

**Those Winter Sundays**

by  
Robert Hayden

- <sup>1.</sup> Sundays too my father got up early  
And put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,  
Then with cracked hands that ached  
From labor in the weekday weather made  
<sup>5.</sup> Banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.  
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,  
And slowly I would rise and dress,  
Fearing the chronic angers of that house,

- <sup>10.</sup> Speaking indifferently to him,  
Who had driven out the cold  
And polished my good shoes as well.  
What did I know, what did I know  
Of love's austere and lonely offices?

You are to INDIVIDUALLY write ten (10) quality, AP type multiple-choice questions based on this poem. Include questions related to theme, literary technique and language use. Turn in when finished.

