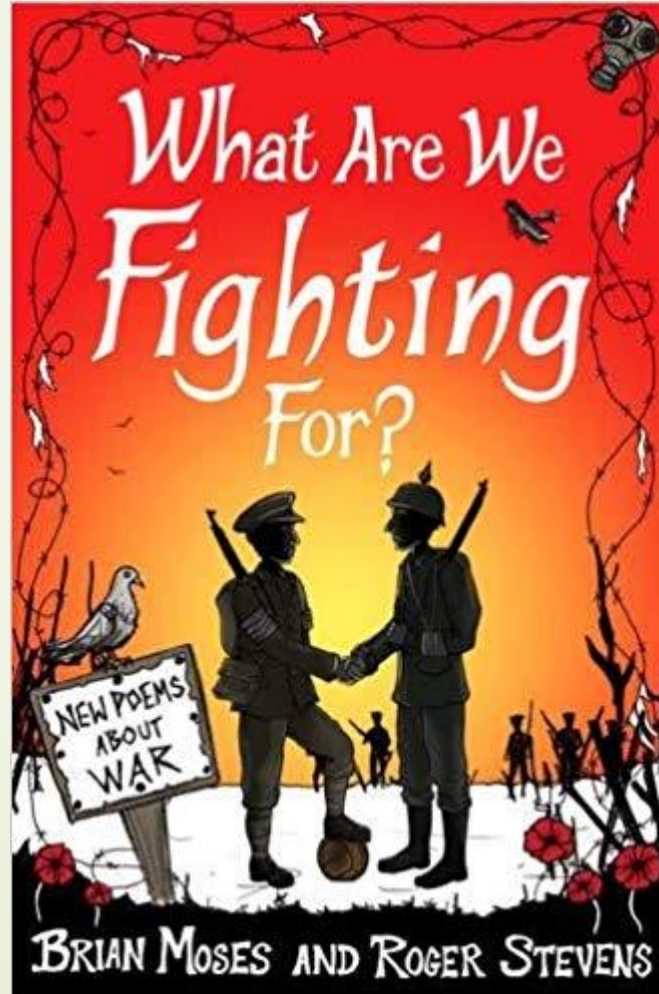


WALT – I can explore War Poems.

Poetry



Our aim is to create a poem for the inside of the book about Rose/Holocaust as a tribute.

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- Can you remember what poem we looked at yesterday?
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We are going to explore more poems today using the White Space activity. You have a variety of poems from What are we fighting for? Make annotations around the outside of the poems. Think about:

1. Questions you have
2. Initial responses
3. Your understanding
4. Your favourite line(s)
5. Your opinions etc...

Spend maximum of 10 minutes on each poem.

No Surrender

'There will be no surrender.'

It was a statement from Winnie in a stern and
passionate speech.

It was scrawled in vapour trails on a canvas of sky
above Kent.

It was the man in the rubble that once was his
home, shaking his fist at the sky.

It was soldiers defiant on Dunkirk's beaches
wading out to warships.

It was Auntie Doris pounding a pub piano while
the sirens sounded.

It was 'There'll Always Be an England', 'Rule,
Britannia!' and 'Jerusalem'.

It was eyes filling with tears at the sight of the
flag.

'There will be no surrender.'

And there wasn't.

Brian Moses

*'Winnie' was the affectionate name for Winston Churchill, Britain's
Prime Minister for most of the Second World War.*

Evacuation

I dunno why Mum's crying so
We'll be fine
Got on the train to Wales
My sister and me
And a hundred other children
Heading for the sunshine
Although we don't know
Exactly where we're going
I've got a label though
So I won't get lost
The government said
We had to go
And we'll be safe, away from the bombs
And anyway it will be exciting
All that space to play in
And hills to climb

And sheep to chase
So I don't know why Mum's crying

Roger Stevens



Shrapnel

These shells shattered to smithereens
and falling from the sky at night
are the bits and pieces we most prize
from aerial dogfights.

We're searching on our way to school
before too many people are about.
We're nipping into neighbours' gardens
and often being chased out.

We're watching from the doors of shelters
as falling shrapnel sparks the ground,
then sprinting out to scoop it up
the moment the all-clear sounds.

And some of it's too hot to touch,
so at times we've burned our hands.

And some of it's kept hidden
like illegal contraband,
the tail fin of a firebomb
or a nose cone someone found,
or a cache of silver bullets
simply picked up off the ground.

These are the prize exhibits
tucked away in garden sheds
or out of sight from prying eyes,
pushed under spare-room beds.

And at night we hear the rat-a-tat-tat
of guns shooting down a plane
and imagine shrapnel falling
in a hail of silvery rain.

Brian Moses

What Are We Fighting For?

What are we fighting for?

We have to do
or die.

What are we fighting for?

We can't turn a
blind eye.

What are we fighting for?

To sleep safely
in bed.

What are we fighting for?

To keep away
fear and dread.

What are we fighting for?

To keep our
children free.

What are we fighting for?

To choose our
own destiny.

What are we fighting for?

Because there's
nowhere to
hide.

What are we fighting for?

Because so
many have
died.

What are we fighting for?

To challenge
oppression.

What are we fighting for?

To combat
aggression.

What are we fighting for?

To win us the
war.

What are we fighting for?

So there won't
be any more.

What are we fighting for?

So that we can
make sure.

What are we fighting for?


It's a war to
end war.

What are we fighting for?

So we'll never
need to say

What are we fighting for?

Again.

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- Extension – Which poem was your favourite and why? Now practise reading it aloud and performing the poem.
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