**Christophers Corvid Poetry Quiz**

A hundred posers

Try

1. Without using Google or my clues (Score?)
2. Without using Google - bit with clues (Score?)
3. Using Google and clues (Score)
4. **What Bird and what poet? (20 points)**
5. **What Creature and what poet (20 points)**
6. **What Plant or flower I and what poet? (20 points)**
7. **Where is this and Who is the poet (20 points**
8. **Not be Persons known as poets – Who wrote these? (10 points**
9. **Poets with other lives – Who are they? (10 points)**

**What Bird – What Poet?**

* I use my bill a lot

I get the fishes from the wet

I live on edges

I get my fill a lot (Guillemot – **John Hegley**)

* Thou light-winged dryad of the trees

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated ease. (Ode to a Nightingale **John Keats**)

* Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire;

The blue deep thou wingest,(Ode to a Skylark **Percy Bysshe Shelley**)

* off in the distance,

then one from the backyard fence,

then one, with horrible insistence,

grates like a wet match

from the broccoli patch,

flares,and all over town begins to catch. (Roosters – **Elizabeth Bishop**)

* My feet are locked upon the rough bark.

It took the whole of Creation

To produce my foot, my each feather:

Now I hold creation in my foot. (Hawk Roosting **Ted Hughes)**

* You elegant fowl,
   How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried,
   But what shall we do for a ring? (The Owl and the Pussycat **Edward Lear**)
* Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still. (The Wild Swans at Coole **WB Yeats**)
* Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free (Blackbird – **Paul Macartney**)
* At once a voice arose among

The bleak twigs overhead

In a full-hearted evensong

Of joy illimited; (The Darkling Thrush – **Thomas Hardy**)

* ….then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing! (The Windhover **GM Hopkins**

**What Creature – What Poet?**

* He lurches here and here by guess
And God and hope and hopelessness.
Even the aerobatic swift
Has not his flying-crooked gift. (‘Flying Crooked – (Cabbage White**) Robert Graves**)
* 'Did you hear about Rustam?

He has become famous

And travels from city to city

In a golden cage; ( Two Bears - **Rumi )**

* How cheerfully he seems to grin
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!(How doth the Little Cocodile - **Lewis Carrol**)
* He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do, (Snake - **D H Lawrence**)
* while she just stood there not knowing what she had done,

or went off with her girlish flounce and conker-coloured arse, (Serenade **A Motion**)

* When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? (Tyger, Tyger **W Blake**)
* Blackness is depth
Beyond star. But the warm weight of his breathing,
The ammoniac reek of his litter, the hotly-tongued
Mash of his cud, steamed against me.  (Bull Moses – **Ted Hughes**)
* Its long trailing rope told the story.

It was reluctant to get quite so close

to the tree to which we tied it, (Donkey – **Terry Gifford**)

* Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a pannic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle! (To a Mouse – **Robbie Burns**)
* Visitations are taken for signs.

At a second house I listened

for duntings under the laurels

and heard intimations whispered

about being vaguely honoured. (Badgers – **Seamus Heaney**)

**What Plant/Flower and what poet?**

* Added to its few remaining sites will be the stanza
I compose about leaves like flakes of skin, a colour
Dithering between pink and yellow, and then the root
That grows like coral among shadows and leaf-litter.
Just touching the petals bruises them into darkness. (Ghost Orchid – **Michael Longley**

|  |
| --- |
| * You have welded your thin stems finer,
 |
| Like steel, like sensitive steel in the air, |
| Grey, lavender, sensitive steel, curving thinly and brittly up in a parabola. |
| What are you doing in the December rain ? (Bare Almond Trees **– D H Lawrence**) |

* And the stem pure in its thrust;

its liquid, tubular shaft dusted with the finest dust,

the whole moving through a sombre spectrum

of deep greens, to brown to blue,

the crook angled precise to the millionth. (To Capture Endymion – **Christopher North)**

* ……As for myself,

Where I first met the bitter scent is lost.

I, too, often shrivel the grey shreds,

Sniff them and think and sniff again and try

Once more to think what it is I am remembering, (Old Man– **Edward Thomas**)

* like a buttercup

upon its branching stem-

save that it's green and wooden-

I come, my sweet,

to sing to you. (Asphodel, That Greeny Flower **W C Williams**)

* Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,
All felled, felled, are all felled;
Of a fresh and following folded rank
Not spared, not one
That swam or sank
On meadow and river and wind-wandering
weed-winding bank. (Binsey Poplars **G M Hopkins**)
* And, hermit-like, shunning the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night,
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty it possesses; (Evening Primrose - **John Clare**)
* The waves beside them danced; but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company; (Daffodils **– William Wordsworth**)

* Hairless, leaves unstalked, toothed.

