

Poem and Poet	Summary	Key lines
Ozymandias by Percy Bysshe Shelley	A traveller tells the poet that two huge stone legs stand in the desert. Near them on the sand lies a damaged stone head. The face is distinguished by a frown and a sneer which the sculptor carved on the features. On the pedestal are inscribed the words "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: / Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Around the huge fragments stretches the empty desert.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "sneer of cold command"</li> <li>2. <b>"Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!"</b></li> <li>3. "Nothing beside remains."</li> <li>4. "colossal Wreck"</li> <li>5. "The lone and level sands stretch far away."</li> </ol>
London by William Blake	The poem describes a journey around London, offering a glimpse of what the speaker sees as the terrible conditions faced by the inhabitants of the city. Child labour, restrictive laws of property and prostitution are all explored.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "mark in every face I meet/ Marks of weakness, marks of woe"</li> <li>2. <b>"The mind-forg'd manacles I hear"</b></li> <li>3. "Every blackning Church appalls,"</li> <li>4. "How the youthful Harlots curse/ Blasts the new-born Infants tear"</li> </ol>
Extract from the Prelude by William Wordsworth	This <b>extract</b> describes how Wordsworth went out in a boat on a lake at night. He was alone and a mountain peak loomed over him; its presence had a great effect and for days afterwards he was troubled by the experience.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <b>"a huge peak, black and huge, ...Upreared its head. "</b></li> <li>2. "growing still in stature the grim shape"</li> <li>3. "Towered up between me and the stars"</li> <li>4. "huge and mighty forms, that do not live ... moved slowly through the mind... and were a trouble to my dreams."</li> </ol>
My Last Duchess by Robert Browning	A Duke shows an emissary (a messenger or representative) from a Count a picture of his late wife and remarks on her character, suggesting that she was unfaithful to him - and hinting that he might have killed her because of it. During his speech, the Duke makes himself look arrogant, insensitive and selfish.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. <b>"I call /That piece a wonder, now"</b></li> <li>2. "'twas not/ Her husband's presence only, called that spot Of joy into the Duchess' cheek;"</li> <li>3. "She had/ A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad"</li> <li>4. "as if she ranked/ My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name / With anybody's gift."</li> <li>5. "Who'd stoop to blame/ This sort of trifling?"</li> <li>6. "This grew; I gave commands;/Then all smiles stopped together"</li> <li>7. "Though his fair daughter's self...is my object."</li> </ol>
The Charge of the Light Brigade	The poem tells the story of a brigade of 600 soldiers who rode on horseback into the "valley of death" for half a league (about 1.5 miles). They were obeying a command to charge the enemy forces. Not a single soldier was discouraged by the command to charge forward, even though the soldiers realized that their commander had made a mistake.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "Into the valley of Death /Rode the six hundred"</li> <li>2. "Was there a man dismayed?/ Not though the soldier knew/ Someone had blundered"</li> <li>3. <b>"Theirs not to reason why,/Theirs but to do and die."</b></li> <li>4. "Came through the jaws of Death,/ Back from the mouth of hell,/ All that was left of them,/ Left of six hundred."</li> <li>5. "When can their glory fade?"</li> </ol>
Exposure by Wilfred Owen	A company of soldiers suffers the bitter cold of a night in the trenches during the first world war. The troops keep nervous watch during a bitterly cold night though despite the distant sound of guns, "nothing happens". They question why they are there.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "the merciless iced east winds that knife us"</li> <li>2. <b>"But nothing happens."</b></li> <li>3. "the flickering gunnery rumbles,/ Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war."</li> <li>4. "Dawn massing in the east her melancholy army/Attacks once more in ranks on shivering ranks of grey,"</li> <li>5. "Sudden successive flights of bullets streak the silence./Less deadly than the air that shudders black with snow,"</li> <li>6. "We cringe in holes"</li> </ol>
Storm on the Island by Seamus Heaney	The poem describes the experience of being in a cliff-top cottage on an island off the coast of Ireland during a storm. Heaney describes the bare ground, the sea and the wind. The people in the cottage are extremely isolated and can do nothing against the powerful and violent weather.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "We are prepared: we build our houses squat,"</li> <li>2. "You might think that the sea is company, Exploding comfortably down on the cliffs"</li> <li>3. <b>"the flung spray hits/ The very windows, spits like a tame cat/Turned savage."</b></li> <li>4. "We are bombarded by the empty air." "Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear."</li> </ol>
Bayonet Charge by Ted Hughes	<i>Bayonet Charge</i> focuses on a soldier in the First World War. It describes the experience of 'going over-the-top'. This was when soldiers hiding in trenches were ordered to 'fix bayonets' (attach the long knives to the end of their rifles) and climb out of the trenches to charge in order to capture the enemy trench. The poem describes how this process transforms a soldier from a living thinking person into a dangerous weapon of war.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "Hearing /Bullets smacking the belly out of the air –"</li> <li>2. "He lugged a rifle numb as a smashed arm"</li> <li>3. "In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations/ Was he the hand pointing that second?"</li> <li>4. <b>"King, honour, human dignity, etcetera/ Dropped like luxuries"</b></li> <li>5. "His terror's touchy dynamite."</li> </ol>

Poem and Poet	Summary	Key lines
