9 Re-read *Belfast Confetti*. Choose **one** other poem from the *Conflict* anthology.

Compare how the experience of conflict is presented in the two poems.

In your answer, you should consider the:

- poets' use of language, form and structure
- the influence of the contexts in which the poems were written.

(Total for Question 9 = 20 marks)

The poems you have studied are:

A Poison Tree – William Blake
The Destruction of Sennacherib – Lord Byron
Extract from The Prelude – William Wordsworth
The Man He Killed – Thomas Hardy
Cousin Kate – Christina Rossetti
Half-caste – John Agard
Exposure – Wilfred Owen
The Charge of the Light Brigade – Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Catrin – Gillian Clarke
War Photographer – Carole Satyamurti
Belfast Confetti – Ciaran Carson
The Class Game – Mary Casey
Poppies – Jane Weir
No Problem – Benjamin Zephaniah
What Were They Like? – Denise Levertov

Time and Place

Presents from my Aunts in Pakistan

They sent me a salwar kameez
peacock-blue,
and another
glistening like an orange split open,
embossed slippers, gold and black
points curling.
Candy-striped glass bangles
snapped, drew blood.
Like at school, fashions changed
in Pakistan –
the salwar bottoms were broad and stiff,
then narrow.
My aunts chose an apple-green sari,
silver-bordered
for my teens.

I tried each satin-silken top –
was alien in the sitting-room.
I could never be as lovely
as those clothes –
I longed
for denim and corduroy.
My costume clung to me
and I was aflame,
I couldn't rise up out of its fire,
half-English,
unlike Aunt Jamila.

I wanted my parents' camel-skin lamp –
switching it on in my bedroom,
to consider the cruelty
and the transformation
from camel to shade,
marvel at the colours
like stained glass.

My mother cherished her jewellery –
Indian gold, dangling, filigree.
But it was stolen from our car.
The presents were radiant in my wardrobe.
My aunts requested cardigans
from Marks and Spencers.

My salwar kameez
didn't impress the schoolfriend
who sat on my bed, asked to see
my weekend clothes.

But often I admired the mirror-work,
tried to glimpse myself
in the miniature
glass circles, recall the story
how the three of us
sailed to England.
Prickly heat had me screaming on the way.
I ended up in a cot
in my English grandmother's dining-room,
found myself alone,
playing with a tin boat.

I pictured my birthplace
from fifties' photographs.
When I was older
there was conflict, a fractured land
throbbing through newsprint.
Sometimes I saw Lahore –
my aunts in shaded rooms,
screened from male visitors,
sorting presents,
wrapping them in tissue.

Or there were beggars, sweeper-girls
and I was there –
of no fixed nationality,
staring through fretwork
at the Shalimar Gardens.

Moniza Alvi (2000)

SECTION B, Part 2 – Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 11.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Poem 1: *The Month of May*

'O! the month of May, the merry month of May … '
– Thomas Dekker (d. 1632)

The month of May, the merry month of May,
So long awaited, and so quickly past.
The winter's over, and it's time to play.

I saw a hundred shades of green today
And everything that Man made was outclassed.
The month of May, the merry month of May.

Now hello pink and white and farewell grey.
My spirits are no longer overcast.
The winter's over and it's time to play.

Sing 'Fa la la la la,' I dare to say,
(Tried being modern but it didn't last)
'The month of May, the merry month of May.'

I don't know how much longer I can stay.
The summers come, the summers go so fast,
And soon there will be no more time to play.

So *carpe diem**, gather buds, make hay.
The world is glorious. Compare, contrast
December with the merry month of May.
Now is the time, now *is* the time to play.

Wendy Cope

Glossary:

**carpe diem*: Latin for 'seize the day'

Poem 2: *British Weather*

It is the merry month of May,
when everything is cold and grey,
the rain is dripping from the trees
and life is like a long disease,

the storm clouds hover round like ghouls*,
the birds all sing, because they're fools,
and beds of optimistic flowers
are beaten down by thunder showers,

under a weak and watery sun
nothing seems to be much fun –
exciting as a piece of string,
this is the marvellous British Spring!

Gavin Ewart

Glossary:

**ghouls*: ghosts or spirits

11 Compare the ways the writers present the month of May in Poem 1: *The Month of May* and Poem 2: *British Weather.*

In your answer, you should compare:

- the ideas in the poems
- the poets' use of language
- the poets' use of form and structure.

Use **evidence** from the poems to support your **comparison**.

