Compare the ways the poet conveys feelings of love and loss in When We Two Parted and one other poem of your choice?

**[30 marks]**

When we two parted

 In silence and tears,

Half broken-hearted

 To sever for years,

Pale grew thy cheek and cold,

 Colder thy kiss;

Truly that hour foretold

 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning

 Sunk chill on my brow--

It felt like the warning

 Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,

 And light is thy fame;

I hear thy name spoken,

 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,

 A knell to mine ear;

A shudder comes o’er me--

 Why wert thou so dear?

They know not I knew thee,

 Who knew thee too well--

Long, long shall I rue thee,

 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met--

 In silence I grieve,

That thy heart could forget,

 Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee

 After long years,

How should I greet thee?--

 With silence and tears.

Compare how poets convey feelings of joy in their relationships in Sonnet 29 and one other poem of your choice. **[30 marks]**

**Sonnet 29 – I think of thee**

I think of thee!—my thoughts do twine and bud

About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,

Put out broad leaves, and soon there 's nought to see

Except the straggling green which hides the wood.

Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood

I will not have my thoughts instead of thee

Who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly

Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,

Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,

And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee

Drop heavily down,—burst, shattered, everywhere!

Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee

And breathe within thy shadow a new air,

I do not think of thee—I am too near thee.

Compare how strong bonds are explored in Walking Away and one other poem of your choice. **[30 marks]**

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day –

A sunny day with leaves just turning,

The touch-lines new-ruled – since I watched you play

Your first game of football, then, like a satellite

Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see

You walking away from me towards the school

With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free

Into a wilderness, the gait of one

Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying away

Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,

Has something I never quite grasp to convey

About nature’s give-and-take – the small, the scorching

Ordeals which fire one’s irresolute clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so

Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly

Saying what God alone could perfectly show –

How selfhood begins with a walking away,

And love is proved in the letting go.