

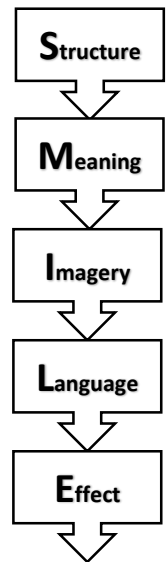
Year 11 Unseen Poetry Knowledge Organiser




- Your Weekly Task:**
- Read your poem carefully.
 - ✓ Who is speaking?
 - ✓ What feelings are expressed?
 - ✓ What does it make you think about?
 - ✓ How has it been constructed for this effect?
 - ✓ Which key lines have most impact on you?
 - Think about the SMILE features.
 - Choose some quotations to explore. Think SQI and MQE.
 - Write for 45 minutes to answer the key question. Remember to follow the SMILE structure.

How does the poet use language and structure to present the speaker's feelings?

SMILE:



I Shall Return



I shall return again; I shall return
 To laugh and love and watch with wonder-eyes
 At golden noon the forest fires burn,
 Wafting their blue-black smoke to sapphire skies.
 I shall return to loiter by the streams
 That bathe the brown blades of the bending grasses,
 And realize once more my thousand dreams
 Of waters rushing down the mountain passes.
 I shall return to hear the fiddle and fife
 Of village dances, dear delicious tunes
 That stir the hidden depths of native life,
 Stray melodies of dim remembered runes.
 I shall return, I shall return again,
 To ease my mind of long, long years of pain.

Claude McKay


Long Distance

Though my mother was already two years dead
 Dad kept her slippers warming by the gas,
 put hot water bottles her side of the bed
 and still went to renew her transport pass.

You couldn't just drop in. You had to phone.
 He'd put you off an hour to give him time
 to clear away her things and look alone
 as though his still raw love were such a crime.

He couldn't risk my blight of disbelief
 though sure that very soon he'd hear her key
 scrape in the rusted lock and end his grief.
 He *knew* she'd just popped out to get the tea.

I believe life ends with death, and that is all.
 You haven't both gone shopping; just the same,
 in my new black leather phone book there's your name
 and the disconnected number I still call.



Tony Harrison

	AO1 = SQI	AO2 = MQE
Exceptional	✓ Critical, exploratory, conceptualised response to task and text	✓ Analysis of writer's methods with subject terminology used judiciously
	✓ Judicious use of precise references to support interpretation(s)	✓ Exploration of effects of writer's methods on reader
Good	✓ Thoughtful, developed response to task and whole text	✓ Examination of writer's methods with subject terminology used effectively to support consideration of methods on reader
	✓ Apt references integrated into interpretation(s)	✓ Examination of effects of writer's methods on reader
Developing	✓ Clear, explained response to task and text	✓ Clear explanation of writer's methods with appropriate use of relevant subject terminology
	✓ Effective use of references to support explanation	✓ Understanding of effects of writer's methods on reader
Foundation	✓ Some explained response to task and whole text	✓ Explained/relevant comments on writer's methods with some relevant use of subject terminology
	✓ References used to support a range of relevant comments	✓ Identification of effects of writer's methods on reader
	✓ Supported response to task and text	✓ Identification of writers' methods
	✓ Comments on references	✓ Some reference to subject terminology
Foundation	✓ Simple comments relevant to task and text	✓ Awareness of writer making deliberate choices
	✓ Reference to relevant details	✓ Possible reference to subject terminology

Language	Structure
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ✓ Alliteration ✓ Sibilance ✓ Imagery ✓ Simile ✓ Metaphor ✓ Personification ✓ 1st / 2nd / 3rd person ✓ Onomatopoeia ✓ Lexical field ✓ Adjective / noun ✓ Verb / Adverb ✓ Emotive language ✓ Rhetorical question ✓ Repetition 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ✓ Verse / stanza ✓ Layout ✓ Regular / irregular ✓ Rhyme / rhyme scheme ✓ Couplet ✓ Rhythm / metre ✓ Iambic tetrameter / pentameter ✓ Pace ✓ Enjambment ✓ Caesura ✓ Sonnet ✓ Blank Verse ✓ Volta

WHAT?
 Method
 Quote
 Word level

WHY?
 Effect
 Meaning
 Connotations



Roe Deer Ted Hughes

In the dawn-dirty light, in the biggest snow of the year
Two blue-dark deer stood in the road alerted.

They had happened into my dimension
The moment I was arriving just there.

They planted their two or three years of secret deerhood
Clear on my snow-screen vision of the abnormal

And hesitated in the all-way disintegration
And stared at me. And for some lasting seconds

I could think the deer were waiting for me
To remember a password or a sign

That the curtain had blown aside for a moment
And there where the trees were no longer trees, nor the
road a road



The deer had come for me.

They ducked through the hedge, and upright they rode
their legs

Away downhill over a snow-lonely field

Towards tree dark - finally
Seeming to eddy and glide and fly away up

Into the boil of big flakes,
The snow took them and soon their nearby hoofprints as
well

Revising its dawn inspiration
Back to the ordinary.

Blackberrying Sylvia Plath



Nobody in the lane, and nothing, nothing but blackberries,
Blackberries on either side, though on the right mainly,
A blackberry alley, going down in hooks, and a sea
Somewhere at the end of it, heaving. Blackberries
Big as the ball of my thumb, and dumb as eyes
Ebon in the hedges, fat
With blue-red juices. These they squander on my fingers.
I had not asked for such a blood sisterhood; they must love me.
They accommodate themselves to my milkbottle, flattening their sides.

Overhead go the choughs in black, cacophonous flocks ---
Bits of burnt paper wheeling in a blown sky.
Theirs is the only voice, protesting, protesting.
I do not think the sea will appear at all.
The high, green meadows are glowing, as if lit from within.
I come to one bush of berries so ripe it is a bush of flies,
Hanging their bluegreen bellies and their wing panes in a Chinese screen.
The honey-feast of the berries has stunned them; they believe in heaven.
One more hook, and the berries and bushes end.

The only thing to come now is the sea.
From between two hills a sudden wind funnels at me,
Slapping its phantom laundry in my face.
These hills are too green and sweet to have tasted salt.
I follow the sheep path between them. A last hook brings me
To the hills' northern face, and the face is orange rock
That looks out on nothing, nothing but a great space
Of white and pewter lights, and a din like silversmiths
Beating and beating at an intractable metal.



My Grandmother Elizabeth Jennings



She kept an antique shop - or it kept her.
Among Apostle spoons and Bristol glass,
The faded silks, the heavy furniture,
She watched her own reflection in the brass
Salvers and silver bowls, as if to prove
Polish was all, there was no need of love.

And I remember how I once refused
To go out with her, since I was afraid.
It was perhaps a wish not to be used
Like antique objects. Though she never said
That she was hurt, I still could feel the guilt
Of that refusal, guessing how she felt.

Later, too frail to keep a shop, she put
All her best things in one narrow room.
The place smelt old, of things too long kept shut,
The smell of absences where shadows come
That can't be polished. There was nothing then
To give her own reflection back again.

And when she died I felt no grief at all,
Only the guilt of what I once refused.
I walked into her room among the tall
Sideboards and cupboards - things she never used
But needed; and no finger marks were there,
Only the new dust falling through the air.