

Level 2 English 2022

Poetry



Whanau Relationships

POETIC TERMS MATCH-UP

Task 1: Match a poetic term to the correct definition

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|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. adjective | a. the running over of a sentence from one verse to another. |
| 2. adverb | b. words or phrases which appear more than once for effect. |
| 3. alliteration | c. to compare two things using as or like |
| 4. assonance | d. a word that sounds like the noise it makes |
| 5. caesura | e. gives extra detail about a noun. |
| 6. colloquial language | f. repetition of vowel sounds to create mood e.g. clean/dream, clown/crowd |
| 7.enjambment | g. group of two or more words which begin with the same letter often to mimic a sound. |
| 8.form | h. a phrase containing two terms which are seen to be contrasting |
| 9.free verse | i. the first eight lines of a sonnet |
| 10.metaphor | j. a consonant sound which can often sound harsh e.g. t, k, p, d, j, b |
| 11. oxymoron | k. sentence length often used for dramatic effect. |
| 12. onomatopoeia | l. a repeated line or group of lines throughout a poem. |
| 13.octet | m. two successive lines of verse, usually rhymed and of the same metre. |

14.personification	n. informal vocabulary
15.plosive sound	p. the last six lines of a sonnet
16.refrain	q. a fourteen line poem which usually has regular rhythm and rhyme and is focused on love
17.repetition	r. The shape that a poem takes e.g. sonnet, lyric, ode
18.rhyme	s. an imaginative way of describing something as another thing.
19.rhyming couplet	t. identity of the end sounds in lines of verse.
20.rhythm	u. a specific type of alliteration that uses the soft consonants so that a hissing sound is created e.g. s, sh, ch, th 'Sing a song of sixpence'
21.sestet	v. a deliberate pause usually in the middle of a line of poetry.
22.short sentences	w. gives extra detail about a verb
23.sibilance	x. verses in a poem
24. simile	y. to give human characteristics to an object or thing.
25. sonnet	z. the beat of a poem which is decided by counting the number of syllables in each line
26. stanza	zz. an open form of poem which does not follow a particular structure or regular rhythm and rhyme.

Poem/song analysis checklist:

Step 1: Read the poem/song aloud many times.

Step 2: Look at the title and decide what it 'says to you' and why.

Step 3: Summarise what is happening in each stanza.

Step 4: Think about **form (what it looks like)**

What shape is the poem/song?

How many verses/stanzas or chorus?

What do you notice? Why might the poet have done this?

Step 5: Focus on **structure (how it is deliberately put together)**

How many lines in each verse/chorus? Regular or irregular? Effect?

Mark the rhythm and rhyme. Any patterns or not? What does this make you think?

Highlight the punctuation. Is there any caesura or enjambement? Short or long sentences? Effects?

Step 6: What is the effect of the **language?(the words and techniques which are intentionally used)**

What pictures are created by simile, metaphor, onomatopoeia, personification etc?

What effects are created by use of repetition, personal pronouns, questions etc.?

Step 7: What is the message of the poem/song? Why do you think this? Remember to support with evidence.

Step 8: How does it link to **s/s/w?** You, your whanau, other texts you have read/heard/seen?

‘This Be The Verse’ by Philip Larkin(1932-1985)

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.

They may not mean to, but they do.

They fill you with the faults they had

And add some extra, just for you.

But they were fucked up in their turn

By fools in old-style hats and coats,

Who half the time were soppy-stern

And half at one another's throats.

Man hands on misery to man.

It deepens like a coastal shelf.

Get out as early as you can,

And don't have any kids yourself.

'Mother, any distance greater than a single span' by Simon Armitage (1963-)

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.

'Catrin' by Gillian Clark (1937-)

I remember you, child
As I stood in a hot, white
Room at the window watching
The people and cars taking
Turn at the traffic lights.
I can remember you, our first
Fierce confrontation, the tight
Red rope of love which we both
Fought over. It was a square
Environmental blank, disinfected
Of paintings or toys. I wrote
All over the walls with my
Words, coloured the clean squares
With the wild, tender circles
Of our struggle to become
Separate. We want, we shouted,
To be two, to be ourselves.

Neither won nor lost the struggle
In the glass tank clouded with feelings
Which changed us both. Still I am fighting
You off, as you stand there
With your straight, strong, long
Brown hair and your rosy,
Defiant glare, bringing up
From the heart's pool that old rope,
Tightening about my life,
Trailing love and conflict,
As you ask may you skate
In the dark, for one more hour.

‘My Father Thought It...’

From *The Book of Matches* (1993), Simon Armitage (1963-)

My father thought it bloody queer,
the day I rolled home with a ring of silver in my ear
half hidden by a mop of hair. "You've lost your head.

If that's how easily you're led
you should've had it through your nose instead."

And even then I hadn't had the nerve to numb
the lobe with ice, then drive a needle through the skin,
then wear a safety-pin. It took a jeweller's gun
to pierce the flesh, and then a friend
to thread the sleeper in, and where it slept
the hole became a sore, became a wound, and wept.

