



**GCSE English Literature (8702)**

**Paper 2 SECTION B : Poetry ANTHOLOGY**

**Exemplar Questions**

## Section B: Poetry

You are advised to spend about **45 minutes** on this section.  
Answer **one** question.

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### AQA Anthology: *Poems Past and Present*

#### Power and Conflict

The poems you have studied are:

Percy Bysshe Shelley  
William Blake  
William Wordsworth  
Robert Browning  
Alfred Lord Tennyson  
Wilfred Owen  
Seamus Heaney  
Ted Hughes  
Simon Armitage  
Jane Weir  
Carol Ann Duffy  
Imtiaz Dharker  
Carol Rumens  
Beatrice Garland  
John Agard

Ozymandias  
London  
The Prelude: stealing the boat  
My Last Duchess  
The Charge of the Light Brigade  
Exposure  
Storm on the Island  
Bayonet Charge  
Remains  
Poppies  
War Photographer  
Tissue  
The émigrée  
Kamikaze  
Checking Out Me History

1. Compare the ways poets present ideas about pride in 'Ozymandias' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Ozymandias

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 shatter'd visage lies, whose frown  
5 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
10 '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.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Compare the ways poets present ideas about anger in 'London' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

London

I wander through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
5 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.  
In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear:  
10 How the chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning church appalls,  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace walls.  
But most through midnight streets I hear  
15 How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

WILLIAM BLAKE

2. Compare the ways poets present fear in 'The Prelude' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Extract from, The Prelude

One summer evening (led by her) I found  
A little boat tied to a willow tree  
Within a rocky cove, its usual home.  
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in  
5 Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth  
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice  
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;  
Leaving behind her still, on either side,  
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,  
10 Until they melted all into one track  
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,  
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point  
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view  
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,  
15 The horizon's utmost boundary; far above  
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.  
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily  
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
20 Went heaving through the water like a swan;  
When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,  
As if with voluntary power instinct,  
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,  
25 And growing still in stature the grim shape  
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,  
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
And measured motion like a living thing,  
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,  
30 And through the silent water stole my way  
Back to the covert of the willow tree;  
There in her mooring-place I left my bark, –  
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave  
And serious mood; but after I had seen  
35 That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts  
There hung a darkness, call it solitude  
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes  
40 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;  
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live  
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind  
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

3. Compare the ways poets present memory in 'My Last Duchess' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

My Last Duchess

*Ferrara*

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
5 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said  
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
10 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
15 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps  
Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps  
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff  
20 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
25 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace – all and each  
30 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but thanked  
Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
35 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let  
40 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
– E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,

45           Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
              Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
              Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
              As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
              The company below, then. I repeat,  
50           The Count your master's known munificence  
              Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
              Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
              Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
              At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
55           Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
              Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
              Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

ROBERT BROWNING

Compare the ways poets present the effect of conflict in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

### The Charge of the Light Brigade

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

5 'Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!' he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

10 'Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
15 theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

20 Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
25 Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

30 Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
35 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

40 Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
45 They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

50 When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
55 Noble six hundred!



Compare the ways poets present the reality of conflict in 'Exposure' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Exposure

- 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 ...  
5 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,  
10 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  
15 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,  
20 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,  
25 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  
30 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;  
35 Now 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, His frost will fasten on this mud and us,  
40 Shrivelling many hands. puckering foreheads crisp.  
The burying-party, picks and shovels in their shaking grasp,  
Pause over half-known faces. All their eyes are ice,  
But nothing happens.

Compare the ways poets present ideas about the power of nature in 'Storm on the Island' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Storm on the Island

We are prepared: we build our houses squat,  
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.  
This wizened earth has never troubled us  
With hay, so, as you see, there are no stacks  
5 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 tragic chorus in a gale  
So that you can listen to the thing you fear  
10 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  
15 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.

