

OXFORD

INTERNATIONAL
AQA EXAMINATIONS

INTERNATIONAL GCSE

ENGLISH LITERATURE (9275)

People and places: poetry anthology



For teaching from September 2016 onwards
For exams May/June 2018 onwards
For teaching and examination outside the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland

VERSION 2

OXFORD AQA INTERNATIONAL GCSE ENGLISH LITERATURE

PEOPLE AND PLACES: POETRY ANTHOLOGY

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form (including photocopying or storing on any medium by electronic means and whether or not transiently or incidentally to some other use of this publication) without the written permission of the publisher, except in accordance with the provisions of the *Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988* or under the terms of the licence issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS

It is illegal to reproduce any part of this work in material form (including photocopying and electronic storage) except under the following circumstances:

- where you are abiding by a licence granted to your school or institution by the Copyright Licensing Agency
- where no such licence exists, or where you wish to exceed the terms of a licence, and you have gained the written permission of The Publishers Licensing Society
- where you are allowed to reproduce without permission under the provisions of Chapter 3 of the *Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988*.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders may have been unsuccessful and Oxford International AQA Examinations will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements.

If you have any queries please contact the Copyright Team, AQA, Stag Hill House, Guildford, GU2 7XJ.

Copyright © 2018 Oxford International AQA Examinations and its licensors. All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

WILLIAM BLAKE	LONDON	4
GEORGE ELIOT	IN A LONDON DRAWING ROOM	5
THOMAS HARDY	AT CASTLE BOTEREL	6
ROBERT FROST	THE ROAD NOT TAKEN	8
WILFRED OWEN	FUTILITY	9
TED HUGHES	WIND	10
SEAMUS HEANEY	STORM ON THE ISLAND	11
NORMAN MacCAIG	BELOW THE GREEN CORRIE	12
MARY OLIVER	THE JOURNEY	13
ALICE WALKER	POEM AT THIRTY-NINE	15
JO SHAPCOTT	THE GREAT STORM	17
KIM CHENG BOEY	THE PLANNERS	18
GRACE NICHOLS	HURRICANE HITS ENGLAND	19
SOPHIA DE MELLO BREYNER	HOMELAND	21
IMTIAZ DHARKAR	BLESSING	22
MARGARET ATWOOD	THE MOMENT	23
ELIZABETH BREWSTER	WHERE I COME FROM	24
OWEN SHEERS	WINTER SWANS	25
MIROSLAV HOLUB	THE DOOR	26
ESTHER MORGAN	THIS MORNING	27
	ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	28

LONDON

1 I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

5 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:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
10 Every black'ning church appalls,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
15 Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

William Blake
(1757 - 1827)

IN A LONDON DRAWING ROOM

- 1 The sky is cloudy, yellowed by the smoke.
For view there are the houses opposite.
Cutting; the sky with one long line of wall
Like solid fog: far as the eye can stretch
- 5 Monotony of surface and of form
Without a break to hang a guess upon.
No bird can make a shadow as it flies,
For all is shadow, as in ways o'erhung
By thickest canvass, where the golden rays
- 10 Are clothed in hemp. No figure lingering
Pauses to feed the hunger of the eye
Or rest a little on the lap of life.
All hurry on and look upon the ground,
Or glance unmarking at the passers by.
- 15 The wheels are hurrying too, cabs, carriages
All closed, in multiplied identity.
The world seems one huge prison-house and court
Where men are punished at the slightest cost,
With lowest rate of colour, warmth and joy.

George Eliot
(1819 - 1880)

AT CASTLE BOTEREL

1 As I drive to the junction of lane and highway,
And the drizzle bedrenches the waggonette,
I look behind at the fading byway,
And see on its slope, now glistening wet,
5 Distinctly yet

Myself and a girlish form benighted
In dry March weather. We climb the road
Beside a chaise. We had just alighted
To ease the sturdy pony's load
10 When he sighed and slowed.

What we did as we climbed, and what we talked of
Matters not much, nor to what it led, -
Something that life will not be balked of
Without rude reason till hope is dead,
15 And feeling fled.

It filled but a minute. But was there ever
A time of such quality, since or before,
In that hill's story? To one mind never,
Though it has been climbed, foot-swift, foot-sore,
20 By thousands more.

Primaeval rocks form the road's steep border,
And much have they faced there, first and last,
Of the transitory in Earth's long order;
But what they record in colour and cast
25 Is - that we two passed.

