

symbolic of connection between women:
synecdoche of female exp., suggesting that
woman find comfort in shared exp.

The Long Queen

imperative; not a choice. noble
responsibility.

Elizabeth I

pressure,
lifeless

The Long Queen couldn't die.

subservience + vulnerability.
Young when she bowed her head

listing:
overw.
titles; not
people.

for the cold weight of the crown, she'd looked

LINE BREAK shifts into
monarchy.
Are they the same?

at the second son of the earl, the foreign prince,

the heir to the duke, the lord, the baronet, the count,

then taken Time for a husband. Long live the Queen.

only cap.

Hypophora: auth.

Powerful or
sarcastic?

Patriarchal
labels
used to
shame and
control.
Reclaimed?

What was she queen of? Women, girls,

spinsters and hags, matrons, wet nurses,

witches, widows, wives, mothers of all these.

List of female roles.
Contrast w. 81.

Encompassing variation

Her word of law was in their bones, in the graft

of their hands, in the wild kicks of their dancing.

Time - The
encompasses

Unity

No girl born who wasn't the Long Queen's always child.

Gossip.

The male gaze doesn't recog.

women find
meaning in
solidarity.
POWER.

One is
not really
known.

Unseen, she ruled and reigned; some said

in a castle, some said in a tower in the dark heart

of a wood, some said out and about in rags, disguised,

Legend
and
mythology.
Women
and societal
condemnation.

sorting the bad from the good. She sent her explorers away F. Drake.

in their creaking ships and was queen of more, of all the dead

when they lived if they did so female. All hail to the Queen.

start of ext. met.

Fairytale discourse
continued: unreal.

Fragility
and
ephemerality
of women's
lives

What were her laws? Childhood: whether a girl

awoke from the bad dream of the worst, or another

swooned into memory, bereaved, bereft, or a third one

wrote it all down like a charge-sheet, or the fourth never left,

scouring the markets and shops for her old books and toys -

no girl growing who wasn't the apple of the Long Queen's eye.

stasis.
childhood
like a
place.
Entrapment.

Hair and
passion

Blood: proof, in the Long Queen's colour,

royal red, of intent; the pain when a girl

first bled to be insignificant, no cause for complaint,

shame of the
female body

speaker = ironic, pointing out
I plant in male understanding

women's lives as their bodies are. Lack of agency and autonomy. Pain is progression of this list
 OR natural law. and this to be monthly, linked to the moon, till middle age when the law would change. Tears: salt pearls, bright jewels for the Long Queen's fingers to weigh as she counted their sorrow. ^{consumer} They matter.

All exp. valid and shared. Childbirth: most to lie on the birthing beds, push till the room screamed scarlet and children bawled and slithered into their arms, sore flowers; some to be godmother, aunt, teacher, teller of tall tales, but all who were there to swear that the pain was worth it. No mother bore daughter not named to honour the Queen. ^{diffy} ~~the queen~~ ~~the queen~~

And her pleasures were stories, true or false, that came in the evening, drifting up on the air to the high window she watched from, confession or gossip, scandal or anecdote, secrets, her ear tuned to the light music of girls, the drums of women, the faint strings of the old. Long Queen. All her possessions for a moment of time.

Safety? Complicit?

Female solidarity

Elizabeth I's alleged, legendary last words.

Childhood
 +
 Blood
 +
 Tears
 +
 Childbirth

The immutable joy and pain of the female experience.
 - Celebrated
 - Shared. Unifying

THEMES
 * Unity in the face of difficulty.
 * Female suffering.
 Motherhood.
 + Mythology
 + pain

Ans: Cixous 1975, 'White ink' & écriture féminine

How to escape the trap of the male voice which prescribes language, and... character, to women.

Through this poem, Duffy explores the power and multiplicity of female solidarity.

Suggests a superhuman ability - her knowledge of identity is powerful.
The Map-Woman
Anonymous: every woman.

