**Task 3 – Key**

**Here in this spring**

Here in this (1) spring, stars float along the void;  
Here in this ornamental (2) winter  
Down pelts the naked weather;  
This (3) summer buries a spring bird.

Symbols are selected from the (4) years'  
Slow (5) rounding of four seasons' coasts,  
In (6) autumn teach three seasons' fires  
And four birds' notes.

I should tell summer from the (7) trees, the worms  
Tell, if at all, the winter's (8) storms  
Or the funeral of the (9) sun;  
I should learn spring by the cuckooing,  
And the slug should teach me destruction.

A worm tells summer better than the (10) clock,  
The slug's a living calendar of (11) days;  
What shall it tell me if a (12) timeless insect  
Says the world wears away?


**Task 4 – Possible answers**

1. The passing of time – humans’ perception of time and change – the endless circle of birth, death and rebirth  
2. Universe – immortality – immutability – the big order of things – divine power  
3. Earth – mortality – temporality – the small order of things – nature  
4. By juxtaposing words associated with things that, from a human perspective, last for long time (starts – void – sun – timeless) to words related to things that last for a short time (the seasons – birds – worm – slug – insect). It suggests that the perception of time is relative. Perhaps from a slug’s point of view, human beings last for ever.

**Task 6 – Key**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Verbs in -ing form</th>
<th>praying – flying – brimming – wringing – blooming – burning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adjectives with -ing suffix</td>
<td>sailing (boats) – sleeping (town) – rolling (cloud) – whistling (blackbirds) dwindling (harbour)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nouns ending in -ing</td>
<td>(my) hearing – morning – (the) turning – (the) listening – turning</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Task 5 – Key

Poem in October

(1)
It was my thirtieth year to heaven
Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbour wood
And the mussel pooled and the heron
Priested shore
The morning beckon
With water praying and call of seagull and rook
And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall
Myself to set foot
That second
In the still sleeping town and set forth.

(2)
My birthday began with the water-
Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name
Above the farms and the white horses
And I rose
In rainy autumn
And walked abroad in a shower of all my days.
High tide and the heron dived when I took the road
Over the border
And the gates
Of the town closed as the town awoke.

(3)
A springful of larks in a rolling
Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling
Blackbirds and the sun of October
Summery
On the hill’s shoulder,
Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly
Come in the morning where I wandered and listened
To the rain wringing
Wind blow cold
In the wood faraway under me.

(4)
Pale rain over the dwindling harbour
And over the sea wet church the size of a snail
With its horns through mist and the castle
Brown as owls
But all the gardens
Of spring and summer were blooming in the tall tales
Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud.
There could I marvel
My birthday
Away but the weather turned around.

(5)
It turned away from the blithe country
And down the other air and the blue altered sky
Streamed again a wonder of summer
With apples
Pears and red currants
And I saw in the turning so clearly a child’s
Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother
Through the parables
Of sun light
And the legends of the green chapels

(6)
And the twice told fields of infancy
That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart moved in mine.
These were the woods the river and sea
Where a boy
In the listening
Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his joy
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.
And the mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and singing birds.

(7)
And there could I marvel my birthday
Away but the weather turned around. And the true
Joy of the long dead child sang burning
In the sun.
It was my thirtieth
Year to heaven stood there then in the summer noon
Though the town below lay leaved with October blood.
O may my heart’s truth
Still be sung
On this high hill in a year’s turning.


Materials by Chris Lima