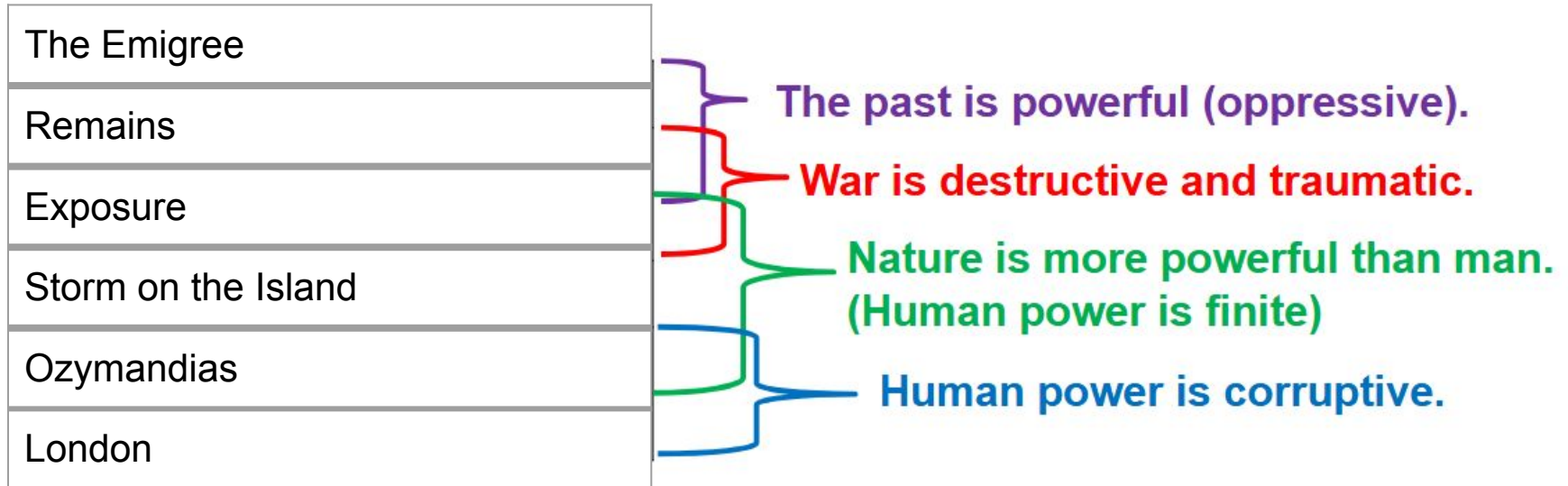


Super six

For your GCSE Literature exam, you are required to answer a 30 mark comparison essay between 2 poems.

There are 6 poems that link to the rest of the poems from the Anthology:



Poem 1 = OZYMANDIAS



Percy Shelley	Ramses II	King George III
- A radical, romantic poet - Strongly anti-monarchy - A pacifist - An atheist/ Anti-religion - Supported social justice - Wanted to end the oppression of ordinary people, inspired by the French Revolution - Got expelled from Oxford University for publishing an atheist pamphlet and delivering it to religious figures	- Ozymandias is named after the Egyptian Pharaoh, Ramses II - Believed to be the Pharaoh involved in Moses' exodus (mass departure of people - migration) - Later defeated by the 12 tribes of Israel, and used the throne name 'Ozymandias' - His statue had just been discovered at the time of Shelley's writing - Ramses is remembered for his tyranny and military exploits - Had a large empire over Egypt - Remembered for his defeat	- Written during his reign - Reigned longer than any other king, but outstayed his welcome - Engaged in many military conflicts and was remembered for his oppression and tyranny - Some consider King George as the inspiration for Ozymandias, who is historically seen as a tyrant

Pre-teach Vocabulary

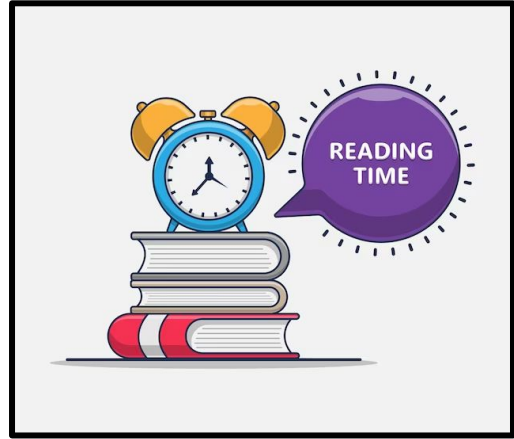
1. Antique
2. Visage
3. Sneer
4. Sculptor
5. Passions
6. Mocked
7. Pedestal
8. Despair
9. Colossal
10. Boundless

1. A person's face
2. The base or support for a statue
3. Strong and barely controllable emotion
4. The complete loss or absence of hope
5. Tease or laugh in a mocking manner
6. Extremely large or great
7. A mocking smile
8. A collectable object such as a piece of furniture or work of art that has a high value because of its age and quality
9. Unlimited or immense
10. An artist who makes sculptures

Ozymandias by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.



