**LITERATURE UNSEEN POETRY REVISION**

**What do you need to remember?**

To analyse the poems

Use PEA

Refer to language and structure

You can use SMILE/MALES/MILES as a reminder to cover the meaning

To use comparison language

To compare in section b

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Poetic device** | Definition | **Effect** | *Example* |
| **Alliteration**  **aaa** | Repetition of initial consonant sounds in a group or words close together | **Emphasises words and ideas, makes descriptions more vivid. Unites words and concepts together.** | *“Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence”* |
| **Assonance**  **aeiou** | Repetition of a vowel sound | **Helps create tone and affects rhythm, e.g. a, o, and u can slow down a line making it sound sad and weary and i can speed up a line. Gives a sense of continuity.** | *“it will creep into our dreams.”*  *“Keep your head down and stay in doors –*  *we’ve lost this war before it has begun.”* |
| **Consonance**  **bcfghj** | Repetition of a consonant sound | **Helps create tone and effect rhythm, e.g. ‘s’ sound is slow/soothing.** | *“innocent mice rejoice”*  *“the merciless iced east winds that knive us…”* |
| **Onomatopoeia**Description: http://artdrum.com/IMAGES/PHOTOSDRUMSINSTRUMENTS/DRUM_SET_TKO_5_PIECE.jpg | The use of words which imitate sound | **Emphasises words and ideas, makes descriptions more vivid.** | *“when miners roared past in lorries”*  *“I was trying to complete a sentence in my head but it kept*  *Stuttering”* |
| Description: http://support.gliffy.com/attachments/token/8qy49wtgciqydgq/?name=arrowinacircle.gif**Repetition** | The purposeful re-use of words and phrases. | **Reinforces words and ideas, makes them memorable and leaves a lasting impression. Makes poem more contained.** | *“I hate that drum’s discordant sound,*  *Parading round, and round, and round”* |
| Description: http://www.teachersandfamilies.com/nursery/Humpty%20Dumpty/Humpty%20Dumpty%20Sat%20on%20a%20wall.jpg**Rhyme** | The use of words with matching sounds. Can be internal or at ends of lines. | **Makes it memorable. Drives forward the rhythm. Unifies the poem and adds structure.** | *“O what is that light I see flashing so clear Over the distance brightly, brightly? Only the sun on their weapons, dear, As they step lightly”* |
| Description: smaller drum**Rhythm** | The pace or beat of the poem - can vary from line to line | **Chosen to achieve a particular effect, e.g. to mirror pattern of natural speech or the pace of walking. May be fast, lively, slow, regular, irregular, awkward, tense, brisk, flowing, smooth** | *“I hate that drum’s discordant sound,*  *Parading round, and round, and round:”*  *“I remembered from my Sunday School book:*  *olive trees, a deep jade pool,*  *men resting in clusters after a long journey”* |
| Description: http://my-ecoach.com/online/resources/5268/title.png**Imagery** | Words that appeal to the senses | **Creates vivid mental pictures and evokes ideas, feelings and atmosphere by appealing to the senses (sight, smell, taste, touch, and sound).** | *“Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence.*  *Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,”* |
| **Simile**  **‘like’ ‘as’** | A comparison between two unlike things using *like* or *as*. | **Enhances descriptions, expands reader’s understanding of what poet is trying to convey, clarifies meanings.** | *“He wore me like a golden knot,*  *He changed me like a glove”*  *“their chanting foreign and familiar,*  *like the call and answer of road gangs”* |
| **Metaphor**  **‘is’** | A comparison saying something *is* something else | **Can uncover new and intriguing qualities of the original thing that we may not normally notice or even consider important. Helps us to realize a new and different meaning. Makes it more interesting to read.** | *“Suddenly as the riot squad moved in, it was raining*  *exclamation marks”*  *“I wrote*  *All over the walls with my*  *Words, coloured the clean squares”* |
| Description: http://www.freeimagesarchive.com/data/media/38/11_telephone.jpgDescription: http://accommshop.co.uk/blog/wp-content/uploads/2011/12/Weather-logo.jpg**Personification** | Giving human qualities or characteristics to animals or inanimate objects | **Makes the objects and their actions easier to visualize for a reader. Makes the poem more interesting and achieves a much more vivid image.** | *“I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death; I am*  *not on his pay-roll.”*  *“ the ansaphone kept screaming”* |
| Description: http://www.safetysignsandppe.co.uk/js/tinymce/plugins/imagemanager/files/NOFMulti.jpg**Symbolism** | A word, phrase or image which stands for something. | **Enables the writer to convey images directly to the mind of the reader - it serves almost like an emotional short-cut.** | *“So now I moan an unclean thing*  *Who might have been a dove”* |
| **Rhetorical question**  **?** | A question which does not expect an answer. | **Plants a question in the reader’s mind and then guides them towards the answer they want them to reach. Makes a deeper impression upon the reader than a direct statement would.** | *“My name? Where am I coming from? Where am I going?”*  *“Why do you care what class I’m from?*  *Does it stick in your gullet like a sour plum?”* |
| Description: http://jeffreyhill.typepad.com/.a/6a00d8341d417153ef00e553c7678f8834-800wi**Colloquial language** | Non-standard English, slang. | **Makes it sound realistic, part of speaker’s identity, can indicate pride in roots, shows a relaxed and casual attitude.** | *“Ah lookin at yu wid de keen*  *half of mih eye”*  *“With an ‘Olly in me mouth*  *Down me nose, wear an ‘at not a scarf”*  *“Stitch that, I remember thinking”* |
| **Emotive language**Description: http://t0.gstatic.com/images?q=tbn:ANd9GcQn2m4W_NEqL9SRXyzfMGK05Shoh0IjMwWTAobTfJJl0TpWBYI14kxk-TwfSQ | Words and phrases that cause an emotional response in  the reader | **Plays on the reader’s feelings, gets them to think or feel in a certain way according to poet’s intentions.** | *“And burning towns, and ruined swains,*  *And mangled limbs, and dying groans,*  *And widows’ tears, and orphans’ moans”* |
| Description: http://www.mizozo.com/images/item_images/14000/13226_src.jpg**Free verse** | Lines with no regular structure, rhyme or rhythm. | **Allows for poet’s creativity. Can imply freedom, flexibility, and fluidity. Line lines may suggest excitement or a passionate outpouring; short lines break the flow and add emphasis.** | *“Then my grandmother called from behind the front door,*  *her voice a stiff broom over the steps:*  *‘Come inside; they do things to little girls.’”* |
| Description: http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/6/69/Couple_01.JPG**Couplet** | A pair of lines, usually rhymed | **Keeps a tight structure. Can help conclude a poem.** | *“Bread pudding is wet nelly*  *And me stomach is me belly”*  *“To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,*  *And lures from cities and from fields”* |
| **Enjambment**  Description: http://www.sargentsfineart.com/img/wishard/all/small-waterfall-in-the-forest.jpg | A line ending in which the syntax, rhythm and thought are continued into the next line. | **Draws the reader from line to line and verse to verse and makes poetry flow quicker by making it less blocky. Makes end rhymes more subtle. Can indicate excitement, anger or passion.** | *“I hear him leading his horse out of the stall; I hear*  *the clatter on the barn-floor.*  *He is in haste; he has business in Cuba, business in the*  *Balkans, many calls to make this morning.”* |
| Description: http://3.bp.blogspot.com/_gMntPpnQPtg/TJ0hI_dKaaI/AAAAAAAAA_w/ES59wZmpjJU/s1600/SL-punctuation.png**Caesura** | A natural pause or break in a line of poetry indicated by punctuation | **Stops rhythm becoming predictable. Mirrors natural speech. Lots of pauses slow the pace of the poem. May make you pause abruptly, drawing attention to that idea.** | *“Why can’t I escape? Every move is punctuated. Crimea*  *Street. Dead end again.”* |

