

**Paper Reference(s) 9ET0/03**  
**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

**English Literature**  
**Advanced**  
**Paper 3: Poetry**

**Tuesday 9 June 2020 – Afternoon**

**Time: 2 hours 15 minutes plus your additional time allowance**

**SOURCE BOOKLET**

**DO NOT RETURN THIS  
SOURCE BOOKLET WITH THE  
QUESTION PAPER.**

**SECTION A: Post-2000 Specified Poetry****Visitor**

I find myself standing in the garden  
among familiars: pink and yellow roses;  
an anniversary birdbath now wrapped in moss;  
the stone-grey football that soaks up water  
and wheezes like an old man. On the ridged path  
loose soil shifts between my toes.

I reach over the back fence, unbolt the gate,  
sidestep the fat blackcurrant bush  
and weave through avenues of runner beans.  
In the heat of the greenhouse, time breathes  
slowly, the air heavy as tomatoes;  
the same air that hung about your hands.

I make an inventory: cracked flowerpots;  
radio components awaiting reincarnation;  
spilt seeds still clinging to dreams of geraniums.  
I close the door. The sun stays inside, dozing.  
In the shade of the laburnum your collection of rain  
is brimming again. I deliver it. It keeps returning.

**Rebecca Watts**

**From The Met Office Advises Caution, Carcanet,  
2016**

## Material

My mother was the hanky queen  
when hanky meant a thing of cloth,  
not paper tissues bought in packs  
from late-night garages and shops,  
but things for waving out of trains  
and mopping the corners of your grief:  
when hankies were material  
she'd have one, always, up her sleeve.

Tucked in the wrist of every cardie,  
a mum's embarrassment of lace  
embroidered with a V for Viv,  
spittled and scrubbed against my face.  
And sometimes more than one fell out  
as if she had a farm up there  
where dried-up hankies fell in love  
and mated, raising little squares.

She bought her own; I never did.  
Hankies were presents from distant aunts  
in boxed sets, with transparent covers  
and script initials spelling **ponce**,  
the naffest Christmas gift you'd get —  
my brothers too, more often than not,  
got male ones: serious, and grey,  
and larger, like they had more snot.

(continued on the next page)

It was hankies that closed department stores,  
with headscarves, girdles, knitting wool  
and trouser presses; homely props  
you'd never find today in malls.

Hankies, which demanded irons,  
and boiling to be purified  
shuttered the doors of family stores  
when those who used to buy them died.

And somehow, with the hanky's loss,  
greengrocer George with his dodgy foot  
delivering veg from a Comma van  
is history, and the friendly butcher  
who'd slip an extra sausage in,  
the fishmonger whose marble slab  
of haddock smoked the colour of yolks  
and parcelled rows of local crab

lay opposite the dancing school  
where Mrs White, with painted talons,  
taught us **When You're Smiling** from  
a stumbling, out of tune piano:  
step-together, step-together, step-together,  
point! The Annual Talent Show  
when every mother, fencing tears,  
would whip a hanky from their sleeve  
and smudge the rouge from little dears.

(continued on the next page)

Nostalgia only makes me old.  
The innocence I want my brood  
to cling on to like ten-bob notes  
was killed in TV's lassitude.  
And it was me that turned it on  
to buy some time to write this poem  
and eat bought biscuits I would bake  
if I'd commit to being home.

There's never a hanky up my sleeve.  
I raised neglected-looking kids,  
the kind whose noses strangers clean.  
What awkwardness in me forbids  
me to keep tissues in my bag  
when handy packs are 50p?  
I miss material handkerchiefs,  
their soft and hidden history.

But it isn't mine. I'll let it go.  
My mother too, eventually,  
who died not leaving handkerchiefs  
but tissues and uncertainty:  
and she would say, should I complain  
of the scratchy and disposable,  
that this is your material  
to do with, daughter, what you will.

