1. **Music, When Soft Voices Die**, by Percy Bysshe Shelley (C19th)
2. **Just Thinking**, by William Stafford (C20th)
3. **Last Night**, by Vikram Seth (C20th)
4. **Last Night**, by Faiz Ahmed Faiz (C20th)
5. **Nettles**, by Vernon Scannell (C19th)
6. **I wish I could remember that first day**, by Christina Rossetti (C19th)
7. **To Flee from Memory**, by Emily Dickinson (C19th)
8. **A Weathered Skeleton**, by Matsuo Basho (C17th)
9. **Time Does Not Bring Relief**, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (C20th)
10. **Break, Break, Break**, by Alfred Tennyson (C19th)



**Happy** *grateful, excited, hopeful*

**Satisfied** *content, pleased, fulfilled*

**Confident** *assured, assertive, optimistic*

**Relieved** *reassured*, *calm*, *relaxed*

**Thoughtful** *reflective, meditative, contemplative*

**Unsure** *doubtful, hesitant, ambivalent*

**Sad** *despondent, poignant, sombre*

**Lonely** *distant, Isolated, detached*

**Scared** *anxious, apprehensive, vulnerable*

**Angry** *frustrated* , *resentful*, *aggrieved*

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**Form** *sonnet, haiku, elegy, free verse*

**Structure** *rhythm, rhyme, stanza, couplet, enjambment*

**Language** *alliteration, simile, metaphor, symbolism, onomatopoeia, repetition*

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**Develop** *also, additionally, furthermore*

**Link** *because, therefore, consequently*

**Sequence** *first, finally, before, after*

**Qualify** *however, although, despite, but*

**Emphasise** *above all, in particular, significantly, indeed*

**Reference** *for example, as revealed by, in the case of*

**Compare** *equally, similarly, likewise, in contrast, whereas*

**Music, When Soft Voices Die**, by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Music, when soft voices die,

Vibrates in the memory;

Odours, when sweet violets sicken,

Live within the sense they quicken.

5 Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,

Are heaped for the beloved’s bed;

And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,

Love itself shall slumber on.

A poem about the enduring nature of memories

**Last Night**, by Vikram Seth

Last night your faded memory came to me

As in the wilderness spring comes quietly,

As, slowly, in the desert moves thew breeze,

As to a sick man, without cause, comes peace

A poem about the revitalising power of memories

 **Last Night**, by Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Last night, your long-lost memory came back to me as though

Spring stealthily should come to a forsaken wilderness

A gentle breeze its fragrance over burning deserts blow

Or, all at once be soothed somehow the sick soul’s distress.

A poem about the revitalising power of memories

**Just Thinking**, by William Stafford

Got up on a cool morning. Leaned out a window.

No cloud, no wind. Air that flowers held

for awhile. Some dove somewhere.

Been on probation most of my life. And

5 the rest of my life been condemned. So these moments

count for a lot – peace, you know.

Let the bucket of memory down into the well,

bring it up. Cool, cool minutes. No one

stirring, no plans. Just being there.

10 This is what the whole thing is about.

A poem about reflecting on memories

**Nettles**, by Vernon Scannell

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed.

‘Bed’ seemed a curious name for those green spears,

That regiment of spite behind the shed:

It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears

5 The boy came seeking comfort and I saw

White blisters beaded on his tender skin.

We soothed him till his pain was not so raw.

At last he offered us a watery grin,

And then I took my billhook, honed the blade

10 And went outside and slashed in fury with it

Till not a nettle in that fierce parade

Stood upright anymore. And then I lit

A funeral pyre to burn the fallen dead,

But in two weeks the busy sun and rain

15 Had called up tall recruits behind the shed:

My son would often feel sharp wounds again.

A poem about a painful memory

**I wish I could remember that first day**, by Christina Rossetti

*Era gia l’ora che volge il desi* – Dante

*Ricorro al tempo ch’io vi vidi prima* – Petrarca

I wish I could remember that first day,

First hour, first moment of your meeting me,

If bright or dim the season, it might be

Summer or Winter for aught I can say;

5 So unrecorded did it slip away,

So blind was I to see and to foresee,

So dull to mark the budding of my tree

That would not blossom yet for many a May.

If only I could recollect it, such

10 A day of days! I let it come and go

As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;

It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;

If only now I could recall that touch,

First touch of hand in hand – Did one but know!

A poem about attempting to recall memories

**To Flee from Memory**, by Emily Dickinson

To flee from memory

Had we the Wings

Many would fly

Inured to slower things

5 Birds with surprise

Would scan the cowering van

Of men escaping

From the mind of man

A poem about avoiding memories

**A Weathered Skeleton**, by Matsuo Basho

A weathered skeleton

in windy fields of memory,

piercing like a knife

A poem about the painful nature of memories

**Time Does Not Bring Relief**, by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied

Who told me time would ease me of my pain!

I miss him in the weeping of the rain;

I want him at the shrinking of the tide;

5 The old snows melt from every mountain-side,

And last year’s leaves are smoke in every lane;

But last year’s bitter loving must remain

Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.

There are a hundred places where I fear

10 To go, – so with his memory they brim.

And entering with relief some quiet place

Where never fell his foot or shone his face

I say, ‘There is no memory of him here!’

And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

A poem about the painful nature of memories

**Break, Break, Break**, by Alfred Tennyson

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

5 O, well for the fisherman’s boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

10 To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanish’d hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

15 But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

A poem about struggling to accept painful memories