Let's translate...

What does this poem mean?

I met a traveller who came from an antique land who had passed the desert. He told me how he had seen a statue, one that people assumed represented Ramses II, or King George III. It was clear that the sculptor of this statue knew exactly how this leader ruled as he was able to sculpt the emotions onto the statue perfectly. Time and nature had not been kind to this statue. This statue had turned into a colossal wreck. All that was left were two legs and, next to these, half buried in the sand, lay the shattered face. The facial expression looked tyrannous - a frown and a wrinkled lip - clearly the face of a controlling leader who ruled by giving cold commands. There was an engraving on the pedestal which said:

My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;

Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!

Nothing beside remained. All around this statue was boundless and bare.

This was an arrogant leader. But, nature had shown this leader who the most powerful was. Nature had reminded this leader that power does not last forever.

The Title

OZYMANDIAS

Ozy comes from the Greek
'ozium' which means
either, 'to breathe' or 'air'.



Mandias comes from the
Greek 'mandate' which
means 'to rule'.



How does this reflect what we know about the poem already?

What does this semantic field suggest about power?

Language

SCAN

COMPREHEND

Semantic field of destruction

**'shattered
visage'**



'lifeless'



**'Colossal
wreck'**



Language - I DO

SCAN

COMPREHEND

‘Wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command’

‘wrinkled lip’

‘sneer’

‘Cold
command’

How does this link to Shelley’s views?
How does it link to the context of the Romantic era?

LONDON



William Blake

- English **poet and artist**
- **Lived in London** most his life and believed it was corrupted by greed and inequality
- Thought the **city was dirty and corrupt - literally and metaphorically**
- Wrote many poems about political subjects. Considered to have **radical political views**
- Stood against oppressing women
- **Believed in equality** - educated his wife
- **Anti-monarchy**
- Identified as **Christian but rejected the church** as he saw them as corrupt and hypocritical

Industrial Revolution

- England transformed into an **industrial power**.
- Mass movement from **countryside to cities**
- Lead to most of London being covered in smog, **fumes and pollution** from factories
- "Chartere'd" - means the government gave the **wealthy exclusive rights to land** and resources that were previously commonly owned
- As a result, the wealthy started owning monopolies of land.

French revolution

- London was published during a **"reign of terror"**
- The French Revolution became a **symbol for how the oppressed could seize power** from the privileged.
- Resulted in the end of **the French Monarchy** - which is what Blake hoped for England.
- However, this was followed by a **"reign of terror"** with thousands executed via guillotine.

Poverty

Pre-teach Vocabulary

1. **Charter'd** - officially mapped out
2. **Woe** - sorrow/sadness
3. **Mind-forg'd** - limitations in your own mind
4. **Manacles** - chains/handcuffs
5. **Blackning** - make something black due to smoke
6. **Hapless** - unlucky
7. **Harlots** - prostitutes
8. **Blights** - spoil/damage
9. **Hearse** - funeral car

London

By William Blake (1757-1827)

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.

Blake challenges monarchy
- they spent money on wars
instead of help reduce
deprivation

reflects feelings
of hunger and frailty
people may feel
powerless and lost

worthy of
pity

represents 'the
corruption of the
church'

'blackning' could also
represent the lives of
chimney sweepers
- soot and ash

suffering is represented
in the soldiers
deaths and their
family who lost someone

the speaker is walking
repetition

probably no destination
in mind

London is ~~the~~ tight
control of those in
power

all people in London are
impacted by the power
sadness of the monarchy
and the church

links to French Revolution - if they decide and
believe to, they can
take power

they've made themselves believe they're
too weak to challenge
those in power

this mindset
imprisons them
and stops them
fighting for
change

shocking that the church which
should be charitable and
kind, would exploit
young children to
make money

have no control over
their own lives

reinforces idea
everyone is
suffering

'Harlots' suffer
but so do those
who get married
- disease is transmitted (sexually)
- marriage is ruined
by death

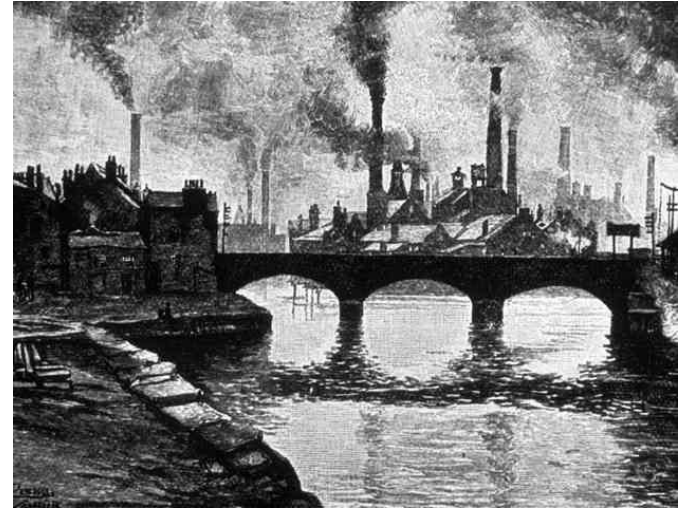
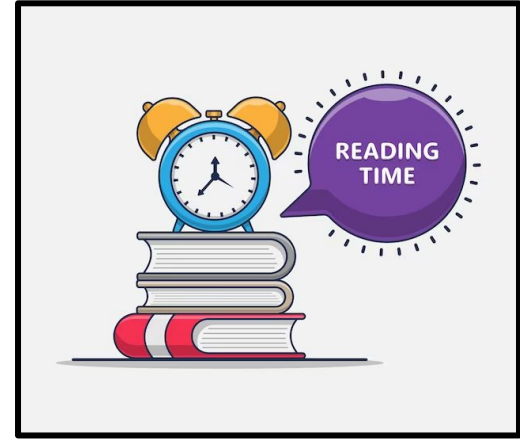
London by William Blake