Remains By Simon Armitage	Remains is focused on a soldier haunted by a violent memory. The speaker tells anecdotally how he and two others opened fire on a looter. They shot him dead and one of them put the man's 'guts back into his body' before he's carted away. When he returns home he is still haunted by the thought of what he has done. He tries drink and drugs to drown out the memory, but they do not work. The memory was not left behind in the place of war in a distant land, but is with the speaker all the time.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "One of my mates goes by/ and <b>tosses</b> his guts back into his body."</li> <li>2. "Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds"</li> <li>3. "<b>And the drink and the drugs won't flush him out</b> –/he's here in my head when I close my eyes,/ dug in behind enemy lines,"</li> <li>4. "<b>his bloody life in my bloody hands.</b>"</li> </ol>
Poppies By Jane Weir	In 'Poppies' Weir tells the 'story' of a mother's experience of pain and loss as her son leaves home for the first time. The mother is speaking directly to her son but a son who shifts in time ambiguously. There is: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• The son leaving home for school on his own for the first time.</li> <li>• The implied son who is leaving to go to war and may have just been killed.</li> </ul>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "I pinned one onto your lapel, crimped petals,/ spasms of paper red,"</li> <li>2. "<b>smoothed down your shirt's / upturned collar, steeled the softening of my face.</b>"</li> <li>3. "After you'd gone I went into your bedroom,/ released a song bird from its cage./ Later a single dove flew from the pear tree,"</li> <li>4. "skirting the church yard walls, my stomach busy/ making tucks, darts, pleats,"</li> <li>5. "I listened, hoping to hear / your playground voice catching on the wind."</li> </ol>
War Photographer by Carol Ann Duffy	The poem describes a war photographer is at home, alone in a darkroom having returned from a conflict. As he develops the photographs he thinks of all the places he has been to which had been torn apart by war, and the agony of the people in the photos. He appears frustrated that the people looking at his photos may feel sympathy for a short time, but ultimately will be unaffected and will carry on with their lives.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "spools of suffering set out in ordered rows."</li> <li>2. "beneath his hands, which did not tremble then/ though seem to now"</li> <li>3. "<b>Home again...to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,/ to fields which don't explode beneath the feet/ of running children</b>"</li> <li>4. "The reader's eyeballs prick/ with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers."</li> <li>5. "he stares impassively at where / he earns his living and they do not care."</li> </ol>
Tissue by Imtiaz Dharker	Tissue explores the varied uses of paper and how they relate to life itself. She refers to the soft thin paper of religious books, in particular the Qur'an, and other lasting uses we have for paper such as maps, receipts and architect drawings. Each of these items is connected to important aspects of life: journeys, money and home. These examples demonstrate how important but also how fragile paper is, like our lives.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "<b>Paper that lets the light /shine through, this/ is what could alter things.</b>"</li> <li>2. "Fine slips from grocery shops...might fly our lives like paper kites."</li> <li>3. "find a way to trace a grand design/ with living tissue, raise a structure / never meant to last,"</li> <li>4. "paper smoothed and stroked/ and thinned to be transparent,/ turned into your skin"</li> </ol>
The Émigrée by Carol Rumens	A displaced person pictures the country and the city where he or she was born. Rumens suggests the city and country may now be war-torn, or under the control of a dictatorial government that has banned the language the speaker once knew. Despite this, nothing shakes the light-filled impression of a perfect place that the émigrée's childhood memories have left.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "The worst news I receive of it cannot break /my original view, the bright, filled paperweight."</li> <li>2. "It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants, /but I am branded by an impression of sunlight."</li> <li>3. "The white streets of that city... glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks"</li> <li>4. "I have no passport, there's no way back at all/ but my city comes to me in its own white plane."</li> <li>5. "They accuse me of being dark in their free city. My city hides behind me."</li> </ol>
Kamikaze By Beatrice Garland	In this poem, Garland explores the testimony of the daughter of a kamikaze pilot. Unlike many of his comrades, this pilot turns back from his target and returns home and faces rejection from his family for failing to die a heroes death. The poem vividly explores the moment that the pilot's decision is made and sketches out the consequences for him over the rest of his life.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. "Her father embarked at sunrise with... enough fuel for a one-way journey into history"</li> <li>2. "but half way there... he must have looked far down/ at the little fishing boats/ strung out like bunting/ on a green-blue translucent sea."</li> <li>3. "<i>And though he came back/ my mother never spoke again in his presence,</i>"</li> <li>4. "And sometimes, she said, he must have wondered/ which had been the better way to die."</li> </ol>
Checking Out me History by John Agard	This poem draws on Agard's experience to make us look at the way history is taught. It becomes clear that Agard had to follow a history curriculum biased towards whites, especially British whites. He <b>challenges this view of history</b> and cites some major black figures to balance the bias and create a basis for his own identity.	<p>"Dem tell me/ Wha dem want to tell me"  "Bandage up me eye with me own history/ Blind me to me own identity"  "But dem never tell me bout Mary Seacole... A healing star/Among the wounded/A yellow sunrise/ To the dying"  "But now I checking out me own history/ I carving out me identity"</p>