Ros Barber

from **Poems of the Decade: An Anthology of the  
Forward Books of Poetry** (Forward Ltd/Faber & Faber,  
2011)

## Chainsaw Versus the Pampas Grass

It seemed an unlikely match. All winter unplugged,  
grinding its teeth in a plastic sleeve, the chainsaw swung  
nose-down from a hook in the darkroom  
under the hatch in the floor. When offered the can  
it knocked back a quarter-pint of engine oil  
and juices ran from its joints and threads,  
oozed across the guide-bar and the maker's name,  
into the dry links.

From the summerhouse, still holding one last gulp  
of last year's heat behind its double doors, and hung  
with the weightless wreckage of wasps and flies,  
mothballed in spider's wool...

from there, I trailed the day-glo orange power line  
the length of the lawn and the garden path,  
fed it out like powder from a keg, then walked  
back to the socket and flicked the switch, then walked again  
and coupled the saw to the flex – clipped them together.  
Then dropped the safety catch and gunned the trigger.

No gearing up or getting to speed, just an instant rage,  
the rush of metal lashing out at air, connected to the main.  
The chainsaw with its perfect disregard, its mood  
to tangle with cloth, or jewellery, or hair.  
The chainsaw with its bloody desire, its sweet tooth  
for the flesh of the face and the bones underneath,  
its grand plan to kick back against nail or knot

(continued on the next page)

and rear up into the brain.

I let it flare, lifted it into the sun

and felt the hundred beats per second drumming in its heart,  
and felt the drive-wheel gargle in its throat.

The pampas grass with its ludicrous feathers  
and plumes. The pampas grass, taking the warmth and light  
from cuttings and bulbs, sunning itself,  
stealing the show with its footstools, cushions and tufts  
and its twelve-foot spears.

This was the sledgehammer taken to crack the nut.

Probably all that was needed here was a good pull or shove  
or a pitchfork to lever it out at its base.

Overkill. I touched the blur of the blade  
against the nearest tip of a reed – it didn't exist.

I dabbed at a stalk that swooned, docked a couple of heads,  
dismissed the top third of its canes with a sideways sweep  
at shoulder height – this was a game.

I lifted the fringe of undergrowth, carved at the trunk –  
plant-juice spat from the pipes and tubes  
and dust flew out as I ripped into pockets of dark, secret  
warmth.

To clear a space to work

I raked whatever was severed or felled or torn  
towards the dead zone under the outhouse wall, to be fired.  
Then cut and raked, cut and raked, till what was left  
was a flat stump the size of a manhole cover or barrel lid

(continued on the next page)

that wouldn't be dug with a spade or prized from the earth.  
 Wanting to finish things off I took up the saw  
 and drove it vertically downwards into the upper roots,  
 but the blade became choked with soil or fouled with weeds,  
 or what was sliced or split somehow closed and mended  
 behind,  
 like cutting at water or air with a knife.  
 I poured barbecue fluid into the patch  
 and threw in a match – it flamed for a minute, smoked  
 for a minute more, and went out. I left it at that.

In the weeks that came new shoots like asparagus tips  
 sprang up from its nest and by June  
 it was riding high in its saddle, wearing a new crown.  
 Corn in Egypt. I looked on  
 from the upstairs window like the midday moon.  
 Back below stairs on its hook, the chainsaw seethed.  
 I left it a year, to work back through its man-made dreams,  
 to try to forget.  
 The seamless urge to persist was as far as it got.