Asyndetic Listing... cumulative effect, mirroring the many ways she must cover up.
A woman's skin was a map of the town where she'd grown from a child.
Extended metaphor
secrecy or shame? Is she open about her identity?
When she went out, she covered it up with a dress, with a shawl, with a hat, with mitts or a muff, with leggings, trousers or jeans, with an ankle-length cloak, hooded and fingertip-sleeved. But - birthmark, tattoo - the A-Z street-map grew, a precise second skin, broad if she binged, thin when she slimmed, a precis of where to end or go back or begin.
Rhyme w. 'grew' establishes strong instinctive connection between body & place.
Constant
Comforting in its clarity. Guides her.
Common place names shared. Reader participates.
Over her breast was the heart of the town, from the Market Square to the Picture House by way of St Mary's Church, a triangle of alleys and streets and walks, her veins like shadows below the lines of the map, the river an artery snaking north to her neck. She knew if you crossed the bridge at her nipple, took a left and a right, you would come to the graves, the grey-haired teachers of English and History, the soldier boys, the Mayors and Councillors, the beloved mothers and wives, the nuns and priests, their bodies fading into the earth like old print on a page. You could sit on a wooden bench as a wedding pair ran, ringed, from the church, confetti skittering over the marble stones, the big bell hammering hail from the sky, and wonder who you would marry and how and where and when you would die; or find yourself in the coffee house
Memory. Her past is encoded.
'You' - speaker takes on voice of someone giving directions: certain & inclusive
Line break (and stanza break) signals shift to women
Mortality in both body & landscape.
Metaphor extends to them - not just her.

vague, universal. Buffy is showing
the shared experiences we have in place.

we are in
her
knowledge
and
we
participate.

Unity
between
woman +
reader.

nearby, waiting for time to start, your tiny face
trapped in the window's bottle-thick glass like a fly.

Q: about
identity

her place - she is powerful in

And who might you see, short-cutting through
the Grove to the Square - that line there, the edge
of a fingernail pressed on her flesh - in the rain,
leaving your empty cup, to hurry on after
calling their name? When she showered, the map

gleamed on her skin, blue-black ink from a nib.
She knew you could scoot down Greengate Street,
huddling close to the High House, the sensible shops,
the Swan Hotel, till you came to the Picture House,
sat in the musty dark watching the Beatles

Pain,
joy,
mondanities
all
encoded
on her
body. She
cannot
escape it.

run for a train or Dustin Hoffman screaming
Elaine! Elaine! Elaine! or the spacemen in 2001
floating to Strauss. She sponged, soaped, scrubbed;
the prison and hospital stamped on her back,
the park neat on her belly, her navel marking the spot
where the empty bandstand stood, the river again,
heading south, clear as an operation scar,
the war memorial facing the railway station
where trains sighed on the platforms, pining
for Glasgow, London, Liverpool. She knew -

tricolon to
emphasise
Shame

you could stand on the railway bridge, waving
goodbye to strangers who stared as you vanished
into the belching steam, tasting future time
on the tip of your tongue. She knew you could run
the back way home - there it was on her thigh -
taking the southern road then cutting off to the left,
the big houses anchored behind their calm green lawns,
the jewels of conkers falling down at your feet,

repeated
assertion at
end of stanzas.
Enjam to
know
knowledge
as
continuous
powerful
out
of her
control!

Rambling (enjamb.)
to reflect extent
of the memories.

then duck and dive down Nelson and Churchill
and Kipling and Milton Way until you were home.

Declarative.

- change of tone & structure - less rambling & pos.

Vague
and
generic,
imperm.

her
home
and
knowledge
of it is
permanent

Ennui and
boredom.

She didn't live there now. She lived down south, - List to
abroad, en route, up north, on a plane or train encompass
or boat, on the road, in hotels, in the back of cabs, busy
on the phone; but the map was under her stockings, and multiplicity
under her gloves, under the soft silk scarf at her throat, of her
under her chiffon veil, a delicate braille. Her left knee life.
marked the grid of her own estate. When she knelt Does she
she felt her father's house pressing into the bone, seek to
heard in her head the looped soundtrack of then - escape it
a tennis ball repeatedly thumping a wall, OR is it
comforting?

The
sinister
intent:
her
memory
haunts
as well
as guides
her.

an ice-cream van crying and hurrying on, a snarl
of children's shrieks from the overgrown land
where the houses ran out. The motorway groaned
just out of sight. She knew you could hitch
from Junction 13 and knew of a girl who had not
been seen since she did; had heard of a kid who'd run
across all six lanes for a dare before he was tossed
by a lorry into the air like a doll. But the motorway
was flowing away, was a roaring river of metal
and light, cheerio, au revoir, auf wiedersehen, ciao.

