

## **Brief Description of Subject:**

English Literature is a well-established and highly popular subject at Weymouth College. The area is taught through literary analysis of texts across all forms and throughout history.

## **Task:**

- Read the attached poems and answer the following question:

It has been said that Wilmot's poem is unconventional and aggressive whereas Sexton's gives a different view of love.

Compare and contrast the presentation of love in the following poems in the light of this comment.

1000 words

## **Resources needed:**

- *You will be advised as to the books needed early in the course*
- **Please also purchase a folder for your work with file dividers and buy pens, highlighters and paper**

## To This Moment A Rebel

To this moment a rebel I throw down my arms,  
Great Love, at first sight of Olinda's bright charms.  
Make proud and secure by such forces as these,  
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please.

When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conspire  
To betray, and engage, and inflame my Desire,  
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid?  
And let pleasing Hope by base Fear be destroyed?

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,  
Her beauty's inclined, or why should it pursue me?  
And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a friend,  
Then what room for Despair, since Delight is Love's end?

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,  
Where Love is secured by good nature and truth;  
On her beauty I'll gaze and of pleasure complain  
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

'Tis more to maintain than it was to surprise,  
But her Wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes;  
I beheld, with the loss of my freedom before,  
But hearing, forever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my Goddess, her temple too weak:  
Retire, divine image! I feel my heart break.  
Help, Love! I dissolve in a rapture of charms  
At the thought of those joys I should meet in her arms.

**Lord John Wilmot - 1647–1680**

## **The Assassin**

The correct death is written in.  
I will fill the need.  
My bow is stiff.  
My bow is in readiness.  
I am the bullet and the hook.  
I am cocked and held ready.  
In my sights I carve him  
like a sculptor. I mold out  
his last look at everyone.  
I carry his eyes and his  
brain bone at every position.  
I know his male sex and I do  
march over him with my index finger.  
His mouth and his anus are one.  
I am at the center of feeling.

A subway train is  
traveling across my crossbow.  
I have a blood bolt  
and I have made it mine.  
With this man I take in hand  
his destiny and with this gun  
I take in hand the newspapers and  
with my heat I will take him.  
he will bend down toward me  
and his veins will tumble out

like children... Give me  
his flag and his eye.  
Give me his hard shell and his lip.  
He is my evil and my apple and  
I will see him home.

**Anne Sexton – 1928 - 1974**