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



Let's translate...

What does this poem mean?

I wandered through each chartered street. Each one, as dull as the last. The gloomy nature of London almost suffocates our souls. Corruption and dirt - everywhere. The cause: the Capitalists. The Church. The Monarchy. The Army. The Government. The absolute irony.

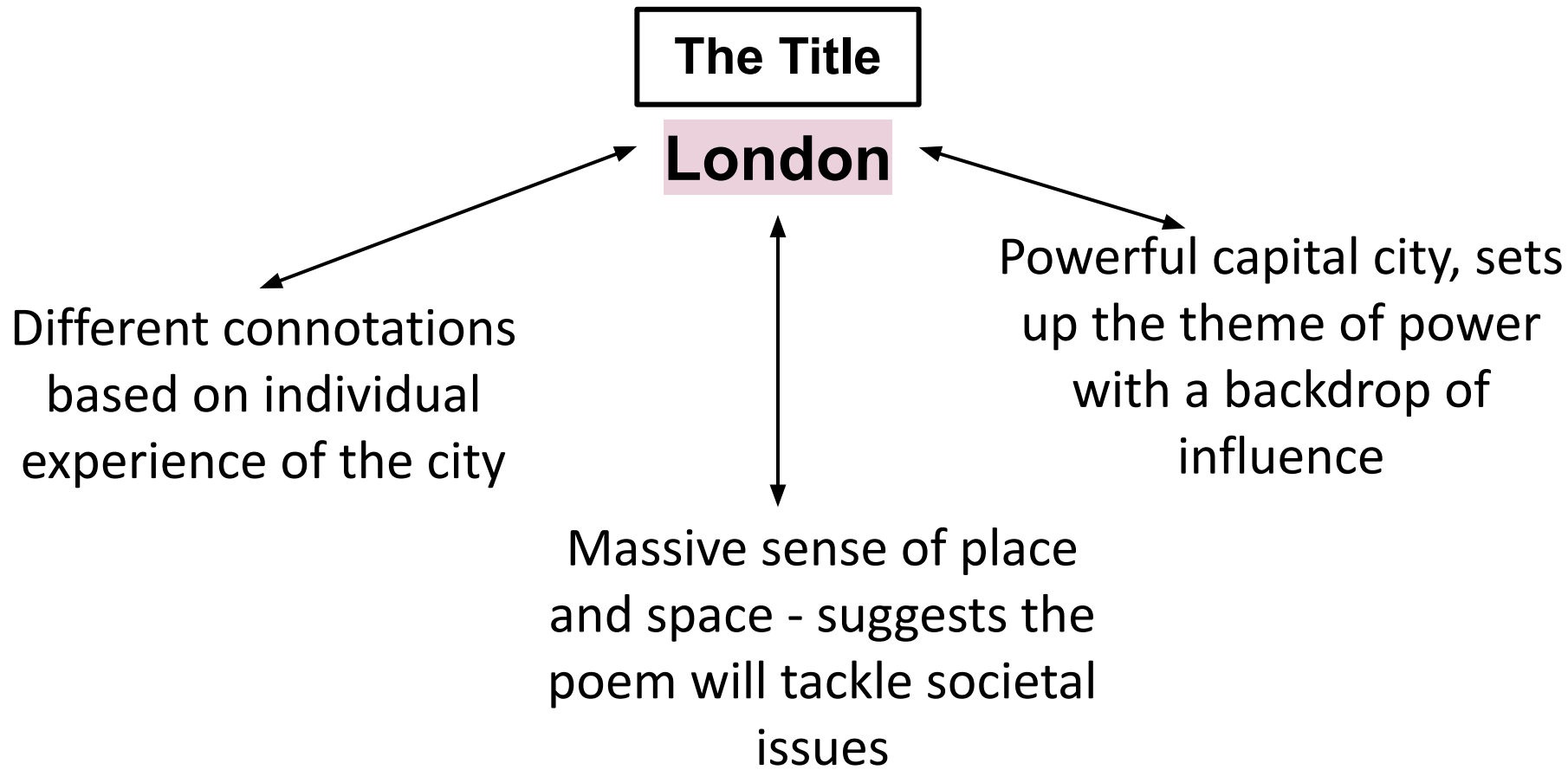
From a glance, you will notice the sense of despair on the face of each individual, **marks of weakness, marks of woe.** Every person, **every man**, woman, **every infant, every voice** is experiencing a mental psychological warfare. They are being clamped down physically and spiritually by these **mind-forged manacles** and their suffering has now become eternalised.

