

Tuesday 5th January 2021

LO: Responding to poetry

01



I can think about
the **theme** of the
poem.

02



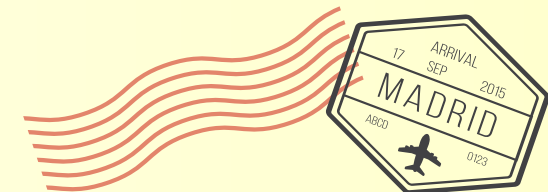
I can **compare** and
contrast poems
and explain my
preference.

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Your tasks:

- Watch a video about the Paul Cummins' art installation:
<https://youtu.be/KMxF3L2G0-4>
- Write a short paragraph telling me what you think of the installation.
- Re-read the two poems. Which do you prefer and why?
- Complete a 'Tell Me' Grid for each of the poems you have heard and the images you have seen.



Blood Swept Lands and Seas of Red

The blood swept lands and seas of red,
Where angels dare to tread.

As I put my hand to reach,
As God cried a tear of pain as the angels fell,
Again and again.

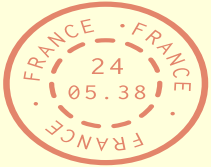
As the tears of mine fell to the ground,
To sleep with the flowers of red,
As any be dead.

My children see and work through fields
of my own with corn and wheat,
Blessed by love so far from pain of my resting
Fields so far from my love.

It be time to put my hand up and end this pain
Of living hell, to see the people around me
Fall someone angel as the mist falls around,
And the rain so thick with black
thunder I hear
Over the clouds, to sleep forever and kiss
The flower of my people gone before time
To sleep and cry no more.

I put my hand up and see the land of red,
This is my time to go over,
I may not come back So sleep, kiss the boys for
me.

By An Unknown Soldier



Tell me grid

Likes	Dislikes
<p>What do you like about the images you've seen and/or the poem you heard?</p> <p>What especially caught your attention?</p>	<p>Was there anything you disliked about the images or the poem?</p>
Puzzles	Patterns
<p>Was there anything that puzzled you?</p> <p>Was there anything you thought strange?</p> <p>Was there anything that took you completely by surprise?</p>	<p>Does it remind you of anything?</p> <p>Did you notice any patterns or connections?</p>



Lament for Syria

Syrian doves croon above my head
their call cries in my eyes.

I'm trying to design a country
that will go with my poetry
and not get in the way when I'm thinking,
where soldiers don't walk over my face.

I'm trying to design a country
which will be worthy of me if I'm ever a poet
and make allowances if I burst into tears.

I'm trying to design a City
of Love, Peace, Concord and Virtue,
free of mess, war, wreckage and misery.

Oh Syria, my love
I hear your moaning
in the cries of the doves.
I hear your screaming cry.

I left your land and merciful soil
And your fragrance of jasmine
My wing is broken like your wing.

I am from Syria
From a land where people pick up a discarded
piece of bread
So that it does not get trampled on
From a place where a mother teaches her son
not to step on an ant at the end of the day.

Lament for Syria

From a place where a teenager hides his
cigarette from his old brother out of respect.

From a place where old ladies would water
jasmine trees at dawn.

From the neighbours' coffee in the morning
From: after you, aunt; as you wish, uncle; with
pleasure, sister...

From a place which endured, which waited,
which is still waiting for relief.

Syria.

I will not write poetry for anyone else.

Can anyone teach me
how to make a homeland?
Heartfelt thanks if you can,
heartiest thanks,
from the house-sparrows,
the apple-trees of Syria,
and yours very sincerely.

by Amineh Abou Kerech



Tell me grid

Likes

What do you **like** about the images you've seen and/or the poem you heard?

What especially caught your **attention**?

Dislikes

Was there anything you **disliked** about the images or the poem?

Puzzles

Was there anything that **puzzled** you?

Was there anything you thought **strange**?

Was there anything that took you **completely by surprise**?

Patterns

Does it **remind** you of anything?

Did you notice any **patterns** or **connections**?