(Total for Question 11 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS

SECTION B, Part 2 – Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 11.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Poem 1: *Childhood memories – Shopping in the 1940s**

Firstly, shops specialised then
You had dairies, fruit shops,
Butcheries, news agents, shops for
Hardware, bakeries, and confectionery
Shops that sold sweets.

Sometimes the shelves and shops were empty.
There were no customers in sight.
At other times long queues snaked
For great distances from the shop doors.

You had to be patient to go shopping in those days.
And be ready to wait in queues for a long time.
As long as it took to obtain
The items on your list.

It was easier if it did not rain, and it often did.
Then we would all huddle together in the four deep
Snaking queue against the wall if there was one.
People could not afford the luxury of an umbrella
or a raincoat. Anyone lucky enough to have one of these,
Shared with all around them.

It was with great satisfaction and a sense of
A morning well spent when you could return home,
With the 5 or 6 items from 4 to 5 different shops
Safely in your keeping.

For a day or two the family
Would have enough to eat for survival.

Mary McCreath (2012)

Glossary:

**Shopping in the 1940s:* a time when there were food shortages and rationing owing to the Second World War (1939–1945).

Poem 2: *Shopping*

I'm guilty of buying too little food

1 carton milk
1 carton juice
1 half chicken
a little veg and fruit

Why can't you buy
for more than one day
at a time
my old man whines

Still blank as a zombie
I wander supermarket aisles

The chunky red odours
behind the cellophane
cannot revive
the spritely apples
the lady reluctantly urging samples

Between the bulge of the shelf
and the cast of my eye
between the nerve of my trolley
and the will of my mind
I'm always paralysed

Grace Nichols (1984)

11 Compare the ways the writers present their thoughts about shopping in Poem 1: *Childhood memories – Shopping in the 1940s* and Poem 2: *Shopping.*

In your answer, you should compare:

- the ideas in the poems
- the poets' use of language
- the poets' use of form and structure.

Use **evidence** from the poems to support your **comparison.**

(Total for Question 11 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS

SECTION B, Part 2 – Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 11.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Poem 1: Storm

The cat lies low, too scared
to cross the garden.

For two days we are bowed
by a whiplash of hurricane.

The hill's a wind-harp.
Our bones are flutes of ice.

The heart drums in its small room
and the river rattles its pebbles.

Thistlefields are comb and paper*
whisperings of syllable and bone

till no word's left
but thud and rumble of

something with hooves or wheels,
something breathing too hard.

Gillian Clarke

Glossary:
**comb and paper*: making a musical instrument by blowing through a piece of waxed paper that is placed around a comb, to produce a whistling sound.

Poem 2: Wind

This is the wind, the wind in a field of corn.
Great crowds are fleeing from a major disaster
Down the long valleys, the green swaying wadis*,
Down through the beautiful catastrophe of wind.

Families, tribes, nations, and their livestock
Have heard something, seen something. An expectation
Or misunderstanding has swept over the hilltop
Bending the ear of the hedgerow with stories of fire and sword.

I saw a thousand years pass in two seconds.
Land was lost, languages rose and divided.
This lord went east and
found safety.
His brother sought Africa and a dish of aloes*.

Centuries, minutes later, one might ask
How the hilt of a sword wandered so far from the smithy*.
And somewhere they will sing: 'Like chaff we were borne
In the wind.'* This is the wind in a field of corn.

James Fenton

Glossary:
**wadis*: a valley or ravine that is normally dry
**aloes*: a type of plant
**smithy*: a blacksmith's workshop where metal objects are made
**'Like chaff we were borne / In the wind'*: A biblical quotation – *chaff* is the outer shell of corn.

11 Compare the ways the writers present their thoughts about the weather in Poem 1: *Storm* and Poem 2: *Wind*.

In your answer, you should compare:

- the ideas in the poems
- the poets' use of language
- the poets' use of form and structure.

Use **evidence** from the poems to support your **comparison**.

BEGIN YOUR ANSWER ON PAGE 16 OF THE ANSWER BOOKLET.

(Total for Question 11 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS

Part 2

Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 5.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Poem 1: *Boots*

It's chilly on the touchline, but
with all my kit on
underneath my clothes
I'm not too cold. Besides,
I've got a job to do:
    I'm Third Reserve,
    I run the line.

I've been the Third Reserve all season,
every Saturday.
I've never missed a match.
At Home, Away:
it's all the same to me:
    Cos I'm the Third Reserve,
The bloke who runs the line.

That's my reward
for turning up
to every practice session, every
circuit training. Everything.
No one else does that –
    To be the Third Reserve,
    To run the line.