SEAMUS HEANEY

4. Compare the ways poets present the consequences of conflict and war in 'Bayonet Charge' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Bayonet Charge

Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw  
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,  
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge  
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing  
5 Bullets smacking the belly out of the air –  
He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm;  
The patriotic tear that had brimmed in his eye  
Sweating like molten iron from the centre of his chest, –

In bewilderment then he almost stopped –  
10 In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations  
Was he the hand pointing that second? He was running  
Like a man who has jumped up in the dark and runs  
Listening between his footfalls for the reason  
Of his still running, and his foot hung like  
15 Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows

Threw up a yellow hare that rolled like a flame  
And crawled in a threshing circle, its mouth wide  
Open silent, its eyes standing out.  
He plunged past with his bayonet toward the green hedge,  
20 King, honour, human dignity, etcetera  
Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm  
To get out of that blue crackling air  
His terror's touchy dynamite.

TED HUGHES

Compare the ways poets present ideas about guilt in 'Remains' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

### Remains

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

5 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

10 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,

15 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.

20 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, possibly not.  
Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds.  
And the drink and the drugs won't flush him out –

25 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,

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

SIMON ARMITAGE

5. Compare the ways poets present attitudes to war in 'Poppies' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Poppies

5 Three days before Armistice Sunday  
and poppies had already been placed  
on individual war graves. Before you left,  
I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals,  
spasms of paper red, disrupting a blockade  
of yellow bias binding around your blazer.

10 Sellotape bandaged around my hand,  
I rounded up as many white cat hairs  
as I could, smoothed down your shirt's  
upturned collar, steeled the softening  
of my face. I wanted to graze my nose  
across the tip of your nose, play at  
being Eskimos like we did when  
you were little. I resisted the impulse  
15 to run my fingers through the gelled  
blackthorns of your hair. All my words  
flattened, rolled, turned into felt,  
slowly melting. I was brave, as I walked  
with you, to the front door, threw  
20 it open, the world overflowing  
like a treasure chest. A split second  
and you were away, intoxicated.  
After you'd gone I went into your bedroom,  
released a song bird from its cage.  
25 Later a single dove flew from the pear tree,  
and this is where it has led me,  
skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy  
making tucks, darts, pleats, hat-less, without  
a winter coat or reinforcements of scarf, gloves.

30 On reaching the top of the hill I traced  
the inscriptions on the war memorial,  
leaned against it like a wishbone.  
The dove pulled freely against the sky,  
an ornamental stitch. I listened, hoping to hear  
35 your playground voice catching on the wind.

JANE WEIR

6. Compare the ways poets present individual experiences in 'War Photographer' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

War Photographer

5 In his darkroom he is finally alone  
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.  
The only light is red and softly glows,  
as though this were a church and he  
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.  
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

10 He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays  
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then  
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again  
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,  
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet  
of running children in a nightmare heat.

15 Something is happening. A stranger's features  
faintly start to twist before his eyes,  
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries  
of this man's wife, how he sought approval  
without words to do what someone must  
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

20 A hundred agonies in black-and-white  
from which his editor will pick out five or six  
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick  
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.  
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where  
he earns his living and they do not care.

CAROL ANN DUFFY

Compare the ways poets present the power of humans in 'Tissue' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Tissue

Paper that lets the light  
shine through, this  
is what could alter things.  
Paper thinned by age or touching,

5 the kind you find in well-used books,  
the back of the Koran, where a hand  
has written in the names and histories,  
who was born to whom,

10 the height and weight, who  
died where and how, on which sepia date,  
pages smoothed and stroked and turned  
transparent with attention.

15 If buildings were paper, I might  
feel their drift, see how easily  
they fall away on a sigh, a shift  
in the direction of the wind.

20 Maps too. The sun shines through  
their borderlines, the marks  
that rivers make, roads,  
railtracks, mountainfolds,

Fine slips from grocery shops  
that say how much was sold  
and what was paid by credit card  
might fly our lives like paper kites.