Negative
DANGER
IN PLACE

She stared in the mirror as she got dressed,
both arms raised over her head, the roads
for east and west running from shoulder
to wrist, the fuzz of woodland or countryside under
each arm. Only her face was clear, her fingers
smoothing in cream, her baby-blue eyes unsure
as they looked at themselves. But her body was certain,
an inch to the mile, knew every nook and cranny,

dehumanised.
Almost
taken over?

cul-de-sac, stile, back road, high road, low road,
one-way street of her past. There it all was, back

, covering up?

to front in the glass. She piled on linen, satin, silk,
leather, wool, perfume and mousse and went out.

*she feels
owned?*

She got in a limousine. The map perspired
under her clothes. She took a plane. The map seethed
on her flesh. She spoke in a foreign tongue. — *Trying to
escape*
The map translated everything back to herself.

*she
knows
herself
others do
not*

She turned out the light and a lover's hands
— caressed the map in the dark from north to south,
lost tourists wandering here and there, all fingers
and thumbs, as their map flapped in the breeze.
change

*Beginning
the
conclusion*

*Forster ref.
Independence
and culture.*

— So one day, wondering where to go next,
she went back, drove a car for a night and a day,
till the town appeared on her left, the stale cake
of the castle crumbled up on the hill; and she hired
a room with a view and soaked in the bath.
When it grew dark, she went out, thinking
she knew the place like the back of her hand,
but something was wrong. She got lost in arcades,
in streets with new names, in precincts
and walkways, and found that what was familiar

*Don't
without
familiarity*

was only facade. Back in her hotel room, she stripped
and lay on the bed. As she slept, her skin sloughed — *moves
independ-
ently
of
her.*
like a snake's, the skin of her legs like stockings, silvery,
sheer, like the long gloves of the skin of her arms,
the papery camisole from her chest a perfect match
for the tissuey socks of the skin of her feet. Her sleep
peeled her, lifted a honeymoon thong from her groin,
a delicate bra of skin from her breasts, and all of it

*Active.
She is...
passive.*

Experience and Knowledge of the past

patterned A to Z; a small cross where her parents' skulls
grinned at the dark. Her new skin showed barely a mark.

Embarking on

new
project

She
can
answer
herself
now.

She woke and spread out the map on the floor. What
was she looking for? Her skin was her own small ghost,
a shroud to be dead in, a newspaper for old news
to be read in, gift-wrapping, litter, a suicide letter.
She left it there, dressed, checked out, got in the car.

As she drove, the town in the morning sun glittered
behind her. She ate up the miles. Her skin itched,
like a rash, like a slow burn, felt stretched, as though
it belonged to somebody else. Deep in the bone
old streets tunnelled and burrowed, hunting for home.

newness

Hope
potential

In this poem, Butty employs the extended metaphor of a map on skin to convey the strength and detail of memory. The unnamed, universal woman ~~is~~ finds both comfort and frustration in this, and often feels trapped by her memory of her hometown. Through this woman's eventual shedding of her nostalgia, Butty explores the difficulty of finding independence, and the complexity of memory, the past, and a woman's experience of home.

THEMES:

*Memory and
the Past

places A label - society
worth on a
women this
way.

Myth-making
the Beauty
Myth

Beautiful

But 'beauty' is
strictly enforced
and specified.
Mythical and biological

Labels

She was born from an egg,
a daughter of the gods,
divinely fair, a pearl, drop-dead -
gorgeous, beautiful, a peach,
a child of grace, a stunner, in her face
the starlike sorrows of immortal eyes.
Who looked there, loved.

Line break =
expectation of
violence: there
is violence
encoded in
language
about
female
beauty.

Tricolon
to convey
their
desperation.

She won the heart
of every man she saw.
They stood in line, sighed,
knelt, beseeked Be Mine.
She married one,
but every other mother's son
swore to be true to her
till death, enchanted
by the perfume of her breath,
her skin's celebrity.

Fetishised,
not seen

The woman
makes a
choice, acts
independently
and defies
society.
Female desire
is promised.

So when she took a lover, fled,
was nowhere to be seen,
her side of the bed unslept in, cold,
the small coin of her wedding ring
left on the bedside table like a tip,
the wardrobe empty
of the drama of her clothes,
it was War.

