**The Colossus**

I shall never get you put together entirely,

Pieced, glued, and properly jointed.

Mule-bray, pig-grunt and bawdy cackles

Proceed from your great lips.

It’s worse than a barnyard.

Perhaps you consider yourself an oracle,

Mouthpiece of the dead, or of some god or other.

Thirty years now I have labored

To dredge the silt from your throat.

I am none the wiser.

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Please find the rest of the poem in the internet or an anthology and read the rest of the poem. Read at least three times and provide following information for the poem:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Persona: |  |
| Tone: |  |
| Mood: |  |
| Figures of Speech: |  |
| Most striking images: |  |
| Formalistic Properties: |  |

Notes/Questions for You

After reading her bio, what autobiographical elements can we detect in the poem?

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What elements in the poem take it above a simple autobiographical poem?

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Can we consider this poem confessional?

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Are there political elements in the poem?

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