Two-lipped, lower lip de-curved.

Calyx distended in fruit. Semi-parasite,

throws itself on the parish,

get its hook into good roots.

A beggar to shift (Yellow Rattle ,Poverty Weed - **Simon Armitage**)

* Yet still the unresting castles thresh
In fullgrown thickness every May.
Last year is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh. (Trees - **Philip Larkin**)

**Where ? and what Poet?**

* Fate beckoned her and introduced her

Into a rather queer, unfamiliar atmosphere

She'd just sit there, propping up the bar

Beside a fisherman who sang to a guitar (In a Bar on the Piccolo Marina Capri **- N Coward**)

* Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;

And all that mighty heart is lying still! (On Westminster Bridge – **W Wordsworth**)

* And the top of the houses are all flat,

And in the warm weather the people gather to chat,

Besides on the house-tops they dry their clothes,

And also many people all night on the house-tops repose. (Jottings of New York – **William McGonagall**)

* Past the yellow-paella eateries,

Below the ram-shackle back-alley balconies,

While the cocks and hens

In the roofgardens

Scuttle repose with crowns and cackles. (Alicante Lullaby – **Sylvia Plath**)

* And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,

 Dropping from the veils of the mourning to where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings. (Lake Isle of Innisfree – **WB Yeats**)

* And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky. (Adlestrop – **Edward Thomas**)
* She cast her blazing eyes on me
And plucked a licorice leaf;
I was her captive slave and she
My red-haired robber chief. (The Licorice Fields of Pontefract – **J Betjemen**)
* houses rise and fall, crumble, stretch,

removed, destroyed, restored, or in place

there is an open field, or a factory, or a ring road.

Old stone for new building, old wood for new bonfires (East Coker – **T S Eliot**)

* Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death. (The Old Vicarage Granchester – **R Brooke**)
* That gray sponge!
That newly cut sailor.
That big river.
That breeze of dark limits.
That edge, love, that edge. (Christmas on the Hudson – **Garcia Lorca**)

**Poems by persons not known as Poets - Who?**

* Under water grottos, caverns

filled with apes

that eat figs.

Stepping on the figs

that the apes

eat, they crunch. (**Barak Obama**)

* I’m finding that sincerity
and  to be  simple or direct as (possible) I’d like
is often taken for sheer stupidity
but since it is not a sincere world –
it’s very probable that being sincere is stupid.(**Marilyn Monroe**)
* The story of life

is quicker

than the wink of an eye.

The story of love

is hello and goodbye.

Until we meet again (**Jimi Hendrix** – last stanza of poem written just before his death)

* Bringe me to quiet reste;
let pass my weary, guiltles ghost
out of my carefull brest.
Toll on, the passinge-bell;
ring out my dolefull knell;
let thy sounde my death tell. (**Ann Boleyn** Written in the Tower)
* The shadow falls along the shore

The search lights twinkle on the sea

The silence of a mighty fleet

Portends the tumult yet to be. (**Winston Churchill**’s only poem)

* I’m very proud of my new crystal collection
I have a Gucci store that’s worth more than Romney
I order thousands of televisions a year
Six people do nothing but sort my mail
Sorry haters and losers!
He who has the gold makes the rules (**Donald Trump** – from his speeches)
* This is a Pain I mostly hide

but ties of blood, or seed, endure,

and even now I feel inside,

the hunger for his outstretched hand,

a man’s embrace to take me in,

the need for just a word of praise. (Former President **Jimmy Carter**)

* He knew his power was the power of God
He was so sure, they considered him odd
This power of innocence, of compassion, of light
Threatened the priests and created a fight
In endless ways they sought to dismantle
This mysteroius force which they could not handle (Magical Child - **Michael Jackson**)
* "Please let me tell you in brief

what has always been my belief,

Though you may have a passion

for beauty and fashion,

What matters

is what's underneath." (**Kate Moss**)

* Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte. (**Elizabeth 1st**)

**Poets with Other Identities – Who?**

* Was Vice president of an Insurance Company **(Wallace Stevens**)
* High Sheriff of Kent (**Thomas Wyatt**)
* A probation Officer (**Simon Armitage**)
* The Son of a Glove –maker (**Shakespeare**)
* Owner of a General Store Near Oxford (**Robert Graves**)
* A Chief Librarian ( **Philip Larkin**)
* A General Practitioner in The States (**William Carlos Williams**)
* A General Practitioner in Wales (**Danny Abse**)
* An International Diplomat (**Pablo Neruda**)
* A Bank Manager specialising in Foreign Currencies. ( **T S Eliot** )