



# Cambridge International AS & A Level

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## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

**9695/41**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2024****2 hours**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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### INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.  
Section A: answer **one** question.  
Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

### INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice***

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Austen shapes a reader's response to Elizabeth Bennet through her relationships with different men.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of Mr Collins, here and elsewhere in the novel.

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he [Mr Bennet] thus explained. 'About a month ago I received this letter, and about a fortnight ago I answered it, for I thought it a case of some delicacy, and requiring early attention. It is from my cousin, Mr Collins, who, when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases.'

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'Oh! my dear,' cried his wife, 'I cannot bear to hear that mentioned. Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world, that your estate should be entailed away from your own children; and I am sure if I had been you, I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it.'

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Jane and Elizabeth attempted to explain to her the nature of an entail. They had often attempted it before, but it was a subject on which Mrs Bennet was beyond the reach of reason; and she continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about.

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'It certainly is a most iniquitous affair,' said Mr Bennet, 'and nothing can clear Mr Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to his letter, you may perhaps be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself.'

'No, that I am sure I shall not; and I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all, and very hypocritical. I hate such false friends. Why could not he keep on quarrelling with you, as his father did before him?'

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'Why, indeed, he does seem to have had some filial scruples on that head, as you will hear.'

*Hunsford, near Westerham, Kent,  
15th October.*

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DEAR SIR,

THE disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father, always gave me much uneasiness, and since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with any one, with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance. – 'There, Mrs Bennet.' – My mind however is now made up on the subject, for having received ordination at Easter, I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish, where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England. As a clergyman, moreover, I feel

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it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families within the reach of my influence; and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good-will are highly commendable, and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate, will be kindly overlooked on your side, and not lead you to reject the offered olive branch. I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters, and beg leave to apologise for it, as well as to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends, – but of this hereafter. If you should have no objection to receive me into your house, I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family, Monday, November 18th, by four o'clock, and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se'night following, which I can do without any inconvenience, as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday, provided that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day. I remain, dear sir, with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters, your well-wisher and friend,

WILLIAM COLLINS.

‘At four o'clock, therefore, we may expect this peace-making gentleman,’ said Mr Bennet, as he folded up the letter. ‘He seems to be a most conscientious and polite young man, upon my word; and I doubt not will prove a valuable acquaintance, especially if Lady Catherine should be so indulgent as to let him come to us again.’

(*from* Chapter 13)

**GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale***

- 2 Either** (a) Discuss the significance of Chaucer's presentation of Pluto and Proserpina to *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's concerns in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

His freendes sente he to, at his instaunce,  
 And preyed hem to doon hym that plesaunce,  
 That hastily they wolden to hym come;  
 He wolde abregge hir labour, alle and some.  
 Nedeth namoore for hym to go ne ryde; 5  
 He was apoynted ther he wolde abyde.

Placebo cam, and eek his freendes soone,  
 And alderfirst he bad hem alle a boone,  
 That noon of hem none argumentes make  
 Agayn the purpos which that he hath take, 10  
 Which purpos was plesant to God, seyde he,  
 And verray ground of his prosperitee.

He seyde ther was a mayden in the toun,  
 Which that of beautee hadde greet renoun,  
 Al were it so she were of smal degree; 15  
 Suffiseth hym hir yowthe and hir beautee.

Which mayde, he seyde, he wolde han to his wyf,  
 To lede in ese and hoolynesse his lyf;  
 And thanked God that he myghte han hire al,  
 That no wight his blisse parten shal. 20  
 And preyed hem to laboure in this nede,  
 And shapen that he faille nat to spede;  
 For thanne, he seyde, his spirit was at ese.

'Thanne is,' quod he, 'no thyng may me displese,  
 Save o thyng priketh in my conscience, 25  
 The which I wol reherce in youre presence.

