

# Poetry Anthology Supplement

The Pearson Edexcel GCSE (9-1) English Literature  
Poetry Anthology Supplement

Collection D - Belonging



**Belonging Cluster Booklet to be added to GCSE (9-1) English Literature Poetry Anthology. Acknowledgements prepared on 11th June 2019. Amended 14th June 2019.**

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# Pearson Edexcel GCSE (9-1) English Literature Poetry Anthology Supplement

The Pearson Edexcel (9-1) English Literature Poetry Anthology Supplement should be used to prepare students for assessment in:

Component 2 (1ET0/02) of the Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9-1) in English Literature

# Belonging

<b>To My Sister (1798)</b> William Wordsworth	5	<b>We Refugees (2000)</b> Benjamin Zephaniah	15
<b>Sunday Dip (1800s)</b> John Clare	6	<b>Us (2018)</b> Zaffar Kunial	16
<b>Mild the Mist Upon the Hill (1839)</b> Emily Brontë	7	<b>In Wales, Wanting to be Italian (2014)</b> Imtiaz Dharker	17
<b>Captain Cook (To My Brother)</b> (c.1820) Letitia Elizabeth Landon	8	<b>Kumukanda (2017)</b> Kayo Chingonyi	18
<b>Clear and Gentle Stream (1873)</b> Robert Bridges	10	<b>Jamaican British (2018)</b> Raymond Antrobus	19
<b>I Remember, I Remember (1914)</b> Thomas Hood	11	<b>My Mother's Kitchen (2004)</b> Choman Hardi	20
<b>Island Man (1984)</b> Grace Nicholls	12	<b>The Émigrée (1993)</b> Carol Rumens	21
<b>Peckham Rye Lane (2007)</b> Amy Blakemore	13		



## To My Sister

It is the first mild day of March:  
Each minute sweeter than before  
The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door.

5 There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)  
10 Now that our morning meal is done,  
Make haste, your morning task resign;  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you—and, pray,  
Put on with speed your woodland dress;  
15 And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
Our living calendar:  
We from to-day, my Friend, will date  
20 The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth:  
—It is the hour of feeling.

25 One moment now may give us more  
Than years of toiling reason:  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
30 Which they shall long obey:  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
35 We'll frame the measure of our souls:  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress;  
And bring no book: for this one day  
40 We'll give to idleness.

*William Wordsworth (1798)*

# Belonging

## Sunday Dip

The morning road is thronged with merry boys  
Who seek the water for their Sunday joys;  
They run to seek the shallow pit, and wade  
And dance about the water in the shade.  
5 The boldest ventures first and dashes in,  
And others go and follow to the chin,  
And duck about, and try to lose their fears,  
And laugh to hear the thunder in their ears.  
They bundle up the rushes for a boat  
10 And try across the deepest place to float:  
Beneath the willow trees they ride and stoop-  
The awkward load will scarcely bear them up.  
Without their aid the others float away,  
And play about the water half the day.

*John Clare (1800s)*

## Mild the mist upon the hill

Mild the mist upon the hill  
Telling not of storms to-morrow;  
No, the day has wept its fill,  
Spent its store of silent sorrow.

5 Oh, I'm gone back to the days of youth,  
I am a child once more,  
And 'neath my father's sheltering roof,  
And near the old hall door

I watch this cloudy evening fall  
10 After a day of rain:  
Blue mists, sweet mists of summer pall  
The horizon's mountain-chain.

The damp stands in the long, green grass  
As thick as morning's tears;  
15 And dreamy scents of fragrance pass  
That breathe of other years.

*Emily Brontë (1839)*

## Captain Cook (To My Brother)

Do you recall the fancies of many years ago,  
When the pulse danced those light measure that again it cannot know!  
Ah! We both of us are alter'd, and now we talk no more  
Of all the old creations that haunted us of yore.

- 5 Then any favourite volume was a mine of long delight,  
From whence we took our future, to fashion as we might,  
We liv'd again its pages, we were its chiefs and kings,  
As actual, but more pleasant, than what the day now brings.

- It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,  
10 When home you brought his Voyages who found the Fair South Seas.  
We read it till the sunset amid the boughs grew dim;  
All other favourite heroes were nothing beside him.

- For weeks he was our idol, we sail'd with him at sea,  
And the pond amid the willows the ocean seem'd to be.  
15 The water-lilies growing beneath the morning smile,  
We called the South Sea islands, each flower a different isle.

