**Directions:** Read and annotate the poem: consider meaning, structure, and design…

**Rite of Passage**  
  
**As the guests arrive at my son's party   
they gather in the living room--   
short men, men in first grade   
with smooth jaws and chins.   
Hands in pockets, they stand around   
jostling, jockeying for place, small fights   
breaking out and calming. One says to another  *How old are you? Six. I'm seven. So?*   
They eye each other, seeing themselves   
tiny in the other's pupils. They clear their   
throats a lot, a room of small bankers,   
they fold their arms and frown. *I could beat you*  
*up*, a seven says to a six,   
the dark cake, round and heavy as a   
turret, behind them on the table. My son,   
freckles like specks of nutmeg on his cheeks,   
chest narrow as the balsa keel of a   
model boat, long hands   
cool and thin as the day they guided him   
out of me, speaks up as a host   
for the sake of the group.   
*We could easily kill a two-year-old*,   
he says in his clear voice. The other   
men agree, they clear their throats   
like Generals, they relax and get down to   
playing war, celebrating my son's life.**

Question: I will ask you a question on the powerpoint and I want you to write your answer here below before we discuss as a whole class…