'I have,' quod he, 'herd seyd, ful yooore ago,  
 Ther may no man han parfite blisses two –  
 This is to seye, in erthe and eek in hevene.  
 For though he kepe hym fro the synnes sevene, 30  
 And eek from every branche of thilke tree,  
 Yet is ther so parfit felicitee  
 And so greet ese and lust in mariage  
 That evere I am agast now in myn age  
 That I shal lede now so myrie a lyf, 35  
 So delicat, withouten wo and stryf,  
 That I shal have myn hevene in erthe heere.  
 For sith that verray hevene is boght so deere  
 With tribulacion and greet penaunce,  
 How sholde I thanne, that lyve in swich plesaunce 40  
 As alle wedded men doon with hire wyvys,  
 Come to the blisse ther Crist eterne on lyve ys?  
 This is my drede, and ye, my bretheren tweye,  
 Assoilleth me this question, I preye.'

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**JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems**

- 3 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Donne present desire? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Donne's concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

*Holy Sonnets: Divine Meditations 6*

This is my play's last scene, here heavens appoint  
 My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race  
 Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace,  
 My span's last inch, my minute's latest point,  
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoint  
 My body, and soul, and I shall sleep a space,  
 But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,  
 Whose fear already shakes my every joint:  
 Then, as my soul, to heaven her first seat, takes flight,  
 And earth-born body, in the earth shall dwell,  
 So, fall my sins, that all may have their right,  
 To where they are bred, and would press me, to hell.  
 Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil,  
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, and devil.

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**THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd***

- 4 Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of the relationship between Sergeant Troy and Fanny Robin in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Hardy's presentation of Gabriel in the novel.

In the crowd was an athletic young fellow of somewhat superior appearance to the rest – in fact, his superiority was enough marked to lead several labourers standing by to speak to him enquiringly as to a farmer, and to use 'Sir' as a terminational word. His answer always was:

'I am looking for a place myself – a bailiff's. Do you know of anybody who wants one?'

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Gabriel was paler now. His eyes were more meditative and his expression was more sad. He had passed through an ordeal of wretchedness which had given him more than it had taken away. He had lost all he possessed of worldly property: he had sunk from his modest elevation down to a lower ditch than that from which he had started; but he had now a dignified calm he had never before known and that indifference to fate which, though it often makes a villain of a man is the basis of his sublimity when it does not. And thus the abasement had been exaltation and the loss gain.

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In the morning a regiment of cavalry had left the town, and a sergeant and his party had been beating up for recruits through the four streets. As the end of the day drew on, and he found himself not hired, Gabriel almost wished that he had joined them, and gone off to serve his country, then on the brink of a war. Weary of standing in the market-place, and not much minding the kind of work he turned his hand to, he decided to offer himself in some other capacity than that of bailiff.

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All the farmers seemed to be wanting shepherds. Sheep-tending was Gabriel's speciality. Turning down an obscure street and entering an obscurer lane he went up to a smith's shop.

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'How long would it take you to make a shepherd's crook?'

'Twenty minutes.'

'How much?'

'Two shillings.'

He sat on a bench and the crook was made, a stem being given him into the bargain.

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He then went to a ready-made clothes shop, the owner of which had a large rural connection. As the crook had absorbed most of Gabriel's money he attempted, and carried out, an exchange of his overcoat for a regulation shepherd's smockfrock.

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This transaction having been completed, he again hurried off to the centre of the town, and stood on the kerb of the pavement as a shepherd, crook in hand.

Now that Oak had turned himself into a shepherd it seemed that bailiffs were most in demand. However, two or three farmers noticed him and drew near. Dialogues followed, more or less in the subjoined form.

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'Where do you come from?'

'Norcombe.'

'That's a long way.'

'Twenty miles.'

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'Whose farm were you upon last?'

‘My own.’

This reply invariably operated like a rumour of cholera: the enquiring farmer would edge away, and shake his head dubiously. Gabriel like his dog, was too good to be trustworthy, and he never made any advance beyond this point.

