

Daddy

You do not do, you do not do
Any more, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years, poor and white,
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time--
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Ghastly statue with one grey toe
Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic
Where it pours bean green over blue
In the waters off beautiful Nantuxet.
I used to pray to recover you.
Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.
So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Ich, ich, ich, ich,
I could hardly speak.
I thought every German was you.
And the language obscene

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of you,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat mustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.

Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You--

Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,
In the picture I have of you,
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
But no less a devil for that, no not
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.
I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,
And they stuck me together with glue.
And then I knew what to do.
I made a model of you,
A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.
And I said I do, I do.
So daddy, I'm finally through.
The black telephone's off at the root,
The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two--
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year,
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart
And the villagers never liked you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
They always knew it was you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

Sylvia Plath

1.

To whom is this poem addressed?

To the narrator
To the narrator's (or speaker's) dead father
To all fathers everywhere
To the poet's father

2.

'You do not do, you do not do / Any more, black shoe' -- What effect do these lines create?

The beginning of the poem has a soft effect created by sibilance

The beginning of the poem sounds joyful
The beginning of the poem leads the reader to expect a nursery rhyme
The beginning of the poem leads the reader to expect a eulogy

3.

The poet compares 'Daddy' to....

a Nazi
Hitler
a vampire
All of the above

4.

The 'barb wire' in the sixth stanza is an allusion to...

the barbed wire of the concentration camps
the barbed wire surrounding the narrator's garden
the barbed wire of the First World War
the barbed wire of a farmer's field

5.

'The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna / Are not very pure or true.' -- What do these lines imply?

The narrator wishes she were back in Austria
The narrator is not really a pure Aryan
Viennese beer is good, but the snows of the Tyrol are dirty
Austria has dirty snow and bad beer

6.

'And I said I do, I do' -- To what does this line in the fourteenth stanza refer?

The narrator's new happiness
The narrator's sickness
The narrator's marriage
The narrator's death

7.

Considering the answer to question six, who is the 'model' mentioned in these preceding lines: 'And then I knew what to do. / I made a model of you, / A man in black with a Meinkampf look / And a love of the rack and the screw'?

Hitler
Her brother
Her father
Her husband

8.

Which of the following lines means that her husband drained her life and energy during their marriage?

'They are dancing and stamping on you.'
'And drank my blood for a year, / Seven years, if you want to know'
'The black telephone's off at the root'
'There's a stake in your fat black heart / And the villagers never liked you'

9.

The narrator's father died when she was ten. What does she mean by 'I have had to kill you'?

The narrator wishes her father hadn't died naturally
The narrator wishes all men were dead
The narrator wishes she could be rid of the overburdening memory she has of her father

The narrator is saying the opposite of what she means

My Heart is Like a Withered Nut

My heart is like a withered nut,
Rattling within its hollow shell;
You cannot open my breast, and put
Any thing fresh with it to dwell.
The hopes and dreams that filled it when
Life's spring of glory met my view,
Are gone! and ne'er with joy or pain
That shrunken heart shall swell anew.

My heart is like a withered nut;
Once it was soft to every touch,
But now 'tis stern and closely shut;--
I would not have to plead with such.
Each light-toned voice once cleared my brow,
Each gentle breeze once shook the tree
Where hung the sun-lit fruit, which now
Lies cold, and stiff, and sad, like me!

My heart is like a withered nut--
It once was comely to the view;
But since misfortune's blast hath cut,
It hath a dark and mournful hue.
The freshness of its verdant youth
Nought to that fruit can now restore;
And my poor heart, I feel in truth,
Nor sun, nor smile shall light it more!

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

1.

Which of the following words does NOT describe the mood of this poem?

Regretful
Hopeful
Sorrowful
Resigned

2.

Although the first line of each stanza is a simile, the entire poem is an example of...

personification
alliteration
an extended metaphor

iambic pentameter

3.

What is the narrator in this poem mourning?

A recent disappointment in life
The loss of her friends and youthful acquaintances
The loss of her home and family
The loss of youthful hopes and dreams; the ability to respond emotionally

4.

'Once it was soft to every touch' - what is meant by this line?

The narrator knew how to stand up for herself in the past
The narrator was sensitive and responsive to other people
The narrator did not really love anyone when she was younger
The narrator's heart was physically healthy when she was younger

5.

Which line supports the point made in the answer to question 4?

'But now 'tis stern and closely shut'
'I would not have to plead with such'
'Each light-toned voice once cleared my brow'
'But since misfortune's blast hath cut'

6.

'The hopes and dreams that filled it when / Life's spring of glory met my view, / Are gone!' What effect do enjambment and caesura achieve in these lines?

It emphasizes the surprising shortness of the phrase 'Are gone!'
It reproduces the suddenness with which the narrator was robbed of her hopes and dreams
It illustrates the way the narrator's dreamy youth gave way sharply to the reality of adulthood
All of the above

7.

'Where hung the sun-lit fruit, which now / Lies cold, and stiff, and sad, like me!' - What does the poet imply with the words 'cold' and 'stiff'?

She is reminding the reader of her heart's withered nature
It is as if she were dead
She demonstrates that she does not care what others think
She cannot afford to heat her house

8.

In the first stanza, what language choice provides a contrast to 'withered'?

Fresh, spring, swell
Shell, breast, joy
Rattling, hollow, shrunken
Put, dwell, view

9.

'You cannot ope my breast...' - this line expresses the narrator's resignation to her state. Which other line reinforces this acceptance of the way life will be for her in future?

'Nought to that fruit can now restore'
'But since misfortune's blast hath cut'
'It hath a dark and mournful hue'
'It once was comely to the view'

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
Inaction, no falsifying dream
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray
Are of advantage to me;
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, my each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -
I kill where I please because it is all mine.
There is no sophistry in my body:
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.
For the one path of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living.
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.

Ted Hughes

1.

Who is the 'I' of the first line?

The poet
The hawk
The reader
A murderer

2.

What is the hawk doing at the beginning of the poem?

Looking for a kill
Practicing flying
Resting
Tearing off heads

3.

Find examples of the language Hughes uses to express the violent mood of the poem.

Falsifying, rehearse, inspection, sophistry
Kills, lock, tearing, assert
Inaction, revolve, bones, permitted
Buoyancy, rough, direct, right

4.

The mood, while violent, is also one of...

fascination with nature
disgust with the hawk
humour
indifference

5.

Looking again at the words which express violence and comparing these with the poem, you will see that it is the images, more than individual words, which fully convey the mood. Which one of the following images does NOT contribute to the violence of the poem?

'It took the whole of Creation / To produce my foot, my each feather'
'Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly --'
'The one path of my flight is direct / Through the bones of the living'
'Now I hold Creation in my foot'

6.

'Juxtaposition' is to place two things / ideas / words side by side in order to invite comparison or contrast. In which line(s) do we find juxtaposition?

Line 1
Lines 10-12
Line 20
Lines 23-24

7.

What is the significance of these words: sophistry, manners, allotment, arguments, assert, right, permitted?

They remind the reader of the hawk's nature
They are words which apply to people, rather than hawks
They reinforce the mood of fascination with nature
Hughes did not intend to use these words - he couldn't think of better choices

8.

Considering the answer to question seven - this is an example of which poetic or literary device?

Simile
Onomatopoeia
Personification
Assonance

9.

Why does the hawk say 'I am going to keep things like this'?

The hawk is aware that things will change
The hawk knows, as the sun is going down, that his death is near
The hawk will remain in the air forever
The way the world works suits the hawk perfectly; the views of his prey do not count

10.