

Task 3 – Key

Here in this spring

Here in this **(1) spring**, stars float along the void; Here in this ornamental **(2) winter** Down pelts the naked weather; This **(3) summer** buries a spring bird.

Symbols are selected from the (4) years' Slow (5) rounding of four seasons' coasts, In (6) autumn teach three seasons' fires And four birds' notes.

I should tell summer from the **(7) trees**, the worms Tell, if at all, the winter's **(8) storms** Or the funeral of the **(9) sun**; I should learn spring by the cuckooing, And the slug should teach me destruction.

A worm tells summer better than the **(10) clock**, The slug's a living calendar of **(11) days**; What shall it tell me if a **(12) timeless** insect Says the world wears away?

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Task 4 – Possible answers

- 1. The passing of time humans' perception of time and change the endless circle of birth, death and rebirth
- 2. Universe immortality immutability the big order of things divine power
- 3. Earth mortality temporality the small order of things nature
- 4. By juxtaposing words associated with things that, from a human perspective, last for long time (starts void sun timeless) to words related to things that last for a short time (the seasons birds worm slug insect). It suggests that the perception of time is relative. Perhaps from a slug's point of view, human beings last for ever.

Task 6 – Key

Verbs in <i>-ing</i> form	praying – flying – brimming – wringing – blooming – burning
Adjectives with <i>-ing</i> suffix	sailing (boats) – sleeping (town) – rolling (cloud) – whistling (blackbirds) dwindling (harbour)
Nouns ending in -ing	(my) hearing – morning – (the) turning – (the) listening – turning

Task 5 – Key

Poem in October

(1)

It was my thirtieth year to heaven Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbour wood And the mussel pooled and the heron Priested shore The morning beckon With water praying and call of seagull and rook And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall Myself to set foot That second In the still sleeping town and set forth.

(3)

A springful of larks in a rolling Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling Blackbirds and the sun of October Summery On the hill's shoulder, Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly Come in the morning where I wandered and listened To the rain wringing Wind blow cold In the wood faraway under me.

(4)

Pale rain over the dwindling harbour And over the sea wet church the size of a snail With its horns through mist and the castle Brown as owls But all the gardens Of spring and summer were blooming in the tall tales Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud. There could I marvel My birthday Away but the weather turned around.

(2)

My birthday began with the water-Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name Above the farms and the white horses And I rose In rainy autumn And walked abroad in a shower of all my days. High tide and the heron dived when I took the road Over the border And the gates Of the town closed as the town awoke. (7)

And there could I marvel my birthday Away but the weather turned around. And the true Joy of the long dead child sang burning In the sun. It was my thirtieth Year to heaven stood there then in the summer noon Though the town below lay leaved with October blood. O may my heart's truth Still be sung On this high hill in a year's turning.

(5)

It turned away from the blithe country And down the other air and the blue altered sky Streamed again a wonder of summer With apples Pears and red currants And I saw in the turning so clearly a child's Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother Through the parables Of sun light And the legends of the green chapels

(6)

And the twice told fields of infancy That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart moved in mine. These were the woods the river and sea Where a boy In the listening Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his joy To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide. And the mystery Sang alive Still in the water and singing birds.

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