Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/42**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2025**

2 hours

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
  Section A: answer **one** question.
  Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Austen present different attitudes to love in *Pride and Prejudice*?

Or (b) Paying close attention to Austen's language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel's meaning and effects.

Mr Wickham did not play at whist, and with ready delight was he received at the other table between Elizabeth and Lydia. At first there seemed danger of Lydia's engrossing him entirely, for she was a most determined talker; but being likewise extremely fond of lottery tickets, she soon grew too much interested in the game, too eager in making bets and exclaiming after prizes, to have attention for any one in particular. Allowing for the common demands of the game, Mr Wickham was therefore at leisure to talk to Elizabeth, and she was very willing to hear him, though what she chiefly wished to hear she could not hope to be told, the history of his acquaintance with Mr Darcy. She dared not even mention that gentleman. Her curiosity however was unexpectedly relieved. Mr Wickham began the subject himself. He inquired how far Netherfield was from Meryton; and, after receiving her answer, asked in an hesitating manner how long Mr Darcy had been staying there.

'About a month,' said Elizabeth; and then, unwilling to let the subject drop, added, 'he is a man of very large property in Derbyshire, I understand.'

'Yes,' replied Wickham; – 'his estate there is a noble one. A clear ten thousand per annum. You could not have met with a person more capable of giving you certain information on that head than myself – for I have been connected with his family in a particular manner from my infancy.'

Elizabeth could not but look surprised.

'You may well be surprised, Miss Bennet, at such an assertion, after seeing, as you probably might, the very cold manner of our meeting yesterday. – Are you much acquainted with Mr Darcy?'

'As much as I ever wish to be,' cried Elizabeth warmly, – 'I have spent four days in the same house with him, and I think him very disagreeable.'

'I have no right to give *my* opinion,' said Wickham, 'as to his being agreeable or otherwise. I am not qualified to form one. I have known him too long and too well to be a fair judge. It is impossible for *me* to be impartial. But I believe your opinion of him would in general astonish – and perhaps you would not express it quite so strongly anywhere else. – Here you are in your own family.'

'Upon my word I say no more *here* than I might say in any house in the neighbourhood, except Netherfield. He is not at all liked in Hertfordshire. Every body is disgusted with his pride. You will not find him more favourably spoken of by any one.'

'I cannot pretend to be sorry,' said Wickham, after a short interruption, 'that he or that any man should not be estimated beyond their deserts; but with *him* I believe it does not often happen. The world is blinded by his fortune and consequence, or frightened by his high and imposing manners, and sees him only as he chuses to be seen.'

'I should take him, even on *my* slight acquaintance, to be an ill-tempered man.' Wickham only shook his head.

'I wonder,' said he, at the next opportunity of speaking, 'whether he is likely to be in this country much longer.'

'I do not at all know; but I *heard* nothing of his going away when I was at

Netherfield. I hope your plans in favour of the –shire will not be affected by his being in the neighbourhood.'

'Oh! no – it is not for *me* to be driven away by Mr Darcy. If *he* wishes to avoid seeing *me*, he must go. We are not on friendly terms, and it always gives me pain to meet him, but I have no reason for avoiding *him* but what I might proclaim to all the world; a sense of very great ill usage, and most painful regrets at his being what he is. His father, Miss Bennet, the late Mr Darcy, was one of the best men that ever breathed, and the truest friend I ever had; and I can never be in company with this Mr Darcy without being grieved to the soul by a thousand tender recollections. His behaviour to myself has been scandalous; but I verily believe I could forgive him any thing and every thing, rather than his disappointing the hopes and disgracing the memory of his father.'

Elizabeth found the interest of the subject increase, and listened with all her heart; but the delicacy of it prevented farther inquiry.

(*from* Chapter 16)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the effects created by Chaucer's presentation of friendship in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing its significance to *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

