***Line it up***

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| ***Activity:*** | Rewriting poems |
| ***Level:*** | Intermediate to Advanced |
| ***Literary texts:*** | *Jaguar* by Francisco X. Alarcón (Text 1)  *Sunbathing* by David Baker (Text 2) |
| ***Resources*** | www.poetryfoundation.org |

***Task***:

***Write the following text as a poem. The original poem has short lines with small letters and no punctuation marks.***

1. Some say I'm now almost extinct in this park, but the people who say this don't know that by smelling the orchids in the trees they're sensing the fragrance of my chops; that by hearing the rumbling of the waterfalls, they're listening to my ancestors' great roar; that by observing the constellations of the night sky they're gazing at the star spots on my fur; that I am and always will be the wild untamed living spirit of this jungle.
2. My neighbor’s new store-bought dog yaps again, hungry, crazy with heat, maybe both, stretching his short chain until he chokes. The little dab of sunshine I lay down in has drifted away, into the shrubs, but I’m not budging. *I’m surely dying!* my cruel neighbor’s pup keeps yelping and, so help me, I suppose he is, his poor dog’s life ticking away like my own.  
   I guess I’ll stay right here in the cool shade and let him cry for us both—our sad, single bodies, our chains and our bones, all burning down to ash and grime quickly enough on their own, sweet time.

***Key***:

***1.***

some say/ I'm now almost/ extinct in this park/

but the people/ who say this/ don't know

that by smelling/ the orchids/ in the trees

they're sensing/ the fragrance/ of my chops

that by hearing/ the rumbling/ of the waterfalls

they're listening/ to my ancestors'/ great roar

that by observing/ the constellations/ of the night sky

they're gazing/ at the starspots/ on my fur

that I am and/ always will be/ the wild

untamed/ living spirit/ of this jungle

2.

My neighbor’s new store-bought dog yaps again,  
hungry, crazy with heat, maybe both,  
stretching his short chain until he chokes.  
The little dab of sunshine I lay down in  
has drifted away, into the shrubs,  
but I’m not budging. *I’m surely dying!*  
my cruel neighbor’s pup keeps yelping  
and, so help me, I suppose he is,

his poor dog’s life ticking away like my own.  
I guess I’ll stay right here in the cool shade  
and let him cry for us both—our sad,  
single bodies, our chains and our bones,  
all burning down to ash and grime  
quickly enough on their own, sweet time.