## EASTER SCHOOL-POWER & CONFLICT POETRY

26/ Compare how poets present ideas about control I wander through each chartered street, Near where the chartered Thames does flow,	in 'London' and one other poem.
And mark in every face I meet 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.	
How the chimney-sweeper's cry Every blackening 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 Blasts the newborn infant's tear, And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.	

26/ Compare how poets present ideas about conflict in 'Bayonet Charge' and one		
Suddenly he awoke and was running – raw	Plan	
In raw-seamed hot khaki, his sweat heavy,	Powo	
Stumbling across a field of clods towards a green hedge		
That dazzled with rifle fire, hearing		
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, –		
awading the meter ham the contract me and co		
In bewilderment then he almost stopped –		
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		
Statuary in mid-stride. Then the shot-slashed furrows		
Throw up a vallow hare that rolled like a flame		
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,		
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.		

26/ Compare how poets present the power of memory in 'The Emigree' and one		
There once was a country I left it as a child	Plan	
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear	- Com	
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.		
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.		
It may by now be a lie, banned by the state		
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.		
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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,		
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.		

26/ Compare how poets present difficult experiences in 'War Photographer' and one		
In his dark room he is finally alone	Plan	
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.	Powe	
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.		
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.		
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.		
and now the blood stained into foreign dust.		
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.		