Active. In a poem
where she is
mostly
passive

A thousand ships -
on every one a thousand men,
each heaving at an oar,

HELEN OF
TROY

~~was kidnapped~~
~~was~~ Left
Agamemnon
for Paris.

each with her face and not seen as
 before his stinging eyes, whole by them.
 her name tattooed
 upon the muscle of his arm,
 a handkerchief she'd dropped once
 for his lucky charm,
 each seeing her as a local girl
made good, the girl next door,
 a princess with the common touch,
 queen of his heart, pin-up, superstar,
 the heads of every coin he'd tossed,
 the smile on every note he'd bet at cards -
bragged and shoved across a thousand miles of sea.

Predict
 shift to Diana
 binds them
 together.

ownership
 &
 objectification

sayings about
 women which
 serve to limit and
 oppress.

Escape.
 Like fairy -
 tale.
 Trad. Rom.
 trope but
 she chose
 it.

A statement
 of fact ::
 grimly
 inescapable.
 cautionary
 message,
 befitting
 fairy tale
 genre.

Meanwhile, lovely she lay high up
 in a foreign castle's walls, clasped
 in a hero's brawn, loved and loved
 and loved again, her cries
 like the bird of calamity's, - Orgasm
 drifting down to the boys at the gates
 who marched now to the syllables of her name.

Relentless?
 Wanted?

Sexual frenzy
 and excess.
 BUT she remains
 passive
 not
 active
 participant

Beauty is fame. Some said - gossip
 she turned into a cloud
 and floated home,
 falling there like rain, or tears,
 upon her husband's face.
Some said her lover woke
 to find her gone,
 his sword and clothes gone too,
 before they sliced a last grin in his throat.

gossip
 surrounds her,
 as shown by rep.

Some swore they saw her smuggled
 on a boat dressed as a boy,

rowed to a ship which slid away at dusk,
beckoned by the finger of the moon.

Some vowed that they were in the crowd
that saw her hung, stared up at her body
as it swung there on the creaking rope,
and noticed how the black silk of her dress
clung to her form, a stylish shroud.

She is just
a body in
this moment
/airing.

desire and
death. A
common
occurrence
at hangings.

Female
solidarity

Her maid, who loved her most,
refused to say one word
to anyone at any time or place,
would not describe
one aspect of her face
or tell one anecdote about her life and loves.

But lived alone
and kept a little bird inside a cage. *symbolic*

* * *

CLEOPATRA

She never aged.

regal

She sashayed up the river
in a golden barge,
her fit girls giggling at her jokes.

myth /

She'd tumbled from a rug at Caesar's feet,
seen him kneel to pick her up
and felt him want her as he did.

power
and control.

She had him gibbering in bed by twelve.

Consistently
active

But now, she rolled her carpet on the sand,
put up her crimson tent, laid out

List to
show
opulence

silver plate with grapes and honey, yoghurt,
roasted songbirds, gleaming figs, soft wines,
and soaked herself in jasmine-scented milk.

Like 'Map-Woman' Modern interweaved with
mythological: universality
of this story.

She knew her man. She knew that when
he stood that night, ten times her strength,
inside the fragrant boudoir of her tent,
and saw her wrapped in satins like a gift,
his time would slow to nothing, zilch,
until his tongue could utter in her mouth.
She reached and pulled him down
to Alexandria, the warm muddy Nile.

Her seduction
overpowers

— Also controls
him politically

Juxtapos.
(for
society)
not delicate
and
oppressed.

She
diminishes
him

Male
initiation
rituals.
She competes

He is
seen for
his
body here.
subversion.

He is
observed.
Compare to
telen (black
film)

Tough beauty. She played with him
at dice, rolled sixes in the dust,
cleaned up, slipped her gambling hand
into his pouch and took his gold, bit it,
Caesar's head between her teeth.

He crouched with lust. On her couch,
she lay above him, painted him,
her lipstick smeared on his mouth, He is decorated.
her powder blushing on his stubble,
the turquoise of her eyes over his lids.

— Metaphorical, too.
subversion.

She matched him glass for glass
in drinking games: sucked lemons, licked
at salt, swallowed something from a bottle
where a dead rat floated, gargled doubles
over trebles, downed a liquid fire in one,
lit a coffee bean in something else, blew it,
gulped, tipped chasers down her throat,
pints down her neck, and held her drink
until the big man slid beneath the table, wrecked.

She
threatens
him

She watched him hunt. He killed a stag.
She hacked the heart out, held it,
dripping, in the apron of her dress.
She watched him exercise in arms.
His soldiers marched, eyes right, her way.

Knows the power of her body

Shift from Caesar to Antony.