- No golden lot that fortune could draw for human life,  
To us seemed like a sailor's, mid the storm and strife.  
Our talk was of fair vessels that swept before the breeze,  
20 And new discover'd countries amid the Southern seas.

Within that lonely garden what happy hours went by,  
While we fancied that around us spread foreign sea and sky.  
Ah! the dreaming and the distant no longer haunt the mind;  
We leave in leaving childhood, life's fairy land behind.





# *Belonging*

25 There is not of that garden a single tree or flower;  
They have plough'd its long green grasses and cut down the lime-tree bower,  
Where are the Guelder roses, whose silver used to bring, With the gold of the  
laburnums, their tribute to the Spring.

They have vanish'd with the childhood that with their treasures play'd; The  
30 life that cometh after, dwells in a darker shade.

Yet the name of that sea-captain, it cannot but recall  
How much we lov'd his dangers, and we mourn'd his fall.

*Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1800s)*



# Belonging

## Clear and Gentle Stream

Clear and gentle stream!  
Known and loved so long,  
That hast heard the song,  
And the idle dream  
5 Of my boyish day;  
While I once again  
Down thy margin stray,  
In the selfsame strain  
Still my voice is spent,  
10 With my old lament,  
And my idle dream,  
Clear and gentle stream!

Where my old seat was  
Here again I sit,  
15 Where the long boughs knit  
Over stream and grass  
A translucent eaves:  
Where back eddies play  
Shipwreck with the leaves,  
20 And the proud swans stray,  
Sailing one by one  
Out of stream and sun,  
And the fish lie cool  
In their chosen pool.

25 Many an afternoon  
Of the summer day  
Dreaming here I lay;  
And I know how soon,  
Idly at its hour,  
30 First the deep bell hums  
From the minster tower,  
And then evening comes,  
Creeping up the glade,  
With her lengthening shade,  
35 And the tardy boon,  
Of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream!  
Ere again I go  
Where thou dost not flow,  
40 Well does it beseem  
Thee to hear again  
Once my youthful song,  
That familiar strain  
Silent now so long :  
45 Be as I content  
With my old lament,  
And my idle dream,  
Clear and gentle stream!

*Robert Bridges (c.1873)*

## I Remember, I Remember

I remember, I remember,  
50 The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
55 But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,  
The roses, red and white,  
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,  
60 Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,  
— The tree is living yet!

65 I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
70 That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,  
The fir trees dark and high;  
75 I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heav'n  
80 Than when I was a boy.

