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AFA in CREATIVE WRITING (CW19)

Answer booklet

Name of centre	
Centre number	
Name of candidate	
Candidate number	
Title of paper	Creative Writing
Paper reference	Write 3

Commission / Assignment

Mark

1	
2	
3	
4	
5	

Critical commentary (WRITE-3 only)



~~4 Windows~~

~~- Time~~

~~- Granddads life~~

~~- Microsoft windows~~

~~- Windows into the soul~~

~~Windows~~

~~- Grandmas life~~

~~Windows worn by walls to wake~~

~~Still you took your time to do so~~

~~To carefully craft what people saw through yours
(You would patent the best)~~

~~And I remember you being vain~~

~~But to cover up the pane~~

~~The truth only uncovered by a skylight~~

~~And that was my Mother~~

~~Glasgow Gallus - Glitz~~



~~Windows - worn by walls to ^{show} wake~~
~~Still you took your time to do so. That little part inside~~

~~To carefully craft what people saw through yours~~
~~(You would patent the best)~~

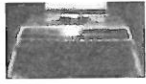
~~I knew you when I was born~~
~~I remembered you from 4~~
~~The looking glass into the past~~

~~And I remember you were vain~~
~~From the mirrors in your home~~
~~But Grandma never used them~~

~~Windows worn by walls to show~~
~~That little part inside~~

~~The view you wanted to be remembered by~~
~~Whilst hiding all the rest~~

~~And your ideas they were marvellous~~



~~And that window into your past
Is only small for me
But to her is a great deal larger~~

*
1 [~~Windows worn by walls to wake
The past that eats you whole~~]

~~Having barricaded the light
So that all I saw was your lies~~

~~Like how a window does not allow full
View of a home~~

~~Just a small snippet.~~

*
2 [~~After years of careful crafting
All the things I saw through yours~~]

~~Windows to the past
That illuminate the building~~

~~As truth becomes common knowledge~~



~~To my brother and I.~~

~~Opinions ever changed~~

~~Exposed to the cracks in your facade~~

~~Windows into your past~~

~~That blind the two receivers~~

~~(My brother and I)~~

~~My~~

* ~~But you ^{couldn't} didn't make my mother forget~~

3 ~~And to me, she was the skylight
Couldn't change her view of you~~

~~Blinding you with light~~

~~So no part could remain hidden~~

* ~~So you treated me as your daughter~~

4 ~~Another window of opportunity~~

~~To be a better Mother~~

~~But you still call my Brother Iain~~

~~And still you call me Jane~~



~~Windows worn by walls to wake
The part that eats you whole~~

*

~~After years of careful crafting
All the things I saw through yours~~

~~But you could not make my Mother forget
Could not change her view of you~~

~~So to you I was your daughter
Another window of opportunity~~

~~But you still call my brother Iain
And you sometimes call me Jane~~

~~Because you just can't put it down
And ^{then} your ^{whole} facade shatters~~

~~Because as soon as you say it~~

~~For I see the pane in your eyes~~

~~I ^{see} feel your pane~~

~~I look at the window pane~~

~~And the etchings there in full~~

~~You love my mother I know you do~~

~~I can tell by the cracks in your voice~~



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~~But you let her go
Drove her away~~

~~And telling her you have cancer
Is not going to bring her back to you~~

~~Now you face those consequences~~

~~And then your whole facade shatters
For as soon as you say it~~

~~I see that window pane
And the etchings there in full~~

~~I know you love my Mother
But there's cracks in her fragile heart~~

~~From the days you drenched yourself in drink
And my Mother would find there~~

~~Your vision smeared and blurry
In pieces on the floor~~



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~~And for that she wont forgive you Nan~~
~~You cannot mend a heart of glass~~



Windows

a) ①

Windows - worn by walls to wake,
The past that eats you whole.

After years of briskly brightening
All the things I can see through yours,

But you could not make my Mother forget
Could not change her view of you,

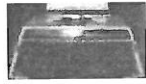
So to you I was your daughter
Another window of opportunity

But you still call me Jane
(Your windows clearly foggy)

And for a moment your facade shatters,
For as soon as you say it

I see your window pane
And the etchings there on display.

