**Poetry: Translation Jig Saw Activity *(Wednesday and Thursday)***

* Quietly compare the images of these three translations of a poem by Andrey Voznesensky.
* Individually annotate each translation for tone-look at diction, details, imagery, and syntax **to find tone**. Your annotations must reflect your thoughts. Remember-you must prove tone with the speaker’s words, not yours. Your individual annotations will be collected on Thursday when I return.
* Put a star next to the translation you find most effective.
* Participate in class discussion of the most effective images and why. Which is most severe and why? How does diction change detail that changes imagery? What is the speaker’s attitude towards its subject in each?
* In groups of 2-3, assemble your own translation by selecting your favorite words and phrases from each. You may not change the overall meaning of the poem or add words, but you may change the title.
* Type out your final version and email it to me at jonesko@fultonschools.org by end of day Thursday with the names of group members at the top. You do not need MLA format.

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| 1. “First Ice”A girl freezes in a telephone booth.In her draughty overcoat she hidesA face all smearedIn tears and lipstick.She breathes on her thin palms.Her fingers are icicles. She wears earrings.She’ll have to walk home alone, alone,Along the ice bound street.First ice. The very first time.The first ice of telephone phrases.Frozen tears glisten on her cheeks-- The first ice of human hurt. | 2. “First Frost”A girl is freezing in a telephone boothhuddled in her flimsy coat,her face stained with lipstickShe breathes on her thin little fingers.Fingers like ice. Glass beads in her ears.She has to beat her way back alonedown the icy street.First frost. A beginning of losses.The first frost of telephone phrases.It is the start of winter glittering on her cheek,The first frost of having been hurt. | 3. “First Freeze”A girl in a phone box is freezing cold,Retreating into her shivery coat.Her face in too much make-up’s smotheredWith grubby tearstains and lipstick smudges.Into her tender palms she’s breathing.Fingers--ice lumps. In earlobes--earrings.She goes back home, alone, alone,Behind her the frozen telephone.First ice. The first time.First ice of a telephone conversation.On her cheeks tear traces shine--First ice of human humiliation. |