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.