Same pronouns show she sees them as their gender: individual.

She let her shawl slip down to show her shoulders, breasts, and every man that night saw them again and prayed her name. She waved him off to war, then pulled on boy's clothes, crept at dusk into his camp, his shadowed tent, touched him, made him fuck her as a lad. He had no choice, upped sticks, downed tools, went back with her, swooned on her flesh for months, her fingers in his ears, her kiss closing his eyes, her stories blethering on his lips: of armies changing sides, of cities lost forever in the sea, of snakes.

Sexually adventurous

Listing reflects the endlessness of his desire.

Hints to her death in this world, her power is transient.

MARILYN

She is transformed by fame. Passive.

The camera loved her, close-up, back-lit, adored the waxy pouting of her mouth, her sleepy, startled gaze. She breathed the script out in her little voice. They filmed her famous, filmed her beautiful. Guys fell in love, dames copied her. An athlete licked the raindrops from her fingertips to quench his thirst. She married him. The US whooped.

Less than spoke.

She is out-numbered

suggests physical force.

She is disassembled, depersonalised, and made a commodity to be traded.

They filmed her harder, harder, till her hair was platinum, her teeth gems, her eyes sapphires pressed by a banker's thumb. She sang to camera one, gushed at the greased-up lens, her skin investors' gold, her fingernails mother-of-pearl, her voice champagne to sip from her lips. A poet came,

Taken advantage of

found her wondrous to behold. She married him.
The whole world swooned.

Anaphora (rep. of 'whooped')
Refrain: she is trapped.

Contrast to Cleo. - the role she assumes.

Dumb beauty. She slept in an eye-mask, naked, drugged, till the maid came, sponged at her puffy face, painted the beauty on in beige, pinks, blues. Then it was coffee, pills, booze, Frank on the record-player, it was put on the mink, get in the studio car. Somebody big was watching her - white fur, mouth at the mike, under the lights. Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday, Mr President. The audience drooled.

ongoing motif of painting and control over appearance

- Her life is a performance

Sexual invasion suggested

They filmed on, deep, dumped what they couldn't use on the cutting-room floor, filmed more, quiet please, action, cut, quiet please, action, cut, quiet please, action, cut, till she couldn't die when she died, couldn't get older, ill, couldn't stop saying the lines or singing the tunes. The smoking cop who watched as they zipped her into the body-bag noticed her strong resemblance to herself, the dark roots of her pubic hair.

about her, too

Robotic

which had been manipulated

Nonchalant

information that the press leaked invasion.

DIANA

List

Dead, she's elegant bone in mud, ankles crossed, knees clamped, hands clasped, empty head. You know her name.

Objectified and 'beautiful' even in death
What society dictates: forced and learnt by women to please.
Blame. we participate.

Repeated motif of fairy tale:

her not seen as real. Idealised.

Plain women turned in the streets where her shadow fell, under her spell, swore that what she wore they'd wear, coloured their hair.

THEMES:
 * Mythology & storytelling
 X Female pain

change from
 fame → fate
 because one
 leads to
 another.

The whole town came
 to wave at her on her balcony,
 to stare and stare and stare. *Invasive*
 Her face was surely a star.

Beauty is fate. They gaped
 as her bones danced
 in a golden dress in the arms
 of her wooden prince, *gawped*

unrestrained

as she posed alone
 in front of the Taj Mahal,
 betrayed, beautifully pale.
 The cameras gibbered away.

Aggressive
 shift of tone
 to reflect
 tabloid
 judgements.

Act like a fucking princess -
 how they loved her,
 the men from the press -
 Give us a smile, cunt.

unrelenting

The language
 of the fairy
 tale is instantly
 weaponised to
 shame and
 control.

She changes
 herself.

And her blue eyes widened
 to take it all in: the flashbulbs,
 the half-mast flags, the acres of flowers,
 History's stinking breath in her face.

In 'Beauty', Duffy describes three
 mythological and historical women, whose
 looks defined and ultimately ruined them.
 Cleopatra sits in the centre of this
 poem, asserting her active control
 through her beauty, ~~both~~ influencing
 politics as well as individual men.
 Helen of Troy and Marilyn Monroe* are
 also described, and here Duffy
 shows the territorial and objectifying
 nature of desire. Through this poem, Duffy
 shows the destructive nature of society
 which seeks to control, shame and
 own women's bodies.

* and
 Princess
 Diana