

## Poems # 6

After reading and analyzing three different poems about fathers, I found the experience truly rewarding. The writing styles are very different, but they all paint a picture while I read along. The similes, metaphors, moods and images intrigued me and made me want to read more and try to empathize with the tone of the writer. Each poem seems to be from a child's perspective to adulthood or a childhood experience. I'll be examining and defining my interpretation of each poem.

The first poem I read was "My Father's Hats" by Mark Irwin. The entire poem was metaphorical, descriptive, and kept me wanting to read more. A specific stanza that stood out to me was "while standing on a chair and tiptoeing reach higher, touching, sometimes fumbling the soft crowns and imagine I was in a forest," (Irwin, 2004). This reminds me of when I was a child and I would play with my uncle's hats after he told me not to touch them. I would pretend I was a wild beast in the forest and run if I ever heard him creeping up the steps to catch me in the act. This poem brought me back to childhood thoughts; the overall mood of the poem is peace, joy, calm and a blissful moment. My understanding from the poem is that the author is trying to express the joy of different hats worn by his or her father. The metaphor in the poem, "the musky scent of rain clinging to damp earth was his scent I loved lingering on bands, on the inner silk crowns where I smell his hair," (Irwin). This metaphor's imagery leads me to believe that the aroma of his hair is lingering around in the crown of the cap, and the author enjoys that aroma that is left sitting in the hat.

The second poem is “My Papa’s Waltz” by Theodore Roethke. I read the poem multiple times to understand the message. My first time reading the poem, my original thoughts were that this poem sounded rough, stern and strict. That image was painted in my head after reading this line “the hand that held my wrist was battered on one knuckle” (Roethke). I automatically assumed holding a wrist meant the author is being scolded for playing in the house. Then it goes on to say “You beat time on my head,” (Roethke). After my first reading I thought the author was being abused by a crazy person, this caused me to read the poem several times to understand the author’s message. The first sentence in the poem is a simile describing how the author hung on to the smell of death, “the whiskey on your breath could make a small boy dizzy; But I hung on like death: Such waltzing was not easy,” (Roethke). I imagine the author’s dad coming home drunk but not in a combative demeanor. Not only was he drunk but he was also playful, as this stanza indicates: “We romped until the pans slid from the kitchen shelf;” (Roethke) after rough housing he was trying to teach his kid how to waltz. The overall image of the poem is that the dad’s rough housing caused the mom to be upset because it was time for bed, and the dad is playing with the kids, distracting them from their bedtime.

“Those Winter Sundays” by Robert Hayden, the title of this poem sticks out to me the most out of all the three poems. Thinking of winter Sundays living in the northeast side of the country is not the most glamorous day to think of. I only thought of cold freezing days from seeing this title. “Sundays too my father got up early and put his clothes on in the blue black cold,” (Hayden) this quote made me think of the hardship the author’s father had to endure through the cold winter season. The author’s father was a hardworking man, “with cracked hands that ached from labor in the weekday weather made banked fire blaze. No one ever thanked him.” The author’s mood from this stanza is sad, depressed and unhappy, the mere image that no

one ever recognizes the father's hard work. This is the main thing the author wants his readers to pay attention to.

#### Work Cited

Hayden, Robert. "Those Winter Sundays." *Collected Poems of Robert Hayden*. Ed. Frederick Glaysher. Liveright Publishing Corporation, 1966. Web. 26 Feb 2016.  
<<https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/those-winter-sundays>>

Irwin, Mark. "My Father's Hats." *Bright Hunger*. BOA Editions, Ltd., 2004. Web. 26 Feb 2016.  
<<https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/my-fathers-hats>>

Roethke, Theodore. "My Papa's Waltz." *The Collected Poems of Theodore Roethke*. Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group, 1961. Web. 26 Feb 2016.  
<<http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/172103>>

	Y	N
Describes what each poem is about		
Interprets and analyzes the meaning of each poem, applying the terms, mood, imagery, and simile or metaphor appropriately		
Supports statements about the poems using evidence from the texts		
Explains which poems are appealing and why or why not		
Begins with an introduction that clearly introduces the topic		
Introduction contains a clear thesis statement		
Ends with a conclusion that synthesizes the ideas in the essay		
Writing is clear ,with no major errors		

Any sources of information are cited, using APA format, with no major errors		
--	--	--