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