

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer **one** question in this section.

In your response you are required to analyse how meanings are shaped.

Either,

0	3
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Analyse in detail the following poem.

[30]

Celandine

Thinking of her had saddened me at first,	1
Until I saw the sun on the celandines lie	
Redoubled, and she stood up like a flame,	
A living thing, not what before I nursed,	
The shadow I was growing to love almost,	5
The phantom, not the creature with bright eye	
That I had thought never to see, once lost.	
She found the celandines of February	
Always before us all. Her nature and name	
Were like those flowers, and now immediately	10
For a short swift eternity back she came,	
Beautiful, happy, simply as when she wore	
Her brightest bloom among the winter hues	
Of all the world; and I was happy too,	
Seeing the blossoms and the maiden who	15
Had seen them with me Februarys before,	
Bending to them as in and out she trod	
And laughed, with locks sweeping the mossy sod.	
But this was a dream: the flowers were not true,	
Until I stooped to pluck from the grass there	20
One of five petals and I smelt the juice	
Which made me sigh, remembering she was no more,	
Gone like a never perfectly recalled air.	

Edward Thomas

Or,

0	4
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Analyse in detail the following poem.

[30]

The Poplar Field

The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade, The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves, Nor Ouse ¹ on his bosom their image receives.	1
Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew, And now in the grass behold they are laid, And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.	5
The blackbird has fled to another retreat Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat, And the scene where his melody charm'd me before Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.	10
My fugitive years are all hasting away, And I must ere long lie as lowly as they, With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head, Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.	15
'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can, To muse on the perishing pleasures of man; Short-liv'd as we are, our enjoyments, I see, Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.	20

William Cowper

¹Ouse: an English river

END OF PAPER