This fresshe May, that I spak of so yoore,
In warm wex hath emprented the clyket
That Januarie bar of the smale wyket,
By which into his gardyn ofte he wente;
And Damyan, that knew al hire entente, *5*
The cliket countrefeted pryvely.
Ther nys namoore to seye, but hastily
Som wonder by this clyket shal bityde,
Which ye shul heeren, if ye wole abyde.
O noble Ovyde, ful sooth seystou, God woot, *10*
What sleighte is it, thogh it be long and hoot,
That Love nyl fynde it out in som manere?
By Piramus and Tesbee may men leere;
Thogh they were kept ful longe streite overal,
They been accorded, rownynge thurgh a wal, *15*
Ther no wight koude han founde out swich a sleighte.
But now to purpos: er that dayes eighte
Were passed [of] the month of [Juyn], bifil
That Januarie hath caught so greet a wil,
Thurgh eggyng of his wyf, hym for to pleye *20*
In his gardyn, and no wight but they tweye,
That in a morwe unto his May seith he:
'Rys up, my wyf, my love, my lady free!
The turtles voys is herd, my dowve sweete;
The wynter is goon with alle his reynes weete. *25*
Com forth now, with thyne eyen columbyn!
How fairer been thy brestes than is wyn!
The gardyn is enclosed al aboute;
Com forth, my white spouse! Out of doute
Thou hast me wounded in myn herte, O wyf! *30*
No spot of thee ne knew I al my lyf.
Com forth, and lat us taken oure disport;
I chees thee for my wyf and my confort.'
Swiche olde lewed wordes used he.
On Damyan a signe made she, *35*
That he sholde go biforn with his cliket.
This Damyan thanne hath opened the wyket,
And in he stirte, and that in swich manere
That no wight myghte it se neither yheere,
And stille he sit under a bussh anon. *40*

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the effects created by Donne's use of ordinary, everyday situations in his poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods in the following poem, discuss Donne's presentation of his relationship with God here and elsewhere in the selection.

Holy Sonnets: Divine Meditations 14

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurped town, to another due, *5*
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue,
Yet dearly'I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betrothed unto your enemy, *10*
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Eliot presents contrasts between appearance and reality in the novel.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to Eliot's presentation of the relationship between Rosamond and Lydgate here and elsewhere in the novel.

'I never give up anything that I choose to do,' said Rosamond, recovering her calmness at the touching of this cord.

'God bless you!' said Lydgate, kissing her again. This constancy of purpose in the right place was adorable. He went on: –

'It is too late now for your father to say that our engagement must be given up. You are of age, and I claim you as mine. If anything is done to make you unhappy, – that is a reason for hastening our marriage.'

An unmistakable delight shone forth from the blue eyes that met his, and the radiance seemed to light up all his future with mild sunshine. Ideal happiness (of the kind known in the Arabian Nights, in which you are invited to step from the labour and discord of the street into a paradise where everything is given to you and nothing claimed) seemed to be an affair of a few weeks' waiting, more or less.

'Why should we defer it?' he said, with ardent insistence. 'I have taken the house now: everything else can soon be got ready – can it not? You will not mind about new clothes. Those can be bought afterwards.'

'What original notions you clever men have!' said Rosamond, dimpling with more thorough laughter than usual at this humorous incongruity. 'This is the first time I ever heard of wedding-clothes being bought after marriage.'

'But you don't mean to say you would insist on my waiting months for the sake of clothes?' said Lydgate, half thinking that Rosamond was tormenting him prettily, and half fearing that she really shrank from speedy marriage. 'Remember, we are looking forward to a better sort of happiness than this – being continually together, independent of others, and ordering our lives as we will. Come, dear, tell me how soon you can be altogether mine.'

There was a serious pleading in Lydgate's tone, as if he felt that she would be injuring him by any fantastic delays. Rosamond became serious too, and slightly meditative; in fact, she was going through many intricacies of lace-edging and hosiery and petticoat-tucking, in order to give an answer that would at least be approximate. 'Six weeks would be ample – say so, Rosamond,' insisted Lydgate, releasing her hands to put his arm gently round her.

One little hand immediately went to pat her hair, while she gave her neck a meditative turn, and then said seriously –

'There would be the house-linen and the furniture to be prepared. Still mamma could see to those while we were away.'

'Yes, to be sure. We must be away a week or so.'

'Oh, more than that!' said Rosamond, earnestly. She was thinking of her evening dresses for the visit to Sir Godwin Lydgate's, which she had long been secretly hoping for as a delightful employment of at least one quarter of the honeymoon, even if she deferred her introduction to the uncle who was a doctor of divinity (also a pleasing though sober kind of rank, when sustained by blood). She looked at her lover with some wondering remonstrance as she spoke, and he readily understood that she might wish to lengthen the sweet time of double solitude.

'Whatever you wish, my darling, when the day is fixed. But let us take a decided course, and put an end to any discomfort you may be suffering. Six weeks! – I am sure they would be ample.'

