poet present the speaker's attitude towards hobbies? [24 marks]
2. In both 'The Railway Modeller' and 'The Railway Clerk' the speakers describe their attitudes towards jobs and hobbies. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

The Railway Modeller

He's spent all week creating the best part
of a village; sculpting the paper strata
of its hills, painting them green, growing
small metal trees with a teased-out fluff
of foliage. Then he built half-timbered
card houses, secured them where they belonged
and stood back to be sure it was right.

Now he must add the people: so minute,
they take more work than anything. He uses
a make-up brush tapered to a hair
for touching their white plastic into life
with flesh-tones, bright splashes, uniform
blue and grey.... It takes hours to make
an individual, if it's done with love,

but he doesn't mind the time spent
in his shed, a sufficient universe,
and nothing brings a branch line alive
like people. Working down on the track,
picks raised, or waiting on a paper bench
for a train they can't board, they turn
the scene to a frozen photograph.

It's a shame he can't, with all his love,
move the frame on.... The background radio
intrudes news headlines into his thought:
today in Parliament the talking fellows
were voting on whether to punish men
with death. His brush carefully strokes in
blond hair; perfects another passenger.

Sheenagh Pugh

The Railway Clerk

It isn't my fault.
I do what I'm told
But still I am blamed.
This year, my leave application
Was twice refused.
Every day there is so much work
And I don't get overtime.
My wife is always asking for more money.
Money, money, where to get money?
My job is such, no one is giving bribe,
While other clerks are in fortunate position,
and no promotion even because I am not
graduate.

I wish I was bird.

I am never neglecting my responsibility,
I am discharging it properly,
I am doing my duty,
But who is appreciating
Nobody, I am telling you.

My desk is too small,
the fan is not repaired for two months,
three months.
I am living far off in Borivali,
My children are neglecting studies,
How long this can go on?

Nissam Ezekial

1. In 'November night, Edinburgh' how does the poet present the speaker's attitude towards life in a city? [24 marks]
2. In both 'November night, Edinburgh' and 'November Story' the speakers describe their attitudes towards life in a city. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

November night, Edinburgh

The night tinkles like ice in glasses.
Leaves are glued to the pavement with frost. The
brown air fumes at the shop windows, Tries the door,
and sidles past.

I gulp down winter raw. The heady
Darkness swirls with tenements.
In a brown fuzz of cottonwool
Lamps fade up crags, die into pits.

Frost in my lungs is harsh as leaves
Scraped up on paths. - I look up, there,
A high roof sails, at the mast-head
Fluttering a grey and ragged star.

The world's a bear shrugged in his den.
It's snug and close in the snoring night.
And outside like chrysanthemums
The fog unfolds its bitter scent.

Norman MacCaig

I sat in a warm bar
After the day's work:
November snuffled outside,
Greasing the sidewalk.

But soon I had to go
Out into the night
Where shadows prowled the alleys,
Hiding from the light.

But light shone at the corner
On the pavement where
A man had fallen over
Or been knocked down there.

His legs on the slimed concrete
Were splayed out wide;
He had been propped against a lamp-post:
His head lolled to one side.

A victim of crime or accident,
An image of fear,
He remained quite motionless
As I drew near.

Then a thin voice startled silence
From a doorway close by
Where an urchin hid from the wind
"Spare a penny for the guy!"

I gave the boy some money
And hastened on.
A voice called, 'Thank you guv'nor!'
And the words upon

The wincing air seemed strange –
So hoarse and deep –
As if the guy had spoken
In his restless sleep

Vernon Scannell

November Story

The evening had caught cold;
Its eyes were blurred.
It had a dripping nose
And its tongue was furred.

1. In 'The Moth's Plea' how does the poet present the speaker's attitude towards the life of an animal? [24 marks]
2. In both 'The Moth's Plea' and 'Weasels' the speakers describe their attitudes towards the life of an animal. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

The Moth's Plea

I am a disappointment
And much worse.
You hear a flutter, you expect a brilliance of wings,
Colours dancing, a bright
Flutter, but then you see
A brown, bedraggled creature
With a shamefaced, unclean look
Darting upon your curtains and clothes,
Fighting against the light.
I hate myself. It's no wonder you hate me.

I meddle among your things,
I make a meal out of almost any cloth,
I hide in cupboards and scare
Any who catch me unaware.
I am your enemy – the moth.

You try to keep me away
But I'm wily and when I do
Manage to hide, you chase me, beat me, put
Horrible-smelling balls to poison me.
Have you ever thought what it's like to be
A parasite,
Someone who gives you a fright,
Who envies the rainbow colours of the bright
Butterflies who hover round flowers all day?
Oh please believe that I do understand how it feels
To be awake in and be afraid of the night.

Elizabeth Jennings

Weasels

They are only scrap for a furrier
Or trimming for a lady's wrap.
But before they end on a heap
They are awful in the fields and streams.
Red-brown and nine inches long.
They eat mice and moles and frogs;
Rooks, crows and owls are nothing to them.
Weasels will get through a bush or hedge
For thrush and blackbird eggs
And swim a mile when they sniff dead fish.

