

Section A

1

- Either (a) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of a singer.

A

THE FAIR SINGER *warrior.*

↑
weapon.
To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony;
That while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

5

I could have fled from one but singly fair,
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair.
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreath
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

10

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hand in equal choice,
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has th'advantages both of eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

15

Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

B

THE SINGER *lullaby.*

The way you sang, half dozing as I drove,
the radio on – the way your hovering
so near sleep, unaware of me, appeared
to purify your shyness, not free you from it;
the way you needed even then to sing
without appearing to, your hushed voice lagging
with a furtive clumsiness behind the singer's,
each syllable only half formed on your lips
before the next one and the arrived;
the way you happily seemed to falter after
what was always half a syllable beyond –
was not the least accomplished of your many
unknowingly disclosed when most disguised
most accidental flashing of a presence
that's not for yours but other people's eyes.

5

10

15

Alan R. Shapiro (b. 1952)

- Or (b) Write a critical comparison of the following poems, considering in detail ways in which language, style and form contribute to each poet's presentation of a homecoming.

A

HOMECOMING

complete

Amverse

The time it takes to my parents' is about 3 hours
and I'd listen to a long playlist on the drive back
each song is dated a year before the next & after
53 and a half songs have been played I am myself

again, I check the year & it is 1996, somehow
it feels the same, here where I'm more at home

where we would sit, on the hard linoleum floor
our largest table with yesterday's newspaper set

old? despite this intimacy
informality

(lacquer bowls & chopsticks) join our shared meal
the walls will listen, quietly left a renter's white

personalization
10

they'd exchange the old lightbulb for newer
ideas in dusted corners, where books are read

else light a modest size candle & call it a night
but dishes need to be handwashed, the only way

tradition

they'd have it, the plastic bags too numerous
to count from drawers so we don't use anything

15

for granted, the garden's given away fruits to birds
but return to us ripe melodies in the peak of season

fair trade

from the worn glazed planters, the dog's longing
for the plush rya rug & the family's grandfather

even the pots are given
feeling

20

clock etched with our last name, their thin hands
forever held close at 1 still rings from my memory.

lasting memory

on a note to person

A
① Homecoming is portrayed
as returning back to family.

Kenny Nguyen (published 2025)

② A homecoming can feel extravagant butting vibrant,
but not good.

③ Attitude/tone

B

HOME COMING

ambivalent
personification / anthropomorphized
diary letter

Weather drips quietly through the skeins
 in my diary (What surly elision is this?)

free verse

personification

Who faxed the folks news of my homecoming,
 even unto the platform number? The majestic parlor car

extra vagant.

slides neatly into its berth, the doors fly open, and it's Jean and Marcy and all the kids, waving pink plastic pinwheels,
 chomping on popcorn. Ngarrh. You know I adore ceremony,

ploring

even while refusing to stand on it, but this, this is too inane.

frivolous

And the cold anonymity of the station takes over,

reins in the crowds that were sifting to the furthest exits. No one is here.

10

Now I know why I've always hated the tango, yet loved the intimacy

feeling alone in the crowd

secreted in its curls. And for this to continue, we've got to

get together, renew old saws, let old grudges ride

bring the prof

Later I'm posting this to you.

I just thought of you, you see, as indeed I do

several million times a day. I need your disapproval,

can't live without your churlish ways.

incomp/ot evd 15

Josh Ashbery (1927 – 2017)

Section B

TAN TWAN ENG: *The Garden of Evening Mists*

2

Either

(a)

Discuss the significance of Cameron Highlands in the novel.

Or

(b)

Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of Aritomo here and elsewhere in the novel.

legendary figure
A memory wisped across his face, like rain drifting over a mountain. "My father began teaching me when I was five," he said. "On my eighteenth birthday he gave me a satchel filled with sketchbooks and just enough money to walk for six months across Honshu. 'The best way to learn is to look at nature. Draw what you see, what moves you. Return only when the winter snows begin to fall,' he told me."

"That was harsh of him."

"Oh, I thought so too, at first," Aritomo said. "But those six months became the happiest time of my life. I had no duties to anyone, no obligations. I was free." He stayed with rice farmers and woodcutters at night. He took shelter in grass huts when it rained, and begged at temples for a bed to sleep in, for a bowl of rice, a cup of tea. Day by day he saw the countryside with changing eyes. "The smallest things made me stop to look, to draw, to feel: the light coming through the furry flowers of wild grass in a meadow; a cricket springing off a stone; the heart-shaped flower of a banana tree nestling among the leaves," he said. "Even the silence of the road would halt me. But how does one capture stillness on paper?"

legend
On some parts of his journey he was on the same path the poet Bashō had taken two hundred years before, when he had walked alone on his narrow road to the interior. "I felt I was seeing the same views he had recorded in his journals. There were days when I would not meet another person on the road. I took long, arduous detours just to see a famous valley, or to visit a monastery on a mountain peak. I lived in the seasons and, like the grass and the trees, I changed with them—summer to autumn. When the year came to its end, I made my way home, following the clouds that were carrying the first of the winter snows. Matsu, our gatekeeper, did not recognize me at first. I had run out of money weeks earlier. I looked like a beggar, but I went immediately to my father's study. I took out my sketchbooks from my travel-worn satchel and placed them on his desk. He glanced at the first few pages, closed the sketchbook and looked at me for a long moment. I felt I had disappointed him. 'I do not need to see the rest,' he said, looking straight into my eyes. 'When spring comes, you will start as a junior gardener in the palace gardens.'"

