***Directions: Read and annotate the poem to make meaning. This is a great poem to thread! Also, consider how this could connect or parallel The Kite Runner…***

**Daddy**

**by** [**Sylvia Plath**](http://www.internal.org/Sylvia_Plath)

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| You do not do, you do not do  Any more, black shoe  In which I have lived like a foot  For thirty years, poor and white,  Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.  Daddy, I have had to kill you.  You died before I had time--  Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,  Ghastly statue with one gray toe  Big as a Frisco seal  And a head in the freakish Atlantic  Where it pours bean green over blue  In the waters off beautiful Nauset.  I used to pray to recover you.  Ach, du.  In the German tongue, in the Polish town  Scraped flat by the roller  Of wars, wars, wars.  But the name of the town is common.  My Polack friend  Says there are a dozen or two.  So I never could tell where you  Put your foot, your root,  I never could talk to you.  The tongue stuck in my jaw.  It stuck in a barb wire snare.  Ich, ich, ich, ich,  I could hardly speak.  I thought every German was you.  And the language obscene  An engine, an engine  Chuffing me off like a Jew.  A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.  I began to talk like a Jew.  I think I may well be a Jew.  The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna  Are not very pure or true.  With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck  And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack  I may be a bit of a Jew.  I have always been scared of you,  With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.  And your neat mustache  And your Aryan eye, bright blue.  Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You--  Not God but a swastika  So black no sky could squeak through.  Every woman adores a Fascist,  The boot in the face, the brute  Brute heart of a brute like you.  You stand at the blackboard, daddy,  In the picture I have of you,  A cleft in your chin instead of your foot  But no less a devil for that, no not  Any less the black man who  Bit my pretty red heart in two.  I was ten when they buried you.  At twenty I tried to die  And get back, back, back to you.  I thought even the bones would do.  But they pulled me out of the sack,  And they stuck me together with glue.  And then I knew what to do.  I made a model of you,  A man in black with a Meinkampf look  And a love of the rack and the screw.  And I said I do, I do.  So daddy, I'm finally through.  The black telephone's off at the root,  The voices just can't worm through.  If I've killed one man, I've killed two--  The vampire who said he was you  And drank my blood for a year,  Seven years, if you want to know.  Daddy, you can lie back now.  There's a stake in your fat black heart  And the villagers never liked you.  They are dancing and stamping on you.  They always knew it was you.  Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through. |