No chance of substitutions.
Broken ankles on the pitch
mean someone else's chance, not mine.
One down –
    and still two more to go:
    When you're the Third Reserve
    You run the line.

When I first made Third Reserve
my dad and me went out
and bought new boots. I keep them in the box.
I grease them every week
And put them back.
    When you're Third Reserve –
    you know the score –
    You run the line with worn-out daps*.

Mick Gower (1988)

Glossary:
**daps*: rubber-soled shoes or plimsoles

Poem 2: *Absent Player*

Ball games her agony,
at rounders she was posted out
and placed at the furthest
possible position
under a tree almost.

Lost, as usual, dreaming,
she heard some vague panic noises
breaking through, as if, desperate,
the whole team were shouting
'Catch the ball! Catch the ball! Catch it!'

She slowly turned her face upwards.
She did not see the ball,
but, it aimed at a resistance
and came down straight, smack
onto a well-shaped mouth.

Her front teeth were loosened
in blood. She lay on the grass.
No way could she tell any
sympathy from boiling rage
around her. She cried, quietly.

James Berry (1996)

5 Compare the ways the writers present different sporting experiences in Poem 1: *Boots* and Poem 2: *Absent Player*.

In your answer, you should compare:

- the ideas in the poems
- the poets' use of language
- the poets' use of form and structure.

Use **evidence** from the poems to support your **comparison**.

(Total for Question 5 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR PART 2 = 20 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 40 MARKS

Part 2

Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 5.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Poem 1: *Grannie**

I stayed with her when I was six then went
To live elsewhere when I was eight years old.
For ages I remembered her faint scent
Of lavender, the way she'd never scold
No matter what I'd done, and most of all
The way her smile seemed, somehow, to enfold
My whole world like a warm, protective shawl.

I knew that I was safe when she was near,
She was so tall, so wide, so large, she would
Stand mountainous between me and my fear,
Yet oh, so gentle, and she understood
Every hope and dream I ever had.
She praised me lavishly when I was good,
But never punished me when I was bad.

Years later war broke out and I became
A soldier and was wounded while in France.
Back home in hospital, still very lame,
I realised suddenly that circumstance
Had brought me close to that small town where she
Was living still. And so I seized the chance
To write and ask if she could visit me.

She came. And I still vividly recall
The shock that I received when she appeared
That dark cold day. Huge grannie was so small!
A tiny, frail, old lady. It was weird.
She hobbled through the ward to where I lay
And drew quite close and, hesitating, peered.
And then she smiled: and love lit up the day.

Vernon Scannell (c.1993)

Glossary:

**Grannie*: grandmother

Poem 2: *Seeing Granny**

Toothless, she kisses
with fleshy lips
rounded, like mouth
of a bottle, all wet.

She bruises your face
almost, with two
loving tree-root hands.

She makes you sit, fixed.
She then stuffs you
with boiled pudding and lemonade.

She watches you feed
on her food. She milks
you dry of answers
about the goat she gave you.

James Berry (1988)

Glossary:

**Granny*: grandmother

5 Compare the ways the writers present grandmothers in Poem 1: *Grannie* and Poem 2: *Seeing Granny.*

In your answer, you should compare:

- the ideas in the poems
- the poets' use of language
- the poets' use of form and structure.

Use **evidence** from the poems to support your **comparison.**

(Total for Question 5 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR PART 2 = 20 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 40 MARKS

SECTION B, Part 2

Unseen Poetry

Read the two poems and answer Question 12.

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Poem 1: *Warning*

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beermats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph (1961)

Poem 2: *Pushing Forty*

Just before winter
we see the trees show
their true colours:
the mad yellow of chestnuts
two maples like blood sisters
the orange beech
braver than lipstick

Pushing forty, we vow
that when the time comes
rather than wither
ladylike and white
we will henna our hair
like Colette*, we too
will be gold and red
and go out
in a last wild blaze

Alison Fell (2005)

**Colette* – possibly a reference to a French writer, or someone the speaker knows

12 Compare the ways the writers present growing older in Poem 1: *Warning* and Poem 2: *Pushing Forty.*

In your answer, you should compare:

- the ideas in the poems
- the poets' use of language
- the poets' use of form and structure.

Use **evidence** from the poems to support your **comparison.**

(Total for Question 12 = 20 marks)

BEGIN YOUR ANSWER ON PAGE 16 OF THE ANSWER BOOKLET.

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 40 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 80 MARKS