**Thy Brother’s Blood**

[**Thy Brother’s Blood**](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/184947)

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| Directions: *Read and review the poems below. Consider elements such as diction, syntax, structure, etc. and make meaning. Also, consider how these poems might connect to The Kite Runner and Hosseini’s characters.*  **America by Claude McKay**    Although she feeds me bread of bitterness,  And sinks into my throat her tiger's tooth,  Stealing my breath of life, I will confess  I love this cultured hell that tests my youth!  Her vigor flows like tides into my blood,  Giving me strength erect against her hate.  Her bigness sweeps my being like a flood.  Yet as a rebel fronts a king in state,  I stand within her walls with not a shred  Of terror, malice, not a word of jeer.  Darkly I gaze into the days ahead,  And see her might and granite wonders there,  Beneath the touch of Time's unerring hand,  Like priceless treasures sinking in the sand.  **A Bitterness**  **Mary Oliver**  I believe you did not have a happy life. I believe you were cheated. I believe your best friends were loneliness and misery, I believe your busiest enemies were anger and depression. I believe joy was a game you could never play without stumbling. I believe comfort, though you craved it, was forever a stranger. I believe music had to be melancholy or not at all. I believe no trinket, no precious metal, shone so bright as  your bitterness. I believe you lay down at last in your coffin none the wiser  and unassuaged. Oh, cold and dreamless under the wild, amoral, reckless, peaceful  flowers of the hillsides. |  |
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| **Thy Brother’s Blood**  ***By Jones Very*** |

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|  | I have no Brother,—they who meet me now Offer a hand with their own wills defiled, And, while they wear a smooth unwrinkled brow, Know not that Truth can never be beguiled; Go wash the hand that still betrays thy guilt;— Before the spirit's gaze what stain can hide? Abel's red blood upon the earth is spilt, And by thy tongue it cannot be denied; I hear not with the ear,—the heart doth tell Its secret deeds to me untold before; Go, all its hidden plunder quickly sell, Then shalt thou cleanse thee from thy brother's gore, Then will I take thy gift;—that bloody stain Shall not be seen upon thy hand again. |

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