Section C: Poetry

Names

By Wendy Cope   
  
She was Eliza for a few weeks   
When she was a baby -   
Eliza Lily. Soon it changed to Lil.   
  
Later she was Miss Steward in the baker's shop   
And then 'my love', 'my darling', Mother.   
  
Widowed at thirty, she went back to work   
As Mrs Hand. Her daughter grew up,   
Married and gave birth.   
  
Now she was Nanna. 'Everybody   
Calls me nanna,' she would say to visitors.   
And so they did - friends, tradesmen, the doctor.   
  
In the geriatric ward   
They used the patients' Christian names.   
'Lil,' we said, 'or Nanna,'   
But it wasn't in her file   
And for those last bewildered weeks   
She was Eliza once again.

Q27. In *Names*, how does Wendy Cope present ideas about growing old?