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| **Poem** | **Persona** | **Key Ideas / Themes** | Striking Imagery / Word Choice | **Structure** |
| **Originally** | AutobiographicalCarol Ann Duffy (CAD) as a young girlReader feels some sympathy for the persona | * Isolation
* Childhood
* Anxiety
* Language
* CAD explores what it’s like to have your roots ripped up like a child
 | “All childhood is an emigration”“Some are slow,Leaving you standing, resigned”“My parents’ anxiety stirred like a loose tooth”“Shedding its skin like a snake” | **Repetition***‘Home, Home”***Turning Point** Verse 3 begins with a turning point as CAD reflects upon the experience she describes in verses 1 and 2 |
| **Valentine** | AutobiographicalCAD speaks to her partnerOR the poem could be universal i.e. CAD is speaking to everyone who has been in loveReader is taken aback by the persona (as her partner would have been) | * Love (but the rejection of stereotypical ideas about love)
* Love has both a positive and a negative side
 | “Not a red rose or a satin heart”“Not a cute card or a kissogram”“It is a moon wrapped in brown paper. It promises light like the careful undressing of love”“Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring”“Lethal.It’s scent will cling to your fingers,Cling to your knife” | **Repetition***“Not ….**“Not …**“I give you an onion”***Turning Point**“I am trying to be truthful” |
| **War Photographer** | CAD puts herself in the shoes of a friend who is a war photographer | * She considers the point that the more suffering one sees the more hardened you become to it
 | “spools of suffering set out in ordered rows”“fields which don’t explode beneath the feet of running children in a nightmare heat”“a half-formed ghost”“A hundred agonies in black and white” | **Repetition** **(none replace with list and / or short sentences)***“Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.***Turning point**“Something is happening” |
| **Havisham** | CAD puts herself in the shoes who was jilted by her lover in Dicken’s ‘Great Expectations’. As a result Miss Havisham stays in one room with everything decaying around her.The reader is meant to feel sympathy towards Miss Havisham and empathise with her anger and upset | * That men are bastards
* The destructive power of the loss of love and hope
* The situation of women in Victorian society when they are unmarried and lose social status
 | *“I’ve dark green pebbles for eyes”**“a red balloon bursting in my face”**“I stabbed at a wedding cake”**“Give me a male corpse for a long slow honeymoon.”* | **Repetition***“Don’t think it’s only the heart that b-b-b-breaks.”****Short Sentences****“Beloved sweetheart bastard.”**“Spinster.”**“Bang.”* |
| **Anne Hathaway** | CAD puts herself in the shoes of Shakespeare’s wife who was left “the second best bed”. She explores what she believes to be a sexually fulfilling relationship on that very bed to suggest that Shakespeare adored his wife. | * That Shakespeare and Hathaway experienced a fulfilling loving relationship
* That like Havisham, Havisham is left by her man – but this time by death
 | “The bed we loved in was a spinning world…”“his touch a verb dancing in the centre of a noun”“Some nights I dreamed he’d written me, the bed a page beneath his writer’s hands.”“I hold him in the casket of my widow’s head as he held me upon that next best bed.” | **Repetition***“Romance and drama played by touch, by scent, by taste”***Turning Point***“Some nights I dreamed he’s written me …”***Note that the structure / form of this poem is a sonnet – appropriate to Shakespeare who was famous for his sonnets and for the theme of love** |
| **Mrs Midas** | CAD takes on the persona of the wife of the King of Greek legend – suggesting that the man was selfish in wishing for such a gift – and in a tongue in cheek way shows how his selfish choice impacted upon their marriage to the point where she left him. | * Man’ selfishness – men don’t think through the consequences
* How like Havisham a man’s choice impacts upon the woman who is left she is the woman who married the fool who wished for gold.
 | *“He plucked a pear from a branch – we grew Fondant d’Automne – and it sat in his palm, like a lightbulb.”**“Within seconds he was spitting out the teeth of the rich.”**“He was below, turning the spare room into the tomb of Tutankhamun.”**“We were passionate then, in those halcyon days; unwrapping each other, rapidly, like presents, fast food.”**“But now I feared his honeyed embrace, the kiss that would turn my lips to a work of art.”* | **Repetition***“he picked up the glass, goblet, golden chalice, drank.”**“I miss most, even now, his hands, his warm hands on my skin, his touch.”***Turning Point***“It was then I started to scream.”**“Separate beds.”**“What gets me now is not the idiocy or greed but lack of thought for me. Pure selfishness.”* |