2C a)

Read the two poems, The Tramp and Decomposition. In both of these poems the poets write about homelessness.

Write about the poem The Tramp, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

* what the poem is about and how it is organised;
* the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
* the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
* how you respond to the poem.

2C b)

Now compare The Tramp and Decomposition.

You should compare:

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

**DECOMPOSITION**  
Zulfikar Ghose  
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.

**The Tramp**

*John Clare*

He eats (a moment's stoppage to his song)  
The stolen turnip as he goes along;  
And hops along and heeds with careless eye  
The passing crowded stage coach reeling bye.  
He talks to none but wends his silent way,  
And finds a hovel at the close of day,  
Or under any hedge his house is made.  
He has no calling and he owns no trade.  
An old smoaked blanket arches oer his head,  
A whisp of straw or stubble makes his bed.  
He knows a lawless law that claims no kin  
But meet and plunder on and feel no sin--  
No matter where they go or where they dwell  
They dally with the winds and laugh at hell.

2C a)

Read the two poems,. In both of these poems the poets write about the role of women.

Write about the poem Women Work, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

* what the poem is about and how it is organised;
* the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
* the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
* how you respond to the poem.

2C b)

Now compare Women Work and Overheard in County Sligo.

You should compare:

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

***Woman Work***

I’ve got the children to tend

The clothes to mend

The floor to mop

***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,

and I married a man from County Roscommon

and I live in the back of beyond.

*Gillian Clarke*

\* Abbey: A well-known theatre in Dublin

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*

2C a)

Read the two poems,. In both of these poems the poets write about the role of women.

