









# Knowledge Organiser: Power and Conflict Poetry

Conflict		
<p><b>Charge of the Light Brigade</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>British soldiers are ordered to ride towards the Russian enemy.</li> <li>The Russians shoot at them from all sides but the British soldiers are brave and keep going.</li> <li>They fight but the Russians are too strong. Hundreds of British soldiers die.</li> <li>The poet tells us to remember and respect the British soldiers for being brave and heroic.</li> </ul>	<p>“Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell”</p>
<p><b>Exposure</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>British soldiers are in a trench in the freezing snow, waiting for the Germans to attack.</li> <li>They hear guns and bullets in the distance, but are more worried about the cold.</li> <li>They think about people at home and worry they have forgotten about them.</li> <li>The soldiers start to lose their faith in God, and begin to feel dead inside.</li> </ul>	<p>“Our brains ache in the merciless iced east winds that knive us...”</p>
<p><b>Bayonet Charge</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A soldier runs towards the enemy holding his weapon, a bayonet, in front of him.</li> <li>He runs fast but he becomes confused and frightened in the rush.</li> <li>He suddenly questions why he is running towards the enemy and why he is fighting the war.</li> <li>He does not have time to think more and he continues to run even though he is terrified.</li> </ul>	<p>“King, honour, human dignity, etcetera Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm”</p>
<p><b>Poppies</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A mother sees poppies on the graves of soldiers.</li> <li>She remembers how she gave one to her son when he left to go to war.</li> <li>She had to stop herself from being too emotional so she could be strong for him.</li> <li>She stopped herself saying all the things she wanted to so he would not be upset.</li> <li>She could see he was excited to go off to war.</li> <li>Long afterwards, she goes to the church to remember her son now that he has died.</li> </ul>	<p>“all my words / flattened, rolled, turned into felt / slowly melting.”</p>
<p><b>Kamikaze</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A woman tells the story of her father.</li> <li>He was ordered to fly his plane into the enemy but he decided not to.</li> <li>She tries to imagine why he turned back.</li> <li>When he comes home, his family stop talking to him because they are embarrassed.</li> <li>The woman tries to imagine his feelings when his family and friends ignored him.</li> <li>She asks whether it is worse to die in battle or to remain alive but be entirely alone.</li> </ul>	<p>“only we children still chattered and laughed till gradually we too learned to be silent”</p>
<p><b>War Photographer</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A war photographer develops pictures he has taken in wars across the world.</li> <li>He is now safe and home in England.</li> <li>He looks at a photo and remembers watching the man's death.</li> <li>He thinks that people feel sad at first when they see the photos but he thinks they quickly stop caring.</li> <li>He wonders whether he is right or wrong to take photos of other people's pain.</li> </ul>	<p>“a priest preparing to intone a Mass. Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.”</p>
<p><b>The Emigrée</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A woman talks about how she had to leave her home country when she was a child.</li> <li>She says she always remembers her home in a positive way even though it is now at war.</li> <li>As time passes, she imagines her home as more and more perfect in her mind.</li> <li>She can't ever go back home in reality, but she can go there in her mind.</li> <li>Where she lives now, people alienate her.</li> <li>...but the woman is comforted by her memory of home.</li> </ul>	<p>“There once was a country ... I left it as a child but my memory of it is sunlight-clear.”</p>
<p><b>Remains</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A soldier is telling a story about seeing someone that he thought was a bank robber.</li> <li>The soldier and his friends shoot the man, and his destroyed body is taken away.</li> <li>But even when he's back home, the soldier can't stop thinking about killing this man.</li> <li>At the end, the soldier admits he feels responsible and guilty for the man's death.</li> </ul>	<p>“Then I'm home on leave. But I blink and he bursts again through the doors of the bank.”</p>

Power of people				
<p><b>Ozymandias</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A traveller talks about a statue in a desert.</li> <li>The statue only has the legs and head left.</li> <li>The statue is of the long-dead king Ozymandias.</li> <li>The unkind facial expression of the statue shows how cruel he was when he was alive.</li> <li>Underneath the statue the king has written a message boasting about his achievements.</li> <li>The traveller looks around, but there is nothing to see.</li> <li>Nature has slowly destroyed the king's city.</li> </ul>	<p>“My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings; Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!”</p>		
<p><b>My Last Duchess</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>A duke shows a picture of his wife to a visitor.</li> <li>He hides the painting behind a curtain.</li> <li>He thought his wife was beautiful but became jealous when his wife interacted with other men, including the artist of the picture.</li> <li>He wanted her to be grateful to him for marrying her.</li> <li>He says he gave orders and that she stopped smiling.</li> <li>He talks about choosing his next wife.</li> </ul>	<p>“...This grew; I gave commands; then all smiles stopped together”</p>		
<p><b>London</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>The speaker walks through the streets of London.</li> <li>He sees lots of miserable, unhappy people.</li> <li>People in power ignore the suffering poor people instead of helping them.</li> <li>Worst of all, as a result of all this, children grow up in a cruel, unkind world.</li> </ul>	<p>“How the Chimney-sweeper's cry Every blackning Church appalls”</p>		
<p><b>Tissue</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>The speaker thinks about paper in books. It has writing on it which is important to us.</li> <li>They think about different uses for paper in our lives: maps, receipts for what we buy.</li> <li>They imagine that buildings could be made of paper instead of bricks and stone.</li> <li>They think that it would be beautiful and natural.</li> <li>They say that paper is precious, like our own skin.</li> </ul>	<p>“paper smoothed and stroked and thinned to be transparent, turned into your skin.”</p>		
<p><b>Checking Out Me History</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>The speaker talks about their history lessons as a child growing up in the Caribbean.</li> <li>They feel angry about the things teachers taught them.</li> <li>They only learned about white people from other countries. He gives examples of this.</li> <li>He also gives examples of the people he wanted to learn about instead, from Caribbean history.</li> <li>Now that he is older, he chooses to learn more about his own history and culture.</li> </ul>	<p>“Dem tell me / wha dem want to tell me / bandage up me eye / with me own history / blind me to me own identity”</p>		
Power of nature				
<p><b>The Prelude</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>The speaker remembers how they stole a rowing boat when they were a child.</li> <li>He rowed into a lake in the moonlight.</li> <li>He started to feel guilty.</li> <li>The mountains suddenly seem frightening, like a monster.</li> <li>He rows back and returns the boat, but is haunted and troubled by the memory.</li> </ul>	<p>“a huge peak, black and huge ... / Upreared its head.”</p>		
<p><b>Storm on the Island</b></p> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>The speaker describes a remote island which often experiences storms.</li> <li>They people think they are well-prepared because they have strong houses and few possessions that can be blown away.</li> <li>Despite this, they are shocked at the power of the storm when it hits.</li> <li>They feel attacked and afraid, even though the fear is mostly in their own minds.</li> </ul>	<p>“But no. When it begins, the flung spray ... spits like a tame cat / turned savage.”</p>		
Vocabulary				
ambiguous	celebratory	dramatic	haunting	sombre
bleak	critical	harrowing	psychological	tragic