And to me, though Time's unflinching rigour,
 In mindless rote, has ruled from sight
The substance now, one phantom figure
 Remains on the slope, as when that night
30 Saw us alight.

I look and see it there, shrinking, shrinking,
 I look back at it amid the rain
For the very last time; for my sand is sinking,
 And I shall traverse old love's domain
35 Never again.

Thomas Hardy
(1840 – 1928)

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

- 1 Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
5 To where it bent in the undergrowth;
- Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
10 Had worn them really about the same,
- And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
15 I doubted if I should ever come back.
- I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less travelled by,
20 And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost
(1874 - 1963)

FUTILITY

- 1 Move him into the sun -
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields half-sown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
5 Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds -
Woke once the clays of a cold star.

- 10 Are limbs, so dear achieved, are sides
Full-nerved, still warm, too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
- O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

Wilfred Owen
(1893 - 1918)

WIND

1 This house has been far out at sea all night,
The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,
Winds stampeding the fields under the window
Floundering black astride and blinding wet

5 Till day rose; then under an orange sky
The hills had new places, and wind wielded
Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as
10 The coal-house door. Once I looked up –
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap:
15 The wind flung a magpie away and a black-
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
That any second would shatter it. Now deep
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip
20 Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,
And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,
Seeing the window tremble to come in,
Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

Ted Hughes
(1930 – 1998)

STORM ON THE ISLAND

- 1 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
(1939 - 2013)

BELOW THE GREEN CORRIE

1 The mountains gathered round me
like bandits. Their leader
swaggered up close in the dark light,
full of threats, full of thunders.

5 But it was they who stood and delivered.
They gave me their money and their lives.
They filled me with mountains and thunders.

My life was enriched
with an infusion of theirs.

10 I clambered downhill through the ugly weather.
And when I turned to look goodbye
to those marvellous prowlers
a sunshaft had pierced the clouds
and their leader,

15 that swashbuckling mountain,
was wearing
a bandolier of light.

Norman MacCaig
(1910 – 1996)

THE JOURNEY

1 One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you
kept shouting

5 their bad advice -
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old tug
at your ankles.

10 "Mend my life!"
each voice cried.
But you didn't stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though the wind pried

15 with its stiff fingers
at the very foundations -
though their melancholy
was terrible.

It was already late
20 enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you left their voices behind,

25 the stars began to burn
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice,
which you slowly
recognized as your own,

30 that kept you company

as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do
the only thing you could do -
35 determined to save
the only life you could save.

Mary Oliver
(b. 1935)

POEM AT THIRTY-NINE

1 How I miss my father.

I wish he had not been
so tired
when I was

5 born.

Writing deposit slips and checks

I think of him.
He taught me how.
This is the form,

10 he must have said:

the way it is done.

I learned to see

bits of paper
as a way

15 to escape

the life he knew
and even in high school
had a savings
account.

20 He taught me

that telling the truth
did not always mean
a beating;
though many of my truths

25 must have grieved him

before the end.

How I miss my father!

He cooked like a person
dancing
30 in a yoga meditation
and craved the voluptuous
sharing
of good food.

Now I look and cook just like him:
35 my brain light;
tossing this and that
into the pot;
seasoning none of my life
the same way twice; happy to feed
40 whoever strays my way.

He would have grown
to admire
the woman I've become:
cooking, writing, chopping wood,
45 staring into the fire.

Alice Walker
(b. 1944)

THE GREAT STORM

1 We rode it all night. We were not ourselves then.

Through the window everything was horizontal.

In cars and ships and woods, folk died.

Small trees scattered like matchsticks

5 and a whole shed flew by. The world roared.

A branch broke into the kitchen,

strewed twigs into the banging cupboard,

filled broken crocks with leaves. I heard

a tricycle roll up and down the attic as

10 the firmament streamed through smashed tiles.

I loved you but I loved the wind more,

wanted to be as horizontal as the tree tops,

to cling to the planet by my last fingernail,

singing into the rush, into the dark.

15 I didn't know then I would watch

my beloveds peel off the earth

each side of me, flying among tiles, bins,

caravans, car doors and chimney pots,

watch them turn themselves into flotsam

20 and disappear as wholly as the pier

the next morning, a Friday, mid-

October. Gone, split, vamoosed

like the fifteen million trees.

Jo Shapcott

(b. 1953)

THE PLANNERS

1 They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,
filled with permutations of possibilities.

The buildings are in alignment with the roads
which meet at desired points

5 linked by bridges all hang
in the grace of mathematics.

