

**Churchill Academy & Sixth Form**

**Unseen Poetry Booklet**

**English Literature 2C**

**Y10 & Y11**

**Eduqas Specification**

**Contents**

* **Breakdown of Exam requirements, single poem and comparison poem guidance (How to structure your essay)**
* **Questions to think about when approaching unseen poems**
* **Single poem essay question and poem - Nothing’s Changed**
* **Comparison question and poem – Two Scavenger’s**
* **Single poem essay question and poem - Blessing**
* **Comparison question and poem – The Night of the Scorpion**
* **Single poem essay question and poem - Before you were mine**
* **Comparison question and poem – Mother Any Distance**
* **Single poem essay question and poem - Women Work**
* **Comparison question and poem – Overheard in County Sligo**

**UNSEEN POETRY FOR EDUQAS LITERATURE 2C**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Literature Paper Two Section C reading criteria: Unseen Poetry single essay and Comparison of two Unseen Poems** | | | |
| **Component** | **What it is?** | **The Assessment Objectives** | **Examples of the question for the exam** |
| **2C (a)** | Single Poem Unseen  Analysis of whole poem with links to language and structure and context  (15 marks) | **AO1 & AO2**  Focus on task, subject terminology, analysis, quotes, use of language, structure and form in reference to the extract and then bringing in the wider text | Read the two poems, *A Gull* by Edwin Morgan and *Considering the Snail* by Thom Gunn. In  both of these poems the poets write about the effect animals have on people.  (a) Write about the poem *A Gull* by Edwin Morgan, 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)** | Comparison of two Unseen Poems with links to language and structure and context  (25 marks) | **AO1 & AO2**  Focus on task, subject terminology, analysis, quotes, use of language, structure and form in reference to the extract and then bringing in the wider text. This will also be marked for the comparison skills. | Now compare *Considering the Snail* by Thom Gunn and *A Gull* by Edwin Morgan.  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. |

**Essay structures (a guide) READ AND ANNOTATE THE POEMS: 10 MINUTES**

**Single Poem Essay:**

* 20 minutes of writing
* Intro: give a brief overview of meaning – what do you think it means and why?
* Then, analyse quotes which answer the question. Give a link to the question, quote, meaning of the quote and explain hidden meanings, you can also zoom in on words and explore the word class, connotations and link to alternative meanings, repeat this process with as many quotes as you can to answer the question in the time that you have. Remember you are always linking to the meaning in the poem and the question.
* Remember, during this section you are trying to explain the effect of the quotes that you have selected and explore language and structure in the poem
* Conclude – link back to the question and summarise how you have answered the question

**Comparison Poem Essay:**

* 30 minutes of writing
* As above, but…
* Start with poem two and, as you analyse poem two, remember to link back to poem one and explain how the poems are similar or different

**This simply means you are covering in the essay:**

* Intro – giving an overview of poem 2 & poem 1’s meaning and how they are the same/different
* Then, analysing Poem 2 with links back to Poem 1 (it is important to use connectives of comparison for this), using as many quotes as you can for this one. Remember you are always linking to the meaning in the poem and the question.
* Repeat the analysis and comparison back to Poem 1

Questions to think about when approaching the poems (linked to the bullet point prompts in the question

***What the poem is about and how it is organised***

* **What is going on in the poem? Can you outline the basic plot to start with?**
* **Who is the narrator? Is their voice mocking/angry/thoughtful? Who are the CHARACTERS and what are their motives?**
* **Does the poem contain different verses focusing on different things? Do ideas change over the course of the poem? Why?**
* **Are there any structural devices used that you could analyse like repetition, alliteration or enjambment in the poem?**
* **Are there any lines or words on their own? They are significant and need analysing.**

***The ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about***

* **What does the TITLE tell you?**
* **What is the overall MESSAGE / moral of the poem?**
* **What ideas or THEMES are evident? How are these presented? (Love, death, nature)**

***The Poet’s choice of words, phrases and images and the effects they create\****

***- What is the deeper meaning behind the words or lines?***

***- Why has the poet used a particular WORD OR IMAGE ? How is it effective?***

***- Are there any language devices used – Adjectives / Similes / Metaphors / Personification –what effect do these have in helping your understand the meaning?***

**- What is the mood or tone of the poem?(This is usually linked to how the poet feels about the subject)**

**- How is the tone achieved? Are the sentences long, flowing? – this often indicates a calm, peaceful atmosphere or tone. Are the sentences short and abrupt? This may indicate a broken, unhappy tone.**