Write about the poem Women Work, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

* what the poem is about and how it is organised;
* the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
* the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
* how you respond to the poem.

2C b)

Now compare Women Work and Overheard in County Sligo.

You should compare:

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

Lullaby

Go to sleep, Mum,

Nettles

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed.

‘Bed’ seemed a curious name for those green spears,

That regiment of spite behind the shed:

It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears

The boy came seeking comfort and I saw

White blisters beaded on his tender skin.

We soothed him till his pain was not so raw.

At last he offered us a watery grin,

And then I took my billhook, honed the blade

And went outside and slashed in fury with it

Till not a nettle in that fierce parade

Stood upright any more. And then I lit

A funeral pyre to burn the fallen dead,

But in two weeks the busy sun and rain

Had called up tall recruits behind the shed:

My son would often feel sharp wounds again.

By Vernon Scannell

I won't stop breathing

suddenly, in the night.

Go to sleep, I won't

climb out of my cot and

tumble downstairs.

Mum, I won't swallow

the pills the doctor gave you or

put hairpins in electric

sockets, just go to sleep.

I won't cry

when you take me to school and leave me:

I'll be happy with other children

my own age.

Sleep, Mum, sleep.

I won't

fall in the pond, play with matches,

run under a lorry or even consider

sweets from strangers.

No, I won't

give you a lot of lip,

not like some.

I won't sniff glue,

fail all my exams,

get myself/

my girlfriend pregnant.

I'll work hard and get a steady/

really worthwhile job.

I promise, go to sleep.

I'll never forget

to drop in/phone/write

and if

I need any milk, I'll yell.

2C a)

Read the two poems,. In both of these poems the poets write about memories.

Write about the poem Roller-Skaters, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

* what the poem is about and how it is organised;
* the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
* the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
* how you respond to the poem.

2C b)

Now compare Roller-Skaters and The Side Way Back.

You should compare:

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

Roller-Skaters

The Side Way Back

You’re late. Take a chance up the cul-de-sac,

a short cut home. It’s the side way back –

the way they tell you not to go,

the way the kids and stray cats know

as Lovebite Alley, Dead Dog Lane…

The Council says it’s got no name.

All the same…

There’s sharkstooth glass on a breezeblock wall.

There’s nobody to hear if you call.

There are tetanus tips on the rusty wire.

There’s a house they bricked up after the fire

spraycanned with blunt names and a thinks-balloon

full of four-letter words and a grinning moon-

cartoon.

It’s a narrow and narrowing one way street

down to the end where the night kids meet.

You’ve seen the scuffed-out tips of their fags.

You’ve smelt something wrong in their polythene bags.

There’s a snuffle and a scratching at a planked-up gate.

There’s a footstep you don’t hear till almost too late.

Don’t wait.

Now you’re off and you’re running for years and years

with the hissing panic of rain in your ears.

You could run till you’re old, you could run till you’re gone

and never get home. To slow down and walk on

is hard. Harder still is to turn

and look back. Though it’s slow as a Chinese burn,

you’ll learn.

Philip Gross

Flying by

on the winged-wheels

of their heels

Two teenage earthbirds

Zig-zagging

down the street

Rising

unfeathered –

in sudden air-leap

Defying law

Death and gravity

as they do a wheely

Landing back

In the smooth swoop

of youth

And faces gaping

gawping, impressed

and unimpressed

Only Mother watches – heartbeat in her mouth

Grace Nichols

2C a)

Read the two poems, In both of these poems the poets write about school.

Write about the poem In the Can, and its effect on you. [15]

You may wish to consider:

* what the poem is about and how it is organised;
* the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;
* the poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create;
* how you respond to the poem.

2C b)

Now compare In the Can and School is a prison.

You should compare:

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

**In the Can**

**School is a prison...**

The classroom is…  
A jail cell,  
Their halls leading   
To each darkened room  
  
The school food   
tastes like prison slop,  
In the cafeteria there  
are long endless lines for food   
  
The principle runs  
the school   
The warden runs   
the prison

Trapped –learning, learning what?

When can I leave and spread my wings?

We have teachers   
telling students what to do,  
We’re all serving  
a 12 year sentence.

School is just a prison

Every second is a fishbone that sticks

In the throat. Every hour another slow

Step towards freedom. We’re geriatrics

Waiting for release, bribing time to go.

I’ve given up trying to make anything

Different happen. Mornings: tabloids, page three.

Afternoons: videos or Stephen King,

Answering letters from relatives who bore me.

We’re told not to count, but the days mount here

Like thousands of identical stitches

Resentfully sewn into a sampler,

Or a cricket bat made out of matches

Nights find me scoring walls like a madman,

Totting up runs: one more day in the can.

by Rosie Jackson