

Unseen – Annotate the poem using the ‘responding to poetry’ grid to support.

*Out of the Blue* - Simon Armitage

You have picked me out.  
Through a distant shot of a building burning  
you have noticed now  
that a white cotton shirt is twirling, turning.

In fact I am waving, waving.  
Small in the clouds, but waving, waving.  
Does anyone see  
a soul worth saving?

So when will you come?  
Do you think you are watching, watching  
a man shaking crumbs  
or pegging out washing?

I am trying and trying.  
The heat behind me is bullying, driving,  
but the white of surrender is not yet flying.  
I am not at the point of leaving, diving.

A bird goes by.  
The depth is appalling. Appalling  
that others like me  
should be wind-milling, wheeling, spiralling, falling.

Are your eyes believing,  
believing  
that here in the gills  
I am still breathing.

But tiring, tiring.  
Sirens below are wailing, firing.  
My arm is numb and my nerves are sagging.  
Do you see me, my love. I am failing, flagging.