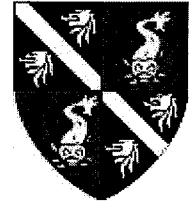


Wallasey School Review Day

Year 11 *English Work*



Unseen Poetry

The unseen poetry component of your English Literature exam uses poems you have not studied before.

The question is: **“Write about the poems and their effect on you”**

You may wish to include some or all of these points:

- *the poem’s content – what it is about;*
- *the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;*
- *the mood or atmosphere of the poem;*
- *how it is written – words or phrases you find interesting, the way the poem is structured or organised, and so on;*
- *your response to the poem.*

The question is always the same, only the poetry changes.

For the following 2 poems read, annotate and answer the above question. Try to compare the poems and look at similarities and differences if you can.

This should produce an essay of around 2/3 sides.

You may wish to make notes under each bullet point before you begin – it is very important that you answer every bullet point.

Key Words

Themes	Personification	Rhythm
Ideas	Onomatopoeia	Rhyme
Imagery	Repetition	Structure
Simile	Vocabulary	Enjambment
Metaphor		

Name _____ **Set** _____ **Teacher** _____

Poem 1:

Quieter than Snow

I went to school a day too soon
And couldn't understand
Why silence hung in the yard like sheets
Nothing to flap or spin, no creaks
Or shocks of voices, only air.

And the car park empty of teachers' cars
Only the first September leaves
Dropping like paper. No racks of bikes,
No kicking legs, no fights,
No voices, laughter, anything.

Yet the door was open. My feet
Sucked down the corridor. My reflection
Walked with me past the hall.
My classroom smelt of nothing. And the silence
Rolled like thunder in my ears.

At every desk a still child stared at me
Teachers walked through walls and back again
Cupboard doors swung open, and out crept
More silent children, and still more.

They tiptoed round me
Touched me with ice-cold hands
And opened up their mouths with laughter
That was

Quieter than snow.

BERLIE DOHERTY

Poem 2:

AUTUMN

Autumn arrives
Like an experienced robber
Grabbing the green stuff
Then cunningly covering his tracks
With a deep multitude
Of colourful distractions.
And the wind,
The wind is his accomplice
Putting an air of chaos
Into the careful diversions
So branches shake
And dead leaves are suddenly blown
In the faces of inquisitive strangers.
The theft chills the world
Changes the temper of the earth
Till the normally placid sky grows red with a quiet rage.

ALAN BOLD

