

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086  
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2008–09 & thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: EL/MC/PT34

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2011  
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH  
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE  
PAPER : POETRY - II  
TIME : 3 HOURS

MAX. MARKS : 100

Section - A

Attempt any two.

(2x20=40)

Read the lines and answer the questions.

1. I walked on the banks of the tincan banana dock and  
sat down under the huge shade of a Southern  
Pacific locomotive to look at the sunset over the  
box house hills and cry.

Jack Kerouac sat beside me on a busted rusty iron  
pole, companion, we thought the same thoughts  
of the soul, bleak and blue and sad-eyed,  
surrounded by the gnarled steel roots of trees of  
machinery.

The oily water on the river mirrored the red sky, sun  
sank on top of final Frisco peaks, no fish in that  
stream, no hermit in those mounts, just ourselves  
rheumy-eyed and hungover like old bums  
on the riverbank, tired and wily.

Look at the Sunflower, he said, there was a dead gray  
shadow against the sky, big as a man, sitting  
dry on top of a pile of ancient sawdust--

--I rushed up enchanted--it was my first sunflower,  
memories of Blake--my visions--Harlem  
and Hells of the Eastern rivers, bridges clanking Joes  
Greasy Sandwiches, dead baby carriages, black  
treadless tires forgotten and unretreaded, the  
poem of the riverbank, condoms & pots, steel  
knives, nothing stainless, only the dank muck  
and the razor-sharp artifacts passing into the  
past—

- a) How does Ginsberg use the sunflower as a sutra to capture the life around him? (350 words, 10 marks)  
b) Comment on the description of the place. (200 words, 5 marks)  
c) What are the thoughts that Ginsberg and Kerouac share? (200 words, 5 marks)

2. Yu could call dis poetry Dub Ranting  
 De tongue plays a beat  
 De body starts skanking,  
 Dis poetry is quick an childish  
 Dis poetry is fe de wise an foolish,  
 Anybody can do it fe free,  
 Dis poetry is fe yu an me,  
 Don't stretch yu imagination  
 Dis poetry is fe de good of de Nation,  
 Chant,  
 In de morning  
 I chant  
 In de night  
 I chant  
 In de darkness  
 An under de spotlight,  
 I pass thru University  
 I pass thru Sociology  
 An den I got a dread degree  
 In Dreadfull Ghattology.

Dis poetry stays wid me when I run or walk  
 An when I am talking to meself in poetry I talk,  
 Dis poetry is wid me,  
 Below me an above,  
 Dis poetry's from inside me  
 It goes to yu  
 WID LUV.

- a) What according to the poet is the nature of the poetry he writes? (350 words, 10 marks)  
 b) What are the techniques adopted by the poet? (200 words, 5 marks)  
 c) Comment on the correspondence between theme and technique. (200 words, 5 marks)

3. My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
 Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
 Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
 Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
 To drink it, then fell to right away  
 Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
 Over his shoulder, going down and down  
 For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap  
 Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
 Through living roots awaken in my head.  
 But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.

- a) Comment on the metaphor of digging used by the poet. (350 words, 10 marks)  
b) Why does the poet say that he has no 'spade to follow' his ancestors? (200 words, 5 marks)  
c) What sort of a man was the poet's grandfather? (200 words, 5 marks)

4. Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*  
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert  
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it  
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.  
The darkness drops again; but now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

- a) Why are things falling apart? (350 words, 10 marks)  
b) Comment on the image of the gyre. (200 words, 5 marks)  
c) Attempt a description of the poet's apocalyptic vision. (200 words, 5 marks)

### SECTION B

Write three essays in approximately 750 words each.

(3x20=60)

1. What are the modernist elements found in Eliot's "Preludes"? Substantiate your answer with suitable examples.
2. How does Ted Hughes describe the creation of a poem in his poem "The Thought Fox"?
3. Critically analyse Carol Ann Duffy's "Standing Female Nude".
4. List the Confessional elements present in Sylvia Plath's "Daddy".
5. How does Pablo Neruda's poem "The Dictators" capture the history of the region?

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