

Unit 3 – Lesson 3 – S1

Enter your responses between the (blue) parentheses below each item.

Section 1 Identifying Sensory Imagery

Choose **one** of the following poems and complete the chart below.

<p>Wasps' Nest Michael Schmidt</p> <p>It was the fruit I wanted, not the nest. The nest was hanging like the richest fruit against the sun. I took the nest</p> <p>and with it came the heart, and in my hand the kingdom and the queen, frail surfaces, rested for a moment. Then the drones</p> <p>awoke and did their painful business. I let the city drop upon the stones. It split to its deep palaces and combs.</p> <p>It bled the insect gold, the pupa queens like tiny eyes wriggled from their sockets, and somewhere</p> <p>the monarch cowered in a veil of wings in passages through which at evening the labourers had homed,</p> <p>burdened with silence and the garden scents. The secret heart was broken suddenly. I, to whom the knowledge had been given,</p> <p>who was not after knowledge but a fruit, remember how a knot of pains swelled my hand to a round nest;</p> <p>blood throbbed in the hurt veins as if an unseen swarm mined there. The nest oozed bitter honey.</p>	<p>The Groundswell John Gould Fletcher</p> <p>With heavy doleful clamour, hour on hour, and day on day. The muddy groundswell lifts and breaks and falls and slides away. The cold and naked wind runs shivering over the sands. Salt are its eyes, open its mouth, its brow wet, blue its hands. It finds naught but a starving gull whose wings trail at its side. And the dull battered wreckage, grey jetsam of the tide. The lifeless chilly slaty sky with no blue hope is lit, A rusty waddling steamer plants a smudge of smoke on it. Stupidly stand the factory chimneys staring over all. The grey grows ever denser, and soon the night will fall: The wind runs sobbing over the beach and touches with its hands Straw, chaff, old bottles, broken crates, the litter of the sands. Sometimes the bloated carcass of a dog or fish is found, Sometimes the rumpled feathers of a sea-gull shot or drowned. Last year it was an unknown man who came up from the sea, There is his grave hard by the dunes under a</p>
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<p>I swaddled my fat hand in cotton. After a week pain gave it back to me scarred and weakened like a shrivelled skin.</p> <p>A second fruit is growing on the tree. Identical—the droning in the leaves. It ripens. I have another hand.</p>	<p>stunted tree. With heavy doleful clamour, hour on hour, and day on day. The muddy groundswell lifts and breaks and falls and slides away.</p>
<p>Combing Gladys Cardiff</p> <p>Bending, I bow my head and lay my hands upon her hair, combing, and think how women do this for each other. My daughter's hair curls against the comb, wet and fragrant— orange parings. Her face, downcast, is quiet for one so young.</p> <p>I take her place. Beneath my mother's hands I feel the braids drawn up tight as piano wires and singing, vinegar-rinsed. Sitting before the oven I hear the orange coils tick the early hour before school.</p> <p>She combed her grandmother Mathilda's hair using a comb made out of bone. Mathilda rocked her oak wood chair, her face downcast, intent on tearing rags in strips to braid a cotton rug from bits of orange and brown. A simple act Preparing hair. Something women do for each other, plaiting the generations.</p>	<p>Dulce et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori (How Sweet and Beautiful It is to Die for One's Country) Wilfred Owen</p> <p>Bent double, like old beggars under sacks, Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge, Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs, And towards our distant rest began to trudge. Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots, But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind; Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.</p> <p>Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time, But someone still was yelling out and stumbling And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.— Dim through the misty panes and thick green light, As under a green sea, I saw him drowning. ...</p>

1. Complete the table with **one example for each sense**: visual (sight), auditory (hearing), gustatory (taste), tactile (touch), and olfactory (smell). If no taste imagery is used, then choose two visual images.

Observations of the poem () by () (poet)	
Example	Type of Imagery
<i>"In the pond in the park all things are doubled"</i>	visual imagery
Example: ()	()
Example: ()	()
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Total of Section 1: /5 marks

Student Comments:

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- **Check the Submission Box again** in a few days to retrieve your marked assignment and review the feedback from your teacher.

Assignment Total: (/5) = Percent: (%)

Teacher Comments:

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