

Name_____

Cooper 8 English

Section_____

May 2014

Night Found Poetry

You are reading the words of a man capable of not only relating his experience during a horrifying time but also doing so in a manner that rises to the level of literature. This happens because Elie Wiesel, through his description of his experience in the camps, addresses themes (ideas) that connect to the lives of all people.

Using *Night*, examine the text, searching for passages that illuminate or comment on one of the following themes:

The Loss of Identity (1)

Initiation to the Camps (2)

The Dehumanization of a People (3)
(4)

The Importance of Remembering

Acts of Resistance (5)

Observing an Obligation (6)

Risking Compassion (7)

Keeping Humanity (8)

Holding onto Faith (9)

Witnessing Betrayal (10)

Here are the steps to follow:

1. Write out the lines from the book that speak to the theme **you have been assigned**. You need to have at **least 15 sentences**.
2. Review these sentences closely and **select the ones** that have a clear, united connection to your assigned theme.
3. Rewrite the lines as a poem.
4. You need to connect the lines so they read as a unified poem.

You may add a few words if needed; you may eliminate words if needed.

Repeating key lines or phrases may help unify your poem.

5. Keep voice in mind; though the book is written in first person (I); you may decide to change to second person (you) or to third person (he, she, they).
6. Then type out your poem; you need to submit two copies—one to turn in to me and one to share with the class.
7. Give your poem a creative title reflecting your theme. Perhaps a word or phrase from the memoir's text can provide you with this title.

Making a passage a poem:

A WEEK WENT BY like that.

"Is this your father?" asked the Blockalteste.

"Yes."

"He is very sick."

"The doctor won't do anything for him."

He looked me straight in the eye:

"The doctor cannot do anything more for him. And neither can you."

He placed his big, hairy hand on my shoulder and added:

"Listen to me, kid. Don't forget that you are in a concentration camp. In this place, it is every man for himself, and you cannot think of others. Not even your father. In this place, there is no such thing as father, brother, friend. Each of us lives and dies alone. Let me give you good advice: stop giving your ration of bread and soup to your old father. You cannot help him anymore. And you are hurting yourself. In fact, you should be getting his rations."

I listened to him without interrupting. He was right, I thought deep down, not daring to admit it to myself. Too late to save your old father . . . You could have two rations of bread, two rations of soup . . . It was only a fraction of a second, but it left me feeling guilty. I ran to get some soup and brought it to my father. But he did not want it. All he wanted was water.

"Is this your father?"

Yes....

The man looked me

Straight in the eye:

"The doctor cannot do

anything for him,

And neither can you---

Listen to me,

Kid.

Don't forget you are in

A concentration camp.

Here, it is

Every man

For himself,

And you cannot think of others—

Not even your father:

In this place,

There is no such thing as

Father,

Brother,

Friend.

Each of us LIVES

And DIES

Alone.

Here is good advice:

Stop giving bread and soup

To your old father.

You cannot help him anymore.

And you are hurting yourself."

I listened without interruption.

He was right,

I thought deep down.

Too late to save

Your old father....

It was only

A fraction of a second,

But it left me feeling

Guilty.