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Turn over 🕨



SECTION A: Post-1900 Unseen Poetry

Question 1

Denouement*

The telegram says you have gone away And left our bankrupt circus on its own; There is nothing more for me to say.

The maestro gives the singing birds their pay And they buy tickets for the tropic zone; The telegram says you have gone away.

The clever woolly dogs have had their day They shoot the dice for one remaining bone; There is nothing more for me to say.

The lion and the tigers turn to clay And Jumbo sadly trumpets into stone; The telegram says you have gone away.

The morbid cobra's wits have run astray; He rents his poisons out by telephone; There is nothing more for me to say.

The colored tents all topple in the bay; The magic sawdust writes: address unknown. The telegram says you have gone away; There is nothing more for me to say.

Sylvia Plath

Glossary: ***Denouement** – the final part or ending.

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