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It is better to accept any chance that offers itself, and then extemporise a procedure to fit it, than to get a good plan matured, and wait for a chance of using it. Gabriel wished he had not nailed up his colours as a shepherd, but had rather laid himself out for anything in the whole cycle of labour that had been required in the fair. It grew dusk. Some merry men were whistling and singing by the corn-exchange: Gabriel’s hand, which had lain for some time idle in his smockfrock pocket, touched his flute, which he carried there. Here was an opportunity for putting his dearly bought wisdom into practice.

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He drew out his flute and began to play *Jocky to the Fair* in the style of a man who had never known a moment’s sorrow. Oak could pipe with Arcadian sweetness, and the sound of the well-known notes cheered his own heart as well as those of the loungers. He played on with spirit, and in half an hour had two or three shillings’ worth of coppers.

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(from Chapter 6)

**BRAM STOKER: *Dracula***

- 5 Either** (a) ‘Stoker presents Count Dracula as evil, but also dangerously attractive.’

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on the Count?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Stoker’s language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel.

**MINA MURRAY’S JOURNAL**

*8 August.* – Lucy was very restless all night, and I, too, could not sleep. The storm was fearful, and as it boomed loudly among the chimneypots, it made me shudder. When a sharp puff came it seemed to be like a distant gun. Strangely enough, Lucy did not wake; but she got up twice and dressed herself. Fortunately, each time I awoke in time, and managed to undress her without waking her, and got her back to bed. It is a very strange thing, this sleep-walking, for as soon as her will is thwarted in any physical way, her intention, if there be any, disappears, and she yields herself almost exactly to the routine of her life.

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Early in the morning we both got up and went down to the harbour to see if anything had happened in the night. There were very few people about, and though the sun was bright, and the air clear and fresh, the big, grim-looking waves, that seemed dark themselves because the foam that topped them was like snow, forced themselves in through the narrow mouth of the harbour – like a bullying man going through a crowd. Somehow I felt glad that Jonathan was not on the sea last night, but on land. But, oh, is he on land or sea? Where is he, and how? I am getting fearfully anxious about him. If I only knew what to do, and could do anything!

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*10 August.* – The funeral of the poor sea-captain today was most touching. Every boat in the harbour seemed to be there, and the coffin was carried by captains all the way from Tate Hill Pier up to the churchyard. Lucy came with me, and we went early to our old seat, whilst the cortège of boats went up the river to the Viaduct and came down again. We had a lovely view, and saw the procession nearly all the way. The poor fellow was laid to rest quite near our seat, so that we stood on it when the time came and saw everything. Poor Lucy seemed much upset. She was restless and uneasy all the time, and I cannot but think that her dreaming at night is telling on her. She is quite odd in one thing: she will not admit to me that there is any cause for restlessness; or if there be, she does not understand it herself. There is an additional cause in that poor old Mr Swales was found dead this morning on our seat, his neck being broken. He had evidently, as the doctor said, fallen back in the seat in some sort of fright, for there was a look of fear and horror on his face that the men said made them shudder. Poor dear old man! Perhaps he had seen Death with his dying eyes! Lucy is so sweet and sensitive that she feels influences more acutely than other people do. Just now she was quite upset by a little thing which I did not much heed, though I am myself very fond of animals. One of the men who come up here often to look for the boats was followed by his dog. The dog is always with him. They are both quiet persons, and I never saw the man angry, nor heard the dog bark. During the service the dog would not come to its master, who was on the seat with us, but kept a few yards off, barking and howling. Its master spoke to it gently, and then harshly, and then angrily; but it would neither come nor cease to make a noise. It was in a sort of fury, with its eyes savage, and all its hairs bristling