My granddad saw one
Wipe out a granary of rats
And then look around to see
If he had missed any
Before he enjoyed his huge supper.
Once, in America, a hawk was found
With a weasel's skull locked to its throat.
Even when chased by a fox
They may stop to kill a chicken.
Weasels like rabbits, too
And go deep into the dark burrows.
In Carmarthen they have hunted in packs
Scampering behind the poor scared hares
Lolloping in the moonlight.
They will also attack a man
If trapped – single and alone
They jump for the neck.

Weasels will live anywhere smelly
Inside a maggoty sheep carcass
Or a rotted tree-stump,
A crumbled wall crevice or a fish hole
In the riverbank. Their innocent babies
Nest tight at the back of the holes.

John Tripp

1. In 'Walking Away' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about their child? [24 marks]
2. In both 'Walking Away' and 'Catrin' the speakers describe their feelings about their children. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

Walking Away

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day –
A sunny day with leaves just turning,
The touch-lines new-ruled – since I watched you play
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see
You walking away from me towards the school
With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free
Into a wilderness, the gait of one
Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying away
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,
Has something I never quite grasp to convey
About nature's give-and-take – the small, the scorching
Ordeals which fire one's irresolute clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly
Saying what God alone could perfectly show –
How selfhood begins with a walking away,
And love is proved in the letting go.

C Day Lewis

Catrin

I can remember you, child,
As I stood in a hot, white
Room at the window watching
The people and cars taking
Turn at the traffic lights.
I can remember you, our first
Fierce confrontation, the tight
Red rope of love which we both
Fought over. It was a square
Environmental blank, disinfected
Of paintings or toys. I wrote
All over the walls with my
Words, coloured the clean squares
With the wild, tender circles
Of our struggle to become
Separate. We want, we shouted,
To be two, to be ourselves.

Neither won nor lost the struggle
In the glass tank clouded with feelings
Which changed us both. Still I am fighting
You off, as you stand there
With your straight, strong, long
Brown hair and your rosy,
Defiant glare, bringing up
From the heart's pool that old rope,
Tightening about my life,
Trailing love and conflict,
As you ask may you skate
In the dark, for one more hour.

Gillian Clarke

1. In 'Home From Abroad' how does the poet present the speaker's feelings about their home country? [24 marks]
2. In both 'Home From Abroad' and 'Love Poem for My Country' the speakers describe their feelings about their home country. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

Home From Abroad

Far-fetched with tales of other worlds and ways,
My skin well-oiled with wines of the Levant,
I set my face into a filial smile
To greet the pale, domestic kiss of Kent.

But shall I never learn? That gawky girl,
Recalled so primly in my foreign thoughts,
Becomes again the green-haired queen of love
Whose wanton form dilates as it delights.

Her rolling tidal landscape floods the eye
And drowns Chianti in a dusky stream;
The flower-flecked grasses swim with simple horses,
The hedges choke with roses fat as cream.

So do I breathe the hayblown airs of home,
And watch the sea-green elms drip birds and shadows,
And as the twilight nets the plunging sun
My heart's keel slides to rest among the meadows.

Laurie Lee

*the Levant – the countries bordering the Eastern
Mediterranean from Turkey to Egypt

*filial – like a son/daughter

Love Poem For My Country

My country is for love
so say its valleys
where ancient rivers flow
the full circle of life
under the proud eye of birds
adorning the sky.

My country is for peace
so says the veld
where reptiles caress
its surface
with elegant motions
glittering in their pride

My country
is for joy
so talk the mountains
with baboons
hopping from boulder to boulder
in the majestic delight
of cliffs and peaks

My country
is for health and wealth
see the blue of the sea
and beneath
the jewels of fish
deep under the bowels of soil
hear
the golden voice
of a miner's praise
for my country

My country
is for unity
feel the millions
see their passion
their hands are joined together
there is hope in their eyes

we shall celebrate

Sandile Dikeni

1. In 'Tramp' how does the poet present the speaker's attitude towards people who don't fit into society? [24 marks]
2. . In both 'Tramp' and 'Decomposition' the speakers describe their feelings about people who don't fit into society. What are the similarities and/or differences between the way the poets present these attitudes? [8 marks]

Tramp

This mad prophet
gibbers* mid-traffic,
wringing his hands
whilst mouthing at heaven.
No messages for us.
His conversation is simply
a passage through time.
He points and calls.
Our uneven stares dissuade*
approach. We fear him, his
matted hair, patched coat,
grey look from sleeping out.
We mutter amongst ourselves
and hope he keeps away. No
place for him in our heaven,
there it's clean and empty.

Rupert M. Loydell.

*gibbers – speaks so fast it sounds like nonsense

*dissuade – persuade against

Decomposition

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

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

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

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

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

Zulfikar Ghose

*Chides me – tells me off