Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Period \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Building Background for *Lord of the Flies*: Poetry Connection**

***Directions***: Read each of the poems. As you read, consider the connection to the nonfiction piece “Shame” by Dick Gregory and the video “Bullied to Death.” Highlight thematic connections and *on the left of the poem* make notations of those connections. Circle the figurative language and/or imagery that creates tone and/or mood in the poem and *on the right side of the poem*, make notations of figurative language and imagery that creates the tone and/or mood.

**Figurative Language and Imagery**

**Thematic Connections**

***Shattered***

I was made shattered.  
A ruined soul now exists  
where a whole person  
once  
was.

I break plates and glasses,  
smashing them for release;  
The fractured pieces litter the floor  
and I can’t help but relate  
to each broken fragment.

I’m the broken vase that lies on the floor,  
the spilled water decorating the tile  
with the tattered roses  
begging for  
life.

The body is soft and supple,  
able to absorb blows.  
Identities are fragile  
and difficult to repair.  
My self is destroyed.

I’ve put the pieces back together with glue-  
that’s progress-  
but the glue is still curing and the pieces  
don’t fit together quite right.  
I’m not okay.

We work with  
available light  
to mend the fractured soul.  
Like plates, I am the  
product of human efforts.

You made me shatter.

### Prisoner

**Figurative Language and Imagery**

**Thematic Connections**

A captive, hostage of his vicious anger.  
The facade of his caring baby blue eyes  
now contorted with vicious cruelty.  
My once unbroken body  
now a mess of tangled hair,  
busted and bloody lips,  
fist and finger-shaped  
bruises.

My former fiery soul missing in action,  
his prisoner in this agonizing tango.  
Our war.

Breath, hot enough to melt me.  
Fists mold my flesh into his putty,  
knife caressing my throat, prolonging the agony.  
His violent words, stab me,  
force me hostage, as the  
bombs explode around me  
and my life fades slowly  
before my eyes.

Please don’t kill me.  
I beg, like a bloody wounded doe.

I’ve change my mind…  
Please, just kill me.  
His refusal to spare my death  
propels him, the tortures continue.  
I see his bed, the puddle of blood,  
as my final resting place.

Though our battle rages in the darkness,  
when the sun begins to rise,  
the yellow rays bring promise of life.  
In conceding to his war tortures,  
a treaty is forged.  
He gently kisses my cheek and whispers  
this tug-of-war is our little secret.