They build and will not stop.
Even the sea draws back
and the skies surrender.

10 They erase the flaws,
the blemishes of the past, knock off
useless blocks with dental dexterity.

All gaps are plugged
with gleaming gold.

15 The country wears perfect rows
of shining teeth.

Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis.
They have the means.

They have it all so it will not hurt,

20 so history is new again.

The piling will not stop.

The drilling goes right through
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed

25 poetry. Not a single drop
to stain the blueprint
of our past's tomorrow.

Kim Cheng Boey
(b. 1965)

HURRICANE HITS ENGLAND

1 It took a hurricane, to bring her closer
To the landscape.

Half the night she lay awake,
The howling ship of the wind,

5 Its gathering rage,
Like some dark ancestral spectre.
Fearful and reassuring.

Talk to me Huracan

Talk to me Oya

10 Talk to me Shango
And Hattie,
My sweeping, back-home cousin.

Tell me why you visit

An English coast?

15 What is the meaning
Of old tongues
Reaping havoc
In new places?

The blinding illumination,

20 Even as you short-
Circuit us
Into further darkness?

What is the meaning of trees
Falling heavy as whales
25 Their crusted roots
Their cratered graves?

O why is my heart unchained?

Tropical Oya of the Weather,
I am aligning myself to you,
30 I am following the movement of your winds,
I am riding the mystery of your storm.

Ah, sweet mystery,
Come to break the frozen lake in me,
Shaking the foundations of the very trees within me,
35 Come to let me know
That the earth is the earth is the earth.

Grace Nichols
(b. 1950)

HOMELAND

1 For a country of stone and harsh wind
For a country of bright perfect light
For the black of its earth and the white of its walls

For the silent and patient faces

5 Which poverty slowly etched
Close to the bone with the detail
Of a long irrefutable report

And for the faces like sun and wind

And for the clarity of those words

10 Always said with passion
For their colour and weight
For their clean concrete silence
From which the named things spring
For the nakedness of awed words

15 Stone river wind house
Lament day song breath
Expanse root water -
My homeland and my centre

The moon hurts me the sea weeps me

20 And exile stamps the heart of time

Sophia de Mello Breyner
(1919 - 2004)

BLESSING

1 The skin cracks like a pod.
There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,
the small splash, echo

5 in a tin mug,
the voice of a kindly god.

Sometimes, the sudden rush
of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,
silver crashes to the ground

10 and the flow has found
a roar of tongues. From the huts,
a congregation: every man woman
child for streets around
butts in, with pots,

15 brass, copper, aluminium,
plastic buckets,
frantic hands,

and naked children
screaming in the liquid sun,

20 their highlights polished to perfection,
flashing light,
as the blessing sings
over their small bones.

Imtiaz Dharkar
(b. 1954)

THE MOMENT

1 The moment when, after many years
of hard work and a long voyage
you stand in the centre of your room,
house, half-acre, square mile, island, country,
5 knowing at last how you got there,
and say, *I own this,*

is the same moment when the trees unloose
their soft arms from around you,
the birds take back their language,
10 the cliffs fissure and collapse,
the air moves back from you like a wave
and you can't breathe.

*No, they whisper. You own nothing.
You were a visitor, time after time
15 climbing the hill, planting the flag, proclaiming.
We never belonged to you.
You never found us.
It was always the other way round.*

Margaret Atwood
(b. 1939)

WHERE I COME FROM

- 1 People are made of places. They carry with them
hints of jungles or mountains, a tropic grace
or the cool eyes of sea gazers. Atmosphere of cities
how different drops from them, like the smell of smog
- 5 or the almost-not-smell of tulips in the spring,
nature tidily plotted with a guidebook;
or the smell of work, glue factories maybe,
chromium-plated offices; smell of subways
crowded at rush hours.
- 10 Where I come from, people
carry woods in their minds, acres of pine woods;
blueberry patches in the burned-out bush;
wooden farmhouses, old, in need of paint,
with yards where hens and chickens circle about,
- 15 clucking aimlessly; battered schoolhouses
behind which violets grow. Spring and winter
are the mind's chief seasons: ice and the breaking of ice.

A door in the mind blows open, and there blows
a frosty wind from fields of snow.

Elizabeth Brewster
(1922 – 2012)

WINTER SWANS

- 1 The clouds had given their all -
two days of rain and then a break
in which we walked,

the waterlogged earth
- 5 gulping for breath at our feet
as we skirted the lake, silent and apart,

until the swans came and stopped us
with a show of tipping in unison.
As if rolling weights down their bodies to their heads
- 10 they halved themselves in the dark water,
icebergs of white feather, paused before returning again
like boats righting in rough weather.