**Simon Armitage**

from **Poems of the Decade: An Anthology of the  
 Forward Books of Poetry** (Forward Ltd/Faber & Faber,  
 2011)



**Post-2000 Specified Poetry: answer question 1 or 2**

<b>Poems of the Decade: An anthology of the Forward books of poetry 2002–2011</b> <b>(Faber and Faber, 2015) ISBN 978-0571325405 / ISBN 978-0571281732</b>			
Poem title	Poet	Pages	
		New Edition	Old Edition
<b>Eat Me</b>	<b>Patience Agbabi</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Chainsaw Versus the Pampas Grass</b>	<b>Simon Armitage</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Material</b>	<b>Ros Barber</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>History</b>	<b>John Burnside</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>An Easy Passage</b>	<b>Julia Copus</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>The Deliverer</b>	<b>Tishani Doshi</b>	<b>43</b>	<b>53</b>
<b>The Lammas Hireling</b>	<b>Ian Duhig</b>	<b>51</b>	<b>61</b>
<b>To My Nine-Year-Old Self</b>	<b>Helen Dunmore</b>	<b>52</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>A Minor Role</b>	<b>U A Fanthorpe</b>	<b>57</b>	<b>67</b>
<b>The Gun</b>	<b>Vicki Feaver</b>	<b>62</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>The Furthest Distances I've Travelled</b>	<b>Leontia Flynn</b>	<b>64</b>	<b>74</b>
<b>Giuseppe</b>	<b>Roderick Ford</b>	<b>66</b>	<b>76</b>
<b>Out of the Bag</b>	<b>Seamus Heaney</b>	<b>81</b>	<b>91</b>
<b>Effects</b>	<b>Alan Jenkins</b>	<b>92</b>	<b>102</b>

<b>Genetics</b>	<b>Sinéad Morrissey</b>	<b>125</b>	<b>135</b>
<b>From the Journal of a Disappointed Man</b>	<b>Andrew Motion</b>	<b>127</b>	<b>137</b>
<b>Look We Have Coming to Dover!</b>	<b>Daljit Nagra</b>	<b>129</b>	<b>139</b>
<b>Please Hold</b>	<b>Ciaran O'Driscoll</b>	<b>132</b>	<b>142</b>
<b>On Her Blindness</b>	<b>Adam Thorpe</b>	<b>170</b>	<b>180</b>
<b>Ode on a Grayson Perry Urn</b>	<b>Tim Turnbull</b>	<b>172</b>	<b>182</b>

**SECTION B: Specified Poetry Pre- or Post-1900****Pre-1900 – The Medieval Period****Medieval Poetic Drama: answer question 3 or 4**

<b>Everyman and Medieval Miracle Plays, editor A C Cawley (Everyman, 1993) ISBN 9780460872805</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>Noah's Flood (Chester)</b>	<b>Anon</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>The Second Shepherds' Pageant (Wakefield)</b>		<b>75</b>
<b>The Crucifixion (York)</b>		<b>137</b>

<b>English Mystery Plays: A Selection, editor Peter Happe (Penguin Classics, 1975) ISBN 9780140430936</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>Noah (Chester)</b>	<b>Anon</b>	<b>118</b>
<b>The Second Shepherds' Play</b>		<b>265</b>
<b>The Crucifixion</b>		<b>525</b>

**Medieval Poet – Geoffrey Chaucer: answer question 5 or 6**

**The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale, editor  
James Winny (Cambridge, 2016) ISBN 9781316615607**

Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Wife of Bath's Prologue	Geoffrey Chaucer	38
The Wife of Bath's Tale		64

## Pre-1900 – Metaphysical Poetry

The Metaphysical Poets: answer question 7 or 8

<b>Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow</b> <b>(Penguin, 2006) ISBN 9780140424447</b>		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Flea	John Donne	4
The Good Morrow		5
Song ('Go and catch a falling star')		6
Woman's Constancy		7
The Sun Rising		8
A Valediction of Weeping		19
A Nocturnal Upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day		21
The Apparition		22
Elegy: To his Mistress Going to Bed		29
'At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners'		31
'Death be not Proud'		32
'Batter My Heart'		33
A Hymn to God the Father		36