At twenty-nine, it comes as no surprise to hear
my own voice breaking like a tear, released like water,
cried from way back in the spiral of the ear. *If I were you,*
I'd take it out and leave it out next year.

Kid' by Simon Armitage (1963-)

Batman, big shot, when you gave the order
to grow up, then let me loose to wander
leeward, freely through the wild blue yonder
as you liked to say, or ditched me, rather,
in the gutter ... well, I turned the corner.

Now I've scotched that 'he was like a father
to me' rumour, sacked it, blown the cover
on that 'he was like an elder brother'
story, let the cat out on that caper
with the married woman, how you took her
downtown on expenses in the motor.

Holy robin-redbreast-nest-egg-shocker!

Holy roll-me-over-in the-clover,

I'm not playing ball boy any longer

Batman, now I've doffed that off-the-shoulder
Sherwood-Forest-green and scarlet number
for a pair of jeans and crew-neck jumper;
now I'm taller, harder, stronger, older.

Batman, it makes a marvellous picture:
you without a shadow, stewing over
chicken giblets in the pressure cooker,
next to nothing in the walk-in larder,
punching the palm of your hand all winter,
you baby, now I'm the real boy wonder.

'An Explanation of Poetry to My Father' by Glenn Colquhoun (1964-)

*To my Mum
And to my Dad
Who made me good
And made me bad*

An apology

I was not a son to take the Word
of God to the whole world.

I was not a son to spot a fine
cow at auction.

I was not a son who was able to
fix the inside of dark engines.

I did not win the game
in its final minute.

I was not a son to sweat all day
on the end of a shovel.

I was not a son to remain calm
at the sight of my own blood.

I was not a son to capture the
hearts of beautiful women.

I did not save for a rainy day.

I was not a son to discover
the cures to rare illnesses.

I was not a son to bear you
a generation of fine children.

I was a son who believed
in the making of poetry.
Which is, I suppose, in the end,
pretty much the same thing.

'My Father's Stutter' by Damien Wilkins (1963-)

Struck at certain times as when his mother
interrupted him or at the quick demands
his older brothers made. We kids, too, knew
how to force it, though that was a terror
of its own as if someone had him by his great
singer's throat. Otherwise he lectured quite
happily, growing lucid the further into molecular
structure he got.

There was also his part-time opera
career and the endless afternoons of
rehearsals we were taken to. His big smooth
chorus bass shaking our best seats in
the house. The same Italian phrases
sounding over and over on
over our heads.

And now just recently I have noticed odd
Impediments in my own words. Nothing
to snap my head back but false starts, beginnings
of wild alliterations. A programming
thing, though I tell myself I am growing into it, slowly
and from dislike, as I work at his music:
the crowd scene - his favourite - in La Boheme when all the
bohemians, I guess they are, rush about, sing
at once and from the talky noise emerges - there!
Tune.

'Nettles' by Vernon Scannell (1922-2007)

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.

‘On my first Sonne’ by Ben Johnson (1572-1637)

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sinne was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.
Seven yeeres tho'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I loose all father, now. For why
Will man lament the state he should envie?
To have so soone scap'd worlds, and flesh's rage,
And, if no other miserie, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lye
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetrie.
For whose sake, hence-forth, all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

'Lullaby' by Rosemary Norman (1946-)

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.

'Poem at Thirty-Nine' by Alice Walker (1944-)

How I miss my father.
I wish he had not been
so tired
when I was
born.

Writing deposit slips and checks
I think of him.
He taught me how.
This is the form,
he must have said:
the way it is done.
I learned to see
bits of paper
as a way
to escape
the life he knew
and even in high school
had a savings
account.

He taught me
that telling the truth
did not always mean
a beating;
though many of my truths
must have grieved him
before the end.

How I miss my father!
He cooked like a person
dancing
in a yoga meditation
and craved the voluptuous
sharing
of good food.

Now I look and cook just like him:
my brain light;
tossing this and that
into the pot;
seasoning none of my life
the same way twice; happy to feed
whoever strays my way.

He would have grown
to admire
the woman I've become:
cooking, writing, chopping wood,
staring into the fire.

‘Wednesday afternoon’ by Karlo Mila (1974-)

my father is “having fun”
cleaning the floor
he uses the plugged in sink as a bucket
wears rags on his feet
and shimmies to a cleaning beat
he asks me to read the label
on the bottle for him
he wants our floor to shine
and laughs when (surprise)
it does
this is how I will remember him
moonwalking across our kitchen floor
rags under his feet
“that’s how my mother taught me”
he says
“but I never take any note
it takes me forty years to do what she say”

Songs:

[Keith Urban - 'Song for dad' - YouTube](#)

[Eric Clapton - 'My Father's Eyes', Tears in Heaven](#)

[Taylor Swift - Never Grow Up](#)

[2Pac - 'Dear Mama'](#)

[Brandi Carlile - 'The Mother'](#)

[The Isaacs - 'The Living Years'](#)