***Your response to the poems\*.***

**This will be covered in the analysis above**

**TOP UNSEEN POETRY TIPS FOR PART A and B**

* **Use short, sharp E.A. or P.E.A. system and never forget evidence (quotes)!**
* **Don’t ever hate it or say you don’t understand it –have a go!**
* **Be thoughtful – look for wider meaning!**
* **Analysis of words / phrases earns the top grades**

**Read the two poems, *Nothing’s Changed by Tatamkhulu Afrika a*nd *Two Scavenger’s by Lawrence Ferlinghetti*. Iin both of these poems the poets write about the effect of racial discrimination.**

**(a) Write about the poem *Nothing’s Changed*, 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***

**Nothing’s Changed:**

Small round hard stones click

under my heels,

seeding grasses thrust

bearded seeds

into trouser cuffs, cans,

trodden on, crunch

in tall, purple-flowering,

amiable weeds.

District Six.

No board says it is:

but my feet know,

and my hands,

and the skin about my bones,

and the soft labouring of my lungs,

and the hot, white, inwards turning

anger of my eyes.

Brash with glass,

name flaring like a flag,

it squats

in the grass and weeds,

incipient Port Jackson trees:

new, up-market, haute cuisine,

guard at the gatepost,

whites only inn.

No sign says it is:

but we know where we belong.

I press my nose

to the clear panes, know,

before I see them, there will be

crushed ice white glass,

linen falls,

the single rose.

Down the road,

working man's cafe sells

bunny chows.

Take it with you, eat

it at a plastic table's top,

wipe your fingers on your jeans,

spit a little on the floor:

it's in the bone.

I back from the glass,

boy again,

leaving small mean O

of small mean mouth.

Hands burn

for a stone, a bomb,

to shiver down the glass.

Nothing's changed.

*By Tatamkhulu Afrika*

**Two Scavengers In A Truck, Two Beautiful People In A Mercedes**

At the stoplight waiting for the light

Nine A.M. downtown San Francisco

a bright garbage truck

with two garbage men in red plastic blazers

standing on the back stoop

one on each side hanging on

and looking down into

an elegant open Mercedes

with an elegant couple in it

The man

In a hip three-piece linen suit

With shoulder-length blond hair & sunglasses

The young blond woman so casually coifed

with a short skirt and colored stocking

On his way to his architect's office

And the two scavengers up since Four A.M.

Grungy from their route

On the way home

The older of the two with grey iron hair

And hunched back

Looking like some

Gargoyle Quasimodo

And the younger of the two

Also with sunglasses and long hair

About the same age as the Mercedes driver

And both scavengers gazing down

As from a great distance

At the cool couple

As if they were watching some odorless TV ad

In which everything is possible

And the very red light for an instant

Holding all four close together

As if anything at all were possible

Between them

Across that great gulf

In the high seas

Of this democracy

*By Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

**b) Now compare *Nothing’s Changed by Tatamkhulu Afrika a*nd *Two Scavenger’s by Lawrence Ferlinghetti* 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**

**Read the two poems, *Blessing by Imitiaz Dhakar a*nd *Night of the Scorpion by Nissim Ezekiel*. In both of these poems the poets write about the effect of poverty and religion in other cultures.**

**(a) Write about the poem *Blessing*, 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***

**Blessing**

The skin cracks like a pod.

There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,

the small splash, echo

in a tin mug,

the voice of a kindly god.

Sometimes, the sudden rush

of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,

silver crashes to the ground

and the flow has found

a roar of tongues. From the huts,

a congregation: every man woman

child for streets around

butts in, with pots,

brass, copper, aluminium,

lastic buckets,

frantic hands,

and naked children

screaming in the liquid sun,

their highlights polished to perfection,

flashing light,

as the blessing sings

over their small bones.

*By Imtiaz Dharker*

**b) Now compare *Blessing a*nd *The Night of the Scorpion* 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**

**Night of the Scorpion**

I remember the night my mother

was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours

of steady rain had driven him

to crawl beneath a sack of rice.

Parting with his poison - flash

of diabolic tail in the dark room -

he risked the rain again.

The peasants came like swarms of flies

and buzzed the name of God a hundred times

to paralyse the Evil One.

With candles and with lanterns

throwing giant scorpion shadows

on the mud-baked walls

they searched for him: he was not found.

They clicked their tongues.

With every movement that the scorpion made his poison moved in Mother's blood, they said.