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

<b>Redemption</b>	<b>George Herbert</b>	<b>67</b>
<b>The Collar</b>		<b>78</b>
<b>The Pulley</b>		<b>79</b>
<b>Love III</b>		<b>87</b>
<b>To My Mistress Sitting by a River's Side: An Eddy</b>	<b>Thomas Carew</b>	<b>89</b>
<b>To a Lady that Desired I Would Love Her</b>		<b>95</b>
<b>A Song ('Ask me no more where Jove bestows')</b>		<b>98</b>
<b>A Letter to her Husband, Absent upon Public Engagement</b>	<b>Anne Bradstreet</b>	<b>135</b>
<b>Song: To Lucasta, Going to the Wars</b>	<b>Richard Lovelace</b>	<b>182</b>
<b>The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn</b>	<b>Andrew Marvell</b>	<b>195</b>
<b>To His Coy Mistress</b>		<b>198</b>
<b>The Definition of Love</b>		<b>201</b>
<b>Unprofitableness</b>	<b>Henry Vaughan</b>	<b>219</b>
<b>The World</b>		<b>220</b>
<b>To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship</b>	<b>Katherine Philips</b>	<b>240</b>
<b>A Dialogue of Friendship Multiplied</b>		<b>241</b>
<b>Orinda to Lucasia</b>		<b>242</b>

## Metaphysical Poet – John Donne: answer question 9 or 10

<b>John Donne Selected Poems (Penguin Classics, 2006) ISBN 9780140424409</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>The Good Morrow</b>	<b>John Donne</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Song ('Go and catch a falling star')</b>		<b>3</b>
<b>Woman's Constancy</b>		<b>4</b>
<b>The Sun Rising</b>		<b>6</b>
<b>The Canonization</b>		<b>9</b>
<b>Song ('Sweetest love I do not go')</b>		<b>12</b>
<b>Air and Angels</b>		<b>15</b>
<b>The Anniversary</b>		<b>17</b>
<b>Twicknam Garden</b>		<b>20</b>
<b>Love's Growth</b>		<b>24</b>
<b>A Valediction of Weeping</b>		<b>28</b>
<b>Love's Alchemy</b>		<b>29</b>
<b>The Flea</b>		<b>30</b>
<b>A Nocturnal upon St Lucy's Day, Being the Shortest Day</b>		<b>33</b>
<b>The Apparition</b>		<b>36</b>
<b>A Valediction Forbidding Mourning</b>		<b>37</b>
<b>The Ecstasy</b>		<b>39</b>
<b>The Funeral</b>		<b>45</b>

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

<b>The Relic</b>	<b>John Donne</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>Elegy: To His Mistress Going to Bed</b>		<b>80</b>
<b>Holy Sonnet I ('Thou hast made me')</b>		<b>177</b>
<b>Holy Sonnet V ('I am a little world')</b>		<b>179</b>
<b>Holy Sonnet VI ('This is my play's last scene')</b>		<b>179</b>
<b>Holy Sonnet VII ('At the round earth's imagined corners')</b>		<b>180</b>
<b>Holy Sonnet X ('Death be not proud')</b>		<b>181</b>
<b>Holy Sonnet XI ('Spit in my face, you Jews')</b>		<b>182</b>
<b>Holy Sonnet XIV ('Batter my heart')</b>		<b>183</b>
<b>Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward</b>		<b>190</b>
<b>Hymn to God my God, in My Sickness</b>		<b>195</b>
<b>A Hymn to God the Father</b>		<b>197</b>



## Pre-1900 – The Romantic Period

The Romantics: answer question 11 or 12

<b>English Romantic Verse, editor David Wright (Penguin Classics, 1973) ISBN 9780140421026</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>Songs of Innocence: Holy Thursday</b>	<b>William Blake</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>Songs of Experience: Holy Thursday</b>		<b>73</b>
<b>Songs of Experience: The Sick Rose</b>		<b>73</b>
<b>Songs of Experience: The Tyger</b>		<b>74</b>
<b>Songs of Experience: London</b>		<b>75</b>
<b>Lines Written in Early Spring</b>	<b>William Wordsworth</b>	<b>108</b>
<b>Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey</b>		<b>109</b>
<b>Ode: Intimations of Immortality</b>		<b>133</b>
<b>Lines Inscribed upon a Cup Formed from a Skull</b>	<b>George Gordon, Lord Byron</b>	<b>211</b>
<b>So We'll Go no more A Roving</b>		<b>213</b>
<b>On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year</b>		<b>232</b>