I know you love my Mother,
But there are cracks in your her fragile heart,



From the days you drenched yourself in drink
And she would find you there in pieces on the floor;

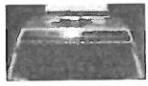
Your vision smeared and blurry,
Forgetting who she was

And for that she won't forgive you Nan,
For you cannot mend a broken heart of glass.



b) My poem 'windows' is about a Mother, daughter relationship going wrong as a result of ongoing alcohol abuse. It aims to highlight that people are fragile and that one cannot mend a heart of glass.

My idea for this poem came from a recent ~~experience~~ conversation with my mother in which she told me that the reason she doesn't get on with my Nan is because she was an alcoholic when she was younger. My mother told me that she would regularly find my Nan passed out drunk on the floor which understandably ripped their relationship to shreds. I love my Nan and I understand why she chose to keep this a secret from me but it did change my opinion of her slightly. As for the whole 'window' concept, I got this idea from Jackie Kays poem 'Threshold' from the anthology 'bantam' in which the first page and a half is about doors and the different 'doors' people go through in their lives e.g. 'through into your new profession' and 'doors into school'. Although Kays usage of doors ~~was~~ is a lot more literal, and my use of 'windows' being more metaphorical I still believe that ~~the different meanings of both words~~ I have successfully explored some connotations of the word 'window' that some people



would not necessarily be too familiar with e.g. 'window of opportunity'.

As for my use of language, there is a clear lexical field of 'windows and glass' then an underlying semantic field of 'pain' which I deliberately spelt 'pone' to link with the whole window theme. When I read Jackie Kays anthology 'bontom', the one poem that intrigued me from the first line, ^{was} 'The long run' that starts with 'Glasgow-gallus, glitzy', I attempted to recreate the same affect in 'windows' with the alliteration in the line 'windows - worn by walls'. This was my favourite line due to it possibly having multiple meanings e.g. the light coming through a window wakes you up or merely as a decoration 'worn by walls'. The lexical field of windows and glass continues throughout the poem with a mild reference in every two line stanza e.g. 'smeared' and 'foggy'. I feel as though the 7th stanza may be slightly more difficult to understand than some others, the idea was to talk about 'the etchings' as a euphemism for self harm that my Nan did fairly often when she first became an alcoholic and perhaps if I had more time I would have found a way for this to come across more obvious.



The structure of 'windows' was heavily influenced by Jackie Kay's poems 'Threshold' and 'Private Joseph Kay' in which she writes in two line stanzas for the majority of each poem. This is something I have never tried to do in my poetry before but I thoroughly enjoyed experimenting and trying something different. Overall, I felt it worked fairly well but there were parts I wasn't as sure about e.g. 'For as soon as you say it, I see your window pane' which may have worked better as one stanza. One technique that Kay uses a lot of is enjambment ~~for e.g. in 'threshold'~~ so I thought it was important to experiment with this too by splitting a ~~line~~ into sentence into two different lines or sometimes a different stanza e.g. 'for as soon as you say it, I see your window pane'. Kay likes to use brackets for parenthesis in her poetry to give further information that isn't necessary for the audience to know ^{but} adds context e.g. in 'Private Joseph Kay' 'Schrapnel in his arm' is put in brackets because we do not need to know this but it adds some context, ~~making us~~ believe he is a very strong man. In 'windows' I put ^{'Your windows clearly foggy'} ~~'Another window of opportunity'~~ into brackets because I didn't feel as though it was ~~overly~~ necessary for the poem but felt as though it did add something.



To conclude, Windows took several attempts to get to a place I was happy with and took lots of inspiration from some of the poems in Jackie Kay anthology 'Bantam', but 'threshold' in particular. It highlights the conflict between two family members but in a more peaceful sense; The calm after the storm almost.



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A series of horizontal dotted lines for writing.

The Writers' Examination Board
Bristol Grammar School, University Road, Bristol, BS8 1SR
0117 933 9831
dbriggs@bgs.bristol.sch.uk