May he sit still, they said

May the sins of your previous birth

be burned away tonight, they said.

May your suffering decrease

the misfortunes of your next birth, they said.

May the sum of all evil

balanced in this unreal world

against the sum of good

become diminished by your pain.

May the poison purify your flesh

of desire, and your spirit of ambition,

they said, and they sat around

on the floor with my mother in the centre,

the peace of understanding on each face.

More candles, more lanterns, more neighbours,

more insects, and the endless rain.

My mother twisted through and through,

groaning on a mat.

My father, sceptic, rationalist,

trying every curse and blessing,

powder, mixture, herb and hybrid.

He even poured a little paraffin

upon the bitten toe and put a match to it.

I watched the flame feeding on my mother.

I watched the holy man perform his rites to tame the poison with an incantation.

After twenty hours

it lost its sting.

My mother only said

Thank God the scorpion picked on me

And spared my children.

*By Nissim Ezekiel*

**Read the two poems, *Before you were mine by Carol Ann Duffy a*nd *Mother Any Distance by Simon Armitage.*  In both of these poems the poets write about the mother and child relationships.**

**(a) Write about the poem *Blessing*, 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***

**Before you were mine**

I'm ten years away from the corner you laugh on

with your pals, Maggie McGeeney and Jean Duff.

The three of you bend from the waist, holding

each other, or your knees, and shriek at the pavement.

Your polka-dot dress blows round your legs. Marilyn.

I'm not here yet. The thought of me doesn't occur

in the ballrooms with the thousand eyes, the fizzy, movie tomorrows

the right walk home could bring. I knew you would dance

like that. Before you were mine, your Ma stands at the close

with a hiding for the late one. You reckon it's worth it.

The decade ahead of my loud, possessive yell was the best one, eh?

I remember my hands in those high-heeled red shoes, relics,

and now your ghost clatters towards me over George Square

Till I see you, clear as scent, under the tree,

with its lights, and whose small bites on your neck, sweetheart?

Cha cha cha! You'd teach me the steps on the way home from Mass,

stamping stars from the wrong pavement. Even then

I wanted the bold girl winking in Portobello, somewhere

in Scotland, before I was born. That glamorous love lasts

where you sparkle and waltz and laugh before you were mine.

*By Carol Ann Duffy*

*Mother Any Distance*

\*

Mother, any distance greater than a single span

requires a second pair of hands.

You come to help me measure windows, pelmets, doors,

the acres of the walls, the prairies of the floors.

You at the zero-end, me with the spool of tape, recording

length, reporting metres, centimetres back to base, then leaving

up the stairs, the line still feeding out, unreeling

years between us. Anchor. Kite.

I space-walk through the empty bedrooms, climb

the ladder to the loft, to breaking point, where something

has to give;

two floors below your fingertips still pinch

the last one-hundredth of an inch...I reach

towards a hatch that opens on an endless sky

to fall or fly.

*By Simon Armitage*

**b) Now compare *Before you were mine a*nd *Mother Any Distance* 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**

**Read the two poems, *Women Work by Maya Angelou a*nd *Overheard in County Sligo by Gillian Clarke.*  In both of these poems the poets write about the mother and child relationships.**

**(a) 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***

**Women 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 shirts to press   
The tots to dress   
The can 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 :

**b) Now compare *Women Work a*nd *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**

***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.

Question format & Poem pairings

Insert the name of the poem and poet into the question then insert what the poets write about from the pairings below:

Read the two poems, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and *\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_by*. In both of these poems the poets write about \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

and the effect of this.

(a) Write about the poem *\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*, 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.*

b) Now compare *‘\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_* by \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

[25]

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.

**PAIRING 1 – The Tramp by John Clare and Decomposition by** Zulfikar Ghose

In both of these poems the poets write about Homelesness and its effect

**PAIRING 2 –Nettles by Vernon Scallon and Lullaby by Unknown poet**

In both these poems the poets write about childhood

**PAIRING 3 – In the Can by Rosie Jackson and School is a Prison**

**In these poems the poets write about school**

**PAIRING 4 –Roller Skaters and The Side way back**

In both poems the poets write about life as a teenager

**The Tramp by 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.

D**ECOMPOSITION By** 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.

**Nettles** By Vernon Scannell

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.

**Lullaby**

Go to sleep, Mum,

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.

**In the Can**

By Rosie Jackson

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.

**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

***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.

By *Philip Gross*

***Roller-Skaters***

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

By *Grace Nichols*