25 An architect could use all this,  
place layer over layer, luminous  
script over numbers over line,  
and never wish to build again with brick

30 or block, but let the daylight break  
through capitals and monoliths,  
through the shapes that pride can make,  
find a way to trace a grand design

35 with living tissue, raise a structure  
never meant to last,  
of paper smoothed and stroked  
and thinned to be transparent,

turned into your skin.

Compare the ways poets present ideas about loss and absence in 'The émigrée' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

### The Émigrée

5 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.

10 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.

15 It may by now be a lie, banned by the state  
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

20 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,

25 and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

CAROLE RUMENS



7. Compare the ways poets present ideas about identity in 'Checking Out Me History' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Checking Out Me History

Dem tell me  
Dem tell me  
Wha dem want to tell me

5 Bandage up me eye with me own history  
Blind me to me own identity

Dem tell me bout 1066 and all dat  
dem tell me bout Dick Whittington and he cat  
But Toussaint L'Ouverture  
no dem never tell me bout dat

10 *Toussaint*  
*a slave*  
*with vision*  
*lick back*  
*Napoleon*  
15 *battalion*  
*and first Black*  
*Republic born*  
*Toussaint de thorn*  
*to de French*  
20 *Toussaint de beacon*  
*of de Haitian Revolution*

Dem tell me bout de man who discover de balloon  
and de cow who jump over de moon  
Dem tell me bout de dish ran away with de spoon  
25 but dem never tell me bout Nanny de maroon

*Nanny*  
*see-far woman*  
*of mountain dream*  
*fire-woman struggle*  
30 *hopeful stream*  
*to freedom river*

Dem tell me bout Lord Nelson and Waterloo  
but dem never tell me bout Shaka de great Zulu  
Dem tell me bout Columbus and 1492  
35 but what happen to de Caribs and de Arawaks too

Dem tell me bout Florence Nightingale and she lamp  
and how Robin Hood used to camp  
Dem tell me bout ole King Cole was a merry ole soul  
but dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole

40            *From Jamaica*  
              *she travel far*  
              *to the Crimean War*  
              *she volunteer to go*  
              *and even when de British said no*  
45            *she still brave the Russian snow*  
              *a healing star*  
              *among the wounded*  
              *a yellow sunrise*  
              *to the dying*

50            Dem tell me  
              Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me  
              But now I checking out me own history  
              I carving out me identity

JOHN AGARD

8. Compare the ways poets present attitudes to status and reputation in 'Kamikaze' and in one other poem from 'Power and Conflict'

[30 marks]

Kamikaze

5 Her father embarked at sunrise  
with a flask of water, a samurai sword  
in the cockpit, a shaven head  
full of powerful incantations  
and enough fuel for a one-way  
journey into history

10 but half way there, she thought,  
recounting it later to her children,  
he must have looked far down  
at the little fishing boats  
strung out like bunting  
on a green-blue translucent sea

15 and beneath them, arcing in swathes  
like a huge flag waved first one way  
then the other in a figure of eight,  
the dark shoals of fishes  
flashing silver as their bellies  
swivelled towards the sun

20 and remembered how he  
and his brothers waiting on the shore  
built cairns of pearl-grey pebbles  
to see whose withstood longest  
the turbulent inrush of breakers  
bringing their father's boat safe

25 - yes, *grandfather's boat* – safe  
to the shore, salt-sodden, awash  
with cloud-marked mackerel,  
black crabs, feathery prawns,  
the loose silver of whitebait and once  
30 a tuna, the dark prince, muscular, dangerous.

35 *And though he came back  
my mother never spoke again  
in his presence, nor did she meet his eyes  
and the neighbours too, they treated him  
as though he no longer existed,  
only we children still chattered and laughed*

40

*till gradually we too learned  
to be silent, to live as though  
he had never returned, that this  
was no longer the father we loved.*  
And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered  
which had been the better way to die.

BEATRICE GARLAND