'They mate for life' you said as they left,
porcelain over the stilling water. I didn't reply
- 15 but as we moved on through the afternoon light,

slow-stepping in the lake's shingle and sand,
I noticed our hands, that had, somehow,
swum the distance between us

and folded, one over the other,
- 20 like a pair of wings settling after flight.

Owen Sheers

(b. 1974)

THE DOOR

1 Go and open the door.
Maybe outside there's
a tree, or a wood,
a garden,
5 or a magic city.

Go and open the door.
Maybe a dog's rummaging.
Maybe you'll see a face,
or an eye,
10 or the picture
of a picture.

Go and open the door.
If there's a fog
it will clear.

15 Go and open the door.
Even if there's only
the darkness ticking,
even if there's only
the hollow wind,
20 even if
nothing
is there,
go and open the door.

At least
25 there'll be
a draught.

Miroslav Holub
(1923 - 1998)

THIS MORNING

1 I watched the sun moving round the kitchen,
an early spring sun that strengthened and weakened,
coming and going like an old mind.

I watched like one bedridden for a long time
5 on their first journey back into the world
who finds it enough to be going on with:

the way the sunlight brought each possession in turn
to its attention and made of it a small still life:

the iron frying-pan gleaming on its hook like an ancient find,
10 the powdery green cheek of a bruised clementine.

Though more beautiful still was how the light moved on,
letting go each chair and coffee cup without regret

the way my grandmother, in her final year, received me:
neither surprised by my presence, nor distressed by my leaving,
15 content, though, while I was there.

Esther Morgan
(b. 1970)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

"The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost from the book THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST edited by Edward Connery Lathem. Copyright © 1916. 1969 by Henry Holt and Company. Copyright © 1944 by Robert Frost. Used by permission of Henry Holt and Company, LLC. All rights reserved.

'Wind' by Ted Hughes Faber and Faber Ltd.

Seamus Heaney, 'Storm on the Island', Faber and Faber, 1966.

Norman MacCaig, 'Below the Green Corrie' from THE COLLECTED POEMS OF NORMAN MacCAIG, Birlinn Ltd, 2009.

"The Journey" from DREAM WORK, copyright © 1986 by Mary Oliver. Used by permission of Grove/Atlantic, Inc. Any third party use of this material, outside of this publication, is prohibited.

Alice Walker, 'Poem and Thirty-Nine'. Reprinted by permission of The Joy Harris Literary Agency, Inc.

Jo Shapcott, 'The Great Storm', Faber and Faber, 1987.

Kim Cheng Boey, 'The Planners', Marshall Cavendish, publisher

Hurricane hits England by Grace Nichols from SUNRIS, Virago, 1996. Reprinted by permission of Curtis Brown Ltd. London on behalf of Grace Nichols.

Sophia de Mello Breyner, 'Homeland' from LOG BOOK: SELECTED POEMS, Carcanet Press Ltd.

Imtiaz Dharker, 'Blessing' from POSTCARDS FROM GOD (Bloodaxe Books, 1997).

Margaret Atwood, The Moment. Reproduced with permission of Curtis Brown Group Ltd, London on behalf of Margaret Atwood © Margaret Atwood 1995.

Elizabeth Brewster, 'Where I Come From', Oberon Books, 2004. By kind permission of Oberon Books Ltd.

'Winter Swans' from SKIRRID HILL by Owen Sheers. Published by Poetry Wales Press, 2005. Copyright © Owen Sheers. Reproduced by permission of the author c/o Rogers, Coleridge & White Ltd., 20 Powis Mews, London W11 1JN.

'The Door' by Miroslav Holub from POEMS BEFORE & AFTER: COLLECTED ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS, trans. Ian & Jarmila Milner et al. (Bloodaxe Books, 2006).

'This Morning' by Esther Morgan from Grace (Bloodaxe Books, 2011).

GET HELP AND SUPPORT

Visit our website for information, guidance, support and resources at oxfordaqaexams.org.uk

You can contact the English subject team directly at:

E: english@oxfordaqaexams.org.uk



OXFORD INTERNATIONAL AQA EXAMINATIONS
GREAT CLARENDON STREET, OXFORD, OX2 6DP
UNITED KINGDOM

enquiries@oxfordaqaexams.org.uk
oxfordaqaexams.org.uk

