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Mr. Griffin

Tech Prep 12

6 December 2011

"My Papa's Waltz"

by Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath

Comment [81]: This word makes me think of drunk people in a salon.

Could make a small boy dizzy;

Comment [82]: This word reminds me of something tiny & when I was little.

But I hung on like death:

Comment [83]: This words reminds me of someone dying.

Such waltzing was not easy.

Comment [84]: This word reminds me of people dancing.

We romped until the pans

Comment [85]: This reminds me of my mom using pans to cook.

Slid from the kitchen shelf;

Comment [86]: The kitchen reminds me of food ☺

My mother's countenance

Comment [87]: The word mother reminds me of my mom.

Could not unfrown itself.

Comment [88]: Reminds me of a cranky person.

The hand that held my wrist

Comment [89]: The word wrist reminds me of the time I broke my left wrist ☹

Was battered on one knuckle;

Comment [810]: The word knuckle reminds me of people boxers wrapping there knuckles with that white lace.

At every step you missed

Comment [811]: The word missed reminds me of missing this bus this morning.

My right ear scraped a buckle.

Comment [812]: The word buckle reminds me of a belt buckle.

You beat time on my head

Comment [813]: The word head reminds me of my hair at the moment, it's a mess!

With a palm caked hard by dirt,

Comment [814]: The word dirt reminds me of mudd.

Then waltzed me off to bed

Comment [815]: The word bed reminds me of my warm bed and how sleepy I am right now.

Still clinging to your shirt.

Comment [816]: The word clinging reminds me of clingy partners in a relationship.