'I could certainly hasten the work,' said Rosamond. 'Will you, then, mention it

to papa? – I think it would be better to write to him.' She blushed and looked at him as the garden flowers look at us when we walk forth happily among them in the transcendent evening light: is there not a soul beyond utterance, half-nymph, half-child, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep colour? *50*

(*from* Chapter 36)

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Hardy's presentation of disappointment and its consequences in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

'Mrs Troy has come downstairs,' said Samway to Tall. 'If you want to tell her you had better do it now.'

'Do you know what they mean?' the farmer asked of Bathsheba across the room.

'I don't in the least,' said Bathsheba.

There was a smart rapping at the door. One of the men opened it instantly, and went outside.

'Mrs Troy is wanted,' he said, on returning.

'Quite ready,' said Bathsheba. 'I didn't tell them to send.'

'It is a stranger ma'am,' said the man by the door.

'A stranger?' she said.

'Ask him to come in,' said Boldwood.

The message was given, and Troy, wrapped up to his eyes as we have seen him, stood in the doorway.

There was an unearthly silence, all looking towards the newcomer. Those who had just learnt that he was in the neighbourhood recognized him instantly: those who did not were perplexed. Nobody noted Bathsheba. She was leaning on the stairs. Her brow had heavily contracted; her whole face was pallid, her lips apart, her eyes rigidly staring at their visitor.

Boldwood was among those who did not notice that he was Troy. 'Come in, come in!' he repeated cheerfully, 'and drain a Christmas beaker with us, stranger!'

Troy next advanced into the middle of the room, took off his cap, turned down his coat-collar, and looked Boldwood in the face. Even then Boldwood did not recognise him. Troy began to laugh a mechanical laugh; and Boldwood recognised him now.

Troy turned to Bathsheba. The poor girl's wretchedness at this time was beyond all fancy or narration. She had sunk down on the lowest stair, and there she sat, her mouth blue and dry, and her dark eyes fixed vacantly upon him, as if she wondered whether it were not all a terrible illusion.

Then Troy spoke. 'Bathsheba, I come here for you.'

She made no reply.

'Come home with me: come.'

Bathsheba moved her feet a little, but did not rise. Troy went across to her.

'Come madam, do you hear what I say?' he said peremptorily.

A strange voice came from the fireplace – a voice sounding far off and confined, as if from a dungeon. Hardly a soul in the assembly recognised the thin tones to be those of Boldwood.

'Bathsheba, go with your husband!'

Nevertheless, she did not move. The truth was that Bathsheba was beyond the pale of activity – and yet not in a swoon. She was in a state of mental *gutta serena*; her mind was for the minute totally deprived of light at the same time that no obscuration was apparent from without.

Troy stretched out his hand to pull her towards him, when she quickly shrank back. This visible dread of him seemed to irritate Troy, and he seized her arm and pulled it sharply. Whether his grasp pinched her, or whether his mere touch was the cause, was never known, but at the moment of his seizure she writhed, and gave a quick low scream.

The scream had been heard but a few seconds when it was followed by a sudden deafening report that echoed through the room and stupefied them all. The oak partition shook with the concussion, and the place was filled with grey smoke. *50*

In bewilderment they turned their eyes to Boldwood. At his back, as he stood before the fireplace was a gun-rack, as is usual in farm houses, constructed to hold two guns. When Bathsheba had cried out in her husband's grasp Boldwood's face of gnashing despair had changed. The veins had swollen and a frenzied look had gleamed in his eye. He had turned quickly, taken one of the guns, cocked it, and at once discharged it at Troy. *55*

(*from* Chapter 52)

WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

6 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Whitman presents change and its effects. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Whitman's methods and concerns in the selection.

O Me! O Life!

O me! O life! of the questions of these recurring,
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the foolish,
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who more faithless?)
Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of the struggle ever renew'd, *5*
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds I see around me,
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me intertwined, *10*
The question, O me! so sad, recurring – What good amid these, O me, O life?

Answer
That you are here – that life exists and identity,
That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse. *15*

TURN OVER FOR SECTION B.

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

7 **Either** **(a)** 'The poet's relationship with the natural world is presented as complex, never straightforward and simple.'

Discuss Glück's presentation of the natural world in the light of this comment. In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

Matins

Forgive me if I say I love you: the powerful

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not fighting in the yard?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 8.