H E A R

Listen to their cries.

Even places of worship like the church have been completely **blackened** - caused by the soot and smoke from the industrial factories. Not only that, but they have also been morally blackened by their failure to provide for the disadvantaged members of society. The church - a place of love, worship, peace and support is the complete opposite. Corrupt. Selfish. Greedy. They are now interested solely in their own wealth and gain. The **hapless** (unlucky and unfortunate) **soldiers sigh** as the country they once fought for has become something they have started to resent. They thought they were fighting for King and country, but it is this very sigh that **runs in blood down palace walls**. The monarchy (the Royal family) is just as corrupt. They are the ones who have the soldiers' blood on their hands.

Through midnight streets, I hear how the youthful harlots curse - innocent young girls forced into prostitution due to the absolute desperation they endure. **Their curses blast the new-born infant's tear.** These babies are born into a world of poverty. The cycle never ends. These young women are suffering from the institution of power, doing anything they can to gain a quick penny. It is clear these young women have reached their last resort and are exploiting themselves, and putting their dignity on the line, just so they can have a roof over their heads and food on the table. **Their curses blight with plague the marriage hearse.**



How does this reflect what we know about the poem already?

What does this semantic field suggest about power?

Language

SCAN

COMPREHEND

Semantic field of death

‘Blights
and
plagues’

‘hearse’

‘blood’

Language - I DO

SCAN

COMPREHEND

'The mind forged manacles I hear'

'Mind Forged'

'Manacles'

Structure

Form	Cyclical structure
Rhyme Scheme	Regular (ABAB)
Lines	Quatrains (4 lines in each stanza) In the 3rd stanza, the first letters of each line spell out HEAR
Enjambment	Lines three and four
Repetition	
Stanza	4 stanzas
Rhythm	Iambic Tetrameter
Caesura	

The Emigree



Pre-teach Vocabulary

1. Tyrants
2. Branded
3. Frontiers
4. Hollow
5. Docile

1. A line or border separating two countries
2. Ready to accept control or instruction; submissive
3. A cruel and oppressive ruler.
4. having a hole or empty space inside
5. Mark with a branding iron - permanently burn or stamp

The Emigree by Carol Rumens

There once was a country... I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
The worst news I receive of it cannot break
my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child's vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there's no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.



Let's translate...

What does this poem mean?

There was once a country... I left that country when I was still just a kid. My memory of it, however, remains strong and sunlight - clear. That's because apparently I never saw the city in the late fall, a time of year that people tell me comes even to the calmest, warmest of places. So even when I hear really bad news about that country, it can't destroy my happy vision of my old home, which remains strong and clear in my mind, like a heavy paperweight resting on my thoughts. My home country might be filled with violence and dictators now, but I will forever associate it with a feeling of comfort and warmth, I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The city's white streets and beautiful hills become even clearer in my mind as time marches on, like an army tank rolling over the past, and as the vast distance between myself my city grows. When I left I took with me that child's vocabulary like a toy with nothing inside of it. Now, as I learn more words and grammar, my knowledge of that language expands. Soon I'll be totally fluent in it. Though the oppressive regime in my home country tries to ban that language, I can't stop speaking it. Those words are always on my tongue, tasting of the warmth and comfort - It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport and can never go back to my home. My old city visits me, though, flying to me on a white plane. My city lies in front of me as calmly as a piece of paper. I gently brush its hair and look lovingly into its bright eyes. My old city and I go dancing through the night in my new city, which is filled with walls. People gather around and accuse me of being a traitor. They tell me I'm a dark presence in their supposedly free city. Meanwhile, my home city takes cover behind me, afraid of them. They talk about death, but my shadow proves that the sun still shines.

The Title

The Emigree

Refers to someone
who leaves one
country to settle in
another

Reasons range from
political to existential

Ambiguous about
everything from the
nationality of the
speaker to the
explicit motivations
behind their
departure

How does this reflect what we know about the poem already?

What does this semantic field suggest about power?

Language

SCAN

COMPREHEND

Semantic field of light

'sunlight-clear'

'Bright, filled
paperweight'

'The white streets'

Language - I DO

SCAN

COMPREHEND

'They accuse me of being dark in their free city'

'accuse'

'dark'

Structure

Form	Free verse - could represent chaos and lack of control
Rhyme Scheme	
Lines	First 2 stanzas have 8 lines, the third has 9. Similar line lengths could represent the attempt at order inflicted upon her life through emigration.
Enjambment	
Repetition	Repetition of 'they' creates an aggressive tone to make the city seem threatening and hostile. Repetition of 'sunlight'
Stanza	3 stanzas
Rhythm	
Caesura	Ellipses on the first line reflects the narrator gathering their thoughts before they continue their story

REMAINS



Simon Armitage

- In 2019, Armitage became the new Poet Laureate, following Carol Ann Duffy.
- He is a playwright and novelist as well as a poet
- His poetry often focuses on relatable situations and uses accessible language combined with complex structures to explore themes
- He has worked in a number of occupations and his poems often relate back to his Yorkshire heritage.

