

9ET0 Paper 3 1706  
Section A Named Poems

and

Wife of Bath Extracts

## SECTION A: Post-2000 Specified Poetry

### ***When Six O’Clock Comes and Another Day Has Passed***

the baby who can not speak, speaks to me.  
When the sun has risen and set over the same dishes  
and the predicted weather is white cloud,  
the baby steadies her head which is the head of a drunk’s  
and holds me with her blue eyes, 5  
eyes which have so recently surfed through womb swell,  
and all at once we stop half-heartedly row, rowing  
our boat and see each other clear  
in the television’s orange glow. She regards me,  
the baby who does not know a television from a table lamp, 10  
the baby who is so heavy with other people’s hopes  
she has no body to call her own,  
the baby who is forever being shifted, rearranged,  
whose hands must be unfurled, and wiped with cotton wool,  
whose scalp must be combed of cradle cap, 15  
the baby who has exactly no memories  
softens her face in the early evening light and says I understand.

### **Kathryn Simmonds**

*The Visitations* (Seren Books, 2013)

*Cradle cap* – a skin condition sometimes found on babies’ scalps

### **Genetics**

My father's in my fingers, but my mother's in my palms.  
I lift them up and look at them with pleasure -  
I know my parents made me by my hands.

They may have been repelled to separate lands,  
to separate hemispheres, may sleep with other lovers, 5  
but in me they touch where fingers link to palms.

With nothing left of their togetherness but friends  
who quarry for their image by a river,  
at least I know their marriage by my hands.

I shape a chapel where a steeple stands. 10  
And when I turn it over,  
my father's by my fingers, my mother's by my palms

demure before a priest reciting psalms.  
My body is their marriage register.  
I re-enact their wedding with my hands. 15

So take me with you, take up the skin's demands  
for mirroring in bodies of the future.  
I'll bequeath my fingers, if you bequeath your palms.  
We know our parents make us by our hands.

### **Sinéad Morrissey**

*Poems Of The Decade: An Anthology of the Forward Books of Poetry* (Faber & Faber, 2011)

## Effects

I held her hand, that was always scarred  
From chopping, slicing, from the knives that lay in wait  
In bowls of washing-up, that was raw,  
The knuckles reddened, rough from scrubbing hard  
At saucepan, frying pan, cup and plate 5  
And giving love the only way she knew,  
In each cheap cut of meat, in roast and stew,  
Old-fashioned food she cooked and we ate;  
And I saw that they had taken off her rings,  
The rings she'd kept once in her dressing-table drawer 10  
With faded snapshots, long-forgotten things  
(Scent-sprays, tortoise-shell combs, a snap or two  
From the time we took a holiday 'abroad')  
But lately had never been without, as if  
She wanted everyone to know she was his wife 15  
Only now that he was dead. And her watch? -  
Classic ladies' model, gold strap - it was gone,  
And I'd never known her not to have *that* on,  
Not in all the years they sat together  
Watching soaps and game shows I'd disdain 20  
And not when my turn came to cook for her,  
Chops or chicken portions, English, bland,  
Familiar flavours she said she preferred  
To whatever 'funny foreign stuff'  
Young people seemed to eat these days, she'd heard; 25  
Not all the weeks I didn't come, when she sat  
Night after night and stared unseeing at  
The television, at her inner weather,  
Heaved herself upright, blinked and poured  
Drink after drink, and gulped and stared - the scotch 30  
That, when he was alive, she wouldn't touch,  
That was her way to be with him again;  
Not later in the psychiatric ward,  
Where she blinked unseeing at the wall, the nurses  
(Who would steal anything, she said), and dreamt 35  
Of when she was a girl, of the time before  
I was born, or grew up and learned contempt,  
While the TV in the corner blared  
To drown some 'poor soul's' moans and curses,  
And she took her pills and blinked and stared 40  
As the others shuffled round, and drooled, and swore...  
But now she lay here, a thick rubber band

With her name on it in smudged black ink was all she wore  
On the hand I held, a blotched and crinkled hand  
Whose fingers couldn't clasp mine any more 45  
Or falteringly wave, or fumble at my sleeve -  
The last words she had said were *Please don't leave*  
But of course I left; now I was back, though she  
Could not know that, or turn her face to see  
A nurse bring the little bag of her effects to me. 50

**Alan Jenkins**

*Poems Of The Decade. An Anthology of the Forward Books of Poetry* (Faber & Faber, 2011)

## Chaucer's Wife of Bath Prologue, Lines 35-58

Lo, heere the wise kyng, daun Salomon;  
 I [trowe](#) he hadde wyves mo than [oon](#)-  
 As, wolde God, it [leveful](#) were to me  
 To be refresshed half so ofte as he!  
 Which [yifte](#) of God hadde he, for alle hise wyvys!  
 40 No man hath [swich](#) that in this world alyve is.  
 God [woot](#), this noble kyng, as to my [wit](#),  
 The firste nyght had many a myrie fit  
 With [ech](#) of [hem](#), so wel was hym on lyve!  
 Yblessed be God, that I have [wedded](#) fyve;  
 45 (Of whiche I have pyked out the beste,  
 Bothe of here nether purs and of here cheste.  
 Diverse scoles maken [parfyt](#) clerkes,  
 And diverse [practyk](#) in many [sondry](#) werkes  
 Maketh the werkman parfyt [sekirly](#);  
 50 Of fyve husbondes scoleiying am I.)  
 Welcome the sixte, whan that evere he shal.  
 For sothe I wol nat kepe me [chaast](#) in al.  
 Whan myn housbonde is fro the world ygon,  
 Som Cristen man shal [wedde](#) me [anon](#).  
 55 For thanne th'apostle seith that I am free,  
 To [wedde](#), a Goddes half, where it liketh me.  
 He seith, that to be wedded is no [synne](#),  
 Bet is to be [wedded](#) than to [brynne](#).

**Chaucer's Wife of Bath Tale, Lines 796-822**

And whan I [saugh](#) he wolde nevere fyne  
 795 To reden on this cursed book al nyght,  
 Al sodeynly thre leves have I plyght  
 Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke  
 I with my fest so took hym on the cheke,  
 That in oure fyr he ril bakward adoun.  
 800 And he up-stirte as [dooth](#) a wood [leoun](#),  
 And with his fest he smoot me on the [heed](#)  
 That in the floor I lay, as I were [deed](#).  
 And whan he [saugh](#) how stille that I lay,  
 He was [agast](#), and wolde han fled his way,  
 805 Til atte laste out of my swogh I breyde.  
 'O, hastow slayn me, false theef,' I seyde,  
 'And for my land thus hastow mordred me?  
[Er](#) I be [deed](#), yet wol I kisse thee.'  
 And neer he cam and kneled faire adoun,  
 810 And seyde, 'Deere suster Alisoun,  
 As help me God, I shal thee nevere smyte.  
 That I have doon, it is thyself to wyte,  
[Foryeve](#) it me, and that I thee biseke."  
 And yet [eftsoones](#) I hitte hym on the cheke,  
 815 And seyde, 'Theef, thus muchel am I [wreke](#);  
 Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke.'  
 But atte laste, with [muchel](#) care and [wo](#),  
 We fille acorded by us selven two.  
 He yaf me al the bridel in myn hond,  
 820 To han the governance of hous and lond,  
 And of his tonge, and of his hond also,  
 And made hym brenne his book [anon](#) right tho.