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

8 **Either** **(a)** James Joyce said he wanted to hold up 'a nicely-polished looking glass' to life in Dublin.

In what ways and with what effects do you think he did this? In your answer, you should refer to at least **two** stories from *Dubliners*.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Joyce's presentation of the relationship between Gabriel and his wife here and elsewhere in *The Dead*.

– Good-night, all. Safe home.

– Good-night. Good-night.

The morning was still dark. A dull yellow light brooded over the houses and the river; and the sky seemed to be descending. It was slushy underfoot; and only streaks and patches of snow lay on the roofs, on the parapets of the quay and on the area railings. The lamps were still burning redly in the murky air and, across the river, the palace of the Four Courts stood out menacingly against the heavy sky.

She was walking on before him with Mr Bartell D'Arcy, her shoes in a brown parcel tucked under one arm and her hands holding her skirt up from the slush. She had no longer any grace of attitude but Gabriel's eyes were still bright with happiness. The blood went bounding along his veins; and the thoughts went rioting through his brain, proud, joyful, tender, valorous.

She was walking on before him so lightly and so erect that he longed to run after her noiselessly, catch her by the shoulders and say something foolish and affectionate into her ear. She seemed to him so frail that he longed to defend her against something and then to be alone with her. Moments of their secret life together burst like stars upon his memory. A heliotrope envelope was lying beside his breakfast-cup and he was caressing it with his hand. Birds were twittering in the ivy and the sunny web of the curtain was shimmering along the floor: he could not eat for happiness. They were standing on the crowded platform and he was placing a ticket inside the warm palm of her glove. He was standing with her in the cold, looking in through a grated window at a man making bottles in a roaring furnace. It was very cold. Her face, fragrant in the cold air, was quite close to his; and suddenly she called out to the man at the furnace:

– Is the fire hot, sir?

But the man could not hear her with the noise of the furnace. It was just as well. He might have answered rudely.

A wave of yet more tender joy escaped from his heart and went coursing in warm flood along his arteries. Like the tender fires of stars moments of their life together, that no one knew of or would ever know of, broke upon and illumined his memory. He longed to recall to her those moments, to make her forget the years of their dull existence together and remember only their moments of ecstasy. For the years, he felt, had not quenched his soul or hers. Their children, his writing, her household cares had not quenched all their souls' tender fire. In one letter that he had written to her then he had said: *Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name?*

Like distant music these words that he had written years before were borne towards him from the past. He longed to be alone with her. When the others had gone away, when he and she were in the room in the hotel, then they would be alone together. He would call her softly:

– Gretta!

Perhaps she would not hear at once: she would be undressing. Then something in his voice would strike her. She would turn and look at him …

At the corner of Winetavern Street they met a cab. He was glad of its rattling noise as it saved him from conversation. She was looking out of the window and seemed tired. The others spoke only a few words, pointing out some building or street. The horse galloped along wearily under the murky morning sky, dragging his old rattling box after his heels, and Gabriel was again in a cab with her, galloping to catch the boat, galloping to their honeymoon. *45*

(*from* The Dead)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

9 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Morrison makes story-telling significant in the novel.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering how far it is characteristic of Morrison's methods and concerns.

'Look,' he says, 'Denver be here in the day.

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Me?'

(*from* Part 3)

GABRIEL OKARA: Selected Poems from *Collected Poems*

10 Either **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Okara present the significance of water and rivers in his poems? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Okara's poetic methods and concerns in the selection.

A Boy's Dream

I cling to soft clouds swaying

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With warmth of the sun playing on my face.

22 July 1978

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Rhys presents rumour and gossip, and their significance in the novel.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative point of view, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the wider novel.

'If you forsake her they will tear her in pieces – like they did her mother.'

'I will not forsake her,' I said wearily. 'I will do all I can for her.'

'You will love her like you did before?'

(*Give my sister your wife a kiss from me. Love her as I did – oh yes I did. How can I promise that?*) I said nothing.

'It's she won't be satisfy. She is Creole girl, and she have the sun in her. Tell the truth now. She don't come to your house in this place England they tell me about, she don't come to your beautiful house to beg you to marry with her. No, it's you come all the long way to her house – it's you beg her to marry. And she love you and she give you all she have. Now you say you don't love her and you break her up. What you do with her money, eh?' Her voice was still quiet but with a hiss in it when she said 'money'. I thought, of course, that is what all the rigmarole is about. I no longer felt dazed, tired, half hypnotized, but alert and wary, ready to defend myself.