The Not Dead (2007)

- The Not Dead was a Channel 4 documentary about the impact of war on soldiers returning home.
- It was created to raise awareness about PTSD
- Armitage later released a poetry collection of the same name - This was based on soldiers who fought in Iraq and had PTSD
- The poems and documentary coincided with the change of public opinion as people started to oppose war.

PTSD

The Title

Graphic
Connotations

Remains

Refers to the
physical remains of
the looter as well
as the death and
disposal of the
body

Soldiers remain
damaged beyond
repair after the war
is over

War strips a person
of their
individuality and
sensitivity to death,
leaving them with
the remains of a
body

How does this reflect what we know about the poem already?

Pre-teach Vocabulary

Pre Teach Vocabulary

1. **Looters** - A person who steals goods, typically during a war or riot.
2. **Agony** - Extreme pain
3. **Sun-stunned** - Shocked by extremely bright sunlight
4. **Raiding** - Quickly and illegally take something from a place
5. **Tosses** - Throw something lightly or casual
6. **Blood-shadow** - The place where blood has previously been spilt

Remains by Simon Armitage

*On another occasion, we got sent out
to tackle looters raiding a bank.
And one of them legs it up the road,
probably armed, possibly not.*

*Well myself and somebody else and somebody else
are all of the same mind,
so all three of us open fire.
Three of a kind all letting fly, and I swear*

*I see every round as it rips through his life –
I see broad daylight on the other side.
So we've hit this looter a dozen times
and he's there on the ground, sort of inside out,*

*pain itself, the image of agony.
One of my mates goes by
and tosses his guts back into his body.
Then he's carted off in the back of a lorry.*

*End of story, except not really.
His blood-shadow stays on the street, and out on patrol
I walk right over it week after week.
Then I'm home on leave. But I blink*

*and he bursts again through the doors of the bank.
Sleep, and he's probably armed, and possibly not.
Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds.
And the drink and the drugs won't flush him out –*

*he's here in my head when I close my eyes,
dug in behind enemy lines,
not left for dead in some distant, sun-stunned, sand-smothered land
or six-feet-under in desert sand,*

*but near to the knuckle, here and now,
his bloody life in my bloody hands.*

Guilt

“Inside out” – (Graphic Imagery)

Connotations: Exposure, vulnerability, grotesque physical destruction.