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

<b>The cold earth slept below</b>	<b>Percy Bysshe Shelley</b>	<b>242</b>
<b>Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples</b>		<b>243</b>
<b>Ode to the West Wind</b>		<b>246</b>
<b>The Question</b>		<b>249</b>
<b>Ode to a Nightingale</b>	<b>John Keats</b>	<b>276</b>
<b>Ode on a Grecian Urn</b>		<b>279</b>
<b>Ode on Melancholy</b>		<b>283</b>
<b>Sonnet on the Sea</b>		<b>287</b>

## Romantic Poet – John Keats: answer question 13 or 14

<b>Selected Poems: John Keats, editor John Barnard (Penguin Classics, 2007) ISBN 9780140424478</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>‘O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell’</b>	<b>John Keats</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer</b>		<b>12</b>
<b>On the Sea</b>		<b>35</b>
<b>‘In drear-nighted December’</b>		<b>97</b>
<b>On Sitting Down to Read King Lear Once Again</b>		<b>99</b>
<b>‘When I have fears that I may cease to be’</b>		<b>100</b>
<b>The Eve of St Agnes</b>		<b>165</b>
<b>To Sleep</b>		<b>186</b>
<b>Ode to Psyche</b>		<b>187</b>
<b>Ode on a Grecian Urn</b>		<b>191</b>
<b>Ode to a Nightingale</b>		<b>193</b>
<b>Ode on Melancholy</b>		<b>195</b>
<b>‘Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art’</b>		<b>219</b>
<b>To Autumn</b>		<b>219</b>

## Pre-1900 – The Victorian Period

The Victorians: answer question 15 or 16

<b>The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, editor Christopher Ricks (OUP, 2008) ISBN 9780199556311</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>From In Memoriam: VII ‘Dark house, by which once more I stand’</b>	<b>Alfred Tennyson</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>From In Memoriam: XCV ‘By night we linger’d on the lawn’</b>		<b>28</b>
<b>From Maud: I xi ‘O let the solid ground’</b>		<b>37</b>
<b>From Maud: I xviii ‘I have led her home, my love, my only friend’</b>		<b>38</b>
<b>From Maud: I xxii ‘Come into the garden, Maud’</b>		<b>40</b>
<b>From Maud: II iv ‘O that ’twere possible’</b>		<b>43</b>
<b>The Visionary</b>	<b>Charlotte Brontë and Emily Brontë</b>	<b>61</b>

<b>Grief</b>	<b>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</b>	<b>101</b>
<b>From Sonnets from the Portuguese XXIV: ‘Let the world’s sharpness, like a closing knife’</b>		<b>102</b>
<b>The Best Thing in the World</b>		<b>115</b>
<b>‘Died...’</b>		<b>116</b>
<b>My Last Duchess</b>	<b>Robert Browning</b>	<b>117</b>
<b>Home-Thoughts, from Abroad</b>		<b>124</b>
<b>Meeting at Night</b>		<b>125</b>
<b>Love in a Life</b>		<b>134</b>
<b>‘The Autumn day its course has run– the Autumn evening falls’</b>	<b>Charlotte Brontë</b>	<b>213</b>
<b>‘The house was still–the room was still’</b>		<b>214</b>
<b>‘I now had only to retrace’</b>		<b>214</b>
<b>‘The Nurse believed the sick man slept’</b>		<b>215</b>
<b>Stanzas – [‘Often rebuked, yet always back returning’]</b>	<b>Charlotte Brontë (perhaps by Emily Brontë)</b>	<b>215</b>

