

**EDUQUAS - WJEC**  
**ANTHOLOGY OF**  
**POEMS**

MRS LESTER 2015

# *A Wife in London (December, 1899)* Thomas Hardy

## I — The Tragedy

She sits in the tawny vapour  
That the City lanes have uprolled,  
Behind whose webby fold on fold  
Like a waning taper  
The street-lamp glimmers cold.

A messenger's knock cracks smartly,  
Flashed news is in her hand  
Of meaning it dazes to understand  
Though shaped so shortly:  
He--has fallen--in the far South Land . . .

## II--The Irony

'Tis the morrow; the fog hangs thicker,  
The postman nears and goes:  
A letter is brought whose lines disclose  
By the firelight flicker  
His hand, whom the worm now knows:

Fresh--firm--penned in highest feather -  
Page-full of his hoped return,  
And of home-planned jaunts by brake and burn  
In the summer weather,  
And of new love that they would learn.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Death of a Naturalist* Seamus Heaney

All year the flax-dam festered in the heart  
Of the townland; green and heavy headed  
Flax had rotted there, weighted down by huge sods.  
Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.  
Bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles  
Wove a strong gauze of sound around the smell.  
There were dragonflies, spotted butterflies,  
But best of all was the warm thick slobber  
Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water  
In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring  
I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied  
Specks to range on window sills at home,  
On shelves at school, and wait and watch until  
The fattening dots burst, into nimble  
Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us how  
The daddy frog was called a bullfrog  
And how he croaked and how the mammy frog  
Laid hundreds of little eggs and this was  
Frogspawn. You could tell the weather by frogs too  
For they were yellow in the sun and brown  
In rain.

Then one hot day when fields were rank  
With cowdung in the grass the angry frogs  
Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through hedges  
To a coarse croaking that I had not heard  
Before. The air was thick with a bass chorus.  
Right down the dam gross bellied frogs were cocked  
On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails. Some hopped:  
The slap and plop were obscene threats. Some sat  
Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads farting.  
I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings  
Were gathered there for vengeance and I knew  
That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Hawk Roosting* Ted Hughes

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.  
Inaction, no falsifying dream  
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:  
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!  
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray  
Are of advantage to me;  
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.  
It took the whole of Creation  
To produce my foot, my each feather:  
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -  
I kill where I please because it is all mine.  
There is no sophistry in my body:  
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.  
For the one path of my flight is direct  
Through the bones of the living.  
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.  
Nothing has changed since I began.  
My eye has permitted no change.  
I am going to keep things like this.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *To Autumn* John Keats

1.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

2.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last ooziings hours by hours.

3.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.



Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Afternoons* Philip Larkin

Summer is fading:  
The leaves fall in ones and twos  
From trees bordering  
The new recreation ground.  
In the hollows of afternoons  
Young mothers assemble  
At swing and sandpit  
Setting free their children.  
Behind them, at intervals,  
Stand husbands in skilled trades,  
An estateful of washing,  
And the albums, lettered  
Our Wedding, lying  
Near the television:  
Before them, the wind  
Is ruining their courting-places  
That are still courting-places  
(But the lovers are all in school),  
And their children, so intent on  
Finding more unripe acorns,  
Expect to be taken home.  
Their beauty has thickened.  
Something is pushing them  
To the side of their own lives.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Dulce et Decorum Est* Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.  
Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime . . .  
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.  
If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie; Dulce et Decorum est  
Pro patria mori.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Ozymandias* 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".

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Mametz Wood* Owen Sheers

For years afterwards the farmers found them –  
the wasted young, turning up under their plough blades  
as they tended the land back into itself.  
A chit of bone, the china plate of a shoulder blade,  
the relic of a finger, the blown  
and broken bird's egg of a skull,  
all mimicked now in flint, breaking blue in white  
across this field where they were told to walk, not run,  
towards the wood and its nesting machine guns.  
And even now the earth stands sentinel,  
reaching back into itself for reminders of what happened  
like a wound working a foreign body to the surface of the skin.  
This morning, twenty men buried in one long grave,  
a broken mosaic of bone linked arm in arm,  
their skeletons paused mid dance- macabre  
in boots that outlasted them,  
their socketed heads tilted back at an angle  
and their jaws, those that have them, dropped open.  
As if the notes they had sung  
have only now, with this unearthing,  
slipped from their absent tongues.



Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *The Manhunt* Simon Armitage

After the first phase,  
after passionate nights and intimate days,  
only then would he let me trace  
the frozen river which ran through his face,  
only then would he let me explore the blown hinge of his lower jaw,  
and handle and hold  
the damaged, porcelain collar-bone,  
and mind and attend  
the fractured rudder of shoulder-blade,  
and finger and thumb  
the parachute silk of his punctured lung.  
Only then could I bind the struts  
and climb the rungs of his broken ribs,  
and feel the hurt  
of his grazed heart.  
Skirting along,  
only then could I picture the scan,  
the foetus of metal beneath his chest where the bullet had finally come to rest.  
Then I widened the search,  
traced the scarring back to its source  
to a sweating, unexploded mine  
buried deep in his mind, around which  
every nerve in his body had tightened and closed.  
Then, and only then, did I come close.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Sonnet 43 (How do I love thee?)* Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *London* 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

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *The Soldier* Rupert Brooke

IF I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is forever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.



Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *She Walks in Beauty* Lord Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Living Space* Imtiaz Dharker

There are just not enough  
Straight lines. That  
Is the problem.  
Nothing is flat  
Or parallel. Beams  
Balance crookedly on supports  
Thrust off the vertical.  
Nails clutch at open seams.  
The whole structure leans dangerously  
Towards the miraculous.  
Into this rough frame,  
Someone has squeezed  
A living space  
And even dared to place  
These eggs in a wire basket,  
Fragile curves of white  
Hung out over the dark edge  
Of a slanted universe,  
Gathering the light  
Into themselves,  
As if they were  
The bright, thin walls of faith.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *As Imperceptibly as Grief* Emily Dickinson

As imperceptibly as grief  
The summer lapsed away, —  
Too imperceptible, at last,  
To seem like perfidy.  
A quietness distilled,  
As twilight long begun,  
Or Nature, spending with herself  
Sequestered afternoon.  
The dusk drew earlier in,  
The morning foreign shone, —  
A courteous, yet harrowing grace,  
As guest who would be gone.

And thus, without a wing,  
Or service of a keel,  
Our summer made her light escape  
Into the beautiful.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Cozy Apologia* Rita Dove

I could pick anything and think of you—  
This lamp, the wind-still rain, the glossy blue  
My pen exudes, drying matte, upon the page.  
I could choose any hero, any cause or age  
And, sure as shooting arrows to the heart,  
Astride a dappled mare, legs braced as far apart  
As standing in silver stirrups will allow—  
There you'll be, with furrowed brow  
And chain mail glinting, to set me free:  
One eye smiling, the other firm upon the enemy.

This post-postmodern age is all business: compact disks  
And faxes, a do-it-now-and-take-no-risks  
Event. Today a hurricane is nudging up the coast,  
Oddly male: Big Bad Floyd, who brings a host  
Of daydreams: awkward reminiscences  
Of teenage crushes on worthless boys  
Whose only talent was to kiss you senseless.  
They all had sissy names—Marcel, Percy, Dewey;  
Were thin as licorice and as chewy,  
Sweet with a dark and hollow center. Floyd's

Cussing up a storm. You're bunkered in your  
Aerie, I'm perched in mine  
(Twin desks, computers, hardwood floors):  
We're content, but fall short of the Divine.  
Still, it's embarrassing, this happiness—  
Who's satisfied simply with what's good for us,  
When has the ordinary ever been news?  
And yet, because nothing else will do  
To keep me from melancholy (call it blues),  
I fill this stolen time with you.



Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!

# *Valentine* Carol Ann Duffy

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.

It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.

It promises light

like the careful undressing of love.

Here.

It will blind you with tears

like a lover.

It will make your reflection

a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.

Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,

possessive and faithful

as we are,

for as long as we are.

Take it.

Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring,

if you like.

Lethal.

Its scent will cling to your fingers,

cling to your knife.

Images: similes, metaphors,  
emotive language

Themes

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Connotations/Hidden meaning

Sounds: Alliteration, Assonance  
Rhythm.

Opinion

Poetic Devices

Don't forget to annotate the poem itself!