Directions: Below are two poems that deal with choices and could be appropriate poems for the Poem Character Commentary Response Paper. Read through the poem first to make meaning; then consider possible parallels to *The Kite Runner* and Hosseini’s characters.

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| |  | | --- | | **Traveling Through The Dark (853)**  William Stafford | | |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | | |  | | --- | |  | | |  | |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | Traveling through the dark I found a deer dead on the edge of the Wilson River road. It is usually best to roll them into the canyon: that road is narrow; to swerve might make more dead.  By glow of the tail-light I stumbled back of the car and stood by the heap, a doe, a recent killing; she had stiffened already, almost cold. I dragged her off; she was large in the belly.  My fingers touching her side brought me the reason-- her side was warm; her fawn lay there waiting, alive, still, never to be born. Beside that mountain road I hesitated.  The car aimed ahead its lowered parking lights; under the hood purred the steady engine. I stood in the glare of the warm exhaust turning red; around our group I could hear the wilderness listen.  I thought hard for us all--my only swerving--, then pushed her over the edge into the river.  **Q:** What does the persona do with the mama and baby deer? What do you think of the persona’s decision—was it the right thing to do?  **Road Not Taken (748)**  -Robert Frost  Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, And sorry I could not travel both And be one traveler, long I stood  And looked down one as far as I could To where it bent in the undergrowth;  Then took the other, as just as fair And having perhaps the better claim, Because it was grassy and wanted wear; Though as for that, the passing there Had worn them really about the same,  **Q:** What path did the persona choose? What’s ironic about that choice?  And both that morning equally lay In leaves no step had trodden black Oh, I kept the first for another day! Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back.  I shall be telling this with a sigh Somewhere ages and ages hence: two roads diverged in a wood, and I --  I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference. | |