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out like a cat's tail when puss is on the war-path. Finally the man, too, got angry, and jumped down and kicked the dog, and then took it by the scruff of the neck and half dragged and half threw it on the tombstone on which the seat is fixed. The moment it touched the stone the poor thing became quiet and fell all into a tremble. It did not try to get away, but crouched down, quivering and cowering, and was in such a pitiable state of terror that I tried, though without effect, to comfort it. Lucy was full of pity, too, but she did not attempt to touch the dog, but looked at it in an agonised sort of way. I greatly fear that she is of too super-sensitive a nature to go through the world without trouble. She will be dreaming of this tonight, I am sure. The whole agglomeration of things – the ship steered into port by a dead man; his attitude, tied to the wheel with a crucifix and beads; the touching funeral; the dog, now furious and now in terror – will all afford material for her dreams. 45

I think it will be best for her to go to bed tired out physically, so I shall take her for a long walk by the cliffs to Robin Hood's Bay and back. She ought not to have much inclination for sleep-walking then. 50

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(from Mina Murray's Journal, Chapter 7)

**WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass***

- 6 Either** (a) ‘... I have not once had the least idea who or what I am ...’  
(As *I Ebb’d with the Ocean of Life*)

With this quotation in mind, discuss ways in which Whitman presents the search for self-awareness. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract from *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Whitman’s concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection. In your answer you should pay close attention to poetic methods and their effects.

from *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| <p>O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,<br/>         O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease perpetuating you,<br/>         Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,<br/>         Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,<br/>         Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what there in<br/>             the night,</p> <p>By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,<br/>         The messenger there arous’d, the fire, the sweet hell within,<br/>         The unknown want, the destiny of me.</p> <p>O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here somewhere,)<br/>         O if I am to have so much, let me have more!</p> <p>A word then, (for I will conquer it,)<br/>         The word final, superior to all,<br/>         Subtle, sent up – what is it? – I listen;<br/>         Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you sea-waves?<br/>         Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?</p> <p>Whereto answering, the sea,<br/>         Delaying not, hurrying not,<br/>         Whisper’d me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,<br/>         Lisp’d to me the low and delicious word death,<br/>         And again death, death, death, death,<br/>         Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous’d child’s heart,<br/>         But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,<br/>         Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,<br/>         Death, death, death, death, death.</p> | <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> |
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Which I do not forget,  
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,  
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,  
With the thousand responsive songs at random,  
My own songs awaked from that hour, 30  
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,  
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,  
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet,  
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments,  
bending aside,) 35  
The sea whisper'd me.

**Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point***

- 7 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Bhatt explore the desire for human connections? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and concerns.

*What Happened to the Elephant?*

What happened to the elephant,  
the one whose head Shiva stole  
to bring his son Ganesh  
back to life?

This is the child's curiosity  
the nosy imagination that continues  
probing, looking for a way  
to believe the fantasy  
a way to prolong the story.

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If Ganesh could still be Ganesh  
with an elephant's head,  
then couldn't the body  
of that elephant  
find another life  
with a horse's head – for example?

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And if we found  
a horse's head to revive  
the elephant's body –  
Who is the true elephant?  
And what shall we do  
about the horse's body?

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Still, the child refuses  
to accept Shiva's carelessness  
and searches for a solution  
without death

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But now when I gaze  
at the framed postcard  
of Ganesh on my wall,  
I also picture a rotting carcass  
of a beheaded elephant  
lying crumpled up  
on its side, covered with bird shit  
vulture shit –

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**13**

Oh that elephant  
                    whose head survived  
for Ganesh – 35

He died, of course, but the others  
in his herd, the hundreds  
in his family must have found him.  
They stared at him for hours 40  
with their slow swaying sadness ...  
How they turned and turned  
in a circle, with their trunks  
facing outwards and then inwards  
towards the headless one. 45

That is a dance  
                    a group dance  
no one talks about.

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**LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris***

- 8**   **Either**   **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Glück's poetry explore ideas about uniqueness? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or**   **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

*Vespers*

Your voice is gone now; I hardly hear you.

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lest we turn from you.