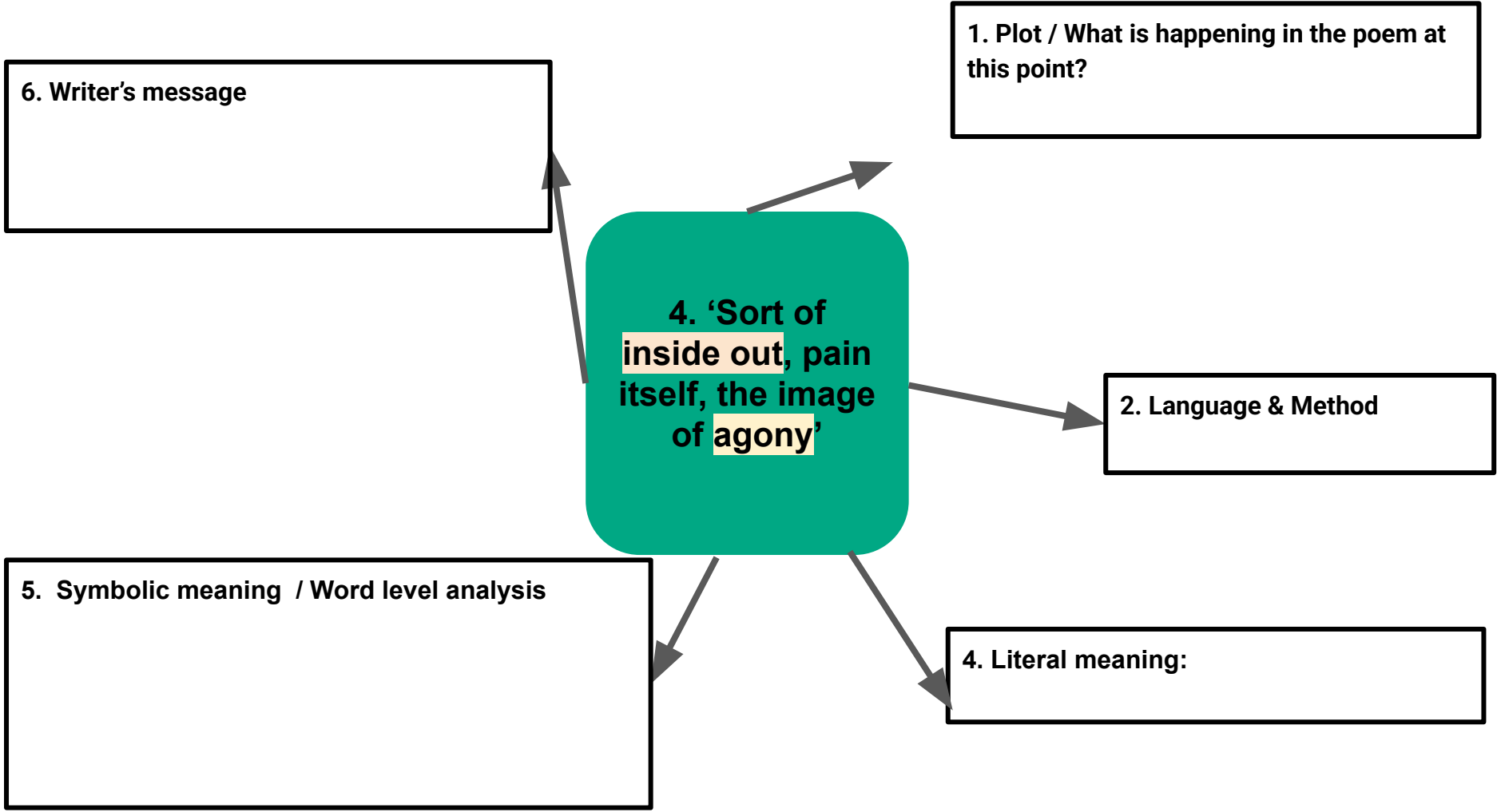
The use of this colloquial, almost casual phrase "sort of inside out" highlights the soldier's inability to process the horrific physical reality of the looter's body. It suggests that the violence of war is so extreme that it turns a human being into something unrecognizable, stripping away their humanity and leaving only raw, exposed remains. Speculate - This could reflect the soldier's own internal state. Just as the looter is physically "inside out," the soldier's internal thoughts and trauma are being forced to the surface. He is no longer "contained" or composed; his guilt and the gore he witnessed have spilled out into his civilian life, making him feel as exposed and "broken" as the man he killed.

“Agony” – (Abstract Noun)

Connotations: Intense suffering, terminal pain, unbearable torment.

By describing the looter as "the image of agony," Armitage shifts from physical description to a purely emotional one. This demonstrates that the soldier doesn't just see a dead body; he sees the personification of suffering itself. The word "image" suggests that this sight is now burned into his retinas, becoming a permanent visual scar that he cannot blink away. The shift to "pain itself" suggests that the looter has lost his individual identity and has been reduced to a symbol of the horrors of war. For the soldier, the looter is no longer a "possible" threat or a thief, but a haunting reminder of the "agony" he has caused. This reinforces the theme that the true "remains" of the poem are not the body parts, but the enduring, agonizing memories that the soldier is forced to carry.

**4. ‘Sort of
inside out, pain
itself, the image
of agony’**



What does this semantic field suggest about power?

Language

Semantic field of guilt

```
graph TD; A[Semantic field of guilt] --> B['He's here in my head when I close my eyes']; A --> C['I walk right over it, week after week']; A --> D['Probably armed, possibly not']
```

‘He’s here in my head when I close my eyes’

‘I walk right over it, week after week’

‘Probably armed, possibly not’

‘Sort of inside out, pain itself, the image of agony’

‘Inside out’

‘agony’

Structure

Form	
Rhyme Scheme	
Lines	30 in total. Final stanza is 2 lines, all others are 4
Enjambment	Causes tension and builds up to violent imagery. The speaker is unable to separate out events just as the sentences flow on his memories cause the past to flow into the present.
Repetition	‘Probably armed, possibly not’
Stanza	8
Rhythm	
Caesura	‘Then I’m going home on leave. I blink’ - provides a sense of finality. Caesura interrupts the sentence just as memories of conflict interrupt his everyday

Exposure



Pre-teach Vocabulary

1. Wearied
2. Sentries
3. Incessantly
4. Gunnery
5. Poignant
6. Successive
7. Nonchalance

1. Being casually calm and relaxed
2. Painfully affecting someone's feelings
3. Following one another or others
4. Tired or bored with
5. Manufacturing or firing of a heavy gun
6. Without interruption/constantly
7. A soldier stationed to keep guard or to control access to a place.

Exposure by Wilfred Owen

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knife 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;
Nor 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 happens.



Let's translate...

What does this poem mean?

