Poetry Anthology Supplement

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

Collection D - Belonging

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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
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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.

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)
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;
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
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.

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,
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,
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
We'll give to idleness.

William Wordsworth (1798)
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.

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
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
    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.

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,
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.
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,
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.
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 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)
Clear and Gentle Stream

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

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

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,
And the tardy boon,
35
Of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream!
Ere again I go
Where thou dost not flow,
Well does it be seem
Thee to hear again
Once my youthful song,
That familiar strain
Silent now so long:
40
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, The house where I was born, Where I was used to swing,
The little window where the sun The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn;
Came peeping in at morn; He never came a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day,
He never came a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day, But now, I often wish the night
Nor brought too long a day, Nor brought too long a day, Had borne my breath away!
But now, I often wish the night Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember, The roses, red and white, Where I was used to swing,
The vi’lets, and the lily-cups, The roses, red and white, And thought the air must rush as fresh
Those flowers made of light! The vi’lets, and the lily-cups, To swallows on the wing;
The lilacs where the robin built, Those flowers made of light! My spirit flew in feathers then,
And where my brother set The lilacs where the robin built, That is so heavy now,
The laburnum on his birthday, And where my brother set And summer pools could hardly cool
— The tree is living yet! The laburnum on his birthday, The fever on my brow!

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

Thomas Hood (1914)
Island Man

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

Belonging

Peckham Rye Lane

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

gather.

I take the bus – through Peckham.

Knickers lie flaccid

in Primark.

Like salted jellyfish – tentacle pink,

grandmother mauve

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 –

punctuated cornrows and seed beads,
cornflower scrunchies, liquorice weaves.
The delicate babies in KFC,

children, plaid-dressed children,

wailing, clutching drumsticks like

weapons.

Underfoot

the pavement is a gruesome meat,

each person is a sturdy hairbrush bristle

on its surface.

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.

I come from an ancient place
All my family were born there
And I would like to go there
But I really want to live.

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 sunny, sandy place
Where tourists go to darken skin
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
May forget my name.

We can all be refugees
We can all be refugees
Nobody simply just appeared,
Nobody’s here without a struggle.
We all came here from somewhere.

We Refugees

Sometimes it only takes a day,
Sometimes it only takes a handshake
Or a paper that is signed.

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?

I come from a great old forest
I think it is now a field
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
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.

We all came here from somewhere.

Benjamin Zephaniah (2000)
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 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*,

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.

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 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 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 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 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!* lounge by a Vespa with a cigarette hanging out of your mouth, and wear impossibly pointed shoes?

*Imtiaz Dharker (2014)*
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?

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.
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.

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

*Raymond Antrobus (2018)*
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,
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.

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.

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.

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.

Carol Rumens (1993)