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 9.**

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

9    **Either**    (a) ‘Joyce presents characters without judging them for their dishonesty.’

How far, and in what ways, would you agree with the above comment? In your answer you should refer to at least **two** stories from *Dubliners*.

**Or**            (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Joyce’s narrative methods and concerns.

– I say! Look what he’s doing!  
As I neither answered nor raised my eyes, Mahony exclaimed again:  
– I say ... He’s a queer old jossler!  
– In case he asks us for our names, I said, let you be Murphy and I’ll be Smith. 5

We said nothing further to each other. I was still considering whether I would go away or not when the man came back and sat down beside us again. Hardly had he sat down when Mahony, catching sight of the cat which had escaped him, sprang up and pursued her across the field. The man and I watched the chase. The cat escaped once more and Mahony began to throw stones at the wall she had escalated. Desisting from this, he began to wander about the far end of the field, aimlessly. 10

After an interval the man spoke to me. He said that my friend was a very rough boy and asked did he get whipped often at school. I was going to reply indignantly that we were not National School boys to be *whipped* as he called it; but I remained silent. He began to speak on the subject of chastising boys. His mind, as if magnetized again by his speech, seemed to circle slowly round and round its new centre. He said that when boys were that kind they ought to be whipped and well whipped. When a boy was rough and unruly there was nothing would do him any good but a good sound whipping. A slap on the hand or a box on the ear was no good: what he wanted was to get a nice warm whipping. I was surprised at this sentiment and involuntarily glanced up at his face. As I did so I met the gaze of a pair of bottle-green eyes peering at me from under a twitching forehead. I turned my eyes away again. 15

The man continued his monologue. He seemed to have forgotten his recent liberalism. He said that if ever he found a boy talking to girls or having a girl for a sweetheart he would whip him and whip him; and that would teach him not to be talking to girls. And if a boy had a girl for a sweetheart and told lies about it then he would give him such a whipping as no boy ever got in this world. He said that there was nothing in this world he would like so well as that. He described to me how he would whip such a boy as if he were unfolding some elaborate mystery. He would love that, he said, better than anything in this world; and his voice, as he led me monotonously through the mystery, grew almost affectionate and seemed to plead with me that I should understand him. 20

I waited till his monologue paused again. Then I stood up abruptly. Lest I should betray my agitation I delayed a few moments pretending to fix my shoe properly and then, saying that I was obliged to go, I bade him good-day. I went up the slope calmly but my heart was beating quickly with fear that he would seize me by the ankles. When I reached the top of the slope I turned round and, without looking at him, called loudly across the field: 25

– Murphy! 30

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My voice had an accent of forced bravery in it and I was ashamed of my paltry stratagem. I had to call the name again before Mahony saw me and hallooed in answer. How my heart beat as he came running across the field to me! He ran as if to bring me aid. And I was penitent; for in my heart I had always despised him a little.

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(*from An Encounter*)

**TONI MORRISON: *Beloved***

- 10 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Morrison present female strength and resilience in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Morrison's presentation of the relationship between Sethe and Beloved, here and elsewhere in the novel.

RAINWATER held on to pine needles for dear life and Beloved could not take her eyes off Sethe.

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Perhaps it was Beloved's distance from the events itself, or her thirst for hearing it – in any case it was an unexpected pleasure.

*(from Part 1)*

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**JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea***

- 11 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Rhys's use of different settings in the novel.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Rhys's narrative methods and concerns.

It was all very brightly coloured, very strange, but it meant nothing to me.

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I must certainly know why.

(from Part 2)

**NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard***

**12 Either (a)** ‘*You don’t hate the South?*’

In the light of this quotation from *Pastoral*, discuss ways in which Trethewey presents feelings about the American South. In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

**Or (b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Trethewey’s presentation of grief, here and elsewhere in the collection.

*Myth*

I was asleep while you were dying.

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I was asleep while you were dying.





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