

## Dover Beach

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

# The Unprofessionals

U A Fanthorpe

When the worst thing happens,  
That uproots the future,  
That you must live for every hour of your future,

They come,  
Unorganised, inarticulate, unprofessional;

They come sheepishly, sit with you, holding hands,  
From tea to tea, from Anadin to Valium,

Sleeping on put-you-ups, answering the phone,  
Coming in shifts, spontaneously,

Talking sometimes,  
About wallflowers, and fishing, and why

Dealing with Kleenex and kettles,  
Doing the washing up and the shopping,

Like civilians in a shelter, under bombardment,

Holding hands and sitting it out  
Through the immortality of all the seconds,

Until the blunting of time.

**Commented [Yb1]:** Invented noun – morphological deviation

**Commented [Yb2]:** Present tense – constant activity  
Present continuous – continuous activity

**Commented [Yb3]:** A verb that has the connotations of uprooting a tree or a shrub, not an abstract idea. How does it affect the meaning here?  
What kind of emotions does it generate?  
Violence and suddenness.

**Commented [Yb4]:** Use of modals

**Commented [Yb5]:** Words beginning with negative adjectives – does this further enhance the idea that the persona does not approve of the unprofessionals?  
Fussiness of the people who come to be of support during difficult times.

**Commented [Yb6]:** painkiller

**Commented [Yb7]:** for anxiety and pain.

**Commented [Yb8]:** Morning till night  
Anadin in the morning - Valium  
Instead of simply saying from day till night, why from tea to tea. (British context)

**Commented [Yb9]:** temporary

**Commented [Yb10]:** why wallflowers and why fishing?

**Commented [Yb11]:** Talking about various things before getting to the crucial thing, why did this happen? (in the context of the British, forms of politeness may prevent people from being too blunt and too direct).

**Commented [Yb12]:** deviation – faulty parallelism  
Foregrounding through deviation and parallelism

**Commented [Yb13]:** crying

**Commented [Yb14]:** hot beverages?

**Commented [Yb15]:** Alliteration – contrast with softer sounds in the preceding line.

**Commented [Yb16]:** Daily necessities – domestic domain

**Commented [Yb17]:** A shift to a new register: military register.  
Through this shift, the poet is creating an emotional domain.

**Commented [Yb18]:** There is a deviation here. Why immortality of all the seconds

**Commented [Yb19]:** time