
Power and Conflict Anthology

Percy Shelley, 'Ozymandias'

1. 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
2. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

William Blake, 'London'

3. In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:
4. How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

William Wordsworth, *The Prelude* (Extract: Stealing the boat)

5. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure
6. a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head.
7. my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being
8. huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Robert Browning, 'My Last Duchess'

9. She thanked men, —good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift.
10. This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'

11. Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
12. Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

Wilfred Owen, 'Exposure'

13. We only know war lasts, rain soaks, and clouds sag stormy.
14. For God's invincible spring our love is made afraid;
Therefore, not loath, we lie out here; therefore were born,
For love of God seems dying.

Seamus Heaney, 'Storm on the Island'

15. We are prepared: we build our houses squat,
Sink walls in rock and roof them with good slate.
16. Strange, it is a huge nothing that we fear.

Ted Hughes, 'Bayonet Charge'

17. In what cold clockwork of the stars and the nations
Was he the hand pointing that second?
18. King, honour, human dignity, etcetera
Dropped like luxuries in a yelling alarm

Simon Armitage, 'Remains'

19. I blink

and he bursts again through the doors of the bank.
Sleep, and he's probably armed, possibly not.
Dream, and he's torn apart by a dozen rounds.

20. he's here in my head when I close my eyes,
dug in behind enemy lines,
not left for dead in some distant, sun-stunned, sand-smothered land

Jane Weir, 'Poppies'

21. I was brave, as I walked
with you, to the front door, threw
it open, the world overflowing
like a treasure chest.
22. I listened, hoping to hear
your playground voice catching on the wind.

Carol Ann Duffy, 'War Photographer'

23. he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.
24. A hundred agonies in black-and-white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement.

Imtiaz Dharker, 'Tissue'

25. this
is what could alter things.
Paper thinned by age or touching,
26. paper smoothed and stroked
and thinned to be transparent,

turned into your skin.

Carol Rumens, 'The Emigree'

27. It may be at war, it may be sick with tyrants,
but I am branded by an impression of sunlight.
28. My city hides behind me. They mutter death,
and my shadow falls as evidence of sunlight.

Beatrice Garland, 'Kamikaze'

29. *gradually we too learned
to be silent, to live as though
he had never returned*
30. sometimes, she said, he must have wondered
which had been the better way to die.

John Agard, 'Checking Out Me History'

32. Bandage up me eye with me own history
Blind me to me own identity
33. Dem tell me wha dem want to tell me
But now I checking out me own history
I carving out me identity.