EXTENDED METAPHOR TASK: FINISH DRAFT BY FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6. PUBLISH BY MONDAY, OCTOBER 9

**TASK: USING *I AM A ROCK & IDENTITY*AS YOUR MENTOR TEXTS, CREATE YOUR OWN EXTENDED METAPHOR. IT SHOULD BE AT LEAST THREE STANZAS LONG AND INCORPORATE LOTS OF IMAGERY, RICH DETAILS & OF COURSE, FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE. KEEP IN MIND YOUR TONE (INTENT) AND MOOD (THE ATMOSPHERE YOU WISH TO CREATE FOR YOUR READERS). IT SHOULD EVOKE EMOTIONS. USE THE RUBRIC TO GUIDE YOUR WORK. INCLUDE IMAGES. YOU MAY ALSO PUBLISH IN TWO COLUMNS, IF NECESSARY.**[**http://breadloafpoetryexchange.pbworks.com/w/page/39725748/Identity%20by%20Julio%20Noboa%20Polanco**](http://breadloafpoetryexchange.pbworks.com/w/page/39725748/Identity%20by%20Julio%20Noboa%20Polanco)  
**I am a Rock:**[**http://www.azlyrics.com/lyrics/simongarfunkel/iamarock.html**](http://www.azlyrics.com/lyrics/simongarfunkel/iamarock.html)

Identity

 by Julio Noboa Polanco

 Let them be as flowers,

always watered, fed, guarded, admired,

but harnessed to a pot of dirt.

I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed,

clinging on cliffs, like an eagle

wind-wavering above high, jagged rocks.

To have broken through the surface of stone,

to live, to feel exposed to the madness

of the vast, eternal sky.

To be swayed by the breezes of an ancient sea,

carrying my soul, my seed,

beyond the mountains of time or into the abyss of the bizarre.

I'd rather be unseen, and if

then shunned by everyone,

than to be a pleasant-smelling flower,

growing in clusters in the fertile valley,

where they're praised, handled, and plucked

by greedy, human hands.

I'd rather smell of musty, green stench

than of sweet, fragrant lilac.

If I could stand alone, strong and free,

I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed.

**"I Am A Rock"**

A winter's day  
In a deep and dark December  
I am alone  
Gazing from my window  
To the streets below  
On a freshly fallen, silent shroud of snow  
I am a rock  
I am an island  
  
I've built walls  
A fortress, steep and mighty  
That none may penetrate  
I have no need of friendship  
Friendship causes pain.  
It's laughter and it's loving I disdain.  
I am a rock  
I am an island  
  
Don't talk of love  
Well, I've heard the words before  
It's sleeping in my memory  
And I won't disturb the slumber  
Of feelings that have died  
If I never loved, I never would have cried  
I am a rock  
I am an island  
  
I have my books  
And my poetry to protect me  
I am shielded in my armor  
Hiding in my room  
Safe within my womb  
I touch no one and no one touches me  
I am a rock  
I am an island  
  
And a rock feels no pain  
And an island never cries