

*ESSAY TITLES: POETRY*

4. Provide an analysis of the following poem by Adrian Mitchell. Your analysis may draw on any stylistic model(s) which you find appropriate, although it should contain some reference to grammar:

**24 Orders with (Optional) Adjectives**

fetch my (happy) screwdriver  
smell those (sugary) goldfish  
shut that (amazing) door  
touch my (scrawny) statues  
5 close your (intricate) eyes  
fill up the (Russian) hole again  
tell your (gaping) sister  
put that (shining) bomb together  
spare my (murky) child  
10 show your (grey) feelings  
put up your (smiling) hand  
hide your (iron) face  
hand over those (solemn) emeralds  
don't try to get (re-handled) funny with me  
15 wash their (impertinent) car  
cut its (sweet) throat  
eat your (exclusive) cabbage  
take down your (little) trousers  
make up your (agile) mind  
20 get down on your (frightening) knees  
stick to your own (pathetic) kind  
take the (stupid) tea  
polish those (harmonious) boots

5. Write a stylistic analysis of the following poem. Although you may draw on any linguistic model you feel is appropriate to the task, your analysis should make some reference to Hughes' use of conceptual metaphor as defined in contemporary cognitive poetics.

**WIND**

This house has been far out at sea all night,  
The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hill,  
Winds stampeding the fields under the window  
Floundering black astride and blinding wet

Till day rose; then under an orange sky  
The hills had new places, and wind wielded  
Blade-light, luminous and emerald,  
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as  
The coal-house door. I dared once to look up-  
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes  
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,  
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap:  
The wind flung a magpie away and a black-  
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note  
That any second would shatter it. Now deep  
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip  
Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,  
And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,  
Seeing the window tremble to come in,  
Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

(Ted Hughes)