<b>Remember</b>	<b>Christina Rossetti</b>	<b>278</b>
<b>Echo</b>		<b>278</b>
<b>May</b>		<b>280</b>
<b>A Birthday</b>		<b>280</b>
<b>Somewhere or Other</b>		<b>297</b>
<b>At an Inn</b>	<b>Thomas Hardy</b>	<b>465</b>
<b>‘I Look into My Glass’</b>		<b>466</b>
<b>Drummer Hodge</b>		<b>467</b>
<b>A Wife in London</b>		<b>467</b>
<b>The Darkling Thrush</b>		<b>468</b>

## Victorian Poet – Christina Rossetti: answer question 17 or 18

<b>Christina Rossetti Selected Poems, editor Dinah Roe (Penguin, 2008) ISBN 9780140424690</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>Some ladies dress in muslin full and white</b>	<b>Christina Rossetti</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Remember</b>		<b>16</b>
<b>The World</b>		<b>26</b>
<b>Echo</b>		<b>30</b>
<b>May</b>		<b>33</b>
<b>A Birthday</b>		<b>52</b>
<b>An Apple-Gathering</b>		<b>53</b>
<b>Maude Clare</b>		<b>55</b>
<b>At Home</b>		<b>57</b>
<b>Up-Hill</b>		<b>58</b>
<b>Goblin Market</b>		<b>67</b>
<b>What Would I Give?</b>		<b>88</b>
<b>Twice</b>		<b>89</b>
<b>Memory</b>		<b>112</b>
<b>A Christmas Carol</b>		<b>134</b>
<b>Passing and Glassing</b>		<b>156</b>
<b>Piteous my rhyme is</b>		<b>179</b>

<b>'A Helpmeet for Him'</b>	<b>Christina Rossetti</b>	<b>182</b>
<b>As froth on the face of the deep</b>		<b>184</b>
<b>Our Mothers, lovely women pitiful</b>		<b>190</b>
<b>Babylon the Great</b>		<b>191</b>



## Post-1900 – The Modernist Period

Modernism: answer question 19 or 20

<b>The Great Modern Poets, editor Michael Schmidt (Quercus, 2014) ISBN 9781848668669</b>		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Runaway	Robert Frost	30
Mending Wall		30
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening		32
Mowing		32
The Road Not Taken		32
Out, Out		33
The Red Wheelbarrow	William Carlos Williams	46
This is just to say		46
Landscape with the Fall of Icarus		46
The Hunters in the Snow		47
The Great Figure		47
Snake	D H Lawrence	50
To a Snail	Marianne Moore	64
What Are Years?		64

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

<b>La Figlia Che Piange</b>	<b>T S Eliot</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock</b>		<b>68</b>
<b>Time does not bring relief; you all have lied...</b>	<b>Edna St Vincent Millay</b>	<b>78</b>
<b>Recuerdo</b>		<b>78</b>
<b>Wild Swans</b>		<b>79</b>
<b>The Fawn</b>		<b>79</b>
<b>in Just</b>	<b>e e cumming</b>	<b>86</b>
<b>what if a much of a which of a wind</b>		<b>86</b>
<b>pity this busy monster, manunkind</b>		<b>87</b>
<b>Stop all the Clocks</b>	<b>W H Auden</b>	<b>114</b>
<b>Lullaby</b>		<b>114</b>
<b>Musée des Beaux Arts</b>		<b>115</b>
<b>The Shield of Achilles</b>		<b>116</b>

# Modernist Poet – T S Eliot: answer question 21 or 22

<b>T S Eliot: Selected Poems (Faber, 2009)</b> <b>ISBN 9780571247059</b>		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock	T S Eliot	3
Portrait of a Lady		8
Preludes		13
Rhapsody on a Windy Night		16
Gerontion		21
Sweeney Erect		26
Whispers of Immortality		32
The Waste Land		
I. The Burial of the Dead		41
II. A Game of Chess		44
III. The Fire Sermon		48
IV. Death by Water		53
V. What the Thunder said		54
The Hollow Men		65
Ash-Wednesday		71
Ariel Poems:		
Journey of the Magi (1927)		87