*Thomas Hood (1914)*

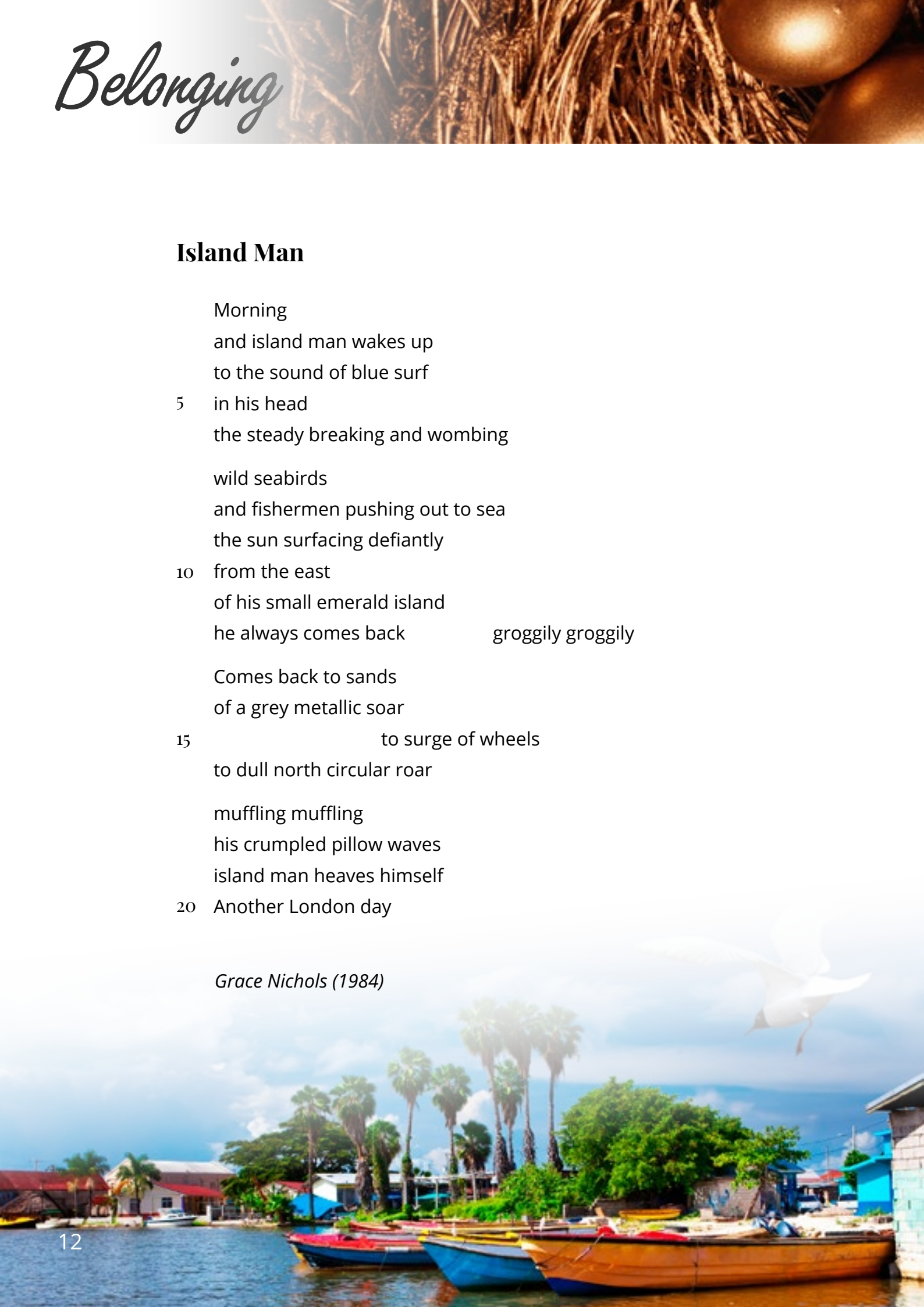


# Belonging

## Island Man

Morning  
and island man wakes up  
to the sound of blue surf  
5 in his head  
the steady breaking and wombing  
wild seabirds  
and fishermen pushing out to sea  
the sun surfacing defiantly  
10 from the east  
of his small emerald island  
he always comes back                   groggily groggily  
Comes back to sands  
of a grey metallic soar  
15   to surge of wheels  
to dull north circular roar  
muffling muffling  
his crumpled pillow waves  
island man heaves himself  
20 Another London day

*Grace Nichols (1984)*





## Peckham Rye Lane

The sun, today –  
it leaks desperation,  
Gunmetal droplets of perspiration  
gather.

5 I take the bus – through Peckham.

Knickers lie flaccid  
in Primark.

Like salted jellyfish – tentacle pink,  
grandmother mauve

10 briny in £2 racks of rainbow.

Peckham Rye lane is tight  
as damp and crammed as a coconut shell

afro combs and mobile phones in the  
white heat –

15 punctuated cornrows and seed beads,  
cornflower scrunchies, liquorice weaves.

# Belonging

The delicate babies in KFC,  
children, plaid-dressed children,  
wailing, clutching drumsticks like  
20 weapons.

Underfoot  
the pavement is a gruesome meat,  
each person is a sturdy hairbrush bristle  
on its surface.  
25 Angels gaze from the treetops  
like William Blake  
and radiate  
comfort.

*Amy Blakemore (2007)*

## We Refugees

- I come from a musical place  
Where they shoot me for my song And  
my brother has been tortured  
By my brother in my land.
- 5 I come from a beautiful place  
Where they hate my shade of skin  
They don't like the way I pray  
And they ban free poetry.
- I come from a beautiful place  
10 Where girls cannot go to school  
There you are told what to believe  
And even young boys must grow beards.
- I come from a great old forest  
I think it is now a field  
15 And the people I once knew  
Are not there now.
- We can all be refugees  
Nobody is safe,  
All it takes is a mad leader  
20 Or no rain to bring forth food,  
We can all be refugees  
We can all be told to go,  
We can be hated by someone  
For being someone.
- 25 I come from a beautiful place  
Where the valley floods each year  
And each year the hurricane tells us  
That we must keep moving on.
- I come from an ancient place  
30 All my family were born there  
And I would like to go there  
But I really want to live.
- I come from a sunny, sandy place  
Where tourists go to darken skin  
35 And dealers like to sell guns there  
I just can't tell you what's the price.
- I am told I have no country now  
I am told I am a lie  
I am told that modern history books  
40 May forget my name.
- We can all be refugees  
Sometimes it only takes a day,  
Sometimes it only takes a handshake  
Or a paper that is signed.
- 45 We all came from refugees  
Nobody simply just appeared,  
Nobody's here without a struggle,  
And why should we live in fear  
Of the weather or the troubles?  
50 We all came here from somewhere.