Our brains ache, and the never-ending wind is so cold that it feels like knives stabbing us. Wearied, but we have to stay vigilant because even though we don't hear any enemy fire right now, it's always possible. The flares sent out to illuminate the battlefield just make our job even more confusing. It's so quiet that it's freaking out the soldiers keeping watch, who nervously discuss the possibility of something finally happening. But nothing happens. While on the lookout, we hear the wind frantically rattling through the barbed wire set up as defense around the trenches - Like twitching agonies of men dying painful deaths after getting caught in the wire. We can hear constant gun fire coming from the north, but it seems like the sounds belong to some different war than the one we're fighting. What are we doing here?

The sun is coming up, and with it the drudgery of another day in the trenches. We're not sure of anything anymore except for the fact that the fighting goes on and on, rain makes us soaking wet, and there are some very threatening storm clouds in the sky. Dawn is like a general organizing her miserable troops in the east, and her soldiers—wind, rain, and snow—attack us again as we sit in the freezing trenches. But nothing happens. Sudden successive flights of bullets whoosh through the air and break up the silence, but they're not as dangerous as the heaving snow storm surrounding us. The wind is so fierce that the snow falls sideways, swirling and building up all around us. We watch the snowflakes as they're carried by the wind, which doesn't seem to care where it goes. But, once again, nothing happens.

The snow flies in our faces, its flakes like fingers slyly reaching out to touch us. We huddle in the trenches and become mesmerized by the cold and snow, to the point that we start to imagine that our trenches are warm, grassy ditches. We imagine that we're drifting off in the warmth of the sun, lying in a field filled with flowers and birds. Is it that we are dying? After a while we begin to imagine that our spirits have gone home. There, they spot fires that have burned out, covered with a layer of glowing coals that look like precious gems. The house is filled with the sound of crickets and happy, scurrying mice, who believe the empty house now belongs to them. The doors and windows are all closed—well, they're all closed to us - we turn back to our dying. We don't believe that there are any warm fires left for us, even though the sun still shines brightly down on children and plants. We've lost faith in God's promise of happy, warmer times to come. As such, we're not resentful of our situation; we were born to be on the battlefield and possibly die, because God seems to have abandoned us. Tonight, his frost will fasten on this mud and us causing many soldiers' hands to shrivel up and their foreheads to harden and wrinkle. Other soldiers will come to bury those who freeze to death, their hands shaking from fear and cold as they hold their grave-digging tools, stopping occasionally to look at faces that they partially recognize. The dead men's eyes have frozen solid, but, once again, nothing happens.

The Title

Exposure

Could indicate the
fear of being seen in
the trenches

Could also indicates
the truth about war
being exposed

Feelings of discomfort and
uncertainty

How does this reflect what we know about the poem already?

What does this semantic field suggest about power?

Language

SCAN

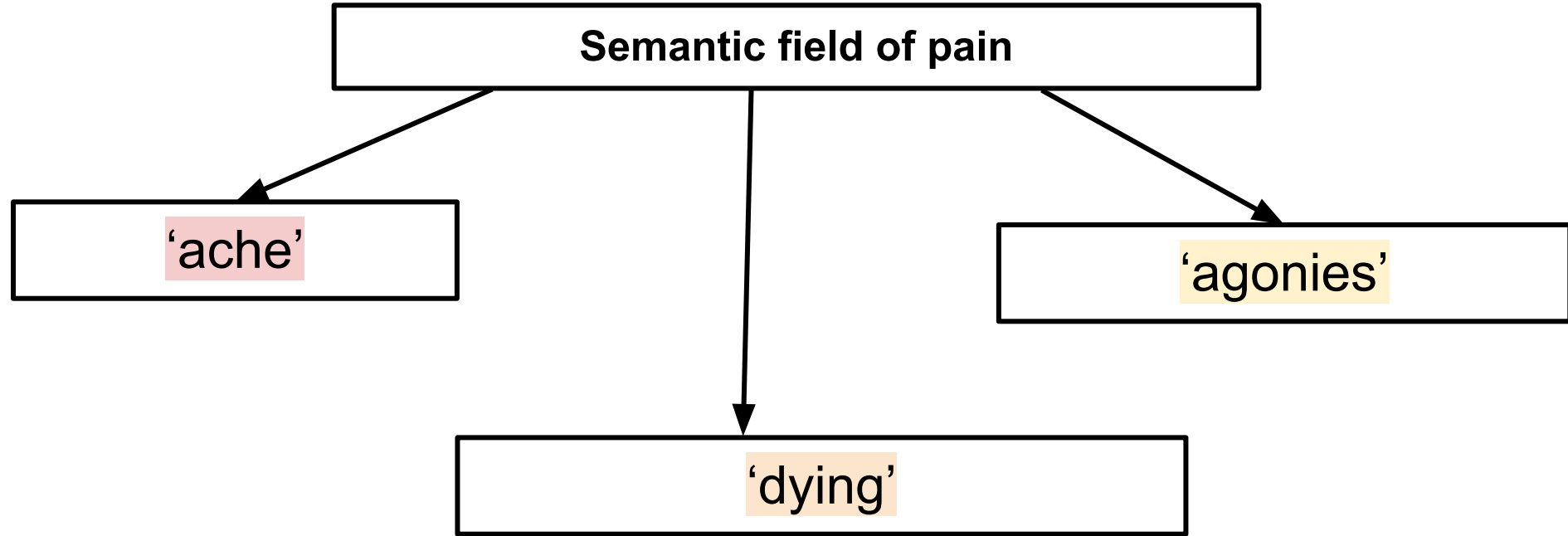
COMPREHEND

Semantic field of pain

'ache'

