Directions: Look at these two poems and annotate/tell me what you noticed about their structure and layout…

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **A Hand** |  |
| by [Jane Hirshfield](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/563) | |
|  | |
| A hand is not four fingers and a thumb.  Nor is it palm and knuckles,  not ligaments or the fat's yellow pillow,  not tendons, star of the wristbone, meander of veins.  A hand is not the thick thatch of its lines  with their infinite dramas,  nor what it has written,  not on the page,  not on the ecstatic body.  Nor is the hand its meadows of holding, of shaping—  not sponge of rising yeast-bread,  not rotor pin's smoothness,  not ink.  The maple's green hands do not cup  the proliferant rain.  What empties itself falls into the place that is open.  A hand turned upward holds only a single, transparent question.  Unanswerable, humming like bees, it rises, swarms, departs.   |  |  | | --- | --- | | **Night Theater** |  | | by [Meena Alexander](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/778) | | |  | | | Snails circle A shed where a child was born.  She bled into straw— Who can write this?  Under Arcturus, Rubble of light:  We have no words  For what is happening—  Still language endures Celan said   As he stood in a torn Green coat  Shivering a little, In a night theater, in Bremen. |  |   Directions: We will read this poem in more detail and look at what is happening with the structure and why…  To start—read this on your own and try to make meaning…annotate! |  |

(iii)

*Burnt*

Burdened with family feelings, I went

To my Aunt’s place,

to see my uncle.

To press my girl cousins to my breast,

Who were so carried away,

as it happened.

By music and the other arts!

I found neither uncle nor aunt,

I did not see my cousins either,

But I do remember,

remember

to this day,

How their neighbours,

looking down at the ground,

Said to me quietly: They were burnt.

Everything’s gone up in flames: the vices with the virtues

And children with their aged parents.

And there am I, standing before these hushes witnesses,

And quietly repeating:

burnt.

***By Boris Slutsky (Translated by Daniel Weissbort)***