Directions: We will be studying several poems about the relationship between father and son to help us connect to *The Kite Runner*. To help visualize and consider these poems, we will be doing reader’s theatre.

What is reader’s theatre?

Reader’s theatre is an activity where a group of students narrate and present a piece of literature—in this case, a poem. You will get into groups and be assigned one of the poems from this packet. One person will be the narrator and they will read the entire poem aloud. The other students are the actors, and they will act out the actions in the poem but can’t talk or use props.

Rules and Expectations:

1. **You need one narrator to read the entire poem.**
2. **The narrator needs to include pauses and will help direct the actors by stopping, slowing down, etc. as they read to give the actors time to act.**
3. **The actors CAN NOT TALK.**
4. **The actors CAN NOT USE PROPS.**
5. **The actors need to be energetic and exaggerated their hand gestures to create the action for the audience to see.**
6. **You will present this to your classmates after some time to prepare and practice.**

*\*\*\*If possible, we will see about using the hallway in front of the auditorium as a more open space to practice and perform*

Sample: *Watch my video and sample for the following poem and record some observations…*

**What I noticed in the video:**

**This Is Just to Say**

***By William Carlos Williams***

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

*Robert Phillips* (1938-)

Running on Empty 1981

Roles: (3-4)

*Narrator (s)*

*Boy*

*Father*

As a teenager I would drive Father's
Chevrolet cross-country, given me

reluctantly: "Always keep the tank
half full, boy, half full, ya hear?"

The fuel gauge dipping, dipping 5
toward Empty, hitting Empty, then

--thrilling!--'way below Empty,
myself driving cross-country

mile after mile, faster and faster,
all night long, this crazy kid driving 10

the earth's rolling surface,
against all laws, defying chemistry,

rules, and time, riding on nothing
but fumes, pushing luck harder

than anyone pushed before, the wind 15
screaming past like the Furies . . .

I stranded myself only once, a white
night with no gas station open, ninety miles

from nowhere.  Panicked for a while,
at standstill, myself stalled.

At dawn the car and I both refilled.  But, 20
Father, I am running on empty still.

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| **Those Winter Sundays**Roles: (3-4)*Narrator (s)**Boy**Father* |    |
| by [Robert Hayden](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/196)  |
|  |
| Sundays too my father got up early and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold, then with cracked hands that ached from labor in the weekday weather made banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him. I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking. When the rooms were warm, he'd call, and slowly I would rise and dress, fearing the chronic angers of that house, Speaking indifferently to him, who had driven out the cold and polished my good shoes as well. What did I know, what did I know of love's austere and lonely offices?  |  |

“My Father’s Song” by Simon Ortiz

Roles: (3-4)

*Narrator (s)*

*Boy*

*Father*

*Corn Planter (?)*

Wanting to say things,

I miss my father tonight.

His voice, the slight catch,

the depth from his thin chest,

the tremble of emotion

in something he has just said

to his son, his [song](http://drchick.wikispaces.com/MatthewJansen#anchortwo).

We planted corn one Spring at Acu-

we planted several times

but this one particular time

I remember the soft damp [sand](http://drchick.wikispaces.com/MatthewJansen#anchorthree)

in my hand.

My father had stopped at one point

to show me an overturned [furrow](http://drchick.wikispaces.com/MatthewJansen#anchorone);

the plowshare had unearthed

the burrow nest of a mouse

in the soft moist [sand](http://drchick.wikispaces.com/MatthewJansen#anchorthree).

Very gently, he scooped tiny pink animals

into the palm of his hand

and told me to touch them.

We took them to the edge

of the field and put them in the shade

of a [sand](http://drchick.wikispaces.com/MatthewJansen#anchorthree) moist clod.

I remember the very softness

of cool and warm sand and tiny alive mice

and my father saying things.

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| **Danse Russe** |    |
| by [William Carlos Williams](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/119) Roles: (4-5)*Narrator (s)**Father**Sleeping Wife**Sleeping Baby**Sleeping Kathleen* |
|  |
| If when my wife is sleepingand the baby and Kathleenare sleepingand the sun is a flame-white discin silken mistsabove shining trees,-if I in my north roomdance naked, grotesquelybefore my mirrorwaving my shirt round my headand singing softly to myself:"I am lonely, lonely,I was born to be lonely,I am best so!"If I admire my arms, my face,my shoulders, flanks, buttocksagainst the yellow drawn shades,-Who shall say I am notthe happy genius of my household? |  |

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| **My Father's Hat *by Mark Irwin*** |    |
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|  Sunday mornings I would reachhigh into his dark closet while standing on a chair and tiptoeing reachRoles: (2-3)*Narrator (s)**Boy in Closet*higher, touching, sometimes fumbling the soft crowns and imagineI was in a forest, wind hymning through pines, where the musky scentof rain clinging to damp earth was his scent I loved, lingering onbands, leather, and on the inner silk crowns where I would smell hishair and almost think I was being held, or climbing a tree, touchingthe yellow fruit, leaves whose scent was that of a clove in the godsomeair, as now, thinking of his fabulous sleep, I stand on this canyon floorand watch light slowly close on water I'm not sure is there. |  |

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| **The Portrait****By Stanley Kunitz**My mother never forgave my fatherfor killing himself,Roles: (4-5)*Narrator (s)**Father**Mother**Child*especially at such an awkward timeand in a public park,that springwhen I was waiting to be born.She locked his namein her deepest cabinetand would not let him out,though I could hear him thumping.When I came down from the atticwith the pastel portrait in my handof a long-lipped strangerwith a brave moustacheand deep brown level eyes,she ripped it into shredswithout a single wordand slapped me hard.In my sixty-fourth yearI can feel my cheek still burning. |  |