'agonies'

'dying'



Language - I DO

SCAN

COMPREHEND

'The merciless iced east winds that knive us'

'merciless'

'knive'

Structure

Form	Cyclical structure
Rhyme Scheme	Chaotic structure mirrors the chaos and panic
Lines	
Enjambment	First 3 lines end with ellipses - emphasise the waiting and boredom of the soldiers
Repetition	‘But nothing happens’ - emphasises futility of war
Stanza	
Rhythm	
Caesura	‘Slowly our ghosts drag home: glimpsing the sunk fires’ depicts the soldiers imagining their homes yet there is a barrier between the two places

Storm on the Island



The Poet

Seamus Heaney



Who was he?

- Northern Irish poet who was Catholic and moved to the Republic (nationalist)
- Wrote mostly about landscape and the rural life of Ireland
- Grew up in a village as part of a farming community
- Early poems focused on ancestry, identity and nature

Context

The Aran Islands



- The Aran Islands are used traditionally in Irish poetry as a symbol of Irish culture
- They are home to some of Ireland's oldest remains and archeology.
- The poem is part of a collection - Death of a Naturalist which was focused on the Aran Islands and how nature shows its power there.

Nature

Pre-teach Vocabulary

1. Wizen
2. Stook
3. Pummel
4. Straf
5. Salvo
6. Bombard

1. A simultaneous discharge of artillery or other guns in a battle.
2. Attack repeatedly with machine-gun fire from low-flying aircraft.
3. Arrangement of cut grain stalks
4. To attack a place with continuous shooting or bombs:
5. Shrivelled or wrinkled with age
6. Strike repeatedly with the fists

Storm on the Island by Seamus Heaney

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
The wizened earth had never troubled us
With hay, so as you can see, there are no stacks
Or stooks that can be lost. Nor are there trees
Which might prove company when it blows full
Blast: you know what I mean - leaves and
branches
Can raise a chorus in a gale
So that you can listen to the thing you fear
Forgetting that it pummels your house too.
But there are no trees, no natural shelter.
You might think that the sea is company,
Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs
But no: when it begins, the flung spray hits
The very windows, spits like a tame cat
Turned savage.
We just sit tight while wind dives
And strafes invisibly. Space is a salvo.
We are bombarded by the empty air.
Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.



Let's translate...

What does this poem mean?

We are ready for the storm. Our dwellings are short and wide, built into rock and covered with high quality stone. This wizened earth doesn't provide us with many crops, and there's no hay that might blow away in the storm. There are no trees on the island. If there were, we would hear the storm when it blows full blast. It would be like an Ancient Greek tragic chorus, and we would hear the storm from the safety of our home, which it would be trying to destroy. There is no natural shelter here at all. If you think living by the sea is pleasant, you're wrong. When the waves hit the cliffs, sea spray attacks our windows - spits like a tame cat turned savage. Meanwhile, we huddle together. The wind blows violently around the island. Space is like a military onslaught, and empty air rains down on us. Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

The Title

Storm on The Island

Introduces theme of nature, suggests poem will be about isolation

No article - storms are frequent and generalised

Location of the event - 'ireland/island' - Heaney is Irish

How does this reflect what we know about the poem already?

What does this semantic field suggest about power?

Language

SCAN

COMPREHEND

Semantic field of violence

'Exploding
comfortable'

'bombaraded'
'pummels'

'Spits like a tame cat turned
savage'

Language - I DO

SCAN

COMPREHEND

‘Spits like a tame cat turned savage’

‘tame’

‘savage’

Structure

Form	
Rhyme Scheme	No consistency - - reflects how order can't be enforced on nature, it is more powerful than humans
Lines	
Enjambment	Implies the constant barrage of information
Repetition	
Stanza	Single stanza - mirrors the overwhelming power of storms - reader becomes overwhelmed and breathless like the panicked feeling of the islanders
Rhythm	
Caesura	

Power & Conflict Essay Structure

Paragraph 1

Introduction

Poem A

Content - what is the poem about?

Message - writer + analytical verb + link back to the question

Comparison connective

Poem B

Content - what is the poem about?

Message - writer + analytical verb + link back to the question

Paragraph 2

Structure

Poem A

Rhyme Scheme and Effect + one other structural technique and Effect

Comparison connective

Poem B

Rhyme Scheme and Effect + one other structural technique and Effect

Paragraph 3

Language / Imagery

Poem A

5 Step paragraph:

- Semantic Field
 - Chosen quote (one you can say the most about)
-

Paragraph 4

Language / Imagery

Comparison connective

Poem B

5 Step paragraph:

- Semantic Field
 - Chosen quote (one you can say the most about)
-