Year 10

End of Year Exam

Revision

Unseen Poetry

**Unseen Poetry**

**Revision:**

* **This booklet has been designed to help you revise for your English exam.**
* **One of the best ways to revise for your exam is to practise.**
* **There are a number of poetry questions.**
* **You should practise by selecting one of the questions below.**
* **You should answer the question in timed conditions.**
* **In addition to the practice questions below it would also be useful if you could use the Unseen Poetry Knowledge Organiser.**
* **The Knowledge Organiser will help you to structure a response to the unseen poetry questions.**
* **The Knowledge Organiser also has the poetic terms listed.**
* **The poetic terms can be revised in many ways, you could: write a quiz, make some flash cards, make a game of poetry snap.**

**QUESTION:**

*In ‘Last Lesson of the Afternoon’ how does the poet present the speakers feelings towards school?*

**Last Lesson of the Afternoon by D H Lawrence**

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?

How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart,

My pack of unruly hounds! I cannot start

Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt,

I can haul them and urge them no more.

No longer now can I endure the brunt

Of the books that lie out on the desks; a full threescore

Of several insults of blotted pages, and scrawl

Of slovenly work that they have offered me.

I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?

What good to them or me, I cannot see!

 So, shall I take

My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul

And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume

Their dross of indifference; and take the toll

Of their insults in punishment? — I will not! –

I will not waste my soul and my strength for this.

What do I care for all that they do amiss!

What is the point of this teaching of mine, and of this

Learning of theirs? It all goes down the same abyss.

What does it matter to me, if they can write

A description of a dog, or if they can't?

What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!

And yet I'm supposed to care, with all my might.

I do not, and will not; they won't and they don't; and that's all!

I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well.

Why should we beat our heads against the wall

Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

**Question:**

***In ‘The Explosion’ how does the poet present the speakers feelings towards the explosion?***

**The Explosion By Philip Larkin**

On the day of the explosion

Shadows pointed towards the pithead:

In thesun the slagheap slept.

Down the lane came men in pitboots

Coughing oath-edged talk and pipe-smoke

Shouldering off the freshened silence.

One chased after rabbits; lost them;

Came back with a nest of lark's eggs;

Showed them; lodged them in the grasses.

So they passed in beards and moleskins

Fathers brothers nicknames laughter

Through the tall gates standing open.

At noon there came a tremor; cows

Stopped chewing for a second; sun

Scarfed as in a heat-haze dimmed.

The dead go on before us they

Are sitting in God's house in comfort

We shall see them face to face—

plain as lettering in the chapels

It was said and for a second

Wives saw men of the explosion

Larger than in life they managed—

Gold as on a coin or walking

Somehow from the sun towards them

One showing the eggs unbroken

**QUESTION**

***In 'Love is a Losing Game' how does the poet present the speakers feelings towards love?***

**Love is a Losing Game by A Winehouse**

For you I was the flame

Love is a losing game

Five story fire as you came

Love is losing game

One I wished, I never played

Oh, what a mess we made

And now the final frame

Love is a losing game

Played out by the band

Love is a losing hand

More than I could stand

Love is a losing hand

Self-professed profound

Till the chips were down

Know you're a gambling man

Love is a losing hand

Though I battled blind

Love is a fate resigned

Memories mar my mind

Love is a fate resigned

Over futile odds

And laughed at by the gods

And now the final frame

Love is a losing game

**QUESTION:**

**In 'Kid' how does the poet present the speakers feelings towards being let down by his father?**

**Kid by Simon Armitage**

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.

**QUESTION:**

 ***In 'Names' how does the poet present the speakers feelings towards Eliza?***

**Names**

**By Wendy Cope**

She was Eliza for a few weeks

when she was a baby –

Eliza Lily. Soon it changed to Lil.

Later she was Miss Steward in the baker’s shop

And then ‘my love’, ‘my darling’, Mother.

Widowed at thirty, she went back to work

As Mrs Hand. Her daughter grew up,

Married and gave birth.

Now she was Nanna. ‘Everybody

Calls me Nanna,’ she would say to visitors.

And so they did – friends, tradesmen, the doctor.

In the geriatric ward

They used the patients’ Christian names.

‘Lil,’ we said, ‘or Nanna,’

But it wasn’t in her file

And for those last bewildered

**QUESTION**

# In ‘To a Daughter Leaving Home’ how does the poet present the speakers feelings towards her daughter?

When I taught you

at eight to ride

a bicycle, loping along

beside you

as you wobbled away

on two round wheels,

my own mouth rounding

in surprise when you pulled

ahead down the curved

path of the park,

I kept waiting

for the thud

of your crash as I

sprinted to catch up,

while you grew

smaller, more breakable

with distance,

pumping, pumping

for your life, screaming

with laughter,

the hair flapping

behind you like a

handkerchief waving

goodbye.