

Name: _____

Date: _____

Grade: _____

Literature

Poetry- The Quarrel

Paraphrase the poem "The Quarrel"

Put down those words,
rocks picked hastily from the beach
of mind for your defense. There is
no need
for such an action
to be taken.

Unprime your anger. Cannons
never stopped a war but brought
more cannons in to bear.
I am unarmed. See, my hands
are empty.

If you must fight
then let it be with gestures. Once
stinging sentence tears my flesh
words cannot be
withdrawn.



Paraphrase the poem "The Quarrel"

Gestures can be bent
though, broken, turned from anger
into love
by slightest twist of wrist.
Here is my hand:
please take it.