## Post-1900 – The Movement

The Movement: answer question 23 or 24

<b>The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse, editor Philip Larkin with foreword by A Motion (OUP, 1973) ISBN 9780198121374</b>		
Poem title	Poet	Page number
Hospital for Defectives	Thomas Blackburn	484
Felo De Se		485
Horror Comic	Robert Conquest	496
Man and Woman		497
Toads	Philip Larkin	537
Coming		538
At Grass		538
Take One Home for the Kiddies		539
Nothing to be Said		540
The Whitsun Weddings		540
Apology for Understatement	John Wain	555
Au Jardin des Plantes		556
A Song about Major Eatherly		557
Brooklyn Heights		562

(continued on the next page)

Turn over

<b>Delay</b>	<b>Elizabeth Jennings</b>	<b>563</b>
<b>Song at the Beginning of Autumn</b>		<b>563</b>
<b>Answers</b>		<b>564</b>
<b>The Young Ones</b>		<b>564</b>
<b>One Flesh</b>		<b>565</b>
<b>Photograph of Haymaker 1890</b>	<b>Molly Holden</b>	<b>569</b>
<b>Giant Decorative Dahlias</b>		<b>570</b>
<b>Metamorphosis</b>	<b>Peter Porter</b>	<b>584</b>
<b>London is full of chickens on electric spits</b>		<b>585</b>
<b>Your Attention Please</b>		<b>585</b>
<b>Warning</b>	<b>Jenny Joseph</b>	<b>609</b>
<b>The Miner's Helmet</b>	<b>George Macbeth</b>	<b>610</b>
<b>The Wasps' Nest</b>		<b>611</b>
<b>When I am Dead</b>		<b>611</b>
<b>Story of a Hotel Room</b>	<b>Rosemary Tonks</b>	<b>617</b>
<b>Farewell to Kurdistan</b>		<b>617</b>

**The Movement Poet – Philip Larkin: answer  
question 25 or 26**

<b>Philip Larkin: The Less Deceived (Faber, 2011) ISBN 9780571260126</b>		
<b>Poem title</b>	<b>Poet</b>	<b>Page number</b>
<b>Lines On A Young Lady's Photograph Album</b>	<b>Philip Larkin</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Wedding-Wind</b>		<b>3</b>
<b>Places, Loved Ones</b>		<b>4</b>
<b>Coming</b>		<b>5</b>
<b>Reasons for Attendance</b>		<b>6</b>
<b>Dry-Point</b>		<b>7</b>
<b>Next, Please</b>		<b>8</b>
<b>Going</b>		<b>9</b>
<b>Wants</b>		<b>10</b>
<b>Maiden Name</b>		<b>11</b>
<b>Born Yesterday</b>		<b>12</b>
<b>Whatever Happened?</b>		<b>13</b>
<b>No Road</b>		<b>14</b>
<b>Wires</b>		<b>15</b>
<b>Church Going</b>		<b>16</b>
<b>Age</b>		<b>18</b>

**(continued on the next page)**

**Turn over**

Myxomatosis	Philip Larkin	19
Toads		20
Poetry Of Departures		22
Triple Time		23
Spring		24
Deceptions		25
I Remember, I Remember		26
Absences		28
Latest Face		29
If, My Darling		30
Skin		31
Arrivals, Departures		32
At Grass		33

**SOURCE INFORMATION: SECTION A**

**Visitor by Rebecca Watts from The Met Office  
Advises Caution, Carcanet Press Ltd, 2016**

**Material and Chainsaw Versus the Pampas  
Grass from Poems of the Decade: An Anthology  
of the Forward Books of Poetry (Forward Ltd/Faber  
& Faber, 2011)**

**Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders  
to obtain their permission for the use of copyright  
material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy  
to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such  
rectifications in future editions.**