

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withdrawn.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.