Why, she wanted to know, could I not return half of Antoinette's dowry and leave the island – 'leave the West Indies if you don't want her no more.'

I asked the exact sum she had in mind, but she was vague about that.

'You fix it up with lawyers and all those things.'

'And what will happen to her then?'

She, Christophine, would take good care of Antoinette (and the money of course).

'You will both stay here?' I hoped that my voice was as smooth as hers.

No, they would go to Martinique. Then to other places.

'I like to see the world before I die.'

Perhaps because I was so quiet and composed she added maliciously, 'She marry with someone else. She forget about you and live happy.'

A pang of rage and jealousy shot through me then. Oh no, she won't forget. I laughed.

'You laugh at me? Why you laugh at me?'

'Of course I laugh at you – you ridiculous old woman. I don't mean to discuss my affairs with you any longer. Or your mistress. I've listened to all you had to say and I don't believe you. Now, say good-bye to Antoinette, then go. You are to blame for all that has happened here, so don't come back.'

She drew herself up tall and straight and put her hands on her hips. 'Who you to tell me to go? This house belong to Miss Antoinette's mother, now it belong to her. Who you to tell me to go?'

'I assure you that it belongs to me now. You'll go, or I'll get the men to put you out.'

'You think the men here touch me? They not damn fool like you to put their hand on me.'

'Then I will have the police up, I warn you. There must be some law and order even in this God-forsaken island.'

'No police here,' she said. 'No chain gang, no tread machine, no dark jail either. This is free country and I am free woman.'

'Christophine,' I said, 'you lived in Jamaica for years, and you know Mr Fraser, the Spanish Town magistrate, well. I wrote to him about you. Would you like to hear what he answered?' She stared at me. I read the end of Fraser's letter aloud: '*I have written very discreetly to Hill, the white inspector of police in your town. If she*

lives near you and gets up to any of her nonsense let him know at once. He'll send a couple of policemen up to your place and she won't get off lightly this time … You gave your mistress the poison that she put into my wine?' *50*

'I tell you already – you talk foolishness.'

'We'll see about that – I kept some of that wine.'

'I tell her so,' she said. 'Always it don't work for *béké.* Always it bring trouble … So you send me away and you keep all her money. And what you do with her?'

'I don't see why I should tell you my plans. I mean to go back to Jamaica to consult the Spanish Town doctors and her brother. I'll follow their advice. That is all I mean to do. She is not well.' *55*

'Her brother!' She spat on the floor. 'Richard Mason is no brother to her. You think you fool me? You want her money but you don't want her. It is in your mind to pretend she is mad. I know it. The doctors say what you tell them to say. That man Richard he say what you want him to say – glad and willing too, I know. She will be like her mother. You do that for money? But you wicked like Satan self!' *60*

I said loudly and wildly, 'And do you think that I wanted all this? I would give my life to undo it. I would give my eyes never to have seen this abominable place.'

She laughed. 'And that's the first damn word of truth you speak. …' *65*

(*from* Part 2)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Trethewey present feelings about her mixed ancestry? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following extract from the sequence *Native Guard*, considering how far it is characteristic of Trethewey's concerns in the collection.

from *Native Guard*

August 1864
Dumas was a fair master to us all.
He taught me to read and write: I was a man-
servant, if not a man. At my work,
I studied natural things – all manner *5*
of plants, birds I draw now in my book: wren,
willet, egret, loon. Tending the gardens,
I thought only to study live things, thought
never to know so much about the dead.
Now I tend Ship Island graves, mounds like dunes *10*
that shift and disappear. I record names,
send home simple notes, not much more than how
and when – an official duty. I'm told
it's best to spare most detail, but I know
there are things which must be accounted for. *15*

1865
These are things which must be accounted for:
slaughter under the white flag of surrender –
black massacre at Fort Pillow; our new name,
the Corps d'Afrique – words that take the *native* *20*
from our claim; mossbacks and freedmen – exiles
in their own homeland; the diseased, the maimed,
every lost limb, and what remains: phantom
ache, memory haunting an empty sleeve;
the hog-eaten at Gettysburg, unmarked *25*
in their graves; all the dead letters, unanswered;
untold stories of those that time will render
mute. Beneath battlefields, green again,
the dead molder – a scaffolding of bone
we tread upon, forgetting. Truth be told. *30*

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