My first poem: War Photographer Poet: Carol Ann Duffy

Compare how poets present loss in The Emigree and in **one** other poem from ‘Power and Conflict’.

My second poem: Poet:

Example:

The Emigree, by Carol Rumens, presents loss through the theme of an emigrant who has been displaced and had to move country. The nostalgia, ‘there once was a country…’ illustrates how our protagonist dreams and thinks of where they have come from. The verb, ‘once,’ is like something at the start of a fairytale; implying that our protagonist has only happy memories of where she has come from. This ‘fairytale’ image is much different in ‘War Photographer, by Carol Ann Duffy, as our character here cannot take the strain of the memories they go through. Their ‘job’ of taking photos of world famous cities, ‘Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh.’ leaves nothing but ‘ghostlike’ ‘agonies’ with the photographer. The caesura used here shows how unfairytale like these memories are. This is not the beginning of a good story, but rather different ‘ends’ to certain aspects of our photographers life. They have lost their dignity, their sleep, their sanity.

The Emigree

There once was a country… I left it as a child
but my memory of it is sunlight-clear
for it seems I never saw it in that November
which, I am told, comes to the mildest city.
The worst news I receive of it cannot break
my original view, the bright, filled paperweight.
It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.

The white streets of that city, the graceful slopes
glow even clearer as time rolls its tanks
and the frontiers rise between us, close like waves.
That child’s vocabulary I carried here
like a hollow doll, opens and spills a grammar.
Soon I shall have every coloured molecule of it.
It may by now be a lie, banned by the state
but I can’t get it off my tongue. It tastes of sunlight.

I have no passport, there’s no way back at all
but my city comes to me in its own white plane.
It lies down in front of me, docile as paper;
I comb its hair and love its shining eyes.
My city takes me dancing through the city
of walls. They accuse me of absence, they circle me.
They accuse me of being dark in their free city.
My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.