**Conflict**

**Question 6**

**Read the two poems below and then answer both part a) and part b).**

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on part a) and 30 minutes on part b).

**a)** Compare how these poems present conflict in relationships, and its result.

You should consider:

* ideas and attitudes in each poem
* tone and atmosphere in each poem
* the effects of the language and structure used.

**[20]**

**AND**

**b)** Explore in detail how one other poem from your anthology presents lives damaged by negative emotions.

**[20]**

**Phrase Book by Jo Shapcott**

I’m standing here inside my skin,  
which will do for a Human Remains Pouch  
for the moment. Look down there (up here).  
Quickly. Slowly. This is my front room

where I’m lost in the action, live from a war,  
on screen. I am Englishwoman. I don’t understand you.  
What’s the matter? You are right. You are wrong.  
Things are going well (badly). Am I disturbing you?

TV is showing bliss as taught to pilots:  
Blend, Low silhouette, Irregular shape, Small,  
Secluded. (Please write it down. Please speak slowly.)  
Bliss is how it was in this very room

when I raised my body to his mouth,  
when he even balanced me in the air,  
or at least I thought so and yes the pilots say  
yes they have caught it through the Side-Looking

Airbone Radar, and through the J-Stars.  
I am expecting a gentleman (a young gentleman,  
two gentlemen, some gentlemen). Please send him  
(them) up at once. This is really beautiful.

Yes they have seen us, the pilots in the Kill Box  
on their screens and played the routine for  
getting us Stealthed, that is, Cleaned, to you and me,  
Taken Out. They know how to move into a single room

like that,  to send in with Pinpoint Accuracy, a hundred Harms.  
I have two cases and a cardboard box. There is another  
bag there. I cannot open my case – look out,  
the lock is broken. Have I done enough?

Bliss the pilots say is for evasion  
and escape. What’s love in all this debris?  
Just one person pounding another into dust,  
into dust. I do not know the word for it yet.

Where is the British Consulate? Please explain.  
What does it mean? What must I do? Where  
can I find?  What have I done? I have done  
nothing. Let me pass please. I am an Englishwoman.

**Medusa by Carol Ann Duffy**

A suspicion, a doubt, a jealousy  
grew in my mind,  
which turned the hairs on my head to filthy snakes  
as though my thoughts  
hissed and spat on my scalp.

My bride’s breath soured, stank  
in the grey bags of my lungs.   
I’m foul mouthed now, foul tongued,  
yellow fanged.  
There are bullet tears in my eyes.  
Are you terrified?  
  
Be terrified.  
It’s you I love,  
perfect man, Greek God, my own;  
but I know you’ll go, betray me, stray  
from home.  
So better by far for me if you were stone.  
  
I glanced at a buzzing bee,  
a dull grey pebble fell   
to the ground.  
I glanced at a singing bird,  
a handful of dusty gravel  
spattered down  
  
I looked at a ginger cat,  
a housebrick  
shattered a bowl of milk.  
I looked at a snuffling pig,  
a boulder rolled  
in a heap of shit.  
  
I stared in the mirror.  
Love gone bad  
showed me a Gorgon.  
I stared at a dragon.  
Fire spewed  
from the mouth of a mountain.  
  
And here you come  
with a shield for a heart   
and a sword for a tongue  
and your girls, your girls.  
Wasn’t I beautiful  
Wasn’t I fragrant and young?  
  
Look at me now.