Name:						
Period:	2	3	4	5	7	8

Reading - March 20, 2013 Rhythm

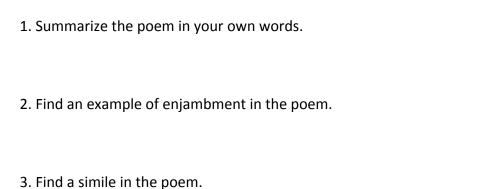
My Papa's Waltz - Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath Could make a small boy dizzy; But I hung on like death: Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans Slid from the kitchen shelf; My mother's countenance Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head With a palm caked hard by dirt, Then waltzed me off to bed Still clinging to your shirt.



4. What do you think this poem is really about?

5. Describe the speaker of the poem; describe their age, gender, and emotional state.