Aritomo gazed at me for a while. "It was the longest winter I had ever endured. I could not wait for it to end. I was nineteen when I became one of the emperor's gardeners," he said. "I used to see his son Crown Prince Hirohito in the palace gardens. I was just a year older than him."

"Did you ever talk to him?"

"He was very keen on marine biology. He asked me once if I knew anything about it. I told him I was just a gardener."

I looked at my hands, and I thought of how Aritomo had spoken to the man who had caused me so much pain, who had brought me so much loss.

40

"Hirohito was twenty-five when he became emperor," Aritomo continued. "By then my views on gardening had become fixed. I knew what I wanted, what was right for a garden. Some of the older gardeners did not like me, but they could not do anything to me. I was very talented. I am not boasting — I was talented. And the emperor liked me, liked my designs. I rose through the ranks of the palace gardeners quickly. I married Asuka." He pointed to my cup. "That tea comes from her father's plantation."

45

"You've told me that she died. Was it from an illness?"

"In the Year of the Tiger, in 1938, when I myself was thirty-eight, my life changed. Asuka became pregnant." He stopped, his eyes blurred by memory. "It would have been our first child."

50

Our faces, I saw, were glazed into the surface of the table. "What happened?"

"She was too frail. She died in childbirth; she and the baby. My son." He rubbed at an old water stain on the table with his thumb. "I knew I ought to tell him how sorry I was to hear about that, but I had never liked people using that word with me."

55

shaking her own world.

(from Chapter 11)

① ~~the~~ B & D originally Beatrice & D
 at loyalty starts
 ② joined by blood
 ③ they never stop helping each other
 death in the closet
 + D is on a B out-trail/love?

Section C

THOMAS MIDDLETON & WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

3

Themes: moral degradation,
 corruption
 love, passion

Either (a) 'In the end, they deserve each other.'

Bearing this comment in mind, discuss the significance of the relationship between Beatrice and De Flores in the play. madness, inversion of order

Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following passage, relating it to the presentation of trust here and elsewhere in the play.

Enter DIAPHANTA

Diaphanta: Cuds, madam, are you here?

Beatrice: [Aside] Seeing that wench now

A trick comes in my mind, 'tis a nice piece
 Gold cannot purchase; [ALoud] I come hither wench,
 To look my Lord. 5

Diaphanta: [Aside] Would I had such a cause

To look him too. [Aloud] Why, he's i' th' park, madam.
 There let him be.

Beatrice:

Diaphanta:

Ay, madam, let him compass
 Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do, 10
 At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em.
 Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
 Too narrow for him, in the end had but his pit-hole.

Beatrice:

Diaphanta:

I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.
 Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam; 15
 'Tis ever the bride's fashion towards bedtime,
 To set light by her joys, as if she owed 'em not.

Beatrice:

Diaphanta:

Beatrice:

Her joys? Her fears thou wouldst say.
 Fear of what?
 Art thou a maid, and talkst so to a maid? 20
 You leave a blushing business behind,
 Beshrew your heart for't!

Diaphanta:

Beatrice:

Do you mean good sooth, madam?
 Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
 Man should have been unknown. 25

Diaphanta:

Beatrice:

Is't possible?
 I will give a thousand ducats to that woman
 Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
 Tomorrow, when she gets from't: as she likes,
 I might perhaps be drawn to't. 30

Diaphanta:

Beatrice:

Are you in earnest?
 Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
 And see if I'll fly from't; but I must tell you
 This by the way: she must be a true maid,
 Else there's no trial, my fears are not hers else. 35

<i>Diaphanta:</i>	Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam Shall be a maid.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	You know I should be shamed else, Because she lies for me.	
<i>Diaphanta:</i>	'Tis a strange humour! But are you serious still? Would you resign Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?	40
<i>Beatrice:</i>	As willingly as live; alas, the gold Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour.	
<i>Diaphanta:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] I do not know how the world goes abroad For faith or honesty; there's both required in this. [<i>Aloud</i>] Madam, what say you to me? And stray no further: I've a good mind in troth to earn your money.	45
<i>Beatrice:</i>	You're too quick, I fear, to be a maid.	
<i>Diaphanta:</i>	How? Not a maid? Nay then you urge me, madam! Your honourable self is not a truer With all your fears upon you –	50
<i>Beatrice:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] Bad enough then.	
<i>Diaphanta:</i>	Then I with all my lightsome joys about me.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I'm glad to hear't: then you dare put your honesty Upon an easy trial.	55
<i>Diaphanta:</i>	Easy? — Anything.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I'll come to you straight. [<i>Goes to the closet</i>]	
<i>Diaphanta:</i>	She will not search me? Will she? Like the forewoman of a female jury.	60
<i>Beatrice:</i>	[<i>Aside</i>] Glass M. Ay, this is it. [<i>Aloud</i>] Look, Diaphanta, You take no worse than I do. [<i>Drinks</i>]	
<i>Diaphanta:</i>	And in so doing, I will not question what 'tis, but take it. [<i>Drinks</i>]	

(from Act 4 Scene 1)