*Benjamin Zephaniah (2000)*



# Belonging

## US

If you ask me, *us* takes in *undulations* –  
each wave in the sea, all insides compressed –  
as if, from one coast, you could reach out to  
the next; and maybe it's a Midlands thing  
5 but when I was young, *us* equally meant *me*,  
says the one, 'Oi, you, tell us where yer from';  
and the way supporters share the one fate –  
I, being one, am *Liverpool* no less –  
cresting the Mexican wave of *we* or *us*,  
10 a shore-like state, two places at once, God  
knows what's in it; and, at opposite ends  
my heart's sunk at separations of us.  
When it comes to us, colour me unsure.  
Something in me, or it, has failed the course.  
15 I'd love to think I could stretch to it – us –  
but the waves therein are too wide for words.  
I hope you get, here, where I'm coming from.  
I hope you're with me on this – between love  
and loss – where I'd give myself away, stranded  
20 as if the universe is a matter of one stress.  
Us. I hope, from here on, I can say it  
and though far-fetched, it won't be too far wrong.

*Zaffar Kunial (2018)*



## In Wales, wanting to be Italian

Is there a name for that thing  
you do when you are young?  
There must be a word for it in some language,  
probably German, or if not just  
5 asking to be made up, something like  
*Fremdlandischgehörenlust* or perhaps  
*Einzumandererslandgehörenwunsch*.

What is it called, living in Glasgow,  
dying to be French, dying to shrug and pout  
10 and make yourself understood  
without saying a word?

Have you ever felt like that, being  
in Bombay, wanting to declare,  
like Freddy Mercury, that you are  
15 from somewhere like Zanzibar?

What is it called? Being sixteen  
in Wales, longing to be Italian,  
to be able to say aloud,  
without embarrassment, *Bella! Bella!*  
20 lounge by a Vespa with a cigarette  
hanging out of your mouth, and wear  
impossibly pointed shoes?

*Imtiaz Dharker (2014)*



# *Belonging*



**Kumukanda** *Kayo Chingonyi (2017)*

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## Jamaican British

*after Aaron Samuels*

Some people would deny that I'm Jamaican British.  
Anglo nose. Hair Straight. No way I can be Jamaican British.

They think I say I'm black when I say Jamaican British  
but the English boys at school made me choose: Jamaican, British?

- 5 Half-caste, half mule, house slave – Jamaican British.  
Light skin, straight male, privileged – Jamaican British.

Ear callaloo, plantain, jerk chicken – I'm Jamaican.  
British don't know how to serve our dishes; they enslaved us.

- In school I fought a boy in the lunch hall – Jamaican.  
10 At home, told Dad, I hate dem, all dem Jamaicans – I'm British.

He laughed, said, you cannot love sugar and hate your sweetness,  
took me straight to Jamaica – passport: British.

Cousins in Kingston called Jah-English,  
proud to have someone in their family – British.

- 15 Plantation lineage, World War service, how do I serve  
Jamaican British?  
When knowing how to war is Jamaican British.

*Raymond Antrobus (2018)*

# Belonging

## My Mother's Kitchen

I will inherit my mother's kitchen,  
her glasses, some tall and lean others short and fat  
her plates, an ugly collection from various sets,  
cups bought in a rush on different occasions  
5 rusty pots she doesn't throw away.  
"Don't buy anything just yet", she says,  
"soon all of this will be yours".

My mother is planning another escape  
for the first time home is her destination,  
10 the rebuilt house which she will furnish.  
At 69 she is excited at starting from scratch.  
It is her ninth time.

She never talks about her lost furniture  
when she kept leaving her homes behind.  
15 She never feels regret for things  
only her vine in the front garden  
which spread over the trellis on the porch.  
She used to sing for the grapes to ripen,  
sew cotton bags to protect them from the bees.  
20 I will never inherit my mother's trees.

*Choman Hardi (2004)*



## The Émigrée

There was once a country... I left it as a child  
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear  
for it seems I never saw it in November  
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.  
5 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  
10 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.  
15 It may by now be a lie, banned by the state  
but I can't get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

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;  
20 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,  
25 and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

*Carol Rumens (1993)*

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